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**

Let me tell you about the fogs of certain parts of Maine. They put the famed fogs of England to shame. So severe are Maine fogs, the similarly renowned fish market of the state is regularly stifled by this natural phenomenon.

Once a fisherman friend of mine encountered a fog like this upon exiting his home one morning for a fishing trip. “Drats!” he exclaimed, knowing his plans were awash. He resigned himself to shingle his roof, a much delayed task. He tacked on tile after tile, essentially from sunrise to sundown.

“Didn’t realize our roof was so long!” he exclaimed to his wife. Knowing the home a little better than her husband, she looked outside. Sure enough, the fisherman had tiled beyond the house and onto the fog itself.