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 Tell Tale

You can say all you want about the thick fogs of England, but I’m telling you as sure as I’m standing here, they don’t hold a candle up to the type of fog that comes in over the Bay of Fundy here in Maine. The fog here gets so thick that you could drive a nail into it and hang your hat up. That’s the honest truth.

My neighbor Dave owns a fishing boat, and he knows that when a thick fog comes in, he has no chance to get out. Well, one time, the thick fog rolled in overnight and it was already set when he woke up. He thought it’d be a good day to shingle the house. He got started right after breakfast, and didn’t come in until dinner.

“Sarah, I tell you, we have such a long house,” he told his wife. “I’ve been out there all day putting shingles on that roof.” Sarah knew that they didn’t have all that long of a house, so she went out to go check out what Dave had done. She walked along the house and noticed that he had shingled right off the edge of the roof and onto the fog!