

1: The Cask of Amontillado - Wikipedia

"The Cask of Amontillado" (sometimes spelled "The Casque of Amontillado" [www.enganchecubano.comÉ•É•a.Ã•o]) is a short story by Edgar Allan Poe, first published in the November.

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 â€” 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, 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 invented new details not original to the 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, Pockit is saved by a mermaid. Terror of the Soul adapts the story.

2: Short Stories: The Cask of Amontillado by Edgar Allan Poe

"The Cask of Amontillado" () "For the love of God, Montresor!" (See Important Quotations Explained). Summary. The narrator, Montresor, opens the story by stating that he has been irreparably insulted by his acquaintance, Fortunato, and that he seeks revenge.

The whole plot deals with the inebriation and, ultimately, the live burial of the antagonist, Fortunato. The most prominent theme running through this story is the theme of revenge. What makes this story so popular can be seen in the way it was written. Ultimately, this story allows you to enter the mind of a murderer. This story also reflects many views of society in this time period. Revenge is a popular subject among people; as much now as it was back when this story was published. The reality of revenge is that it is impractical. One must ask them self several questions before going about things vindictively. Is it worth going to jail over? Will it ease my pain and suffering? Is it just a good idea? In this story, the protagonist thinks carefully about the subject of revenge and the subject of his revenge. Even with clear motives, the leading character is still quick to think. He is too quick to act, and he acts with anger. His actions cause a sort of hurried, spur-of-the-moment action. This reflects a possible way of thinking during the time period that this was written in. The discovery of gold in this far away land of California led to one of the biggest migrations that the United States had seen. So it can be said that these migratory folk, that traveled miles, were quick to act. They risked their lives, their families, and all of their possession, for a small chance of getting rich in California. Depending on the situation of each person in that era, it would have, or would not have been, a good idea to travel to California for gold. Therefore, one could conclude that rushing to California on a whim is an irrational decision, and is not thought out to the fullest extent that it should be. Trust is an issue in this story. Fortunato, whom had been insulting and offending Montresor to the highest degree, decides to foolishly trust him and accept his offer to go to his house and drink with him. This action of Fortunato, to me, seems absurd. If it were I that insulted a man and then was invited to his home to drink together, "[we] to your long life," I would not trust him. Fortunato trusts Montresor enough to drink past a healthy drunkenness and to walk the dark halls of his house with him. The one object that places the biggest role in the control and direction of the story is the alcohol. Another fact is that Montresor seems very hospitable. He willing gives his prized wine to Fortunato to drink. Fortunato willing accepts, for he cannot resist a free drink. Buy Now The horror of being buried alive is a fear that nearly everyone has thought about at one time or another. It is the fear of this burial that Edgar Allan Plays on. Instead of making the burial a quick and short-lived scene, Poe makes this scene exceedingly long and draws out the elements of fear. He procrastinates the burial of Fortunato by first describing how he is shackled to the wall. In 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. The word choice and style of writing just pull the reader in, and consumes the reader in vivid imagery and rich, detailed descriptions. This story, even years after it was published, is still very popular. It allows the reader to envision the gruesome death of being buried alive. It fulfills the human desire to know about the unknown. It fulfills human curiosity; at least the curiosity to know what it would be like to be buried alive. Again, Poe makes the burial a long and drawn out process. He draws the burial out over several paragraphs. 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 reerected the old rampart of bones. For the half of a century no mortal has disturbed them. This story very much has a tone of death. Obviously, in the end, Fortunato dies. But it can also be said that Montresor dies too. He goes as far as to kill someone in such a way that he did; his mind is obviously corrupt. For there are many ways to solve a disagreement, murder is not a good way to do it. Montresor had this murder planned from the very beginning. He perfected the method of

