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**

Well you may say, that nothing compares to the foggy nights of old London town; however I contend that those England fog filledtimes, have nothing on our own Maine fogfilled nights. I will tell you a tale.

His friend liked to save up his chores for when the storms came in. Normally he fished every day, since he was a fisherman, however he couldn’t work due to storm, so he set to shingling his roof that morning. He shingled through lunch and until dinner time, when his wife Laura came out with his supper. He asked , How large “is our house” she said its small, and what are you still doing , she answered. He had thought it seemed just then like our house was long and not short; he went to examine and had shingled off the roof and into the fog filled sky with the nails, he plucked.