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 of England, but nothing holds a candle to the thick fog in the Bay of Fundy up here in Maine. You could drive a nail into that fog and hang your hat on it! That’s the honest truth.

My neighbor Dave works a fishing boat and cannot complete his job in such foggy conditions. Therefore, he typically saves up his chores for these foggy days. One time, when the dense fog rolled in overnight, Dave decided to shingle his roof the following day. He began shingling after breakfast and continued working until the evening hours.

At supper that night he remarked to his wife that they have quite a long roof, as he had been laboring all day long. However, Sarah knew that they actually had a small house and thus ventured outside to inspect his work. Much to her surprise, Sarah indeed confirmed that Dave had shingled right past the edge of the roof and onto the thick fog!