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 of England, but I’m telling you now, sure as I’m standing here, the fogs of England have nothing on the fogs right here in the Bay of Fundy in Maine. They are so thick you can drive a nail into the fog and hang a hat on it.

My friend Dave runs a fishing boat off the shore of Maine and is unable to do work on days when the fog rolls in, so he always saves his chores for those days. One day a few weeks ago, the fog rolled in overnight, so he decided to re-shingle his roof. From dawn until dinnertime he worked on his roof, replacing all the shingles. Over dinner, he commented to his wife how long their house was and how it had taken so long. Now, his wife knew they had a little house, so she went outside to look at Dave’s work—only to see that he had shingled past the edge of the roof right onto the fog!