The sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveller.

The hair of the frightened pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents- "Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. One more he cudgelled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervor into a psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and with a scramble and a bound, stood at once in the middle of the road. Thought the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and be-thought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones with the Galloping Hessian, now quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up, and fell into a walk thinking to tag behind-the other did the same. His heart began to sink with him; he endeavored to resume his psalm tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and could not utter a stave. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion, that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveller in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck, on perceiving that he was headless!-but his horror was still more increased, on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of the saddle: his terror rose to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blouse upon Gunpowder, hoping, by a sudden movement, to give his companion the slip-but the spectre started full jump with him. Away then they dashed, through thick and thin: stones flying, and sparks flashing at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garment fluttered in the air, as he stretched his long lank body away over his horse's head, in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow, but Gunpowder who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping it up, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong down hill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by
trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story, and just beyond swell the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskillful rider an apparent advantage in the chase; but just as he had got half way through the hollow, the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and endeavored to hold it firm, but in vain; and had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer. For a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's wrath passed across his mind—for it was his Sunday saddle; but this was not time for petty fears; the gobbling was hard on his haunches; and (unskillful rider that he was!) he had much ado to maintain his seat; sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on another, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's back-bone, with a violence that he verily feared would cleave him asunder.

An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. He recollected the place were Brom Bones's ghostly competitor had disappeared. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the river, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash—he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the blacks steed, and the goblin rider, passed by like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast-dinner-hour came, but no Ichabod. The boys assembled at the school-house, and strolled idly about the banks of the brook; but no schoolmaster. Hans Van Ripper now began to feel some uneasiness about the fate of poor Ichabod, and his saddle. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt; the tracks of horses' hoofs deeply dented in the road, and evidently a furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and
black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close besides it a shattered pumpkin.

The brook was searched, but the body of the schoolmaster was not to be discovered. Hans Van Ripper, as executor of his estate, examined the bundle which contained all his worldly effects. They consisted of two shirts and a half; two stocks for the neck; a pair or two of worsted stockings; an old pair of corduroy small-clothes; a rusty razor; a book of psalm tunes, full of dogs' ears; and a broken pitchpipe. As to the books and furniture of the school-house, they belonged to the community, excepting Cotton Mather's History of Witchcraft, a New England Almanac, and a book of dreams of fortune-telling, in which last was a sheet of foolscap much scribbled and blotted in several fruitless attempts to make a copy of verses in honor of the heiress of Van Tassed. These magic books and the poetic scrawl were forthwith consigned to the flames by Hans Van Ripper; who from that time forward determined to send his children no more to school; observing, the never knew any good come of this same reading and writing. Whatever money the school-master possessed, and he had received his quarter's pay but a day or two before, he must have had about his person at the time of his disappearance.

The mysterious event caused much speculation of the church on the following Sunday. Nots of gazers and gossips were collected in the church-yard, at the bridge and at the spot where the hat and pumpkin had been found. The stories of Brouwer, of Bones, and a whole budget of others, were called to mind; and when they had diligently considered them all, and compared then with the symptoms of the present case, they shook their heads, and came to the conclusion that Ichabod had been carried off by the galloping Hessian. As he was a bachelor and nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head any more about him. The school was removed to a different quarter of the hollow, and another pedagogue reigned in his stead.

It is true, an old farmer, who had down to New York on a visit several years after, and from whom this account of the ghostly adventure was received, brought home the intelligence that Ichabod Crane was still alive; that he had left the neighborhood, partly through fear of the goblin and Hans Van Ripper, and partly in mortification at having been suddenly dismissed by the heiress; that he had changed his quarters to a distant part of the country; had kept school and studied law at the same time, had been admitted to the bar, turned politician, electioneered, written for the newspapers, and finally had been made a justice of the Ten Pound Court. Brom Bones too, who shortly after his rival's disappearance conducted the blooming Katrina in triumph to the altar, was observed to look exceedingly knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related and always burst into a hearty laugh at the
mention of the pumpkin; which led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.

