


Why will you say that I am mad?

The Tell-Tale Heart

Edgar Allan Poe

T rue!—nervous—very, very dreadfully nervous I had been and am; but why *will* you say that I am mad? The disease had sharpened my senses—not destroyed—not dulled them. Above all was the sense of hearing acute. I heard all things in the heaven and in the earth. I heard many things in hell. How, then, am I mad? Hearken! and observe how healthily—how calmly I can tell you the whole story. 

It is impossible to say how first the idea entered my brain; but once conceived, it haunted me day and night. Object¹ there was none. Passion there was none. I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. He had never given me insult. For his gold I had no desire. I think it was his eye! Yes, it was this! One of his eyes resem-

STYLE

1. Read this paragraph aloud. How does the style suggest the narrator's extreme nervousness?

1. **object** (äb'jikt) *n.*: purpose or goal.


Vocabulary


acute (ä·kyoot') *adj.*: sharp; sensitive; severe.

bled that of a vulture—a pale blue eye, with a film over it. Whenever it fell upon me, my blood ran cold; and so by degrees—very gradually—I made up my mind to take the life of the old man and thus rid myself of the eye forever.

Now this is the point. You fancy me mad. Madmen know nothing. But you should have seen *me*. You should have seen how wisely I proceeded—with what caution—with what foresight—with what dissimulation² I went to work! I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him. And every night, about midnight, I turned the latch of his door and opened it—oh, so gently! And then, when I had made an opening sufficient for my head, I put in a dark lantern, all closed, closed, so that no light shone out, and then I thrust in my head. Oh, you would have laughed to see how cunningly I thrust it in! I moved it slowly—very, very slowly, so that I might not disturb the old man's sleep. It took me an hour to place my whole head within the opening so far that I could see him as he lay upon his bed. Ha! Would a madman have been so wise as this? And then, when my head was well in the room, I undid the lantern cautiously—oh, so cautiously—cautiously (for the hinges creaked)—I undid it just so much that a single thin ray fell upon the vulture eye. And this I did for seven long nights—every night just at midnight—but I found the eye always closed; and so it was impossible to do the work; for it was not the old man who vexed me, but his Evil Eye. And

2. **dissimulation** (di·sim'yōō·lā'shen) *n.*: disguising of intentions or feelings. (Look for a similar word at the end of the story.)

every morning, when the day broke, I went boldly into the chamber and spoke courageously to him, calling him by name in a hearty tone and inquiring how he had passed the night. So you see he would have been a very profound³ old man, indeed, to suspect that every night, just at twelve, I looked in upon him while he slept. 

Upon the eighth night I was more than usually cautious in opening the door. A watch's minute hand moves more quickly than did mine. Never before that night had I *felt* the extent of my own powers—of my sagacity. I could scarcely contain my feelings of triumph. To think that there I was, opening the door, little by little, and he not even to dream of my secret deeds or thoughts. I fairly chuckled at the idea; and perhaps he heard me; for he moved on the bed suddenly, as if startled. Now you may think that I drew back—but no. His room was as black as pitch with the thick darkness (for the shutters were close fastened, through fear of robbers), and so I knew that he could not see the opening of the door, and I kept pushing it on steadily, steadily. 

I had my head in, and was about to open the lantern, when my thumb slipped upon

3. **profound** (prō·found') *adj.*: deeply intellectual.

Vocabulary

vexed (vekst) *v.*: disturbed; annoyed.

sagacity (sə·gas'ə·tē) *n.*: intelligence and good judgment.



