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 in England, but I’m telling you now, they don’t hold a candle up to the fogs that roll into the Bay of Fundy in Maine. They are so thick you can drive a nail into it and hang your hat on it. That’s the honest truth. My neighbor Dave runs a fishing boat and he cant works on the days there is fog. He saves up all his chores for a foggy day. Well one day thick fog rolled in over night and at breakfast he decided to shingle the house. He started after breakfast and worked all the way until dinner. At dinner he exclaimed to his wife, “Sarah I don’t remember our house being so big.” Sarah knew they had a small house and went out to look. She found that he had shingled the roof and right out past it onto the fog.