murder. He was set on murder and his mind could not be changed. Montresor was certain that murder was the right answer. By allowing himself to sink as low as to kill another man, he has allowed himself to die. In another sense, he has sent himself to death. If any authority figures find Montresor and convict him of murder, he could be put to death. The mind of a murderer is an interesting thing to observe. It is interesting to see what the killer does, and why he does it. The more we understand about the mind of a murderer, the more we will understand the anguish he goes through. We would also understand what causes this type of behavior. In this case, the killer is Montresor and the victim is Fortunato. Montresor uses the disguise of being a hospitable man to cover up his desire to kill Fortunato. Although many similarities do exist, these two types of stories are very different from each other. For one, alcoholism was very prevalent in that past society. In that era, it was generally okay for people to drink, more so than today. Everyday, many criminals were put to death by means of the guillotine. The theme of revenge is a major theme in this story. Even today, over years after it was published, it is still being read. It was so eloquently written, and it has such vivid and detailed imagery. It has elements of fear, especially the fear of death and the unknown. It also allows the reader to enter the mind of a murderer; not only to read what he is thinking, but also to understand what he is thinking.

3: SparkNotes: Poe's Short Stories: "The Cask of Amontillado" ()

68 "œ e a p The Cask of Amontillado foRTunaTo had huRT me a thousand times and I had suffered quietly. But then I learned that he had laughed at my proud name, Montresor, the name of an old.

He wants to exact this revenge, however, in a measured way, without placing himself at risk. During the carnival season, Montresor, wearing a mask of black silk, approaches Fortunato. He tells Fortunato that he has acquired something that could pass for Amontillado, a light Spanish sherry. Montresor tells Fortunato that if he is too busy, he will ask a man named Luchesi to taste it. Fortunato apparently considers Luchesi a competitor and claims that this man could not tell Amontillado from other types of sherry. Fortunato is anxious to taste the wine and to determine for Montresor whether or not it is truly Amontillado. Montresor has strategically planned for this meeting by sending his servants away to the carnival. The two men descend into the damp vaults, which are covered with nitre, or saltpeter, a whitish mineral. Apparently aggravated by the nitre, Fortunato begins to cough. The narrator keeps offering to bring Fortunato back home, but Fortunato refuses. Instead, he accepts wine as the antidote to his cough. The men continue to explore the deep vaults, which are full of the dead bodies of the Montresor family. Montresor does not recognize this hand signal, though he claims that he is a Mason. When Fortunato asks for proof, Montresor shows him his trowel, the implication being that Montresor is an actual stonemason. Fortunato says that he must be jesting, and the two men continue onward. The men walk into a crypt, where human bones decorate three of the four walls. The bones from the fourth wall have been thrown down on the ground. On the exposed wall is a small recess, where Montresor tells Fortunato that the Amontillado is being stored. Fortunato, now heavily intoxicated, goes to the back of the recess. Montresor then suddenly chains the slow-footed Fortunato to a stone. Taunting Fortunato with an offer to leave, Montresor begins to wall up the entrance to this small crypt, thereby trapping Fortunato inside. Fortunato screams confusedly as Montresor builds the first layer of the wall. The alcohol soon wears off and Fortunato moans, terrified and helpless. As the layers continue to rise, though, Fortunato falls silent. Just as Montresor is about to finish, Fortunato laughs as if Montresor is playing a joke on him, but Montresor is not joking. After no response, Montresor claims that his heart feels sick because of the dampness of the catacombs. He finally repositions the bones on the fourth wall. For fifty years, he writes, no one has disturbed them. Montresor confesses this story fifty years after its occurrence; such a significant passage of time between the events and the narration of the events makes the narrative all the more unreliable. His face covered in a black silk mask, Montresor represents not blind justice but rather its Gothic opposite: Montresor chooses the setting of the carnival for its abandonment of social order. While the carnival usually indicates joyful social interaction, Montresor distorts its merry abandon, turning the carnival on its head. Because the carnival, in the land of the living, does not occur as Montresor wants it to, he takes the carnival below ground, to the realm of the dead and the satanic.

