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**

People say that the fogs of England are thick, but I’m telling you, they don’t hold a candle to a Maine fog. The fogs that roll into this bay are so thick you could hammer a nail into them and hang your hat on it. It’s the honest truth.

My friend Mark works a fishing boat, but you can’t fish when the fogs roll in. You just can’t see anything. He always saves his chores for a foggy day. One day, the fogs rolled in overnight, and Mark knew he wouldn’t be able to fish at all, so he decided his roof needs re-shingling. He started after breakfast and didn’t come down until dinner.

“We sure do have a mighty long house, Sarah,” Mark told his wife over supper. “It took me all day the shingle the roof.” Well, Sarah knew that they had a very short house, so she went out after supper to look. To her surprise, Mark had shingled right past the roof and onto the fog!