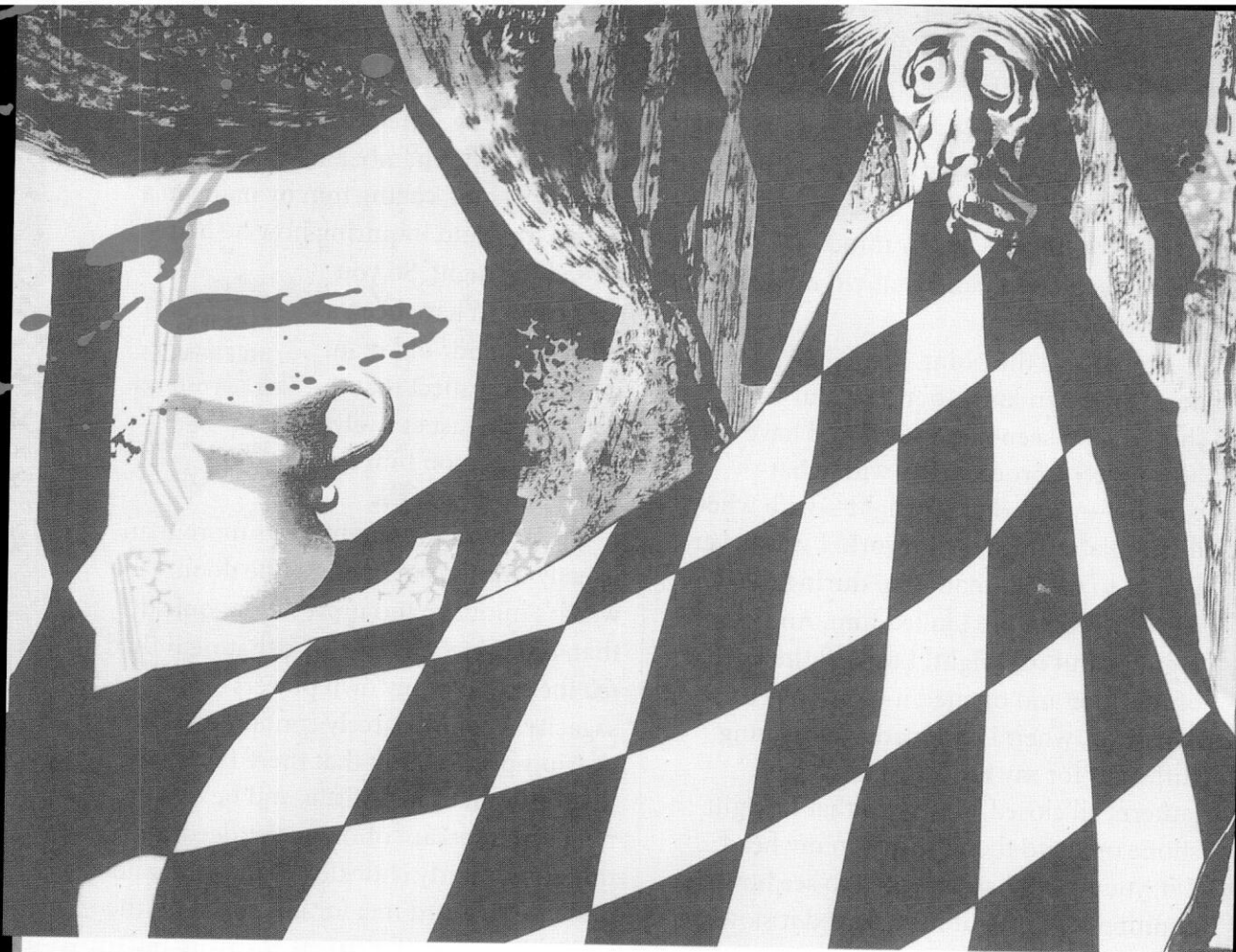
MAKING INFERENCES

2. The narrator is talking to someone. Who might "you" be?



STYLE

3. Why is it ironic that the old man feared robbers? (What should he have feared?)



The illustrations on pages 356 and 359 are from a short movie based on “The Tell-Tale Heart.”

the tin fastening, and the old man sprang up in the bed, crying out—“Who’s there?”


I kept quite still and said nothing. For a whole hour I did not move a muscle, and in the meantime I did not hear him lie down. He was still sitting up in the bed listening—just as I have done, night after night, hearkening to the deathwatches⁴ in the wall.

