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Jump to ratings and reviews"The Cask of Amontillado" (sometimes spelled "The Casque ..") is a short story written by Edgar Allan Poe and first published in the November 1846 issue of "Godey's Lady's Book." It is set in a nameless Italian city in an unspecified year (possibly during the eighteenth century) and concerns the revenge taken by the narrator on a friend who he claims has insulted him. Like several of Poe's stories, and in keeping with the 19th-century fascination with the subject, the narrative revolves around the possibility of a person being buried alive or enclosed in a small space with not possibility of escape (aka immurement).Librarian's note: this entry relates to the story "The Cask of Amontillado." Collections of short stories by the author can be found elsewhere on Goodreads.GenresClassicsShort StoriesHorrorFictionGothicSchoolMystery 436 people are currently reading17800 people want to readThe name Poe brings to mind images of murderers and madmen, premature burials, and mysterious women who return from the dead. His works have been in print since 1827 and include such literary classics as The Tell-Tale Heart, The Raven, and The Fall of the House of Usher. This versatile writer's oeuvre includes short stories, poetry, a novel, a textbook, a book of scientific theory, and hundreds of essays and book reviews. He is widely acknowledged as the inventor of the modern detective story and an innovator in the science fiction genre, but he made his living as America's first great literary critic and theoretician. Poe's reputation today rests primarily on his tales of terror as well as on his haunting lyric poetry,Just as the bizarre characters in Poe's stories have captured the public imagination so too has Poe himself. He is seen as a morbid, mysterious figure lurking in the shadows of moonlit cemeteries or crumbling castles. This is the Poe of legend. But much of what we know about Poe is wrong, the product of a biography written by one of his enemies in an attempt to defame the author's name.The real Poe was born to traveling actors in Boston on January 19, 1809. Edgar was the second of three children. His other brother William Henry Leonard Poe would also become a poet before his early death, and Poe's sister Rosalie Poe would grow up to teach penmanship at a Richmond girls' school. Within three years of Poe's birth both of his parents had died, and he was taken in by the wealthy tobacco merchant John Allan and his wife Frances Valentine Allan in Richmond, Virginia while Poe's siblings went to live with other families. Mr. Allan would rear Poe to be a businessman and a Virginia gentleman, but Poe had dreams of being a writer in emulation of his childhood hero the British poet Lord Byron. Early poetic verses found written in a young Poe's handwriting on the backs of Allan's ledger sheets reveal how little interest Poe had in the tobacco business.For more information, please see 1 - 30 of 2,833 reviewsDecember 15, 2024 See you later my friend. Monsieur Montresor has a little grievance with the noble Fortunato. He decides to take amicable action and bury the hatchet... sort of speak.One of the most famed and acclaimed stories by Master Poe. Its reputation certainly precedes it, and for meager twenty pages I think it's definitely more than worth the shot, if you are curious; and classical enough. Not a particular fav of mine tbh, but the deviousness of the ending truly peaked off my charts. Really restores my faith in humanity and all that.It's public domain. You can find it HERE.---------- PERSONAL NOTE : [1846] [24p] [Horror] [Conditional Recommendable] ----------★★★☆☆ The Essential Tales and Poems of Edgar Allan Poe ★★☆☆☆ The Complete Stories and Poems ★★★☆☆ The Tell-Tale Heart and Other Writings ★★★☆☆ The Fall of the House of Usher and Other Tales ★☆☆☆☆ The Raven and Other Poems ---------- Nos vemos luego amigo. Monsieur Montresor tiene un pequeño desacuerdo con el noble Fortunato. Decide ser amistosamente conciliador y enterrar el asunto... en cierta forma.Uno de los cuentos más afamados y aclamados del Maestro Poe. Su reputación ciertamente le precede, y por escasas veinte páginas creo que definitivamente vale más que la pena intentarlo, si eres curioso; y suficientemente clásico.No es uno de mis favoritos para ser honestos, pero la perversidad del final verdaderamente saltó fuera de mi escala. Realmente restaura mi fe en la humanidad y todo eso.Es dominio público, lo pueden encontrar ACA.