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 standing here and I can tell you that the fog in England doesn’t hold a candle to the thick fogs that come rolling up in the Bay of Fundy here in Maine. I could hammer a nail into the fog and hang my hat on it. It’s the honest truth!

My neighbor Dave works on a fishing boat and can’t do any work in the fog. He usually saves up his chores to do when it’s really foggy. Over night, a thick fog rolled in and when Dave woke up, he knew he couldn’t do any work that day. His roof needed new shingles, so he decided to do that when he woke up. He was up on the roof shingling after breakfast through dinner.

“Sarah, we sure do have a long house,” Dave said to her over dinner. Sarah knew that they lived in a small house, so she went outside to check on his work. To her surprise, he shingled right past the rough and into the fog!