The old country wives, however, who are the best judges of these matters, maintain to this day that Ichabod was spirited away by supernatural means; and it is a favorite story often told about the neighborhood round the winter evening fire. The bridge became more than ever an object of superstitious awe, and that may be the reason why the road has been altered of late years, so as to approach the church by the border of the mill-pond. The schoolhouse being deserted, soon fell to decay, and was reported to be haunted by the ghost of the unfortunate pedagogue; and the ploughboy, loitering homeward of a still summer evening, has often fancied his voice at a distance, chanting a melancholy psalm tune among the tranquil solitudes of Sleepy Hollow.

Activities

Classroom Assignment:
Answer the following questions and then discuss the answers in class.
1. Explain the appropriateness of the title of this selection.
2. What are some examples of Irving's descriptive details and word choices which tend to personify the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.
3. Write the plot of the short story.
4. What is the literary value of this work.
5. Give examples of the following literary devices: Metaphor and Imagery
6. Describe the setting and atmosphere of the story.
7. Briefly describe the two main characters from the short story.
8. What is your opinion of the story? Did you like the story? Why or why not?
9. What is the author's point of view?

Homework Assignment:
Write a literary analysis of the story trying to include all the important events.
Read "Rip Van Winkle" a short story by Washington Irving. Be prepared to discuss the plot during the next lesson.

Biography
Edgar Allan Poe
1809 - 1849

Edgar Allan Poe made literary history, he was one of the Transcendentalists. He was yet another writer interested in psychology and the darker side of human nature. He gave us our first guidelines for the short story. Poe believed that a story should be short enough to be read at one sitting because he felt that any break would interfere with the dramatic effect. The
story should be compact; no word should be used which does not further the preestablished
design. Poe's own stories of mystery, horror and detection have never been surpassed. His
fiction belongs to the Southern, rather than the New England, writing tradition.

Poe was born in Boston. Both Poe's parents had been actors and had died by the time
he was three. His bad relationship with his foster father was one of many unhappiness in his
brief life. He was taken in by a wealthy family from Virginia, the Allans. Poe, however, was
never stable. He attended several schools, joined the army for a short time, then entered
college but did not stay.

When he was seventeen, Poe entered the university of Virginia. He distinguished
himself in Latin and French and soon gained a reputation as self proclaimed "aristocrat," a
poet, a wit, a gambler, and a heavy drinker. The next year, Poe left the university and ran off
to Boston where he enlisted in the United States Army. Poe entered the academy as a cadet,
when he was twenty one, but he remained only eight months. Just after he left West Point his
third volume of poetry was published, dedicated to the U.S. Corps of Cadets. He then moved
to Baltimore, where he lived with his aunt and devoted himself to earning his way as a writer.

After he married his thirteen-year old cousin, Virginia Clemm, he continued to move
from place to place to edit magazines and newspapers and write stories and poems. His
pride, temper, and emotional outbreaks caused conflicts wherever he went. After his wife's
death, he continually battled against illness, emotional problems, and poverty. He turned to
drink and deteriorate physically and emotionally until his death at the age of forty.

Poe's life had been a series of disasters: psychological crippling childhood deprivations,
bitter literary squabbles, poverty, failed publishing ventures, even, in 1848, an unsuccessful
attempt at suicide. In 1850, Poe was described as demonic and depraved, an egoist villain
with scarcely any virtue. It was discovered later that Griswold had altered the text of Poe's
private lend to lend support to his harsh portrait of Poe. This action completely destroyed
Poe's personal reputation. As a result, no complete and fully satisfactory biography of Poe
has ever been written, and he has long lived in the popular mind either as a besotted drug
addict.

He made important contributions to American literature in three areas: the short story,
literary criticism, and poetry. Many of his tales of horror are known throughout the world. His
method was to put to his characters into unusual situations. Next he would describe their
feelings of terror or guilt. Some of Poe's most popular tales are "The Pit and the Pendulum
" (1841); "The Tell-Tale Heart " (1843); "The Black Cat " (1843); "The Fall of the House of
Usher " (1839), which is the best known of Poe's tales.
Poe was not only a master storyteller whose stories and critical writings have influenced the development of the short story, but he was also a poet noted for the extremely melodic and eerie quality of his poetry. His most popular poems include "Anabel Lee", "The Raven", "El Dorado", "The Bells", "To Helen" and "The City in the Sea".

