

Fortunato has voiced an insult one too many times. Little does he know that Montresor takes revenge seriously. And revenge is even sweeter when a person least expects it.

amontillado - wine
cask - wooden barrel

The Cask of Amontillado

Over the years, I had stood the thousand wrongs of Fortunato as I best could. But when he insulted me, I vowed revenge. However, you know the nature of my soul well. You will know that I never uttered a threat. Sooner or later, I would be ^{have my revenge} avenged - this was a point definitely settled. But the very certainty with which it was decided ruled out the idea of risk.

- PLANNED
going to get revenge

I must not only punish, but punish without being punished myself. A wrong is not paid back when retribution overtakes its avenger. It is also unpaid when the avenger fails to make himself known to him who has done the wrong. ^{not seeing it coming} It must be understood that neither by word nor deed had I given myself away. Fortunato had no cause to doubt my goodwill. I continued, as usual, to smile in his face. He did not see that my smile now was at the thought of his destruction.

- not going to be guilty
- actual no suspicious
- evil smile

- Edgar Allan Poe
- 1845
- Fortunato
- Montresor - narrator
- a rift between them
- history in
- M vows revenge on Fortunato in his face

DRAMATIC IRONY + VERBAL IRONY

How more FORTUNATO - fortunato - going to die

- secretly going to do it
- NOT GOING TOGETHER CAUGHT

- didn't spill identity
- stayed extremely nice

CONTESSOR
wants to kill
Fortunato

- F → respected and feared He had a weak point—this Fortunato—although in expert in other ways, he was a man to be respected and even feared.
- ITALIAN He prided himself on being an expert in wine. Few Italians have the true spirit of genius at this. For the most part, their enjoyment of wine is merely suited to the time and opportunity.
- F-actually wine expert opportunity. Their purpose is to trick British and Austrian millionaires.
- not fake like others

SETTING-
ITALY
CARNIVAL

Fortunato
- verbal +
- dramatic
irony

In paintings and the study of gems, Fortunato like his countrymen, was a quack. But in the matter of old wines, he was the real thing. And in this way, I did not differ from him very much. I knew about Italian wines myself and bought them whenever I could.

REAL THING
Fortunato

FrN both
wine experts

- once friend It was about dusk one evening during the greatest madness of Carnival. I met my friend. He approached me with excessive warmth, for he had been drinking much.

- now
FRIENDS

- willing
to kill
friend

- drunk The man wore the costume of a jester. He had on a tight-fitting striped dress. On top of his head was a pointed cap and bells. I was so pleased to see him that I thought I should never finish wringing his hand.

- wore
joker
costume

SPANISH
WINE

- kissing up I said to him, "My dear Fortunato, I'm so lucky to meet you! How remarkably well you look today! I have received a cask of what passes for Amontillado." And I have my doubts about whether it truly is Amontillado or not.

- to him
- compliment
- M → wine
expert
- setting up

wonly
spanish wine

- grant wine of "How?" asked Fortunato. "Amontillado? A cask? Impossible! And in the middle of Carnival!"

- during
carnival

softening
F

- paid \$ "As I said, I have my doubts," I replied. "And I was silly enough to pay the full Amontillado price without consulting you. You were not to be found, and I was fearful of losing a bargain."

- consulting
- stroking
- flattering

"Amontillado!" Fortunato exclaimed.

"I have my doubts," I replied.

"Amontillado!" he repeated.

"And I must satisfy them," I said.

"Amontillado!"

Fortunato - annoying drunk
wasted
turnt up

1 A quack is someone who falsely passes himself or herself off as an expert.
2 In Italy, Carnival is a celebration with costumes, dancing, food, and drink.
3 A jester is a costumed clown or comedian who usually performs for kings or nobility.
4 Amontillado is a Spanish wine.

MANIPULATION
REVERSE PSYCHOLOGY

-Luchesi

"Since you are busy, I am on my way to see Luchesi," I said. "If anyone knows his wines, it is he. He will tell

-Mon-mind game-

-controlling him

"Luchesi cannot tell Amontillado from Sherry," Fortunato interrupted.

-E wants to be the best

"And yet some fools would say that his taste is a match for your own," I challenged.

"Come, let us go," he said.

-M setup F

"Where?" I asked.

going to M vaults

"To your vaults," Fortunato answered.

-going somewhere

"My friend, no. I will not impose upon your good nature. I know you are on your way to meet someone.

