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.

**Fog: A Maine Tell Tale**

Unknown

You can say what you want about the thick fogs in England, but I’m telling you that England’s fogs don’t hold a candle to the thick fogs that roll over the Bay of Fundy here in Maine. The fog gets so thick you can push a nail into it or hang your hat on it. Honest.

My neighbor Dave works on a fishing boat and he can’t do any work when a Maine fog rolls in, so he always saves up his chores for a foggy day. One day, the fog came in overnight so he couldn’t go fishing that day. So, he decided the roof needed shingling and he started after breakfast and didn’t even come down until dinner time.

When it was dinner time, he told his wife, “Sarah, we sure do have a long house. It took me all day to shingle.” But, Sarah believed they lived in a small house so she went outside to take a look. She was surprised to see that Dave had gone into the fog to shingle their home.