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 to about the thick fogs of England, but I’m telling you right now, sure as I’m standing here, they don’t hold a candle to the fogs that roll in over the Bay of Fundy here in Maine. You can drive a nail into the fog and hang a hat on it. It’s the honest truth.

My neighbor owns a fishing boat, but cannot work when the Maine fog rolls in. He saves all his chores for a foggy day. A few weeks ago, a fog rolled in overnight, and when he awoke, he decided that he would not be able to fish for the day and that his roof needed reshingling. From breakfast until dinner, he was out on the roof shingling.

“My Sara,” he told his wife at dinner, “we sure do have a mighty long house. I was out there all day working on the roof.” Now Sara knew, right enough, that they had a small house, so she went outside to look at his work, only to find that he had shingled past the edge of the roof onto the fog!