

# DOWNLOAD PDF CASK OF AMONTILLADO; TELL-TALE HEART EDGAR ALLAN POE

## Chapter 1 : Compare "The Tell-Tale Heart" to "The Cask of Amontillado"? | eNotes

*Comparing Edgar Allen Poe's The Cask of Amontillado, The Black Cat, and The Tell-tale Heart The short stories of Edgar Allen Poe demonstrate the author's ample gifts in the psychology of the mind, regardless of the fact he was decades ahead of Freud.*

Plot summary[ edit ] Fortunato and Montresor drink in the catacombs. Montresor lures Fortunato into a private wine-tasting excursion by telling him he has obtained a pipe about gallons, [1] litres of what he believes to be a rare vintage of Amontillado. Montresor knows Fortunato will not be able to resist demonstrating his discerning palate for wine and will insist that he taste the amontillado rather than Luchesi who, as he claims, "cannot tell Amontillado from Sherry". Montresor warns Fortunato, who has a bad cough, of the dampness, and suggests they go back, but Fortunato insists on continuing, claiming that he "shall not die of a cough". During their walk, Montresor mentions his family coat of arms: At one point, Fortunato makes an elaborate, grotesque gesture with an upraised wine bottle. When Montresor appears not to recognize the gesture, Fortunato asks, "You are not of the masons? When they come to a niche , Montresor tells his victim that the Amontillado is within. Fortunato enters drunk and unsuspecting and therefore, does not resist as Montresor quickly chains him to the wall. Montresor reveals brick and mortar, previously hidden among the bones nearby, and proceeds to wall up the niche using his trowel, entombing his friend alive. At first, Fortunato, who sobers up faster than Montresor anticipated, shakes the chains, trying to escape. Fortunato then screams for help, but Montresor mocks his cries, knowing nobody can hear them. Fortunato laughs weakly and tries to pretend that he is the subject of a joke and that people will be waiting for him including the Lady Fortunato. Before placing the last stone, he drops a burning torch through the gap. He claims that he feels sick at heart, but dismisses this reaction as an effect of the dampness of the catacombs. Publication history[ edit ] Montresor walling up Fortunato. Without a detective in the story, it is up to the reader to solve the mystery. Many commentators conclude that, lacking significant reason, Montresor must be insane , though even this is questionable because of the intricate details of the plot. It is equally unredressed when the avenger fails to make himself felt as such to him who has done the wrong". After Fortunato is chained to the wall and nearly entombed alive, Montresor merely mocks and mimics him, rather than disclosing to Fortunato the reasons behind his exacting revenge. Montresor may not have been entirely certain of the exact nature of the insults for which he expected Fortunato to atone. His house had once been noble and respected, but has fallen slightly in status. Montresor even imparts this blame to Fortunato when he states, "You are rich, respected, admired, beloved; you are happy, as once I was". This interchanging of fortunes is a suggestion that, since the names Montresor and Fortunato mirror one another, there is a psychological reciprocal identification between victim and executioner. It is with this converging of the two characters that one is able to see the larger symbolism of the Montresor crest – the foot steps on the serpent while the serpent forever has his fangs embedded in the heel. Moffitt Cecil of Texas Christian University argues that his actions in the story make that assumption questionable. For example, Fortunato comments on another nobleman being unable to distinguish amontillado from sherry when amontillado is in fact a type of sherry, and treats De Grave, an expensive French wine, with very little regard by drinking it in a single gulp. Cecil also states that a true wine connoisseur would never sample wine while intoxicated and describes Fortunato as merely an alcoholic. Cecil also suggests that some people might feel Fortunato deserved to be buried alive for wasting a bottle of fine wine. Inspiration[ edit ] An apocryphal legend holds that the inspiration for "The Cask of Amontillado" came from a story Poe had heard at Castle Island South Boston , Massachusetts , when he was a private stationed at Fort Independence in Historically, Massie had been killed in a sword duel on Christmas Day by Lieutenant Gustavus Drane, following a dispute during a card game. Poe and English had several confrontations, usually revolving around literary caricatures of one another. Its plot was convoluted and difficult to follow, but made references to secret societies and ultimately had a main theme of revenge. This parody of Poe was depicted as a drunkard,

