



: UNIT STRUCTURE :

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2.0 OBJECTIVES

In this unit, we shall

- Discuss the plot of the story ‘*The Cask of Amontillado*’
- Examine the theme of ‘*The Cask of Amontillado*’

After completing the unit, you should be able to

- Summarize the story ‘*The Cask of Amontillado*’
- Analyze the setting of ‘*The Cask of Amontillado*’

2.1 INTRODUCTION

Anyone who loves to read short stories in English has definitely read stories of Edgar Allan Poe. He is famous for writing gothic stories of murder, revenge, insanity, being buried alive, darkness, torture, adventures in the sea and the hunt for the buried treasure etc. Largely, his collections of fiction fall under the category of “Dark Romanticism”. His stories are radically different from his contemporary writers because Poe was a strong advocate of ‘Art for Art’s sake’ movement of the 19th century European literature. Using original imagination in his stories, Poe used fantastic use of techniques and language taking readers along with the stories. Through his stories like “*The Pit and the Pendulum*,” “*The Fall of the House of Usher*,” “*The Tell-Tale Heart*,” “*The Masque of the Red Death*,” “*The Black Cat*,” and “*The Cask of Amontillado*”, Poe has transformed the form of scary stories by adding the elements of psychology much before they were called ‘psychological issues.’ The present story too is a story of a person’s revenge that takes us to the depths of his intentions.

2.2 TEXT OF THE STORY ‘*THE CASK OF AMONTILLADO*’

‘THE CASK OF
AMONTILLAD’ BY
EDGAR ALLAN POE

THE thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne as I best could, but when he **ventured** upon insult I **vowed revenge**. You, who so well know the nature of my soul, will not suppose, however, that gave utterance to a threat. At length I would be **avenged**; this was a point definitely, settled—but the very **definitiveness** with which it was resolved **precluded** the idea of risk. I must not only punish but punish with **impunity**. A wrong is **unredressed** when **retribution** overtakes its redresser. It is equally unredressed when the avenger fails to make himself felt as such to him who has done the wrong.

It must be understood that neither by word nor deed had I given Fortunato cause to doubt my good will. I continued, as was my in to smile in his face, and he did not perceive that my to smile now was at the thought of his **immolation**.

He had a weak point—this Fortunato—although in other regards he was a man to be respected and even feared. He prided himself on his **connoisseurship** in wine. Few Italians have the true **virtuoso** spirit. For the most part their enthusiasm is adopted to suit the time and opportunity, to practise imposture upon the British and Austrian millionaires. In painting and gemmary, Fortunato, like his countrymen, was a **quack**, but in the matter of old wines he was sincere. In this respect I did not differ from him materially;—I was skilful in the Italian **vintages** myself, and bought largely whenever I could.

It was about dusk, one evening during the supreme madness of the **carnival** season, that I encountered my friend. He **accosted** me with excessive warmth, for he had been drinking much. The man wore **motley**. He had on a tight-fitting parti-striped dress, and his head was surmounted by the **conical cap** and bells. I was so pleased to see him that I thought I should never have done wringing his hand.

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.”

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

“I have my doubts,” I replied; “and I was silly enough to pay the full Amontillado price without consulting you in the matter. You were not to be found, and I was fearful of losing a bargain.”

“Amontillado!”

“I have my doubts.”

“Amontillado!”

“And I must satisfy them.”

“Amontillado!”

“As you are engaged, I am on my way to Luchresi. If any one has a critical turn it is he. He will tell me—”

“Luchresi cannot tell Amontillado from Sherry.”

“And yet some fools will have it that his taste is a match for your own.

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“Come, let us go.”

“Whither?”

“To your vaults.”

“My friend, no; I will not impose upon your good nature. I perceive you have an engagement. Luchresi—”

“I have no engagement; —come.”

“My friend, no. It is not the engagement, but the severe cold with which I perceive you are **afflicted**. The **vaults** are insufferably damp. They are **encrusted** with **nitre**.”

“Let us go, nevertheless. The cold is merely nothing. Amontillado! You have been imposed upon. And as for Luchresi, he cannot distinguish **Sherry** from Amontillado.”

Thus speaking, Fortunato possessed himself of my arm; and putting on a mask of black silk and drawing a **roquelaire** closely about my person, I suffered him to hurry me to my **palazzo**.

There were no attendants at home; they had **absconded** to **make merry** in honour of the time. I had told them that I should not return until the morning, and had given them explicit orders not to stir from the house. These orders were sufficient, I well knew, to insure their immediate disappearance, one and all, as soon as my back was turned.

I took from their **sconces** two **flambeaux**, and giving one to Fortunato, bowed him through several suites of rooms to the archway that led into the vaults. I passed down a long and winding staircase, requesting him to be cautious as he followed. We came at length to the foot of the descent, and stood together upon the **damp** ground of the catacombs of the Montresors.

The **gait** of my friend was unsteady, and the bells upon his cap jingled as he **strode**.

“The pipe,” he said.

“It is farther on,” said I; “but observe the white web-work which gleams from these cavern walls.”