4: Amontillado | Definition of Amontillado by Merriam-Webster

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.*

Symbolism and Irony in "The Cask of Amontillado" written by: The story is rife with examples of symbolism and irony. Here we break down some of these symbols. You can read the full story online at the University of Virginia. Below are several examples of symbolism within the story: He had on a tight-fitting parti-striped dress and his head was surmounted by the conical cap and bells. The Cask of Amontillado: The word cask, a sturdy cylindrical container for storing liquids, and the word casket have the same root. It is probable that his venturing into the catacombs has little to do with his desire to serve Montresor. In French, mon tresor means my treasure. The treasure the narrator possesses is the knowledge of the perfect revenge. The Montresor Family Motto, "Nemo me impune lacessit": Fortunato comments on the Montresor family motto and emblem. The phrase means nobody harms me without being punished. The picture above it is an allusion to the Book of Genesis in the Bible: It is symbolic of what happens to Fortunato. Montresor and Fortunato refer to nitre several times. Montresor calls it "the white webwork which gleams from these cavern walls. I continued as was my wont, to smile in his face, and he did not perceive that my smile now was at the thought of his immolation. What Montresor means is the meeting is lucky because the carnival presents an excellent time for murder. These orders were sufficient, I well knew, to insure their immediate disappearance , one and all, as soon as my back was turned. The conversation regarding the Masons demonstrates an ironic misunderstanding: Fortunato refers to the Masonic order, a secret society of brothers; Montresor pulls out a trowel, a reference to bricklayers. In that respect, Montresor is a mason. This article is meant to be a starting point to your own research and analysis. Did you find more examples of symbolism and irony in the text? Feel free to share in the comments.

5: SparkNotes: Poe's Short Stories: "The Cask of Amontillado" (), page 2

The Cask of Amontillado Introduction Edgar Allan Poe, an American short-story writer, essayist, and poet, published "The Cask of Amontillado" in It was his last, and some say greatest, short story.

Finally, every line and comment contributes to the totality or unity of effect that Poe sought to achieve. The plot is quite simple. The first-person narrator, whom we later discover to be named Montresor, announces immediately that someone named Fortunato has injured him repeatedly and has recently insulted him. Montresor can stand no more; he vows revenge upon Fortunato. Foremost is the fact that Montresor has never let Fortunato know of his hatred. Accordingly, one evening during carnival time, a time when much frivolity and celebration would be taking place, Montresor set his fiendish, mad plan into motion with full confidence that he would never be discovered. In fact, at the end of the story, we, the readers, are certain that his atrocity will never be discovered. Knowing that Fortunato considered himself a great expert, or connoisseur, of fine wines, and especially a devotee of a sherry known as Amontillado, Montresor flattered him by obsequiously asking his opinion on a newly acquired cask of Amontillado. Montresor complied while wrapping himself in a cloak to make sure that he would not be recognized. Apparently, Montresor had been planning this revenge for a long time and, ironically, had chosen carnival time as the setting for this most horrible type of crime. Amid the gaiety of the carnival, he was sure he would avoid any possibility of being detected. As they descended into the vaults, Fortunato walked unsteadily and the "bells upon his cap jingled" as they descended, creating a further carnival atmosphere or a joyous time, a time which will ironically end soon with the living death of the unfortunate Fortunato. As they passed deeper into the vaults, the nitre caused Fortunato to cough constantly, but he was drunkenly determined to continue. At one point, however, Montresor paused and offered Fortunato a bottle of Medoc wine to help ward off the cold and the fumes of the nitre. This seemingly kind act, of course, carries undertones of the most vicious irony, since what appears to be an act of kindness is only an act performed to keep the victim alive long enough to get him to the niche where he will be buried alive. Fortunato drank the Medoc and once again became boisterous and once more "his bells jingled. Thus, both the motto and the coat of arms imply that the entire Montresor family history is filled with acts of revenge. As the two men proceeded further along the tunnels, the cold and the nitre fumes increased, and Fortunato asked for another drink. Montresor gave him a bottle of De Grave, which Fortunato emptied and then tossed the bottle into the air with a certain symbolic gesture. Fortunato then showed him a sign of the masons—a trowel, which he brought with him. This is, of course, a double irony since the trowel is not only an instrument used by real masons bricklayers, stone masons, etc. In only a few minutes, it will be seen that Montresor is indeed a superb mason. As they continued their journey, we discover that there are numerous catacombs of long deceased relatives. Thus, they have progressed to the place of the dead where Fortunato will spend the rest of his existence—ironically, alongside the relatives of a man who hates him with an unbelievable intensity. At one of the catacombs, Montresor led Fortunato into a small crypt, or niche, which was "in depth about four feet, in width three, in height six or seven. Montresor told Fortunato that the Amontillado was inside. When Fortunato stepped inside, he ran into the granite wall, and Montresor quickly locked him to the wall with a chain. Fortunato was too drunk to even realize what was going on, much less resist his imprisonment. Very quickly, Montresor uncovered a "quantity of building stone and mortar" and began to "wall up the entrance. Suddenly there was "a succession of loud and shrill screams" from inside the crypt and, at first, Montresor was momentarily frightened and then he delighted in joining in with the screams. Then there was silence. By the time Montresor had finished the last tier, with only one more stone to be put into place, there came a long low laugh from within. Finally, Fortunato pleaded "For the love of God, Montresor," a request which Montresor mocked by repeating the phrase. For fifty years, he tells us, no one has disturbed the peace of this place. As noted in this discussion, the story abounds in ironies. The name of the victim, Fortunato, meaning "the fortunate one," is the first irony. Then, too, the entire situation is ironic—that is, the most terrible and gruesome deeds are executed in a carnival atmosphere of gaiety and happiness; Montresor is using the atmosphere of celebration to disguise the horribly atrocious act of entombing a man alive. The reader should,