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liar, and an abusive lover. In fact, much of the scene of "The Cask of Amontillado" comes from a scene in that takes place in a subterranean vault. In the end, then, it is Poe who "punishes with impunity" by not taking credit for his own literary revenge and by crafting a concise tale as opposed to a novel with a singular effect, as he had suggested in his essay "The Philosophy of Composition". The group was made up of reformed drinkers who tried to scare people into abstaining from alcohol. Poe may have made a promise to join the movement in after a bout of drinking with the hopes of gaining a political appointment. During the time period of this short story some coffins were given methods of alerting the outside in the event of live entombment. Items such as bells tied to the limbs of a corpse to signal the outside were not uncommon. This source has been identified as Robert T. The adaptation was written by Albert B. Feldstein, with art by Graham Ingels, and a cover by Johnny Craig. It was reprinted in by Russ Cochran. It has been reprinted multiple times over the years. The amalgamation of the two stories provides a motive for the murderer: In , Warren Publishing included an adaptation in Creepy 6. It was written by Archie Goodwin, with art by Reed Crandall. The ending borrows from the EC version, except for the murderer getting what was coming to him 50 years later. This version has been reprinted many times over the years. The production features Montresor recounting the story to an unseen guest in a vast, empty dining room. Once she has finished, he gets up from the chair and walks up the stairs. The wife has sealed herself in. In , Skywald did an adaptation in *Scream 5*. In , CBS Radio Mystery Theater did an extended adaptation which added more details to the original story, episode number , January 12, In , Warren did an adaptation in *Creepy* Adaptation by Rich Margopoulos, art by Martin Salvador. This has been reprinted multiple times over the years. This has been reprinted twice by Editora Bloch Brazil. Adaptation by Naunerle Farr, art by Noly Zamora. This has been reprinted multiple times since, most recently by Saddleback Illustrated Classics in Adaptation by Marjorie P. Katz, art by Pablo Marcos. Adaptation by Hector D. Shelley, art by Guido Del Carpio Rivera. Adaptation by David E. Cutts, art by Ann Toulmin-Rothe. Adaptation by Charles E. Hall, art by Walter James Brogan. Art by Bill D. Art by Maxon Poe. In , Eureka Productions featured an adaptation in *Graphic Classics 1*. Art by Pedro Lopez. It was a winner of regional Emmy Award. In this version, Pocket is saved by a mermaid. *Terror of the Soul* adapts the story.

Chapter 2 : The Tell-Tale Heart - Poe's Works | Edgar Allan Poe Museum

*A summary of "The Cask of Amontillado" () in Edgar Allan Poe's Poe's Short Stories. Learn exactly what happened in this chapter, scene, or section of Poe's Short Stories and what it means.*

He probed into the macabre in his narrations which earned him a label of one of the greatest horror writers of American Literature, inspiring the likes of Stephen King and H. Lovecraft who are also considered masters of the modern horror genre. The events of his life have been also cited as a source of his unusual choice of topics while others attribute this to his habitual drinking and alleged use of drugs which led to his untimely death on October 7, 1849. The Tell-Tale Heart is a story of an unnamed narrator who comes up with a plan to murder a man under his care, the nature of the relationship remaining unspecified throughout the story. Poe succeeds in adding the eye as a third major character in the story, being the cause of the madness which consumed the narrator. Throughout the story, the narrator insists that he is not mad but only wants to rid himself of the evil eye which he is unable to separate from the old man, whom he claims to love very much. He does not provide details on how he first thought of killing the man but rather focuses on the fact that it has turned to an obsession. He spends seven days planning the murder, each night observing his victim through an opening, the whole time bragging about his shrewdness and insisting that a madman would not go through such meticulous measures. Further pride in his handiwork is shown by the first few paragraphs of the story, asking the reader to observe how calm the narrator is in telling his tale: Now this is the point. You fancy me mad. But you should have seen me. You should have seen how wisely I proceededâ€”with what cautionâ€”with what foresightâ€”with what dissimulation I went to work! Poe 3 The narrator then proceeds to kill the old man on the eighth night by smothering him with what is presumably a mattress or a pillow, eliciting only a single scream heard by a neighbor. The narrator, initially remaining calm and personable, arrogantly leads the policemen through the house and seats them in the very room where he has hidden the dismembered corpse of the old man. It has been said that the sound that the narrator actually hears is that of his own heart, expressing its guilt over the heinous act he committed. The murder of the old man lacks any reasonable motive and suggests that the smallest things can push a man to cross the line that separates lucid thoughts from insanity. The story itself is bare of any dialogue but more of an essay which can be mistaken for the ramblings of a diabolical mind. However, this lack of dialogue sets the mood of isolation of the narrator from his true feelings for the old man. It also focuses on the inner workings of his mind, allowing the reader to glimpse into the emergence of the conscience of a murderer. Also told from a first-person perspective, this story is set fifty years before the time of its narration, where the narrator Montresor recites his recollection of the events of a night when he murdered his friend, Fortunato. The story itself is very subjective as it is Montresor who relates the facts as he perceived them fifty years ago. Not only is his memory doubtful, as it occurred a long time ago, but there is also the obvious bias of Montresor against Fortunato. Montresor comes up with a plan to lure Fortunato into his wine vault where the latter would meet his death. Montresor hides his contempt by masking his feelings with that of amity. Fortunato makes comments on the surroundings while Montresor gives the appropriate responses. During the walk, several symbols are encountered during the conversation. One of such symbols is the comedic costume of Fortunato which indicates that Montresor sees him as a fool to fall for such a trap. Ross The occasion of a carnival is also significant in the setting of a story. SparkNotes Poe makes use of the element of irony in this story. In the end, Montresor leads Fortunato to a place where he allegedly kept the coveted Amontillado and chains him to prevent escape while he laid the masonry tier after tier all night. The sound of the clanking chains described in the story is reminiscent of the sound of the thumping heart which the unnamed narrator hears in The Tell-Tale Heart. Through both short stories, Poe has achieved his triumph as a master of horror. In both narrations, he uses the first-person perspective to be able to get more intimate with the reader and allow the reader to discover the potential evil that lurks in the deep recesses of the mind. It also gives the reader an opportunity to temporarily assume the identity of the narrator in an effort to

