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 I’m tell you, as sure as I’m standing here, that they don’t hold a candle next to the thick fogs that roll into Fundy Bay here in Maine. When a fog rolls in you can sink a nail in it or hang your hat on it. It’s the honest truth.

My neighbor Dave works on a fishing boat. He saves all of his choirs for a foggy day. One day a fog was rolling in over night and Dave knew that he was not going to be able to fish that day. Instead he decided that he needed to shingle his roof. So right after breakfast he went up to the roof and didn’t come back down til dinner.

“Sarah, you have a mighty long house,” he said to his wife. “I went right up to the roof after breakfast and didn’t come down ‘til supper.” Well Sarah knew very right that they lived in a small house, so she went out to see the shingling. To her surprise, Dave had shingled right past the edge of the roof and out onto the fog!