

## Group 2: Heart of Darkness by Joseph Conrad (1899), p. 75 ff.

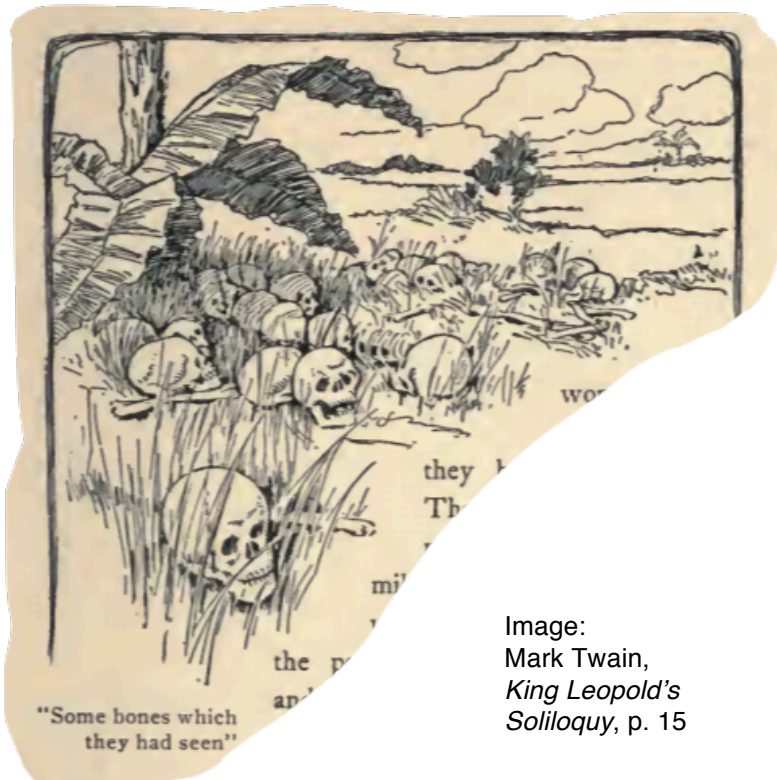


Image:  
Mark Twain,  
*King Leopold's  
Soliloquy*, p. 15

“At last I got under the trees. My purpose was to stroll into the shade for a moment; but no sooner within than it seemed to me I had stepped into a gloomy circle of some Inferno. [...] Black shapes crouched, lay, sat between the trees, leaning against the trunks, clinging to the earth, [...] in all the attitudes of pain, abandonment, and despair. Another mine on the cliff went off, followed by a slight shudder of the soil under my feet. The work was going on. [They were building a railway.] The work! And this was the place where some of the helpers had withdrawn to die. They were dying slowly--it was very clear. They were [...] black shadows of disease and starvation, lying confusedly in the greenish gloom. [...]

Then, glancing down, I saw a face near my hand. The black bones reclined at full length with one shoulder against the tree, and slowly the eyelids rose and the sunken eyes looked up at me, enormous and vacant, [...] [and] died out slowly. The man seemed young--almost a boy--but you know with them it's hard to tell. I found nothing else to do but to offer him one of my good Swede's ship's biscuits I had in my pocket. The fingers closed slowly on it and held--there was no other movement and no other glance. [...]

[They] were scattered in every pose of contorted collapse, as in some picture of a massacre [...]. While I stood horror-struck, one of these creatures rose to his hands and knees, and went off on all-fours towards the river to drink. He lapped out of his hand, then sat up in the sunlight, crossing his shins in front of him, and after a time let his woolly head fall on his breastbone. I didn't want any more loitering in the shade, and I made haste towards the station. When near the buildings I met a white man, in such an unexpected elegance of get-up that in the first moment I took him for a sort of vision. I saw a high starched collar, white cuffs, a light alpaca jacket, snowy trousers, a clear necktie, and varnished boots. No hat. Hair parted, brushed, oiled, under a green-lined parasol held in a big white hand.“

- 1) **Define the type of writing. Is the text best described as diary, fiction, novella, novel, pamphlet, poem, political satire, travel writing or official report? Find at least three different stylistic devices that the writer uses to set the tone for its genre.**
- 2) **Analyse what the text reveals about the writer's personal experiences and convictions?**