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understand the apparent illogical reasons for their actions. The use of this perspective also allows the reader to see the situations and the setting as the narrator does. The murderers in both short stories betray this trust, that of a companion for the old man in *The Tell-Tale Heart* and that given to a friend in *The Cask of Amontillado*. With the abuse of trust comes the duplicitous nature of both the unnamed narrator and Montresor. The unnamed narrator looks upon the old man with love and compassion with the statement that he was never kinder to the old man than the week before the murder, all the while plotting to take his life. Further similarities are seen through the use of the unusual surroundings in the murders. The old man in *The Tell-Tale Heart* fears the unknown that lurks in his dark room while Fortunato expresses no fear but his unfamiliarity with the crypt led him into the trap. The darkness plays a great role in the stories to highlight the malevolent force that drives the narrators into committing their crimes and the depth of their homicidal thoughts. The lack of any justifiable motive is also noticeable in both stories. The obsession to eliminate the vulture-eye in *The Tell-Tale Heart*, meanwhile, is also not a justifiable motive to an ordinary man but Poe has used his words to make a reader believe that the anxiety it has caused the narrator would be enough to drive one to murder. The characters themselves are interestingly diverse in both stories. The unnamed narrator in *The Tell-Tale Heart* could be profiled as probably an underachiever, considering that he may be highly dependent on the old man and very sensitive to criticism or paranoid to it, as shown by his obsession over the vulture-eye that misses nothing. Meanwhile, the characters in *The Cask of Amontillado* are very similar in more ways than one. Both characters have an extreme sense of pride, Fortunato in his expertise of wine and Montresor in his heritage. Both are members of the affluent class of European probably Italian society and are highly educated. The characters believe themselves to be infallible in certain matters and this eventually leads to their downfall. Though very similar in terms of the plot and symbolisms, the difference in the writing style used by Poe in both stories is somewhat remarkable. The narrator describes his surroundings as seen by his fractured mind, always going back to the topic of the vulture-eye which had become an obsession. In *The Cask of Amontillado*, Poe takes advantage of the use of the dialogue to describe the surroundings and the feeling of the narrator, probably also to lessen the subjectivity of the narration. Unlike *The Tell-Tale Heart*, the use of irony is also more prominent in this short story, with its numerous symbols of death, deceit and revenge. Works Cited Cummings, Michael J. *The Cask of Amontillado*.

