

Nineteen Eighty-Four, by George Orwell (1949)

It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen. Winston Smith, his chin nuzzled into his breast in an effort to escape the vile wind, slipped quickly through the glass doors of Victory Mansions, though not quickly enough to prevent a swirl of gritty dust from entering along with him.

55 words
2 sentences
4 commas

year84, by Brennan Conaway (2023)

It was a lightful cold day in month04, and the clocks were flashing 13:00. 6079 Smith, his chin down in an attempt to avoid the plusungood wind, goed speedwise thru the glass doors of Winful House, tho underspeedwise to stop a spiral of dust from innning with him.

48 words
2 sentences
4 commas