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 fogs in England, but I’m telling you, as sure as I’m standing here, that they don’t hold a candle to the fogs that roll into the Bay of Fundy in Maine. The fog is so thick that you can drive a nail into it and hang your hat on it.

My neighbor Dave runs a fishing boat. He can’t go out when it is foggy on the Bay so he saves up chores to do on foggy days. One night a fog came in over the bay, so that day he decided to do shingling on his roof. He went up right after breakfast and didn’t come down until after the sun set.

Over supper, he said to his wife “Hey Sarah, we have a very long roof. I was shingling all day.” His wife knew for a fact that their house was small. She went out to see what he meant and realized that he shingled past their roof right into the fog!