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## Chapter 3 : The Cask of Amontillado Vs The Tell-tale Heart by Charles Goodman on Prezi

*This item: The Best of Poe: The Tell-Tale Heart, The Raven, The Cask of Amontillado, and 30 Others by Edgar Allan Poe Paperback \$ In Stock. Ships from and sold by racedaydvl.com*

He says that he is going to tell a story in which he will defend his sanity yet confess to having killed an old man. Again, he insists that he is not crazy because his cool and measured actions, though criminal, are not those of a madman. In the morning, he would behave as if everything were normal. After a week of this activity, the narrator decides, somewhat randomly, that the time is right actually to kill the old man. When the narrator arrives late on the eighth night, though, the old man wakes up and cries out. The narrator remains still, stalking the old man as he sits awake and frightened. The narrator understands how frightened the old man is, having also experienced the lonely terrors of the night. Worried that a neighbor might hear the loud thumping, he attacks and kills the old man. He then dismembers the body and hides the pieces below the floorboards in the bedroom. He is careful not to leave even a drop of blood on the floor. As he finishes his job, a clock strikes the hour of four. At the same time, the narrator hears a knock at the street door. The police have arrived, having been called by a neighbor who heard the old man shriek. The narrator is careful to be chatty and to appear normal. He leads the officers all over the house without acting suspiciously. The policemen do not suspect a thing. The narrator is comfortable until he starts to hear a low thumping sound. He recognizes the low sound as the heart of the old man, pounding away beneath the floorboards. He panics, believing that the policemen must also hear the sound and know his guilt. Driven mad by the idea that they are mocking his agony with their pleasant chatter, he confesses to the crime and shrieks at the men to rip up the floorboards. Even Poe himself, like the beating heart, is complicit in the plot to catch the narrator in his evil game. As a study in paranoia, this story illuminates the psychological contradictions that contribute to a murderous profile. For example, the narrator admits, in the first sentence, to being dreadfully nervous, yet he is unable to comprehend why he should be thought mad. He articulates his self-defense against madness in terms of heightened sensory capacity. This special knowledge enables the narrator to tell this tale in a precise and complete manner, and he uses the stylistic tools of narration for the purposes of his own sanity plea. However, what makes this narrator mad—and most unlike Poe—is that he fails to comprehend the coupling of narrative form and content. He masters precise form, but he unwittingly lays out a tale of murder that betrays the madness he wants to deny. Poe explores here a psychological mystery—that people sometimes harm those whom they love or need in their lives. Poe examines this paradox half a century before Sigmund Freud made it a leading concept in his theories of the mind. The narrator thus eliminates motives that might normally inspire such a violent murder. He reduces the old man to the pale blue of his eye in obsessive fashion. The narrator sees the eye as completely separate from the man, and as a result, he is capable of murdering him while maintaining that he loves him. By dismembering his victim, the narrator further deprives the old man of his humanity.

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## Chapter 4 : Edgar Allan Poe: Storyteller | American English

*Both of Poe's short stories "The Tell-Tale Heart" and "The Cask of Amontillado" involve murder, crime, and mystery. Both narrators describe their crimes in detail and offer vague explanations as.*