Presently I heard a slight groan, and I knew it was the groan of mortal terror. It was not a groan of pain or of grief—oh,

4. **deathwatches** *n.*: beetles that burrow into wood and make tapping sounds, which some people believe are a sign of approaching death.

no!—it was the low, stifled sound that arises from the bottom of the soul when overcharged with awe. I knew the sound well. Many a night, just at midnight, when all the world slept, it has welled up from my own bosom, deepening, with its dreadful echo, the terrors that distracted me. I say I knew it well. I knew what the old man felt, and pitied him, although I chuckled at heart. I knew that he had been lying awake ever since the first slight noise, when he had turned in the bed. His fears had been ever since growing upon him. He had been trying to fancy them causeless but could not. He had been saying to himself—“It is nothing but the wind in the chimney—it is only

a mouse crossing the floor,” or “It is merely a cricket which has made a single chirp.” Yes, he had been trying to comfort himself with these suppositions; but he had found all in vain. *All in vain*; because Death, in approaching him, had stalked with his black shadow before him and enveloped the victim. And it was the mournful influence of the unperceived shadow that caused him to feel—although he neither saw nor heard—to *feel* the presence of my head within the room.

When I had waited a long time, very patiently, without hearing him lie down, I resolved to open a little—a very, very little crevice in the lantern. So I opened it—you cannot imagine how stealthily, stealthily—until, at length, a single dim ray, like the thread of the spider, shot from out the crevice and full upon the vulture eye. 


It was open—wide, wide open—and I grew furious as I gazed upon it. I saw it with perfect distinctness—all a dull blue, with a hideous veil over it that chilled the very marrow in my bones; but I could see nothing else of the old man’s face or person, for I had directed the ray, as if by instinct, precisely upon the damned spot.

And now have I not told you that what you mistake for madness is but overacuteness of the senses?—now, I say, there came to my ears a low, dull, quick sound, such as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I knew *that* sound well too. It was the beating of the old man’s heart. It increased my fury, as the beating of a drum stimulates the soldier into courage.

But even yet I refrained and kept still. I

scarcely breathed. I held the lantern motionless. I tried how steadily I could maintain the ray upon the eye. Meantime the hellish tattoo⁵ of the heart increased. It grew quicker and quicker and louder and louder every instant. The old man’s terror *must* have been extreme! It grew louder, I say, louder every moment!—do you mark me well? I have told you that I am nervous: So I am. And now at the dead hour of the night, amid the dreadful silence of that old house, so strange a noise as this excited me to uncontrollable terror. Yet for some minutes longer I refrained and stood still. But the beating grew louder, louder! I thought the heart must burst. And now a new anxiety seized me—the sound would be heard by a neighbor! The old man’s hour had come! With a loud yell, I threw open the lantern and leaped into the room. He shrieked once—once only. In an instant I dragged him to the floor and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then smiled gaily to find the deed so far done. But, for many minutes, the heart beat on with a muffled sound. This, however, did not vex me; it would not be heard through the wall. At length it ceased. The old man was dead. I removed the bed and examined the corpse.

Yes, he was stone, stone dead. I placed my hand upon the heart and held it there many minutes.

There was no pulsation. He was stone dead. His eye would trouble me no more. 

5. **tattoo** *n.*: steady beat.

Vocabulary

refrained (ri·frāndʹ) *v.*: held back.

STYLE

4. What simile does Poe use to help us see the ray of light from the lantern?

STYLE

5. Where does Poe use repetition in this paragraph? Read the paragraph aloud to emphasize the repeated words.

If still you think me mad, you will think so no longer when I describe the wise precautions I took for the concealment of the body. The night waned,⁶ and I worked hastily but in silence. First of all I dismembered the corpse. I cut off the head and the arms and the legs.

I then took up three planks from the flooring of the chamber and deposited all between the scantlings.⁷ I then replaced the boards so cleverly, so cunningly, that no human eye—not even *his*—could have detected anything wrong. There was nothing to wash out—no stain of any kind—no blood spot whatever. I had been too *wary* for that. A tub had caught all—ha! ha!

When I had made an end of these labors, it was four o'clock—still dark as midnight. As the bell sounded the hour, there came a knocking at the street door. I went down to open it with a light heart—for what had I *now* to fear? There entered three men, who introduced themselves, with perfect *suavity*, as officers of the police. A shriek had been heard by a neighbor during the night; suspicion of foul play had been aroused; information had been lodged at the police office, and they (the officers) had been deputed⁸ to search the premises.

