

Ours was the marsh country, down by the river, within, as the river wound, twenty miles of the sea. My first most vivid and broad impression of the identity of things, seems to me to have been gained on a memorable raw afternoon towards evening. At such a time I found out for certain, that this bleak place overgrown with nettles was the churchyard; and that Philip Pirrip, late of this parish, and also Georgiana wife of the above, were dead and buried; and that Alexander, Bartholomew, Abraham, Tobias, and Roger, infant children of the aforesaid, were also dead and buried; and that the dark flat wilderness beyond the churchyard, intersected with dykes and mounds and gates, with scattered cattle feeding on it, was the marshes; and that the low leaden line beyond, was the river; and that the distant savage lair from which the wind was rushing, was the sea; and that the small bundle of shivers growing afraid of it all and beginning to cry, was Pip.

-Chapter 1, Great Expectations: Dickens

(124 words -19 words, 1st sentence)

Because he didn't like the taste or the smell, having tried it before in his cousin's basement at a seventh grade birthday party while his aunt and uncle went to the store, and because he knew his mom and dad would have his head if they ever discovered he adopted the dirty habit that his grandma, who died from lung cancer, started when she was only twelve years old, Christian decided never to smoke cigarettes or cigars again unless, of course, the cool kids at school, who made someone popular if he did what they wanted him to do, offered him a smoke.

-example from Chelsea Winke

(103 words)

Before the city awakes to battle the day's obstacles and fight the repetitive routines; before its street lights shut down, for a long day's rest, after burning all through the black night; before its traffic lights stop blinking flashes of red and yellow; before its ear senses the

simultaneous sounds of alarm clocks piercing our ears, and of snooze button after snooze button; before its dwellings fill with aromas of fresh brewed coffee; before its horizon glows with hues of gold from the sun's rising in the east; before its dew rises above the ground, creating water droplets on window and cars - before the city awakes, I find myself not yet asleep, not part of the city's resurrection, because I have dwelt on my thesis for another sleepless and desperate night.

-example from Amanda Grant

(129 words)