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 fog in England. I live in the Bay of Fundy in May, and you can’t hold a candle to the fog here as compared to the fog in England. You could hammer a nail through the fog and hang a hat on it.

When there is fog here in Maine, you can’t do much. My neighbor Dave knows that he can’t fish in the fog, so he saves his chores to do when it is really foggy and he can’t fish. One day, there was a lot of fog overnight and Dave woke up and knew he couldn’t fish. He decided to eat breakfast and then start to put new shingles on his roof. It took him all day.

He said to his wife Sarah at dinner, “Wow our house is so long”. I was up putting new shingles on from breakfast until dinner. Sarah knew that they lived in a small house, so she went outside to look at what Dave did. Sure enough, he put shingles past the roof of the house and into the fog!