If any one has a critical turn it is he. He will tell me --" "Luchresi cannot tell Amontillado from Sherry. I perceive you have an engagement. Luchresi--" "I have no engagement; --come. It is not the engagement, but the severe cold with which I perceive you are afflicted. The vaults are insufferably damp. They are encrusted with nitre. The cold is merely nothing. You have been imposed upon. And as for Luchresi, he cannot distinguish Sherry from Amontillado. There were no attendants at home; they had absconded to make merry in honour of the time. I had told them that I should not return until the morning, and had given them explicit orders not to stir from the house. These orders were sufficient, I well knew, to insure their immediate disappearance, one and all, as soon as my back was turned. I took from their sconces two flambeaux, and giving one to Fortunato, bowed him through several suites of rooms to the archway that led into the vaults. I passed down a long and winding staircase, requesting him to be cautious as he followed. We came at length to the foot of the descent, and stood together upon the damp ground of the catacombs of the Montresors. The gait of my friend was unsteady, and the bells upon his cap jingled as he strode. You are rich, respected, admired, beloved; you are happy, as once I was. You are a man to be missed. For me it is no matter. We will go back; you will be ill, and I cannot be responsible. I shall not die of a cough. A draught of this Medoc will defend us from the damps. Here I knocked off the neck of a bottle which I drew from a long row of its fellows that lay upon the mould. He raised it to his lips with a leer. He paused and nodded to me familiarly, while his bells jingled. The wine sparkled in his eyes and the bells jingled. My own fancy grew warm with the Medoc. We had passed through long walls of piled skeletons, with casks and puncheons intermingling, into the inmost recesses of the catacombs. I paused again, and this time I made bold to seize Fortunato by an arm above the elbow. It hangs like moss upon the vaults. The drops of moisture trickle among the bones. Come, we will go back ere it is too late. Your cough --" "It is nothing," he said; "let us go on. But first, another draught of the Medoc. He emptied it at a breath. His eyes flashed with a fierce light. He laughed and threw the bottle upwards with a gesticulation I did not understand. I looked at him in surprise. He repeated the movement --a grotesque one. He leaned upon it heavily. We continued our route in search of the Amontillado. We passed through a range of low arches, descended, passed on, and descending again, arrived at a deep crypt, in which the foulness of the air caused our flambeaux rather to glow than flame. At the most remote end of the crypt there appeared another less spacious. Its walls had been lined with human remains, piled to the vault overhead, in the fashion of the great catacombs of Paris. Three sides of this interior crypt were still ornamented in this manner. From the fourth side the bones had been thrown down, and lay promiscuously upon the earth, forming at one point a mound of some size. Within the wall thus exposed by the displacing of the bones, we perceived a still interior crypt or recess, in depth about four feet, in width three, in height six or seven. It seemed to have been constructed for no especial use within itself, but formed merely the interval between two of the colossal supports of the roof of the catacombs, and was backed by one of their circumscribing walls of solid granite. It was in vain that Fortunato, uplifting his dull torch, endeavoured to pry into the depth of the recess. Its termination the feeble light did not enable us to see. As for Luchresi --" "He is an ignoramus," interrupted my friend, as he stepped unsteadily forward, while I followed immediately at his heels. In niche, and finding an instant he had reached the extremity of the niche, and finding his progress arrested by the rock, stood stupidly bewildered. A moment more and I had fettered him to the granite. In its surface were two iron staples, distant from each other about two feet, horizontally. From one of these depended a short chain, from the other a padlock. Throwing the links about his waist, it was but the work of a few seconds to secure it. He was too much astounded to resist. Withdrawing the key I stepped back from the recess. Indeed, it is very damp. Once more let me implore you to return. Then I must positively leave you. But I must first render you all the little

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attentions in my power. Throwing them aside, I soon uncovered a quantity of building stone and mortar. With these materials and with the aid of my trowel, I began vigorously to wall up the entrance of the niche. I had scarcely laid the first tier of the masonry when I discovered that the intoxication of Fortunato had in a great measure worn off. The earliest indication I had of this was a low moaning cry from the depth of the recess. It was not the cry of a drunken man. There was then a long and obstinate silence. I laid the second tier, and the third, and the fourth; and then I heard the furious vibrations of the chain. The noise lasted for several minutes, during which, that I might hearken to it with the more satisfaction, I ceased my labours and sat down upon the bones. When at last the clanking subsided, I resumed the trowel, and finished without interruption the fifth, the sixth, and the seventh tier. The wall was now nearly upon a level with my breast. I again paused, and holding the flambeaux over the mason-work, threw a few feeble rays upon the figure within. A succession of loud and shrill screams, bursting suddenly from the throat of the chained form, seemed to thrust me violently back. For a brief moment I hesitated, I trembled. Unsheathing my rapier, I began to grope with it about the recess; but the thought of an instant reassured me. I placed my hand upon the solid fabric of the catacombs, and felt satisfied. I reapproached the wall; I replied to the yells of him who clamoured. I re-echoed, I aided, I surpassed them in volume and in strength. I did this, and the clamourer grew still. It was now midnight, and my task was drawing to a close. I had completed the eighth, the ninth and the tenth tier. I had finished a portion of the last and the eleventh; there remained but a single stone to be fitted and plastered in. I struggled with its weight; I placed it partially in its destined position. But now there came from out the niche a low laugh that erected the hairs upon my head. It was succeeded by a sad voice, which I had difficulty in recognizing as that of the noble Fortunato. The voice said-- "Ha! We will have many a rich laugh about it at the palazzo --he! But is it not getting late? Will not they be awaiting us at the palazzo, the Lady Fortunato and the rest? Let us be gone. I called aloud -- "Fortunato! I called again -- "Fortunato! I thrust a torch through the remaining aperture and let it fall within. There came forth in return only a jingling of the bells. My heart grew sick; it was the dampness of the catacombs that made it so. I hastened to make an end of my labour. I forced the last stone into its position; I plastered it up.

