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 Tall Tale**

Unknown

You can say all 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 in Maine. The fog gets so thick you can drive a nail into it or hang your hat on it. It’s the honest truth.

My neighbor Dave works for a fishing boat and whenever there’s a Maine fog, he can’t do any work. So, he always saves up his chores for a foggy day. One day, a fog came rolling in overnight, and Dave knew there was no way he could go fishing that day. He decided his roof needed shingling, so he got started right after breakfast and didn’t’ come down until dinner.

Over supper he told his wife, ”Sarah, we sure do have a mighty long house. It took me all day to shingle.” Sarah, though, knew that they lived in a small house, so she went outside to take a look. To her surprise, she saw that Dave had shingled right past the edge of the roof and out into the fog!