You have 5 minutes to type the story you just read for memory. There is no word limit. Please write as much as you can remember.

You can say what you want about the Fog over in England, but I tell you, sure as I am standing here, that English fog doesn’t hold a candle to the fog that rolls in over the Bay of Fundy right here in Maine. That fog is so thick you can drive a nail into it and hang your hat up. That’s the honest truth.

My neighbor Dave works a fishing boat, but when the fog comes in over the bay he can’t get any fishing done. He always saves his chores until a foggy day. One time, the fog came rolling in over night. Dave knew that he wouldn’t be able to fish, so he decided to shingle the roof. He went out after breakfast and didn’t come back in after dinner. “I’ll tell you, we sure do have a long roof,” he said to his wife. Knowing full where that there house was small, Sarah went outside to look at the roof. To her surprise she discovered that Dave had shingled right past the edge of their roof and into the fog!