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 as I stand here that the fogs in England don’t hold a candle to the fogs we have here in the Bay of Fundy in Maine. The fogs here are so thick that you can stick a nail in them and hang your hat on it. That’s the honest truth.

My neighbor Dave owns a fishing boat, and he knows when a Maine fog comes rolling in he can’t do any fishing then. So he saves all his chores for a foggy day. One night, Dave saw a fog rolling in and knew he wouldn’t be able to fish at all the next day. So he decided he was going to shingle his roof instead. He went out in the morning to start before breakfast, and wasn’t done shingling until after dinner.

“Sarah,” he said to his wife over supper, “we sure do have a long house. It took me all day to do the shingling.” Sarah knew right well that they had a small house, and went out to look at Dave’s work. To her surprise, she saw that Dave had shingled the roof and kept shingling out over into the fog!