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 fog in England, but I say, as I stand here there is nothing that compares to the fog in the Bay of Fundy here in Maine. The fog is so thick that you can drive a nail into it and hang your hat. It’s the honest truth.

My neighbor Dave is a fisherman on the bay. When the fog rolls in, fisherman cannot do their jobs. They tend to save up their chores for a foggy day. Overnight the fog came rolling in and Dave decided that he could not fish that day. So, he decided that he would spend the day putting in a new roof. He started after breakfast and worked until dinner.

“My, what a mighty long house we have” Dave told his wife Sarah when he was finished. Sarah knew that they had a small house, so she went outside to take a look. She was shocked to find out that Dave had shingled the entire house and continued out and put shingles on the fog as well!