What makes you SUSPICIOUS?

Has something or someone ever seemed dangerous or untrustworthy to you? The feeling you had was suspicion. While suspicion might come from a misunderstanding, it can also be a warning that something is very wrong. In this story, you’ll meet a man whose own suspicions are his downfall.

**DISCUSS** With a small group, discuss suspicious characters you’ve read about or seen on television shows. In what ways did these characters look or act differently from other characters? Continue your discussion by creating a list of warning signs that should make a person suspicious.
LITERARY ANALYSIS: SUSPENSE

Writers often “hook” readers by creating a sense of excitement, tension, dread, or fear about what will happen next. This feeling is called suspense. Edgar Allan Poe uses the following techniques to develop suspense:

- describing a character’s anxiety or fear
- relating vivid descriptions of dramatic sights and sounds
- repeating words, phrases, or characters’ actions

As you read “The Tell-Tale Heart,” notice what causes you to feel suspense.

READING SKILL: EVALUATE NARRATOR

Have you ever suspected someone was not telling you the truth? Just as you can’t trust every person you meet, you can’t believe all narrators, or characters who tell a story. To evaluate a narrator’s reliability, or trustworthiness, pay attention to his or her actions, attitudes, and statements. Do any raise your suspicions? As you read “The Tell-Tale Heart,” record clues that reveal whether the narrator is reliable or not.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Narrator’s Reliability</th>
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<tr>
<td>Makes Me Suspicious:</td>
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<td>Makes Me Trust Him:</td>
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VOCABULARY IN CONTEXT

Poe uses the following words to reveal how the main character is acting, feeling, and thinking. For each word, choose the numbered word or phrase closest in meaning.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>WORD LIST</th>
<th>acute</th>
<th>crevice</th>
<th>stealthily</th>
<th>vehemently</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>audacity</td>
<td>derision</td>
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<td>vex</td>
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<td>conceive</td>
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<td>hyp critical</td>
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1. annoy 6. smothered
2. cautiously 7. ridicule
3. intense 8. think of
4. crack 9. strongly
5. deceptive 10. shameless daring

Meet the Author

Edgar Allan Poe
1809–1849

Orphan at Two

Edgar Allan Poe was born in Boston to parents who made their livings as traveling actors. When Poe was two, his father deserted the family. Less than a year later, his mother died. Edgar was raised in Virginia by family friends, the Allans. After being expelled from both the University of Virginia and the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, Poe began writing for a living.

“Madness or Melancholy”

Poe got a job as a journalist to support himself and his young wife while he worked on the stories and poems that would earn him the title “father of the modern mystery.” A master of suspense, he wrote works that were often dark and full of horrifying images. Poems such as “The Raven” and short stories such as “The Pit and the Pendulum” brought him fame but no fortune. Poverty intensified his despair when his wife, Virginia, fell ill and died. Deeply depressed, Poe died two years later after being found on the streets of Baltimore. Poe’s obituary stated he was a man of astonishing skill, a dreamer who walked “in madness or melancholy.”
Tru!—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. Object 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! He had the eye 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 dissimulation I went to work! A

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,

Illustrations by Howard Simpson.
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 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 profound 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 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 death watches 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 grief—oh, 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 has 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
don, 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 fell
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 over-
acuteness 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 tattoo 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.

If 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,
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.

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4. hellish tattoo: awful drumming.
5. waned: approached its end.
I then took up three planks from the flooring of the chamber, and deposited all between the scantlings. 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 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?

6. scantlings: small wooden beams supporting the floor.
'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 deputed 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, 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 of 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. 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?—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!—

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

8. *deputed:* appointed as a representative.
10. *gesticulations:* energetic gestures of the hands or arms.
Comprehension

1. **Recall** Why does the narrator want to kill the old man?

2. **Clarify** Why does the narrator believe he will not be caught after murdering the old man?

3. **Summarize** How does the narrator prepare for the crime and cover up?

Literary Analysis

4. **Make Inferences** Reread lines 7–13. From this passage, what do you think was the relationship between the narrator and the old man?

5. **Analyze Suspense** Which of Poe’s techniques for creating suspense is most effective for you? To find out, review the following story sections. List the techniques used in each section, and then rank the sections from 1–4, with 1 being the most suspenseful.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rank</th>
<th>Lines</th>
<th>1–78</th>
<th>79–111</th>
<th>112–133</th>
<th>134–152</th>
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<tr>
<td>Techniques</td>
<td>1.</td>
<td>2.</td>
<td>1.</td>
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</tbody>
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6. **Evaluate Narrator** How reliable is the narrator of the story? Should you believe what he tells you about himself? Support your answer with details from the chart you created as you read.

7. **Draw Conclusions** Do you think the police knew the narrator was guilty at any point before he confessed? If so, when do you think the police became suspicious? Give reasons for your answer.

Extension and Challenge

8. **Readers’ Circle** With a group, brainstorm a list of horror stories and movies that most of you are familiar with. Choose at least two of these titles and discuss the techniques the authors or directors used to create suspense. Which of the techniques are similar to the ones Poe uses?

9. **Inquiry and Research** Do research on lie detection to find out what are the most reliable ways of finding out if someone is telling the truth. Present your findings to the class. Does what you learn change your opinion about whether the narrator is reliable?

**What makes you SUSPICIOUS?**

Review the list of suspicious actions you recorded on page 80. Which of these actions, if any, did the narrator exhibit while talking to the police?
Vocabulary in Context

VOCABULARY PRACTICE
Choose true or false for each statement.

1. It is difficult to hide a stifled yawn.
2. If you have the audacity to do something, you are bold and daring.
3. Derision is something you feel toward someone you respect.
4. A lion would approach its prey stealthily.
5. You could not hear much if you had an acute sense of hearing.
6. If someone conceived of a plan, he or she heard it from someone else.
7. A person could trip over a crevice in the sidewalk.
8. When a person is hypocritical, he is honest and true.
9. To vex is to delight in something.
10. If you react vehemently to something, you don't care much about it.

ACADEMIC VOCABULARY IN WRITING

A person could trip over a crevice in the sidewalk.

At what point in “The Tell-Tale Heart” did it become evident to you that the narrator was mad, or insane? Write a short paragraph explaining your answer. Try to use at least one Academic Vocabulary word in your response.

VOCABULARY STRATEGY: USING REFERENCE AIDS
Choosing the perfect word can make a difference between good and great writing. One reason Poe’s writing is still so popular is because of his masterful use of language. When you want to find the most accurate words to express yourself, the following reference aids can help you.

• A thesaurus is a reference book of synonyms, words with similar meanings. Most word processing software provides an electronic thesaurus tool.
  
  vex verb  aggravate, annoy, bother, bug, disturb, provoke

• A dictionary lists synonyms after the definitions of some words.
  
  vex (vëks) v. 1. To annoy. 2. To cause perplexity in. 3. To bring distress or suffering to.
  syn BOTHER, PUZZLE, PLAGUE, AFFLICT

PRACTICE Use a dictionary or thesaurus to find a synonym for each word. Use each synonym in a sentence that matches its distinct meaning.

1. commend  2. dupe  3. impish  4. menace