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### Chapter 5 : The Cask of Amontillado vs. the Tell-Tale Heart - words | Study Guides and Book Summaries

*The story is set in a nameless Italian city in an unspecified year and is about a man taking fatal revenge on a friend who, he believes, has insulted him.*

The disease had sharpened my senses --not destroyed --not dulled them. Above all was the sense of hearing acute. I heard all things in the heaven and in the earth. I heard many things in hell. How, then, am I mad? It is impossible to say how first the idea entered my brain; but once conceived, it haunted me day and night. Object there was none. Passion there was none. I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. He had never given me insult. For his gold I had no desire. I think it was his eye! He had the eye of a vulture --a pale blue eye, with a film over it. Whenever it fell upon me, my blood ran cold; and so by degrees --very gradually --I made up my mind to take the life of the old man, and thus rid myself of the eye forever. Now this is the point. You fancy me mad. But you should have seen me. You should have seen how wisely I proceeded --with what caution --with what foresight --with what dissimulation I went to work! I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him. And every night, about midnight, I turned the latch of his door and opened it --oh so gently! And then, when I had made an opening sufficient for my head, I put in a dark lantern, all closed, closed, that no light shone out, and then I thrust in my head. Oh, you would have laughed to see how cunningly I thrust it in! It took me an hour to place my whole head within the opening so far that I could see him as he lay upon his bed. And this I did for seven long nights --every night just at midnight --but I found the eye always closed; and so it was impossible to do the work; for it was not the old man who vexed me, but his Evil Eye. And every morning, when the day broke, I went boldly into the chamber, and spoke courageously to him, calling him by name in a hearty tone, and inquiring how he has passed the night. So you see he would have been a very profound old man, indeed, to suspect that every night, just at twelve, I looked in upon him while he slept. Upon the eighth night I was more than usually cautious in opening the door. Never before that night had I felt the extent of my own powers --of my sagacity. I could scarcely contain my feelings of triumph. To think that there I was, opening the door, little by little, and he not even to dream of my secret deeds or thoughts. I fairly chuckled at the idea; and perhaps he heard me; for he moved on the bed suddenly, as if startled. Now you may think that I drew back --but no. His room was as black as pitch with the thick darkness, for the shutters were close fastened, through fear of robbers, and so I knew that he could not see the opening of the door, and I kept pushing it on steadily, steadily. For a whole hour I did not move a muscle, and in the meantime I did not hear him lie down. He was still sitting up in the bed listening; --just as I have done, night after night, hearkening to the death watches in the wall. Presently I heard a slight groan, and I knew it was the groan of mortal terror. It was not a groan of pain or of grief --oh, no! I knew the sound well. Many a night, just at midnight, when all the world slept, it has welled up from my own bosom, deepening, with its dreadful echo, the terrors that distracted me. I say I knew it well. I knew what the old man felt, and pitied him, although I chuckled at heart. I knew that he had been lying awake ever since the first slight noise, when he had turned in the bed. His fears had been ever since growing upon him. He had been trying to fancy them causeless, but could not. He had been saying to himself --"It is nothing but the wind in the chimney --it is only a mouse crossing the floor," or "It is merely a cricket which has made a single chirp. All in vain; because Death, in approaching him had stalked with his black shadow before him, and enveloped the victim. And it was the mournful influence of the unperceived shadow that caused him to feel --although he neither saw nor heard --to feel the presence of my head within the room. When I had waited a long time, very patiently, without hearing him lie down, I resolved to open a little --a very, very little crevice in the lantern. So I opened it --you cannot imagine how stealthily, stealthily --until, at length a simple dim ray, like the thread of the spider, shot from out the crevice and fell full upon the vulture eye. It was open --wide, wide open --and I grew furious as I gazed upon it. And have I not told you that what you mistake for madness is but over-acuteness of the sense? I knew that sound well, too. It increased my fury, as the beating of a drum stimulates the soldier

