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 of England but nothing can compare to how thick the fogs of Maine are. The fogs over the Bay of Fundy are so thick you can hammer a nail into it and hang your hat on it.

My friend Dave is a fisherman by trade. But when there is a thick fog he can’t work.

One day when a thick fog rolled in Dave knew he couldn’t work. He decided that his house needed shingling and went up in the morning and did not come down until dinner. He told his wife “we sure do have a big house, it took all day to shingle”. Right away his wife knew that they lived in a small house and went outside and sure enough Dave had shingled the room and then kept shingling right onto the fog.