---------- NOTA PERSONAL : [1846] [24p] [Horror] [Recomendable Condicional] ----------classics free-domain horror February 1, 2025The Cask of Amontillado by Edgar Allan Poe is a classic tale of revenge. Since there are dozens of posts here, my review will take a particular slant: what German pessimistic philosopher Arthur Schopenhauer has to say about the psychology of revenge and how the revengeful narrator in Poe's tale relates to Schopenhauer's insights.Schopenhauer says we all suffer as the result of nature or chance but, as humans, we recognizes that is simply the way life works. He then writes, "Suffering caused by the will of another, on the other hand, includes a quite peculiar and bitter addition to the pain or injury itself, namely the consciousness of someone else's superiority, whether in point of strength or of cunning, together with that of one's own impotence." It's that person to person dynamic that gives us the real sting; someone intentionally shoves or hits us, humiliates or insults us, and, for whatever reason, we simply take it. This is what happened in the aristocrat-narrator's mind – he was insulted by Fortunato. I say 'in the aristocrat-narrator's mind' since we as readers don't know if Fortunato actually intended to insult him.Schopenhauer sees two phases of compensation for the person who has suffered at the hands of another. 1) direct and legal – a stranger hits us and we take him to court and win a settlement 2) revenge – to deal with the psychological afterglow of the stranger's blow. Here are his words: "Recompense, if possible, can cure the injury done; but that bitter addition, the feeling 'and that is what I have to put up with from you' which often hurts more than the injury itself, can be neutralized only by revenge." The narrator says his is not of a nature to merely threat. Being an aristocrat himself, that is, someone who is accustom to living life and having life on his own terms, he will not even consider direct or legal action or a mere threat. His first step is revenge, and a revenge where he will never be discovered or punished for exacting his revenge and a revenge where Fortunato will be fully aware he is the avenger. Here is the payoff for the avenger as Schopenhauer sees it: "By returning the injury, either by force or by cunning, we demonstrate our superiority over him who has injured us and thereby annul the proof he gave of his superiority over us. Thus the heart acquires the satisfaction it thirsted for. Where, consequently there is much pride or much vanity, there will also be much reveangefulness." This is where the philosopher's insights fit the characters in Poe's tale like a finely made Italian glove. Fortunato is a pompous aristocrat, a man full of himself, a man who, in the course of the story, calls another man by the name of Luchresi an ignoramus since Luchresi cannot tell Amontillado from Sherry. The narrator, in turn, with his vaults and wines, his family crest and family motto, is filled to the brim with pride and vanity. And as he locks Fortunato to the damp wall and seals him up in the cold, dark nave, we as readers get the feeling his revenge is as sweet as sweet can be. As Alfred Hitchcock said, "Revenge is sweet and not fattening."Schopenhauer's words on the psychology of the avenger are penetrating. He writes, "But, as every fulfilled desire reveals itself more or less as a delusion, so does that for revenge. Usually the pleasure we hoped for from it is made bitter by the pity we afterwards feel; indeed, an exacted revenge will often subsequently break the heart and torment the conscience; we no longer feel the motivation which drove us to it, but the proof of our wickedness remains visibly before us." Poe's tale ends with the narrator-avenger completing his stone and plaster task and feeling his heart grow sick from the dampness of the catacombs. But this is the rub. He feels his heart grow sick but it this truly caused by the dampness of the catacombs? Might the narrator-avenger experience pity and heartbreak and a torment of consciousness in the days, weeks and years to come? If he is not mad, then perhaps; if he is mad, then perhaps not. Since this is a tale written by Edgar Allan Poe, madness is always a real possibility. Thus, we can imagine the narrator-avenger spending his remaining days drinking wine from his vaults with a smug, satisfied smile, knowing there is one more pile of bones in his collection.July 6, 2024It is my second read of Edgar Allan Poe after Raven, a few years ago, however, I found his universe enigmatic, eerie, and macabre, even on this second encounter though this time the mystery revealed itself gradually with uncovering of layers of the narrative. The world of Poe immediately pulls the reader into the narrative without wasting many words, the consciousness of the reader gets trapped under its mystifying influence on just reading a few lines. The reader could come out of the effect of such a universe, only after finishing the tale, however, it leaves his soul unsatiated, prompting him to think about what could have been, what could not. link: sourceThe narrator of the story, Montresor, takes us, the readers as if we stand sacred witnesses, down