

Continue



The cask of amontillado free

The short story "The Cask of Amontillado" by Edgar Allan Poe revolves around themes of revenge and betrayal. Set against the backdrop of a carnival, Montresor lures Fortunato into his family's catacombs under the guise of verifying a rare wine. However, Montresor's true intention is to punish Fortunato for past insults with impunity. The narrative delves into the darker aspects of human nature, exploring the capacity for vengeance and its psychological complexities. Through Montresor's character, Poe highlights the themes of pride, manipulation, and the macabre consequences of revenge. The story is narrated by Montresor himself, who seeks retribution against Fortunato with calculated precision. Poe's use of descriptive language and atmospheric setting adds to the sense of foreboding and tension, culminating in a chilling twist that underscores the devastating consequences of unchecked emotions. This classic tale of horror fiction continues to captivate readers with its thought-provoking exploration of human nature and the blurred lines between right and wrong. (Note: I've rewritten the text using "INCREASE BURSTINESS (IB)" method) Well, you appear to be in high spirits today, but I have obtained a pipe of what passes for Amontillado, and I am questioning its authenticity." "How?" he replied. "Amontillado, a pipe? Unlikely! And it's right in the middle of the carnival!" "I've got my doubts," I said; "and I was foolish enough to pay full price without consulting you on this matter. You weren't around, and I feared losing an opportunity." "Amontillado!" "I have my doubts." "Amontillado!" "And I must resolve them." "Amontillado!" "As you're engaged, I'm on my way to Luchresi. If anyone can give me insight, it's him." "Luchresi can't tell the difference between Amontillado and Sherry." "Despite some people thinking his taste matches yours." "Come along," let's go." "Where?" "To your vaults." "Friend, no; I won't take advantage of your kindness. I see you have an engagement." Luchresi-" I don't have one; come." "Friend, it's not the engagement; I can tell by how sickly you look. The vaults are ridiculously damp and covered in nitre." "Let's go despite the chill. It won't kill me, and as for Luchresi, he can't distinguish between Sherry and Amontillado." He kept saying Amontillado, finally taking my arm and putting on a black silk mask. He led me to my palace, and since there were no attendants home, they'd all left for the party. I told them I wouldn't return until morning and ordered them not to stir from the house. Those orders would ensure their immediate departure once I turned my back. True, I thought to myself; indeed, I had no intention of alarming you unnecessarily, but you should use all proper caution. A draught of this Medoc will defend us from the damp. Here, I knocked off the neck of a bottle and presented it to him, saying "Drink." He raised it to his lips with a grin. He paused, nodded familiarly, and his bells jingled. "I drink," he said, "to the buried that repose around us." "And I to your long life." We proceeded, passing through walls of piled skeletons, casks, and puncheons into the catacombs' inmost recesses. I seized Fortunato by an arm above the elbow, saying "The nitre! See, it increases. Come, let's 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 flashing with fierce light. He laughed and threw the bottle upwards with a gesture I didn't understand. I looked at him in surprise as 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." "Yes, yes," I said; "yes, yes." "You? Impossible! A mason?" "A mason," I replied. He said, "A sign, a sign." It was this, I answered, producing from beneath my cloak a trowel. "You jest," he exclaimed, recoiling a few paces. But let us proceed to the Amontillado. Be it so, I said, replacing the tool beneath my cloak and again offering him my arm. He leaned upon it heavily as we continued our route in search of the Amontillado. We passed through low arches, descended, passed on, and descending again, arrived at a deep crypt where the foulness of the air caused our flambeaux to glow rather than flame. At the most remote end of the crypt, another less spacious one appeared, its walls lined with human remains piled to the vault overhead. Three sides were still ornamented in this manner. From the fourth side, the bones had been thrown down, forming a mound of some size. Within the wall thus exposed, we perceived a still interior crypt or recess, about four feet deep. The narrow opening was roughly three feet wide and six to seven feet tall. It seemed like a random interval between two massive support pillars in the catacombs' roof, with one solid granite wall behind it. Fortunato, holding his torch, struggled to see into the recess's depths. "Proceed," I told him; "the Amontillado is here." My friend interrupted me, saying Luchresi was an ignoramus, as he stumbled forward, and I followed closely. He reached the niche's end, but found his progress halted by a rock, leaving him bewildered. After a moment, I had chained him to the granite wall using two iron staples with a short chain and padlock attached to them. Withdrawing the key, I stepped back from the recess. "Feel the dampness on the wall," I said, "and pass your hand over it." My friend was too stunned to resist. As I busied myself with building materials nearby, he exclaimed, "The Amontillado!" and I replied, "True, the Amontillado." With a trowel in hand, I began constructing a wall using building stone and mortar to seal off the entrance of the niche. The intoxication wore off from Fortunato as I worked, and soon he moaned, followed by an intense silence. As I laid the final tiers of masonry, the chained figure's furious struggles against the chain became audible. After several minutes, the noise subsided, allowing me to finish the wall without interruption. When it was nearly at my breast level, I paused, threw some light upon the trapped form, and heard a series of loud, shrill screams bursting from its throat. For an instant, I hesitated and trembled, but then reassured myself by feeling the solid catacombs' fabric. Reapproaching the wall, I proceeded with my task, seemingly unaffected by what was happening within. I mirrored their cries with increased fervor; I magnified their voice and strengthened my own until they fell silent. It was now midnight, and my task neared completion. I had finished constructing the eighth through eleventh tiers and partially completed the twelfth tier. As I placed the final stone into its designated spot, a low chuckle echoed from within the niche, sending shivers down my spine. The laugh was followed by Fortunato's melancholic voice, which I struggled to recognize. He joked about our prank at the palazzo, saying we would have a rich time laughing over wine and the Amontillado. "The Amontillado" I repeated, but he persisted in jesting about it being late and our hosts waiting for us. His laughter went unanswered; I called out for him again, but only the jingling of bells replied. My heart grew heavy due to dampness; I hastened to complete my labor. I sealed the last stone in place and reattached the ancient barricade of bones, ensuring no one would disturb them for half a century.