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’m telling you now, sure as I’m standing here, that England’s fogs don’t hold a candle to the fogs that come rolling in over the Bay of Fundy in Maine. The fog gets so thick that you can drive a nail into it and hang your hat on it. It’s the honest truth.

My neighbor Dave works a fishing boat, but he can’t do any fishing when a Maine fog rolls in. He always saves up his chores for a foggy day. One day, the fogs came rolling in overnight, and Dave knew there was no way he could fish that day. He instead decided that his roof needs shingling, so he started that the shingling 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. “It took me all day to shingle.” Well, Sarah knew right enough that they had a short house, so she went outside to look. To her surprise, Dave had shingled right past the edge of the roof and onto the fog!