He introduced the detective story, a type which has been popular through the years with those who enjoy trying to discover clues and solve mysteries. Poe was also one of the creators of the modern detective story. These stories examine mysteries or problems. Examples of these stories are: "The Murder in the Rue Morgue " (1841), "The Mystery of Marie Roget " (1842 ) and "The Gold Bag."

The interest of Poe's poetry is in its sound, rather than its content. He constantly experimented with ways to make it musical, and defined poetry as the rhythmic creation of beauty.

Poe felt that the real goal of poetry is pleasure not truth. But for him pleasure did not mean happiness. He mixes sadness with horror.

Poe's literary criticism is also important. He wanted to help develop a national literature for the young country and felt that intelligent criticism was the key. More books have been written about Poe than about any other American writer. Even after his death, other writers continued to attack him and tell lies about his personal life.

Poe's work was sometimes careless and derivative. He was rarely able to break free from the need to do profitable hack work. The gothic terror has often commonplace, little above the popular, overheated romantic fiction of the times. Poe found his inspiration and the romanticism divorced from the actualities of American life, a world of disorder, perversity, and romantic emotion. His writing influenced a variety of writers. He was among the first modern literary theorists of America, and his arguments against the didactic motive for literature and for the creation of beauty and intensity of emotion.

To the modern age, he stands as one of foremost writers of America, and he is now, a century and a quarter after his death, one of the most popular authors in the world.

He will long be remembered as a skillful poet, a very important critic, and the father of the American short story and detective story. Most of the important work that Poe did first became successful in Europe especially France. Poe is called the father of the modern short story.

Activities

Classroom Assignment:
Answer the following questions and discuss the answers later during the lesson.

1. How did Poe consider a story should be? Why?
2. What kind of stories did he introduce?
3. Which feelings did he express in his stories?
4. How was Poe called?
5. What was the goal of poetry according to him?
6. How does he define poetry?

Two students will be used in order to conduct a role play. One student will be Edgar Allan Poe and the other a twentieth century news reporter. The reporter will interview Poe and Poe in turn will answer questions about his life and how it affected his literary work.

**Homework Assignment:**
Write an outline of the most important facts and events in Poe's life. Put the facts and events in chronological order.

**Literary Work**

"The Cask of Amontillado"

The thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne as I best could; but when he ventured upon insult, I vowed revenge. You, who so well know the nature of my soul, will not suppose, however, that I gave utterance to a threat. At length I would be avenged; this was a point definitively settled—but the very definitiveness with which it was resolved, precluded the idea of risk. A must not only punish, but punish with impunity. A wrong is unredressed when retribution overtakes its redresser. It is equally unredressed when the avenger fails to make himself felt as such to him who has done the wrong.

It must be understood, that neither by word nor deed had I given Fortunato cause to doubt my good-will. I continued, as was my wont, to smile in his face, and he did not perceive that my smile now was as the thought of his immolation.

He had a weak point—this Fortunato—although in other regards he was a man to be respected and even feared. He prided himself on his connoisseurship in wine. Few Italians have the true virtuoso spirit. For the most part their enthusiasm is adopted to suit the time and opportunity—to practice imposture upon the British and Austrian millionaires. In painting and gemmary Fortunato, like his countrymen, was a quack—but in the matter of old wines he was sincere. In this respect I did not differ from him materially: I was skillful in the Italian vintages myself, and bought largely whenever I could.

It was about dusk, one evening during the supreme madness of the carnival season, that I encountered my friend. He accosted me with excessive warmth, for he had been drinking much. The man wore motley\(^\text{10}\). He had on a tight-fitting parti-striped dress, and his

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\(^{10}\) motley, the multi-colored costume characteristic of the professional jester.
head was surmounted by the conical cap and bells. I was so pleased to see him, that I thought I should never have done wringing his hand.

I said to him: "My dear Fortunato, you are luckily met. How remarkably well you are looking to-day! But I have received a pipe of what passes for Amontillado\(^1\), and I have my doubts."

"How?" said he. "Amontillado? A pipe? Impossible! And in the middle of the carnival!"

"I have my doubts," I replied; "and I was silly enough to pay the full Amontillado price without consulting you in the matter. You were not be found, and I was fearful of losing a bargain."