perhaps, at one point ask himself who is Montresor, and, then since Montresor seems to be apparently addressing someone, the reader should ask himself whom Montresor is talking to or writing about and why. Since the deed was committed some fifty years ago, and at the time of the deed Montresor could not have been a young person, he must now be very old. It could be that he is talking to one of his descendants, or else making his last confession to a priest. After all, from what we can glean from the story, Montresor, in spite of the reputed insults of Fortunato, came from an ancient, perhaps noble family, and he is also a person of considerable taste in gems, in paintings, in wines, and in other matters, and it is evident that he possesses considerable intelligence, albeit a type of diabolical intelligence. In his plan to entomb Fortunato in the Montresor catacombs, he was clever at the right time; his planning was perfect. Remember that he anticipated letting the servants off at a time that would not arouse suspicion since it was carnival time; clearly, his entire plan of revenge was contrived with such perfection that Montresor had to be an exceptionally gifted person. But then, again, the question arises: How could a gifted person imagine insults of such magnitude so as to cause him to effect such a horrible revenge? Informing the entire story is the nature of an insult that could evoke such a well-planned, diabolical scheme of revenge. If indeed there was an insult of such magnitude, then is Fortunato unaware of it to such an extent that he would accompany the person that he has insulted into such a dreadful place? Or was he simply drunk with the carnival madness that was occurring throughout the city? The reader, of course, is shocked by the diabolical efficiency of the murderer, and also by the fact that Montresor has lived with impunity, and also, ironically, his victim has rested in peace for fifty years. The double and ironic viewpoint continues on every plane. Within a short time, Fortunato will be entombed alive. Likewise, when Fortunato drinks a toast to the people buried in the catacombs, he little knows that he is drinking a toast to his own impending death. The same is true when Fortunato insults Montresor concerning the masons "both a secret, honorable order which requires close scrutiny for a person to become a member and, of course, an honorable trade, a tool of which Montresor will use for a most dishonorable deed.

6: The Cask of Amontillado Questions and Answers - www.enganchecubano.com

In "The Cask of Amontillado," Montresor describes how he took revenge on Fortunato during a carnival in Venice. Montresor lures Fortunato into the catacombs with a cask of amontillado, and then.

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 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.

7: The Cask of Amontillado

Summary "The Cask of Amontillado" has been almost universally referred to as Poe's most perfect short story; in fact, it has often been considered to be one of the world's most perfect short stories.

