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 what you want about the fogs of England, but as sure as I’m standing here, they don’t hold a candle to the fogs that come in off the Bay of Lundy in Maine. The fog gets so thick you can hammer a nail into it and hang your hat on it.

My neighbor Dave worked a fishing boat, but he couldn’t get any work done during a fog. He saved his chores for foggy days. One day a fog had come in overnight, so Dave decided his roof needed shingling. He shingled the roof after breakfast and didn’t come down ‘til after dinner.

“I’m sure surprised how mighty long our house is,” said Dave to his wife. His wife knew they lived in a small house, so she took a look outside. She was shocked to see he had shingled the whole roof and beyond right onto the fog.