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into courage. But even yet I refrained and kept still. I held the lantern motionless. I tried how steadily I could maintain the ray upon the eve. Meantime the hellish tattoo of the heart increased. It grew quicker and quicker, and louder and louder every instant. It grew louder, I say, louder every moment! And now at the dead hour of the night, amid the dreadful silence of that old house, so strange a noise as this excited me to uncontrollable terror. Yet, for some minutes longer I refrained and stood still. But the beating grew louder, louder! I thought the heart must burst. And now a new anxiety seized me --the sound would be heard by a neighbour! With a loud yell, I threw open the lantern and leaped into the room. He shrieked once --once only. In an instant I dragged him to the floor, and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then smiled gaily, to find the deed so far done. But, for many minutes, the heart beat on with a muffled sound. This, however, did not vex me; it would not be heard through the wall. At length it ceased. The old man was dead. I removed the bed and examined the corpse. Yes, he was stone, stone dead. I placed my hand upon the heart and held it there many minutes. There was no pulsation. He was stone dead. His eye would trouble me no more. If still you think me mad, you will think so no longer when I describe the wise precautions I took for the concealment of the body. The night waned, and I worked hastily, but in silence. First of all I dismembered the corpse. I cut off the head and the arms and the legs. I then took up three planks from the flooring of the chamber, and deposited all between the scantlings. I then replaced the boards so cleverly, so cunningly, that no human eye --not even his --could have detected any thing wrong. There was nothing to wash out --no stain of any kind --no blood-spot whatever. I had been too wary for that. A tub had caught all --ha! As the bell sounded the hour, there came a knocking at the street door. I went down to open it with a light heart, --for what had I now to fear? There entered three men, who introduced themselves, with perfect suavity, as officers of the police. A shriek had been heard by a neighbour during the night; suspicion of foul play had been aroused; information had been lodged at the police office, and they the officers had been deputed to search the premises. I smiled, --for what had I to fear? I bade the gentlemen welcome. The shriek, I said, was my own in a dream. The old man, I mentioned, was absent in the country. I took my visitors all over the house. I bade them search --search well. I led them, at length, to his chamber.

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## Chapter 6 : SparkNotes: Poe's Short Stories: "The Tell-Tale Heart" ()

*Quotes from Edgar Allan Poe's short stories, The Cask of Amontillado and The Tell-Tale Heart. In both stories, they inspect their targets. In the Tell-Tale Heart, he would look at the old man, while he slept and talk to him during the day. In the Cask of Amontillado, he figures out Fortunato's weak points and catches him drunk one day.*

Get Access The Cask of Amontillado vs. Both stories being written by the same author has a few similarities however there are also some differences. The narrator of The Tell-Tale Heart begins by persuading the reader that he is not mad, simply because he feels that his senses have been sharpened and he was ever so wise enough to stalk his victim throughout the night at midnight without being suspected of it. He also stated more than once that he was nervous. He is somewhat arrogant that he would be able to follow through with his plans of revenge on Fortunato. As the story continues in The Tell-Tale Heart, while trying to claim his sanity he explained just how much he was disturbed by the eye of an old man. Passion there was none. I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. He had never given me insult. For his gold I had no desire. I think it was his eye! Yes, it was this! With that being said the narrator had no rational reason to commit such a crime. Similarly, both stories involve elements of death where the narrators harm another human being. The Cask of Amontillado vs. How fast would you like to get it? He felt that the insult caused by Fortunato was great enough that death was his only way of avenging himself. This also shows how questionable his knowledge of wine actually is because Amontillado is indeed a Sherry. Lastly, As sane as the narrator claimed to be he began to hear the heartbeat of the old man beneath the floorboards where his body laid. On the contrary, Montresor mentions that 50 years has passed and no one has discovered his terrible deed. By reading these two stories you can almost tell that they are by the same author even though the plot and characters are different. Yet, the writing still is very much the same.

## Chapter 7 : The Cask of Amontillado - Wikipedia

*"The Cask of Amontillado" and "The Tell-tale Heart" "The Cask of Amontillado" and "The tell-tale heart" were written by Edgar Allan Poe. Edgar Allan Poe was born January 19, , Boston, Massachusetts. Poe was known as a poet, editor, literary critic, and his tales about mystery.*

## Chapter 8 : The Cask of Amontillado

*THE CASK OF AMONTILLADO by Edgar Allan Poe () THE thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne as I best could, but when he ventured upon insult I vowed revenge.*

## Chapter 9 : Tales of Mystery and Imagination (Alan Parsons Project album) - Wikipedia

*Poe responded with "The Cask of Amontillado", using very specific references to English's novel. In Poe's story, for example, Fortunato makes reference to the secret society of Masons, similar to the secret society in , and even makes a gesture similar to one portrayed in (it was a signal of distress).*