his memory lane through an act of a serious revenge which he unmasks with the first words themselves. The reader may get a bit unsettled, prompted to think that what he would be in the tale when the climax is revealed right at the outset as if he has been robbed off the satiating and sacred pleasure one reads for, however, to his pleasant surprise that's not case, otherwise the reader might have guessed by now, we would not be reading Poe. So, Montresor puts forth his account of revenge that how he throws a bait towards Fortunato, riding upon Fortunato's connoisseurship in wine which his friend is proud of, about eradicating his doubts regarding the authenticity of Amontillado. The lure hits upon the ego of Fortunato, as he could not keep himself away from losing the opportunity to showcase his expertise and greatness, thereby ending up entrapped in the Montressor's ambush, carefully built around the known territory of his abode. Though the intention of the profound revenge was clear from the onset of the tale, but the reader is given with hardly any clues about the motives behind such a compelling revenge which deals with immurement, it is deliberately left open to the interpretations of the reader as per his/ her conscience. However, some feeble hints initially come across the path of the reader about some insult or mockery of Montressor by Fortunato, but never really anything explicit is revealed. An act without motive could be the most baffling thing as it stirs the sacred balance of righteousness of society, a balance arising out of the binaries we build our lives around. link: sourceThere could be multiple possible reasons which a reader could assign to the act of ultimate revenge, such as one explored above, the other could be a kind of rivalry among the two protagonists of the story as both are experts in the filed of wine. We may go to any extent possible in deciphering the motives of the act of profound effect, there are some suggestions in the tale that Montressor holds Fortunato responsible for his unhappiness and loss of respect, and esteem in the society as we always make someone or something accountable for incomprehensible things in our lives, often out of sheer jealously. Although it could be ascertained that Fortunato leads himself into the entrapment due to his ego and his proud on being the connoisseur of wine, the turn of fates of the two protagonists could be one of the probable reasons of this act of revenge. There are some disguised elements of symbolism which reveal themselves such as when the narrator, Montressor suggested about the foot that crushes a serpent rampant whose fangs are imbedded in the heel, which he explained further that no one can harm him without consequences. link: sourceThe hint of sickening Montressor feels in his heart during the final sequences of this revengeful act makes you feel that perhaps is a normal human being with soul dipping in the guilt and remorse, he even reconfirms with Fortunato that they may go back if he is not feeling well, which stands witness to his humane hesitation in carrying out the act. One of the possible interpretations of the ending could be that it is just an act of insanity, without any motive, underlining a world without order which may send chilling sensations to the core of our bones. Some scholars suggested that the tale represent Poe´ s desire to revenge against the contemporary rivals, which, I guess, has subdued possibility, whatever may be the case, one thing is clear that it is tale of exploring the intertwined fates of victim and victimizer, wherein it is hard to tell who is who. link: sourceamerican-literature short-storiesMeghbhna (On a Review-Writing Break!)October 28, 2022An efficacious story on "revenge with impunity" and "premature burial". For me, it is a perfect "story of VANITY!". A revenge which laid hidden for half-a-century, and is revealed to the readers by the redresser & narrator (the main character), Montresor. We as a reader turn into a confidant, to his macabre tale of revenge! The victim, Fortunato, unaware of the sinister scheming against him, is sealed in the walls of the moist family catacomb.The story begins with the main character, Montresor, mentioning about his silent endurance of 1000 injuries and vowing a revenge with impunity-"THE thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne as I best could; but when he ventured upon insult, I vowed revenge."I must not only punish, but punish with impunity"Here, the insult borne, is related to the prideful knowledge of Fortunato on wine. We notice that Montresor, can get easily insulted/offended!Montresor is quintessential of patience. Searing in revenge, he hides time for seeking revenge till the carnival season arrives, a season of "supreme madness", when the half-drunk Fortunato, costumed as a jester with tinkling bells around his