If any one has a critical turn it is he. I perceive you have an engagement. 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 hour of the time. I had told them that I should not return until the morning, and had given them explicitly 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 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 damp. He paused and nodded to me familiarly, while his 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. 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 full torch, endeavoured to pry into the depth of the recess. Its termination the feeble light did not enable us to see. In 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 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. 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 re-approached 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 paced 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 recognising as that of the noble Fortunato. 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 thrust a torch through the remaining aperture and let it fall within. There came forth in return only 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. Against the new masonry I re-erected the old rampart of bones. Of the half of a century no mortal had disturbed them. If you liked this story, please share it with others:

8: Poe's "The Cask of Amontillado": Discussion Questions

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.

What does this detail suggest that Montresor has done? Poe wants to assure the reader that Fortunato is now fully sober and understands what is happening, why it is happening, and who is making it happen, so that Montresor can have the revenge he wants. This juxtaposition illustrates the difference in their social positions. Much valuable merchandise would travel to Vienna through Venice, situated on the Adriatic and the closest large port. He wants to have everyone think that he and Fortunato are the best of friends. Consequently he has conditioned himself to think of Fortunato as his friend in spite of the fact that he hates him and plans to kill him. This time Fortunato gives him the answer that satisfies him and frees him to go ahead with his revenge. He wants to make sure that Fortunato is not expected anywhere that evening. By then many people might remember having seen him but would not remember anything else. Montresor has supposedly gotten the cask at a "bargain" price. Perhaps Fortunato would like to buy the rest of the cargo of Amontillado at a bargain price and eliminate both Montresor and Luchesi as competitors in bargaining with the seller. Montresor would not buy so much sweetish gourmet sherry wine for personal consumption. This strongly suggests that he supposedly bought the pipe for resale and that he makes his living buying and selling valuable things when opportunities arise. It further suggests that Fortunato is a sometime competitor and sometime business associate. Both men may think of themselves as aristocrats, and there were many aristocrats in Venice who made such livings on relatively precarious enterprises. The story is solely concerned with the problem of committing a murder without getting caught. This is a big enough problem without going into a detailed explanation of why Montresor wants to commit a perfect crime. As the story opens, he has made up his mind to kill Fortunato. By inventing a confidant—"You, who so well know the nature of my soul"—Poe has eliminated the need for a back story which would only weaken the "single effect" he wanted to achieve. The Catacombs were founded in when city officials struggled to address overflowing cemeteries and the caving-in of other catacombs and graves. The Catacombs of Paris became a tourist attraction beginning in the 19th century. When read in this way, the final line suggests that Montresor confesses this story as a form of repentance. The "rest in peace" then takes on a double meaning: Fortunato has been dead for fifty years, and Montresor no longer has any of the ill feelings he had for the man. That, in fact, was the whole purpose of his plot to kill him. He wanted to rid himself of his exceedingly painful inner feelings of resentment and rage. Montresor specified at the beginning that he wanted to achieve the perfect revenge. The last words verify that he has succeeded in doing so to his complete satisfaction. He has created a masterpiece of revenge. This mineral is toxic when breathed for extended periods of time or in high concentration. Poe gives Fortunato a severe cold for a purpose, as the nitre makes him cough frequently and keeps him from asking a lot of questions about the Amontillado that Montresor might not be able to answer. This means Fortunato must become sober enough to understand that Montresor is taking his revenge upon him. Montresor designs his plot of revenge with this in mind, chaining Fortunato up and then allowing him to slowly realize what has happened. In the end, Montresor places the final stone to lock Fortunato in the vault forever, just as he would use a keystone to seal Amontillado in a cask. Thus, the figurative Cask of Amontillado becomes the literal tomb of Fortunato. Montresor may be inventing them for the pleasure of hinting at what he intends to do to Fortunato. Poe uses vivid description in this line to emphasize how intoxicated Fortunato currently is. After a falling out with his wealthy foster father, Poe lost his high social status, and suffered from chronic financial troubles—as well as alcoholism—for the rest of his life. A quarrel Poe had with two other poets may also have inspired his tale of revenge. Montresor seems to relish screaming at his victim after having made certain Fortunato has not escaped. In so doing, Montresor also reassures himself of the thickness of the catacomb walls—no one will hear either of their screams, and Fortunato has no way out. Notice how Fortunato continues to insult Montresor with his condescending tone. As Fortunato continues to be tricked, it is only

