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 swear on all that’s true that the Maine fogs over the Bay of Fundy are so thick that you can hammer a nail into it and hang your hat on it. My friend Dave works a fishing boat and he can’t work when the fog is out. One day there was a thick fog coming in and he knew right away that he wouldn’t be able to go out. He decided that the roof needed shingling and went up in the morning and did not come out until dinner.

“Sarah we sure do have a long house” he told his wife over supper. Sarah thought about this knowing that she had a small house. She went outside and sure enough the roof had been shingled but at the end of the roof Dave had shingled into the fog.