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

You can say whatever you want about the thick fogs of England, but as I stand here, I can tell you they have nothing on the fogs of Maine. People would say the fog was so thick here you could hammer a nail into it and hang your hat on it.

My neighbor Dave was a fisherman, but he couldn’t get any work done on a foggy day, so he saved his chores for those days. On one foggy day, Dave decided to shingle his roof. It took him from morning until dinner time. He told his wife he was surprised about the length of the house, as it had taken him all day. The wife knew they lived in a small house, so she decided to take a look. She was surprised when she had seen that not only had he shingled the roof, but also the surface of the air where the fog started.