Joseph Conrad

HEART OF DARKNESS

CHAPTER 1

The
Nellie, a
cruising yawl,
swung to her anchor
without a flutter of the sails,
and was at rest. The flood had made,
the wind was nearly calm, and being
bound down the river, the only thing for it was
to come to and wait for the turn of the tide.

The sea-reach of the Thames stretched before us like the beginning of an interminable waterway. In the offing the sea and the sky were
welded together without a joint, and in the luminous space the tanned sails of
the barges drifting up with the tide seemed to stand still in red clusters of canvas
sharply peaked, with gleams of varnished sprits. A haze rested on the low shores that ran
out to sea in vanishing flatness. The air was dark above Gravesend, and farther back still seemed
condensed into a mournful gloom, brooding motionless over the biggest, and the greatest, town on
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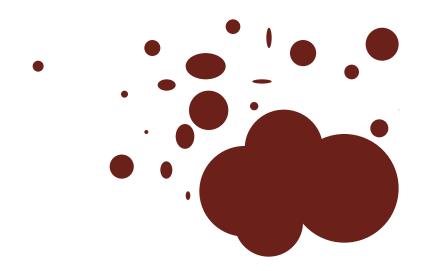
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