-F idea

Luchesi—"

"I am meeting no one. Come," Fortunato once again interrupted.

irony -> M saying worried about health
GOING TO KILL HIM

-vault -> nitre

"My friend, no. It is not that. But I see that you are suffering in the severe cold. The vaults are unbearably damp," I cautioned. "They are encrusted with nitre." ^{salt} "makes damp"

F not dressed

"Let us go, nevertheless," Fortunato said. "The cold is nothing. Amontillado!" **DRUNK**

disguise not noticed
carnival = costumes

-grabs M to vault

Thus speaking, Fortunato took my arm. I put on a mask of black silk and drew a cloak close around me. He hurried me to my ^{large home} palazzo.

-black silk mask

There were no servants at home. They had run away to make merry in honor of the holiday. I had told them that I should not return until the morning. And I had given them **explicit** orders not to stir from the house.

-black cloak

These orders were enough, I knew, to ensure their disappearance. They were **gone**, one and all, as soon as my back was turned.

-no servants celebrating

F dragging M

-two torches

I took two torches from their holders and gave one to Fortunato. I guided him through several groups of rooms to the archway that led to the vault. I passed down a long and winding staircase, warning him to be careful as he followed. We finally came to the bottom of our climb. We

vault - deep underground

-went through house to walkway

no witnesses
-M says away till next day

winding stairs

5 A vault is a room with arched walls and ceiling, often underground.
6 Nitre is sodium nitrate. The presence of nitre on the walls of the vaults shows that the walls are extremely damp.
7 A palazzo is a large house.

stood together on the damp ground of the catacombs⁸ that belonged to my family, the Montresors.

unsteady → drunk My friend's step was unsteady, and the bells upon his cap jingled as he walked.

"The cask?" he asked.

defer in "It is farther on," I said. "But see the white webwork that gleams from these cavern walls."

He turned toward me and looked into my eyes. His misty eyes dribbled the tears of intoxication.

nitre → makes him cough "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!"

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 I once 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 to blame. Besides, there is Luchesi—"

PORESHADOW → "Enough," he said. "The cough is nothing. It will not kill me. I shall not die of a cough." *Dramatic Irony*

-caution -wine helps "True—true," I replied. "And indeed I did not mean to alarm you unnecessarily. But you should use proper caution. A drink of this Medoc⁹ will defend us from the damp^s." *red wine*

in catacombs/wine cellar At this point, I drew a bottle from a long row of its fellows. I knocked off the neck of the bottle.

-break bottles to open "Drink," I said, giving him the wine. He raised it to his lips with a *apprehensive* leer. He paused and nodded to me in a familiar way while his bells jingled.

-paused from drinking -drink for dead "I drink," he said, "to the buried that rest around us."

-large farm "And I drink to your long life," I replied. *→ verbal + dramatic*

He took my arm again, and we went on.

"These vaults are very large," he noticed.

"The Montresors were a great and large family."

⁸ Catacombs are underground tunnels often used for burying the dead.

⁹ Medoc is a red wine from the Bordeaux region of France.

takes him to catacombs

keeps referring as friend

excellent manipulator
makes him want to go

ONCE → rich
man to be missed

-caution
-wine
helps

in catacombs/wine cellar
-break bottles to open

-paused from drinking
-drink for dead

-large farm

burials in wall

drunk

unsteady → drunk

defer in

nitre → makes him cough

→

PORESHADOW →

Dramatic Irony

apprehensive

→ verbal + dramatic

family emblem

"I forget your coat of arms,"¹⁰ he said.

coat of arms

"A huge human foot of gold on a field of blue. The foot crushes a raging serpent, whose fangs are imbedded in the heel," I described.

"And your motto?"

-family saying

"Nemo me impune lacessit."¹¹

-FORESHADOW

~~*****~~
No one insults me w/o punishment!

"Good!" he said.

-imagination

The wine sparkled in his eyes, and the bells jingled on his head. My own imagination grew warm with the Medoc. We had passed through walls of piled bones mixed with large and small casks. We reached the inner recesses of the catacombs.

walls of bones others in casks

-moisture on bones

"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 before it is too late. Your cough—"

-below river bed very deep

"It is nothing," he insisted. "Let us go on. But first, another drink of the Medoc."

-insisted on going on + keep drinking

I broke a bottle of de Gr¹² and handed it to him. He emptied it at a breath. His eyes flashed with a fierce light. He laughed and threw the bottle upward with a motion I did not understand.

-F chugged wine DRUNK

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

"You do not understand?" he said.

-brotherhood Masons

"Not I," I replied.

"Then you are not of the brotherhood," he said.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"You are not of the Masons."¹³

Mason? Angels + Demons

"Oh yes, yes," I said. "Yes, yes."

"You? Impossible! A Mason?"