head, is all unguarded and vulnerable. Montresor decoys Fortunato into the ghastly plot, by mentioning his doubts on the genuineness of the pipe of Amontillado(a type of wine), that he recently purchased. Fortunato, who prides himself as an expert of wine, is lured into the plan. The victim's vanity, is used as a perfect bait by Montresor! Getting hooked on, he is led to the family catacombs. The funeral atmosphere, is ironically alternated with the jingling jester bells of Fortunato! Fortunato is chained/fettered in the recess of the deepest crypt. Subsequently Montresor starts to lay a wall of stone and mortar (being a premeditated scheme, the items lay pre-prepared), and buries his enemy alive! A perfect tale of "premature burial". While he does so, he relishes the mental torment of his victim, whom he then leaves alone in the dark, waiting in terror for his death!!I lovingly bestow 5-stars on this story of vanity & revenge. Few of the striking factors that lured me to do so are-1. Fortunato's vanity of his expertise on wine, turns into his weakness and reason of death.2. Montresor, is seen to be an overtly emotional being, who gets easily offended and harbours the insult, till he can punish his insulter with impunity. He makes sure not to be caught, but slyly brings to fruition the sinister plan. 3. Patience! Generally, when one is burning in revenge, he/she tries to expedite the revenge and get solace. But here we see Montresor waiting on patiently till the carnival season arrives. He is pretty much sane (I personally don't see any insanity in him, but for balanced hot-headedness). He hides his own time, till the perfect hour arrives!4. Throughout the story, he calmly and peacefully voices his murderous plan of revenge. This contrast was striking!With the narration and the words used by the narrator, he very well comes across as a man of stature and education!5. There is more to the story – the mold, the coat of arms, the masons, read it to explore!6. The final revelation is – Montresor is reciting the story 50 years later, and still holds no remorse and guilt, and firmly believes that he was wronged! At the end he eerily says "In pace requiescat!" or "May he rest in peace."The story ends at an ironic contrast of the killer's solicitude!My favorite part is the closing line of the story, as it holds tons of emotions and can be deciphered in various ways. The revengeful narrator/redresser, 50 years later, shows his concern for Fortunato and wishes his soul to rest in peace, is giving us his boastful narration of revenge with impunity and still not contrite, and closes on a note of solicitude and brag! He is blowing his own trumpet.Ironically the story opens on a note of vanity of Fortunato on his knowledge of wine, and closes on another note of vanity of Montressor on his story of revenge with impunity! I LOVED IT TO THE CORE!!August 10, 2019^A succession of loud and shrill screams, bursting suddenly from thethroat of the chained form, seemed to thrust me violently back. For abrief moment I hesitated--I trembled. Unsheathing my rapier, I beganto grope with it about the recess; but the thought of an instantreassured me. I placed my hand upon the solid fabric of the catacombs,and felt satisfied. I reapproached the wall; I replied to the yells ofhim who clamoured. I re-echoed--I aided--I surpassed them in volumeand in strength. I did this, and the clamourer grew still." The terror of this tale isn't just in the final act, but in the behavior of the narrator, Montresor. I read this story several times, trying to grasp the level of madness from which he suffers. Is this truly a tale of revenge as he states to us in the beginning, or is it a tale of jealousy fueled by insanity? Poor Fortunato, who is not fortunate at all, believes he is with a friend when he ventures down into the Montresorian Vaults to taste a cask of Amontillado. It is carnival in this unnamed Italian city, and Fortunato is dressed as a fool, and he is so drunk that, though he calls himself a wine expert, I am led to believe he is more of a drunken sot than an connoisseur. Montresor says at the very beginning of this story that he has been insulted by a "thousand injuries," all perpetrated by Fortunato. I've known a couple of people in my lifetime who considered any slight a major assault against them. It has been almost debilitating for them. Every molehill becomes a mountain in their minds. Most of us just allough those things off like a sprinkle of rain, but to thin skinned people, those slights become a torrential downpour of despair and projected animosity. Montresor believes that Fortunato looks down upon him. There is this moment in the story when the Montresor coat of arms is revealed: a golden foot on a blue background crushing a snake whose fangs are embedded in the foot's heel, with the motto Nemo me impune lacessit ("No one