"Amontillado!"

"I have my doubts."

"Amontillado!"

"And I must satisfy them."

"Amontillado!"

"As you are engaged, I am on my way to Luchesi. If any one has a critical turn, it is he. He will tell me-"

"Luchesi cannot tell Amontillado from Sherry."

"And yet some fools will have it that his taste is match for your own."

"Come, let us go."

"Whither?"

"To your vaults."

"My friend, no; I will not impose upon your good nature. I perceive you have an engagement Luchesi-"

"I have no engagement; - come."

"My friend, no. 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.\(^12\)

"Let us go, nevertheless. The cold is merely nothing. Amontillado! You have been imposed upon. And as for Luchesi, he cannot distinguish Sherry from Amontillado."

Thus speaking, Fortunato possessed himself of my arm. Putting on a mask of black silk, and drawing a roquelaire\(^13\) closely about my person. I suffered him to hurry me to my palazzo.

\(^1\) Amontillado, a dry, pale sherry wine.
\(^12\) Nitre, potassium nitrate. Also spelled niter.
\(^13\) Roquelaire, a knee length cloak buttoned in front.
There were no attendants at home; they had absconded to make merry in honor 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.14 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 on 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.

"The pipe?" said he.

"It is farther on," said I: "but observe the white web-work which gleams from these cavern walls."

He turned toward me, and looked into my eyes with two filmy orbs that distilled the rheum of intoxication.

"Nitre?" he asked, at length.

"Nitre," I replied. "How long have you had that cough?"

"Ugh! ugh! ugh!-ugh! ugh! ugh!-ugh! ugh! ugh!- ugh! ugh! ugh!- ugh! ugh! ugh! ugh!"

My poor friend found it impossible to reply for many minutes.

"It is nothing," he said, at last.

"Come," I said, with decision, "we will go back; your health is precious. 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. Besides, there is Luchesi-"

"Enough," he said; "the cough is a mere nothing; it will not will me. I shall not die of a cough."

"True-true," I replied; "and, indeed, I had no intention of alarming you unnecessarily; but you should use all proper caution. A drought 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.

"Drink," I said, presenting him the wine.

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14. Sconce...two flambeaux. A sconce (scons) is a candle stick projecting from a wall bracket. Flambeaux are flaming torches.
He raised it to his lips with a leer. He paused and nodded to me familiarly, while his bells jingled.

"I drink," he said, "to the buried that repose around us."

"And I to your long life."

He again took my arm, and we proceeded.

"These vaults," he said, "are extensive."

"The Montresors," I replied, "were a great and numerous family."

"I forget your arms."

"A huge human foot d'or, in a field azure: the foot crushes a serpent rampant
 whose fangs are imbedded in the heel."

"And the motto?"

"Nemo me impune laecessit."16

"Good!" he said.

The wine sparkled in his eyes and the bells jingled. My own fancy grew warm with the medoc. We had passed through walls of piled bones, 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.

"The nitre!" I said; "see, it increases. It hangs like moss upon the vaults. We are below the river's bed. The drops of moisture trickle among the bones. Come, we will go back here, it is too late. Your cough-"

"It is nothing," he said; "let us go on. But first, another drought of the Medoc."

I broke and reached him a flagon of De Grave. He emptied it at breath. His eyes flashed with a fierce light. He laughed and threw the bottle upward with a gesticulation I did not understand.

I looked at him in surprise. He repeated the movement—a grotesque one.

"You do not comprehend?" he said.

"Not I," I replied.

"Then you are not of the brotherhood."

"How?"

"You are not of the masons."17

15. arms...rampant. The Montresor coat-of-arms shows on a blue background, a golden foot crushing a snake reared up to strike.

16. Nemo me impune laecessit. "No one can harm me unpunished" (Latin)

17. masons, a play on words. Fortunato refers to a member of a fraternal society. Montresor implies one who builds with stone or brick.
“Yes, yes,” I said; “yes, yes.”

“You? Impossible! A mason?”

“A mason,” I replied.

“A sign,” he said.

“It is this,” I answered, producing a trowel from beneath the folds of my roquelaire.

“You jest,” he exclaimed, recoiling a few paces. “But let us proceed to the Amontillado.”