"A Mason," I replied.

"A sign," he said.

• 5 million members
• believed

• mysterious
• spiritual and intellectual enlightenment

Masons - secret society of men
- started from brick-layers
- secret rituals
- invited in
• privileged members of oldest + largest fraternity

¹⁰ A coat of arms is a family seal or emblem.

¹¹ *Nemo me impune lacessit* means "No one insults me without punishment" in Latin.

¹² De Gr^{ave} is a Bordeaux wine.

¹³ Fortunato is referring to the Freemasons, an international organization with secret rites and signs.

to be secretive underground for world domination

• influencia
• industrious/ illustrious
big deals

BROTHERHOOD

Fortunato's idea - Ego

- pulled out trowel from cloak

"It is this," I answered. I produced a ^{sprayed cement} trowel¹⁴ from beneath the folds of my cloak.

- continued to drink

"You jest!" he exclaimed, **recoiling** a few paces. "But let us go on to the Amontillado."

- wants to drink more

"Be it so," I said, replacing the tool beneath my cloak.

- put back arm - leaned on

I offered him my arm, and he leaned upon it heavily. We continued on our way in search of the Amontillado. We

- can't hold himself up

passed through a range of low arches. We descended, walked a ways, and ^{go down} descended again, arriving at a deep

- smell bodies

crypt.¹⁵ Here the foulness of the air caused our torches to glow rather than flame. ^{needs oxygen} underground burial room ^{NO O₂ 406N}

- walls w/ human parts

At the far end of the crypt was another smaller one. Its walls had been lined with human remains. They were

- still decorated

piled up to the vault overhead in the style of the great catacombs of Paris. Three sides of this interior crypt were

- bones thrown down

still decorated in this manner. From the fourth side, the bones had been thrown down. The bones lay scattered

- small crypt in larger one

upon the earth, forming a mound of some size. A wall was exposed by the removal of the bones.

- wall exposed

Inside it, we saw still another space. It was about four feet

- 4ft. deep

deep, three wide, and six or seven high. It seemed to have

- 3ft. wide

been built for no special use. It was merely the space

- 6-7ft. high

between two of the huge supports of the roof. It was

- no special use

backed by a wall of solid granite.¹⁶

- between roof

Fortunato lifted up his dull torch. But it was in vain that he tried to see into the depths of the recess. The

- dull torch - no hard time breathing

feeble light did not let us see its end. "Go on," I said. "In here is the Amontillado. As for Luchesi—"

- couldn't see in little nook

"He is an **ignoramus**," interrupted my friend. He stepped unsteadily forward. I followed right at his heels. He

- Luchesi will come persuade

had reached the end of the space in an instant. ^{3 ft. wide} Finding his progress stopped by the rock, he stood, stupidly confused.

- tone nasty, mocking

"A moment more, and I had chained him to the granite. In its surface were two iron staples. They were about two

- staples in ground

feet apart from each other. From one of these staples

fortunate - vulnerable

examples of his drunkenness



burial room crypt back section

takes away vision

(M) ->

¹⁴ A trowel is a hand tool with a flat blade.
¹⁵ A crypt is an underground room that is used as a burial place.
¹⁶ Granite is a hard rock used for building.

can't fight him

slower bc he is drunk

shocked to resist
arms locked on wall

hung a short chain; from the other hung a padlock. I threw the links about his waist. It took but a few seconds to fasten it. He was much too shocked to resist. Withdrawing the key, I stepped back from the recess.

PLAYED HIM

* DID IT TO HIMSELF

leaving TAUNTING TEASING

"Pass your hand over the wall," I said. "You cannot help feeling the nitre. Indeed it is very damp. Once more let me beg you to return. No? Then I shall certainly leave you. But I must first do what little I can to make you feel at home."

-revenge knows what hi him

"The Amontillado!" cried my friend. He had not yet recovered from his shock.

wants wine! drunkie

"True," I replied. "The Amontillado."

BURY HIM ALIVE

-dug pile of bone
-hid bricks and concrete
-walled up entrance

As I said these words, I busied myself. I dug among the pile of bones. Throwing them aside, I soon uncovered a supply of building stone and mortar. I made use of these materials and my trowel. I began to vigorously wall up the entrance of the space.

* now sober

I had hardly laid the first row of masonry when I discovered that Fortunato's intoxication had mostly worn off. The earliest sign was a low moaning cry from the depths of the recess. It was not the cry of a drunken man.

