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 thick fogs in England, but I’m saying right now, sure as I’m standing here, that England fogs don’t hold candle to the thick fogs that roll in over the Bay Fundy in Maine. The fog can get so thick that you can drive a nail into it and hang your hat. It’s the honest truth.

My neighbor Dave works on a fishing boat. He can’t do any fishing when a Maine fog rolls through. He saves up all his chores for a foggy day. One time, a fog rolled in overnight, and Dave knew he couldn’t go out to work the next day. He instead decided his roof needed shingling, so he started shingling right after breakfast and didn’t come down until dinner.

“Sarah, we sure do have a mighty long house,” he said to his wife over supper that night. Sarah right well know they had a small house, so she went out to take a look. To her surprise, Dave had shingled right past the roof and onto the fog!