attacks me with impunity"). The question is, depending on how you read this tale, is Montresor the snake being crushed or is he the embedded fangs? Maybe, he is both. Montresor expects Fortunato to insult him, so every odd look or misplaced word from Fortunato becomes a condemnation of his friend, Montresor. Montresor might feel crushed, but he is about to embed his fangs. Fortunato makes a symbolic motion with his arm and discovers that Montresor is not a Mason, though Montresor insists that he is, even showing Fortunato the trowel that is in his hand as proof. Of course, showing the trowel is great foreshadowing for the final act of immurement. The fact that Fortunato does not believe Montresor is further proof that he despises him. Montresor could have enacted his revenge anywhere. It is carnival season. The perfect time for a strangulation, a knifing, a drowning or a bludgeoning, and Fortunato would just be thought of as an unfortunate victim of some ruffians, but Montresor wants something more. He wants Fortunato to forever reside among the bones of his ancestors. He doesn't just want him dead. He wants to OWN him forever. The revenge, if that is what this is, will never end. Illustration by Harry Clarke.There is this moment when Montresor realizes he isn't feeling well. "My heart grew sick on account of the dampness of the catacombs." At the beginning of this sentence, I'm feeling oddly relieved to discover that he is feeling some remorse, maybe the madness that has taken him over has finally been overcome by some horror at his own actions, but of course, all of that is quickly dispelled by him blaming those feelings on the dampness. There are a couple of points, too, where he suggests to Fortunato that they should turn back, but he tempered each of those suggestions with a prod that would insure that his inebriated friend would want to continue. Is this a demented way to assuage his guilt? Can he convince himself that he tried to save him, but it was Fortunato's choice to continue to his death? Edgar Allan Poe is most assuredly playing with your mind as he does in most of his stories. He sprinkles little clues that for the discerning reader are there to be discovered. My suggestion is to read this story a few times, and each time, hopefully, a new layer of the story will reveal itself to you. This is an excellent example of Poe and by some people considered his best short story. If you wish to see more of my most recent book and movie reviews, visit I also have a Facebook blogger page at: 1, 2018Typically this is considered a tale of revenge. I'm going to go out on a limb and argue that it's not. The only notion we have of revenge--of the narrator, Montresor, actually being wronged--comes in the wonderfully vague opening sentence: "The thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne as I best could; but when he ventured upon insult, I vowed revenge." It's Montresor himself who insists this is a revenge tale, but of course he's the ultimate unreliable narrator, so we shouldn't take him at his word. Notice that we get not a single detail concerning any of these injuries or insults. Typically you'd expect someone plotting revenge to stew over all those little details ad nauseam. Instead, we only know that Fortunato is a wine connoisseur and that "[i]n painting and gemmary Fortunato, like his countrymen, was a quack." It seems that, at some level, Montresor simply doesn't like Fortunato (or perhaps doesn't like all Italians, especially Fortunato) and decides to kill him for no other reason than that. You also get the sense that Fortunato is more successful than the narrator (his name, Fortunato, isn't particularly subtle), so perhaps the killing is simply the result of jealousy. There's also that wonderful scene where Fortunato makes a Masonic sign, which the narrator doesn't understand (and call "grotesque"), and Montresor replies by producing a trowel from beneath his clothes and saying he's a mason, too. A grim joke, but one that points again to the jealousy burning inside him.OK, enough argument! The most important point is that this a wonderfully macabre tale that reprises several of Poe's major themes. I won't spoil the ending. I'll just say that it's a tale that leaves you thinking long after the reading is done. Not just thinking, but feeling: the damp caverns, the piles of bones, and the ever thickening "nitre" that "hangs like moss upon the vaults."gothic unreliable-narratorDecember 1, 2022فرانكو

من ادراج عن اصرار الخمر و النعالة و لندكر إنتان بهمنان بكل تفاصيلك من يحك بشدة و من يحفد.غلبك بشدة و غندما تحفر فبرا لعدوك :لا تنسى ان تحفر لفسك قبرانك :«ماهاها» هه هه! شوخت خيلى خوب من مواجهه وايسه! و بعد برفتند! و تنها رفتار: حمله خوب ديگه نمى‌ديدم.:تو خيلى خوب ديگه نمى‌ديدم.:و دوباره مى‌دونم كه تو هم ديگه نمى‌ديدى.:«مونتاژ» ديگه تموم شد.:«مونتاژ» ديگه تموم شد.:«مونتاژ» ديگه تموم شد