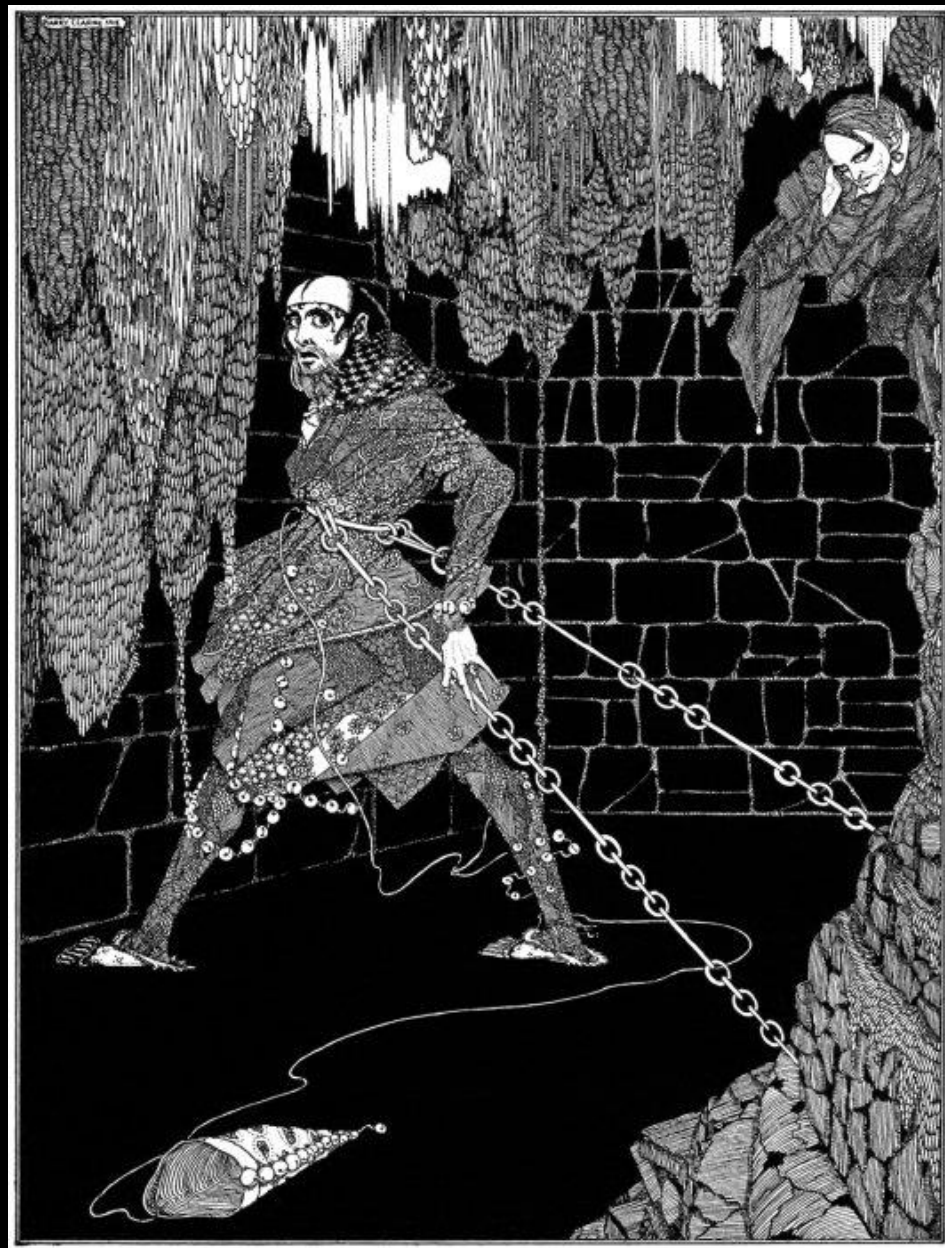


THE CASK OF AMONTILLADO



THE CASK OF AMONTILLADO



Rewrite "The Cask of Amontillado" from Fortunato's unfortunate point of view. As you work on your piece, be sure to mirror the story with respect to symbols, images, themes, and other plot devices. (For example, what imagery and motifs would be significant to the victim in this last moments alive).

REQUIREMENTS

- (mostly) consistent with Poe's version
- 1st person
- consistent tense
- 500+ words
- sensory details
- dialogue
- emailed to blbockholt@wsd.net

due: April 13th / 14th





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.

HOW TO PUNCTUATE DIALOGUE

Front Lead:

I said to him, "My dear Fortunato, you are luckily met. How remarkably well you are looking to-day. But I have received a pipe of what passes for Amontillado, and I have my doubts."

Middle Lead:

"How?" said he. "Amontillado, A pipe? Impossible! And in the middle of the carnival!"

End Lead:

"I have my doubts," I replied.