



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. **F**

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,¹⁹ 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 clamored. I re-echoed—I aided—I surpassed them in volume and in strength. I did this, and the clamor grew still. **G**

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! ha! ha!—he! he!—a very good joke indeed—an excellent jest. We will have many a rich laugh about it at the palazzo—he! he! he! —over our wine—he! he! he!”

“The Amontillado!” I said.

“He! he! he!—he! he! he!—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!” **H**

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 of a century no mortal has disturbed them. *In pace requiescat!*²⁰  

F MOOD

Reread this paragraph. What **details** make this description especially horrifying?

G PARAPHRASE

Restate what happens in lines 185–191. What emotions does Montresor experience at this point in the story?

H MOOD

Reread lines 192–208. Point out **images** and other **details** that convey the mood of the scene.

aperture (ăp'ər-cher)
n. an opening, such as a hole or a gap

COMMON CORE L4c

FOREIGN WORDS AND PHRASES

Poe uses several words and phrases from other languages in this story. For example, “In pace requiescat” (line 219) is a Latin phrase meaning “Rest in peace.” Identify the foreign word in line 204 and look up its origin and meaning in a dictionary.

19. **rapier** (ră'pê-er): a long, slender sword.

20. **In pace requiescat** (ĭn pă'kě rě-kwē-ēs'kāt) *Latin*: May he rest in peace.