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**

I’ll tell you now that there is no fog thicker than the fog that rolls in here in Maine. Sure the fog in London is pretty thick but it doesn’t hold a candle to the fog here. It is so thick you could take a nail and stick it in and hang your hat on it. That’s the honest truth.

I have a friend who owns a fishing oat and he knows when a Maine fog rolls in he won’t be able to do any work at all the next day. One night he saw the fog coming in and he decided he was going to shingle his roof. So the next morning he started before breakfast and worked all the day past supper. After finishing he sat down with his wife to eat and said to her “Boy, we sure do have a long house, it took me all day to finish the roof”. The wife, having good enough sense in her, knew they had in fact a small house and went to check her husband’s work. Sure enough, she was surprised to see that he had shingled the whole roof and had kept going out beyond the house a few feet over!