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 fogs in England, but I tell you they don’t hold a candle to Fundy fogs in Maine. The fogs here are so thick you can stick a nail in it and hang your hat up, that’s the honest truth.

My friend Dave is a fisherman and when a Maine fog comes in he knows he can’t do any fishing that day. He saves up all his chores for a foggy day. One night he saw the fog start to roll in and knew he wouldn’t be able to fish all the next day. He told his wife Sarah he was going to shingle the roof, and worked all day through the night. When he was done he told his wife they sure had a big house, as he was up shingling all day. Well Sarah knew good well that they had a small house, and went outside to look at the job Dave had done. Sure enough, Dave had shingled all across his roof and out over into the fog!