“Be it so,” I said, replacing the tool beneath the cloak, and again offering him my arm. 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 the 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 the bones had been thrown down, and lay promiscuously upon 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 recess, in depth about four feet, in width three, in height six or seven. It seemed to have been constructed for no special 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, endeavored to pry into the depth of the recess. Its termination the feeble light did not enable us to see.

“Proceed,” I said; “here in is the Amontillado. As for Luchesi—”

“He is an ignoramus,” interrupted my friend, as he stepped unsteadily forward, while I followed immediately at his heel. In an instant he had reached the extremity of the niche, and finding his progress arrested by the tock, 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 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.

“Pass your hand,” I said, “over the wall; you cannot help feeling the nitre. Indeed it is very damp. Once more let me implore you to return. No? Then I must positively leave you. But I must first render you all the little attentions in my power.”

“The Amontillado!” ejaculated my friends not yet recovered from his astonishment.

“True,” I replied, “the Amontillado.”
As I said these words, I busied myself among the pile of bones of which I have before spoken. 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 if 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 labors 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. Unreathing 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 re-approached the wall, I replied to the yells of him who clamored. I re-echoed—‘I aided—I surpassed them in volume and in strength. I did this, and the chamoror 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 recognizing as that of the noble Fortunato. The voice said—

‘Ha! ha! ha! – he! he! – a very good joke indeed— an excellent jest. We will have many a rich laugh about it at the papazzo – he! he! he! over our wine – he! he! he!’

‘The Amontillado!’ I said.

‘He! he! he! – he! he! he! – yes, the Amontillado. But it is not getting late? Will not they be awaiting us at the palazzo, the Lady Fortunato and the rest? Let us be gone.’

‘Yes;’ I said, ‘let us be gone.’

‘For the love of God, Montresor!’

‘Yes!’ I said, ‘for the love of God!’

But to these words I hearkened in vain for a reply. I grew impatient, I called aloud;

‘Fortunato!’
No answer. I called again:
"Fortunato!"

No answer still. 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 - on account of the dampness of the catacombs. I hastened to make an end of my labor. I forced the last stone into its position; I plastered it up. Against the new masonry I re-erected the old rampart of bones. For the half a century no mortal has disturbed them. In pace requiescat\textsuperscript{102}.

Activities

Classroom Assignment:
Answer the following questions after reading the short story aloud in class.
1. Both Montressor and Fortunato wear costumes. How is each man's clothing appropriate to his character's role in the story?
2. What two conditions does Montressor say must be fulfilled for a satisfactory revenge?
3. Does he succeed in fulfilling these conditions?
4. Montressor does not tell much about the injuries that Fortunato has done to him. What might this omission tell us about Montressor?
5. Do you feel that Fortunato is a wicked man?
6. For which character do you have more sympathy? Why?
7. At what point does Montressor indicate a brief feeling of remorse for his actions?
8. How does he explain his feelings?
9. Irony plays an important role in this tale.
   a) Explain the irony of Fortunato's name.
   b) Who is the greater victim, Fortunato or Montressor? Explain?
10. Do you think that the story arouses any pity for Fortunato? Why or why not?
11. How do the last two lines of the story help to set the reader at distance from its events?
12. What is the point of view?
13. What is your opinion of the story? Did you like it? Why or why not?

Homework Assignment:
Write a short composition about this literary work. Explain how this poet's way of living influenced his literary work.
Read "The Fall of the House of Usher" a short story by Edgar Allan Poe. Be ready to give an oral presentation, describing the main characters and the setting.

\textsuperscript{102} In pace requiescat. *Rest in peace* (Latin)
Literary Work
"Annabel Lee"

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;-#
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

She was a child and I was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more than love-
I and my Annabel Lee-
With a love that she winged seraphs of Heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason, that , long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud by night
Chilling by Annabel Lee;

So that her highborn kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in the sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in Heaven,
Went envying her and me:-
Yes! That was the reason (as all men know,)
In this kingdom by the sea
That the wind came out of the cloud, chilling
And killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we-
Of many far wiser than we-
And neither the angel in Heaven above
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dis-siever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but I see the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea-
In her tomb by the side of the sea.