fitting that he look the part. The reader knows that Fortunato is not in danger of dying from a cold, but rather of being murdered by Montresor. Here, then, his repetition is intentional: He uses it to emphasize how seriously the nitre is affecting Fortunato as well as the fact that Fortunato remains determined to sample the Amontillado in spite of his violent cough. While Montresor criticizes Fortunato for being deceitful, Montresor himself is being deceitful by luring Fortunato to his house under false pretenses to murder him. Like everyone else on the streets of Venice, Fortunato is drunk and in a festive mood, which makes him easier to fool. The carnival also distracts the attention of any bystanders who might otherwise notice Montresor leading Fortunato to his palazzo. Given that Montresor is a French name, Fortunato would also likely believe Montresor to not need his help judging French wines. By repeatedly suggesting that Luchesi could verify the Amontillado, Montresor deliberately provokes a prideful reaction from Fortunato, ensuring that he leave the carnival with Montresor. The carnival season identifies the setting as Venice, whose carnival is world-famous and still attracts hordes of tourists. When the pun is first presented, drunken Fortunato thinks his friend is being a fool. Note how Montresor continues to use wine throughout the rest of the story to achieve his gruesome goal. Structuring the story in this way allows Poe to leave out a lot of exposition and allows Poe to avoid having to explain the nature of the "thousand injuries. Note how each word adds to the power of the line, the prose, and to the overall mood and tone of the piece. Hardison This means that Fortunato had come to end of the recess in the granite wall. He had expected to find the Amontillado but had only found the granite wall of the remotest side of the catacombs. The use of "arrested" adds to the ominous mood because of the associations it has with jail and entrapment.

9: Character Analysis in The Cask of Amontillado - Owl Eyes

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. Like several of Poe's stories, and in.

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. I read this story several times, trying to grasp the level of madness from which he suffers. Is this truly a tale of revenge as he states to us in the beginning, or is it a tale of jealousy fueled by insanity? Poor Fortunato, who is not fortunate at all, believes he is with a friend when he ventures down into the Montresorian Vaults to taste a cask of Amontillado. It is carnival in this unnamed Italian city, and Fortunato is dressed as a fool, and he is so drunk that, though he calls himself a wine expert, I am led to believe he is more of a drunken sod than an connoisseur. It has been almost debilitating for them. Every molehill becomes a mountain in their minds. Most of us just slough those things off like a sprinkle of rain, but to thin skinned people, those slights become a torrential downpour of despair and projected animosity. Montresor believes that Fortunato looks down upon him. There is this moment in the story when the Montresor coat of arms is revealed: The question is, depending on how you read this tale, is Montresor the snake being crushed or is he the embedded fangs? Maybe, he is both. Montresor expects Fortunato to insult him, so every odd look or misplaced word from Fortunato becomes a condemnation of his friend, Montresor. Montresor might feel crushed, but he is about to embed his fangs. Fortunato makes a symbolic motion with his arm and discovers that Montresor is not a Mason, though Montresor insists that he is, even showing Fortunato the trowel that is in his hand as proof. Of course, showing the trowel is great foreshadowing for the final act of immurement. The fact that Fortunato does not believe Montresor is further proof that he despises him. Montresor could have enacted his revenge anywhere. It is carnival season. The perfect time for a strangulation, a knifing, a drowning or a bludgeoning, and Fortunato would just be thought of as an unfortunate victim of some ruffians, but Montresor wants something more. He wants Fortunato to forever reside among the bones of his ancestors. He wants to OWN him forever. The revenge, if that is what this is, will never end. Illustration by Harry Clarke. There are a couple of points, too, where he suggests to Fortunato that they should turn back, but he tempered each of those suggestions with a prod that would insure that his inebriated friend would want to continue. Is this a demented way to assuage his guilt? Edgar Allan Poe is most assuredly playing with your mind as he does in most of his stories. He sprinkles little clues that for the discerning reader are there to be discovered. My suggestion is to read this story a few times, and each time, hopefully, a new layer of the story will reveal itself to you. This is an excellent example of Poe and by some people considered his best short story. If you wish to see more of my most recent book and movie reviews, visit [http:](http://)

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