-cry - "I'm going to die"
-furious shaking of chains

Then there was a long and stubborn silence. I laid the second row, and the third, and the fourth. Then I heard the furious shaking of the chain. The noise lasted for several minutes. To listen to it with more enjoyment, I stopped my work and sat down upon the bones.

enjoying pain

trying to escape
-listening to him struggling

When at last the clanking stopped, I took up my trowel again. I finished the fifth, the sixth, and the seventh rows without interruption. The wall was now nearly level with my chest. I again paused and held the torch over the masonry work. It threw a few feeble rays upon the figure within.

-hold a torch over

scares M causes him to pause bc of scream

-screaming
-got scared
-hesitated
-pulling out sword

Suddenly a series of loud and shrill screams burst from the throat of the chained form. They drove me back violently. For a brief moment, I hesitated—I trembled.

Unsheathing¹⁷ my sword, I began to grope with it about the recess. But a moment's thought reassured me. I placed my hand upon the solid material of the catacombs and felt satisfied. I went back to the wall. I replied to the yells of him who cried out. I echoed—I aided—I

(M) yelled back at (F)

¹⁷ A sheath is a sword holder attached to a belt.

MIDNIGHT

-surpassed him

surpassed them in volume and in strength. I did this, and the caller grew still.

-11 Levels of Bricks

-single stone left

(E) laugh

-insanity sets in

It was not yet midnight, and my task was drawing to a close. I had completed the eighth, the ninth, and the tenth levels. I had finished a part of the eleventh—the last. There remained but a single stone to be fitted and plastered in. I struggled with its weight. I put it partway in its intended place.

But now there came from out of the space a low laugh. It made the hairs on my head stand up. It was followed by a sad voice, one that I had difficulty recognizing as that of the noble Fortunato.

(M) scares + nervous

-still thinks its all a joke/prank

The voice said, "Ha! ha! ha!—hee! hee!—a very good joke indeed. An excellent jest. We will have many a rich laugh about it at the palazzo. Ho! ho! ho!—over our wine—ha! ha! ha!"

"The Amontillado!" I said.

"Hee! hee! hee!—hee! hee! hee!—yes, the Amontillado. 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."

"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 listened in vain for a reply. I grew impatient. I called aloud.

"Fortunato!"

No answer. I called again.

"Fortunato!"

-FEELS GUILTY

(E) -> not answering
-put torch through brick

No answer still. I thrust a torch through the remaining opening and let it fall within. Only a jingling of the bells came forth in reply. My heart grew sick—because of the dampness of the catacombs, of course.

-not admitting guilty

-killing=work

-put stone in last place

I hurried to end my work. I forced the last stone into its position. I plastered it up. Against the new masonry, I replaced the old wall of bones. And for half of a century, no mortal has disturbed them.

-no one disturbed them

-got away with it

*In pace requiescat!*¹⁸

-50 years ago

¹⁸ *In pace requiescat* is Latin for "May he rest in peace."

INSIGHTS

“Luchesi cannot tell Amontillado from Sherry,” says Fortunato about a rival wine taster. But Amontillado really is a kind of sherry—and not even very fine sherry. So why all the fuss about Amontillado in Edgar Allan Poe’s story? Why did Poe choose this wine? He probably just liked the sound of the word.

This says a great deal about how Poe wrote. He was very concerned with how his stories and poems affected the reader. He was particularly concerned with the sounds of words. Many of his poems seem more like music than poetry.

In fact, although Poe is remembered primarily for his short stories, he considered himself mainly a poet. Poe wrote in his preface to his book *The Raven and Other Poems*, “With me poetry has not been a purpose but a passion.”

Poe believed the sound of a poem is as essential as the idea. He said, “Music, when combined with a pleasurable idea, is poetry; music without the idea is simply music; the idea without the music is prose . . .”

Most of Poe’s verses use rhyming and meter to help create the musiclike sound. Some have refrains that repeat themselves throughout the poems, just like songs repeat their chorus.

One poem in particular demonstrates Poe’s emphasis on the sound of words. “The Bells” describes varying types of bells and how their different sounds reinforce their purposes, from sleigh bells to alarm bells to the tolling bells of death and doom.

Poe uses a literary device called *onomatopoeia* in this poem. Onomatopoeia is the use of words whose sound imitates the sound of the thing being named. The pronunciation of the words can suggest their meanings. For example, which descriptions do you think Poe used

what traits about Fortunato might have irritated Montressor?

How are the narrators from TTH and CA similar?

Is Montressor crazy? (what makes someone crazy?)

for sleigh bells: "tinkling," "jingling," "clang," "clash," "roar," "twanging," "moaning," or "groaning"? Which do you think he used for alarm bells? Can you think of other examples of onomatopoeia?