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’ve heard the fog in England is bad, but let me tell you, there’s nothing that compares to the fog you can find off the bay of Maine. True as I’m standing here, you can cut a hole in the fog with a knife.

My neighbor works as a fisherman out on the bay, and, when the fog rolls in, he usually takes the day off to work around the house. A couple of weeks ago, he woke up to fog so thick you couldn’t see a foot in front of you, so he decided it would be a good day to reshingle the house. He stayed on the roof all day, from breakfast to dinner, putting up more shingles.

At dinner, he exclaimed to his wife, “My, we sure do have a long house! I’ve been up there since sunrise shingling and just now finished.” Now, his wife knew they had a little house, so she decided to go outside and look at his work. Sure enough, she looked up, and her husband had continued shingling past the edge of the roof and right onto the fog!