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 all you want about the thick fogs in England, but I tell you, sure as I’m standing here, there are no fogs thicker than the ones that roll over the Bay of Fundy here in Maine. The fogs here get so thick you could drive a nail into it and hang your hat on it. It’s the honest truth.

My friend Dave works a fishing boat, but he can’t do any fishing when the fogs roll in. He always saves his chores for a foggy day. One night, the fogs came rolling in, and Dave knew there was no way he would be able to go fishing in the morning. He decided instead that his roof needs shingling, so he went up to shingle after breakfast, and didn’t come down until dinner.

“Sarah, we sure do have a mighty long house,” he said to his wife over supper. Well, Sarah knew right enough that they had a short house, so she went to look outside after dinner. To her surprise, Dave had shingled right past the roof and onto the fog!