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 they don’t light a candle next to the thick fogs that roll into the Bay of Fundy here in Maine. I’m telling you, as sure as I’m standing here, that these fogs here in Maine are so thick that you can hang your hat on it. That’s the honest truth.

When a fog rolls in, you can’t get any fishing done. One man saves all his choirs for a foggy day. One night a fog rolled in and he knew that he wasn’t going to be able to go fish the next day. So he woke up and went right to the roof to shingle and didn’t come down ‘til dinner.

At dinner he turned to his wife Sarah and said “Sarah, you have a might long roof. It took me all day to shingle it!.” Sarah never very well that they lived in a small house and went outside to check out the shingling. To her surprise, she saw that he had shingled past the roof and unto the fog!