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 fogs in England, but I’m telling you, sure as I’m standing here, that our fogs here in the Bay of Fluck in Maine are way thicker. Our fogs are so thick, you could drill a nail and hang your hat on them. It’s the honest truth.

My neighbor Dave is a fisherman, but he can’t fish when it gets too foggy. He always saves his chores for a foggy day. One day, a fog rolled in overnight and he knew he could not go fishing the next day. He then decided that he would shingle the roof of his house instead. He shingled from early morning until dinner at night.

When he came home, he told his wife over supper, “Wow, we sure do have a long house. It took me all day to shingle!” His wife, knowing they have a small house, went outside to take a look. To her surprise, he had not only shingled the roof, but he had shingled out onto the fog!