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.

Fog: A Maine Tall Tale

Unknown

You can say all you want about the thick fogs over in England, but I’m telling you, sure as I’m standing here, that those English fogs don’t hold a candle to the fog that comes rolling in over the Bay of Fundy right here in Maine. That fog is so thick you can drive a nail into it and hang up your hat. That’s the honest truth.

My neighbor Dave works a fishing boat, and he can’t do any fishing when a Maine fog comes rolling in. He always saves his chores for a foggy day. One day, a fog came rolling in overnight and he knew he wouldn’t be able to do any fishing that day. He decided to shingle his roof. He started shingling right after breakfast, and didn’t come back in until dinner.

“Sarah, I tell you, we sure do have a long house,” he said to his wife. Sarah knew full well that they lived in a small house and went outside to see the shingles. To her surprise, he had shingled right past the edge of the roof and into the fog!