I smiled—for *what* had I to fear? I bade the gentlemen welcome. The shriek, I said, was my own in a dream. The old man, I mentioned, was absent in the country. I took my visitors all over the house. I bade them search—search *well*. I led them, at length, to *his* chamber. I showed them his treasures, secure, undisturbed. In the enthusiasm of my confidence, I brought chairs into the room

6. **waned** (wānd) *v.*: gradually drew to a close.

7. **scantlings** *n.*: small beams of wood.

8. **deputed** (dē·pyōōt'id) *v.*: appointed.

and desired them *here* to rest from their fatigues, while I myself, in the wild *audacity* of my perfect triumph, placed my own seat upon the very spot beneath which reposed the corpse of the victim.

The officers were satisfied. My *manner* had convinced them. I was singularly at ease. They sat, and while I answered cheerily, they chatted familiar things. But, ere long, I felt myself getting pale and wished them gone. My head ached, and I fancied a ringing in my ears; but still they sat and still chatted. The ringing became more distinct—it continued and became more distinct: I talked more freely to get rid of the feeling; but it continued and gained definitiveness—until, at length, I found that the noise was *not* within my ears.

No doubt I now grew *very* pale—but I talked more fluently and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased—and what could I do? It was *a low, dull, quick sound—much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton*. I gasped for breath—and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly—more *vehemently*; but the noise steadily increased. I arose and argued about trifles, in a high key and with violent *gesticulations*, but the noise steadily increased. Why *would* they not be gone? I paced the floor to and fro with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observation of the men—but the noise steadily increased. Oh

Vocabulary

wary (wer'ē) *adj.*: cautious.

suavity (swäv'ə·tē) *n.*: smoothness; politeness.


audacity (ō·das'ə·tē) *n.*: boldness.

vehemently (vē'ə·mənt·lā) *adv.*: forcefully; passionately.

gesticulations (jes·tik'yōō·lā'ʒənz) *n.*: energetic gestures.



God! what *could* I do? I foamed—I raved—I swore! I swung the chair upon which I had been sitting and grated it upon the boards, but the noise arose over all and continually increased. It grew louder—louder—*louder!* And still the men chatted pleasantly, and smiled. Was it possible they heard not? Almighty God!—no, no! They heard!—they suspected!—they *knew!*—they were making a mockery of my horror!—this I thought, and this I think. But anything was better than this agony! Anything was more tolerable than this derision! I could bear those hypocritical smiles no longer! I felt that I

must scream or die!—and now—again!—hark! louder! *louder!* louder! louder!— 

“Villains!” I shrieked, “dissemble no more! I admit the deed!—tear up the planks!—here, here!—it is the beating of his hideous heart!”

 **STYLE**

6. How do punctuation and repetition build a sense of horror in this paragraph? What do you imagine the police are really thinking by now?

Vocabulary

derision (di·rizh'ən) *n.*: contempt; ridicule.

Edgar Allan Poe

The Dark Side

Born in Boston, **Edgar Allan Poe** (1809–1849) was the son of traveling actors. When Poe was a baby, his father deserted the family; his mother died before his third birthday. Poe was taken in by the wealthy Allan family of Richmond, Virginia, and given a first-class education. At the age of twelve, he had already written enough poems (mainly love poems to girls he knew) to fill a book. By the time he was twenty, he had published two volumes of poetry.

Poe constantly argued with his foster father, John Allan, about money. Allan eventually broke all ties with Poe, leaving him penniless. In 1831, Poe moved in with his aunt, Maria Clemm, and her children in Baltimore, probably in an attempt to find a new family. He married his young cousin Virginia Clemm five years later.

Poe became as celebrated for his tales of horror and mystery as for his poetry. He made very little money from his writing, though—one of his most famous poems, “The Raven,” earned him only about fifteen dollars. He seemed to live on the brink of disaster. His wife’s death from tuberculosis in 1847 brought on a general decline in his physical and emotional health. He was found very ill and probably flooded with drink in a Baltimore tavern on a rainy day in 1849; he died four days later of unknown causes.

For Independent Reading

Poe was one of the first American writers to explore the dark side of the imagination. His horror tales include “The Masque of the Red Death,” “The Pit and the Pendulum,” and “The Fall of the House of Usher.”