He turned towards me, and looked into my eyes with two filmy **orbs** that distilled the **rheum** of intoxication.

“Nitre?” he asked, at length.

“Nitre,” I replied. “How long have you had that cough?”

“Ugh! ugh! ugh! —ugh! ugh! ugh! —ugh! ugh! ugh! —ugh! ugh! ugh! —ugh! ugh! ugh!”

My poor friend found it impossible to reply for many minutes.

“It is nothing,” he said, at last.

“Come,” I said, with decision, “we will go back; your health is precious. You are rich, respected, admired, beloved; you are happy, as once I was. You are a man to be missed. For me it is no matter. We will go back; you will be ill, and I cannot

be responsible. Besides, there is Luchresi —”

“Enough,” he said; “the cough’s a mere nothing; it will not kill me. I shall not die of a cough.”

“True — true,” I replied; “and, 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 damps.

Here I knocked off the neck of a bottle which I drew from a long row of its fellows that lay upon the mould.

“Drink,” I said, presenting him the wine.

He raised it to his lips with a **leer**. He paused and nodded to me familiarly, while his bells jingled.

“I drink,” he said, “to the buried that repose around us.”

“And I to your long life.”

He again took my arm, and we proceeded.

“These vaults,” he said, “are extensive.”

“The Montresors,” I replied, “were a great and numerous family.”

“I forget your arms.”

“A huge human foot d’or, in a field **azure**; the foot crushes a serpent **rampant** whose fangs are **imbedded** in the heel.”

“And the motto?”

“**Nemo me impunelacessit.**”

“Good!” he said.

The wine sparkled in his eyes and the bells jingled. My own fancy grew warm with the Medoc. We had passed through long walls of piled skeletons, with **casks** and **puncheons** intermingling, into the inmost recesses of the catacombs. I paused again, and this time I made bold to seize Fortunato by an arm above the elbow.

“The nitre!” I said; “see, it increases. It hangs like moss upon the vaults. We are below the river’s bed. The drops of moisture **trickle** among the bones. Come, we will go back here it is too late. Your cough —”

“It is nothing,” he said; “let us go on. But first, another draught of the **Medoc.**”

I broke and reached him a flagon of **De Grave**. He emptied it at a breath. His eyes flashed with a **fierce** light. He laughed and threw the bottle upwards with a **gesticulation** I did not understand.

I looked at him in surprise. 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.”

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“You? Impossible! A mason?”

“A mason,” I replied.

“A sign,” he said, “a sign.”

“It is this,” I answered, producing from beneath the folds of my roquelaire 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 the cloak and again offering him my arm. He leaned upon it heavily. We continued our route in search of the Amontillado. We passed through a range of low arches, descended, passed on, and descending again, arrived at a deep **crypt**, in which the foulness of the air caused our flambeaux rather to glow than flame.

At the most remote end of the crypt there appeared another less spacious. Its walls had been lined with human remains, piled to the vault overhead, in the fashion of the great catacombs of Paris. Three sides of this interior crypt were still ornamented in this manner. From the fourth side the bones had been thrown down, and lay **promiscuously** upon the earth, forming at one point a mound of some size. Within the wall thus exposed by the displacing of the bones, we perceived a still interior crypt or recess, in depth about four feet, in width three, in height six or seven. It seemed to have been constructed for no especial use within itself, but formed merely the interval between two of the **colossal** supports of the roof of the catacombs, and was backed by one of their **circumscribing** walls of solid granite.

It was in vain that Fortunato, uplifting his dull torch, endeavoured to pry into the depth of the recess. Its **termination** the feeble light did not enable us to see.

“Proceed,” I said; “herein is the Amontillado. As for Luchresi —”

“He is an **ignoramus**,” interrupted my friend, as he stepped unsteadily forward, while I followed immediately at his heels. In niche, and finding an instant he had reached the extremity of the **niche**, and finding his progress arrested by the rock, stood stupidly **bewildered**. A moment more and I had **fettered** him to the granite. In its surface were two iron staples, distant from each other about two feet, horizontally. From one of these depended a short chain, from the other a **padlock**. Throwing the links about his waist, it was but the work of a few seconds to secure it. He was too much **astounded** to resist. Withdrawing the key I stepped back from the recess.

“Pass your hand,” I said, “over the wall; you cannot help feeling the nitre. Indeed, it is very damp. Once more let me **implore** you to return. No? Then I must positively leave you. But I must first render you all the little attentions in my power.”

“The Amontillado!” **ejaculated** my friend, not yet recovered from his astonishment.

“True,” I replied; “the Amontillado.”

As I said these words I **busied** myself among the pile of bones of which I have before spoken. Throwing them aside, I soon uncovered a quantity of building stone and **mortar**. With these materials and with the aid of my trowel, I began

vigorously to wall up the entrance of the niche.

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.

It was now midnight, and my task was drawing to a close. I had completed the eighth, the ninth and the tenth tier. I had finished a portion of the last and the eleventh; there remained but a single stone to be fitted and plastered in. I struggled with its weight; I placed it partially in its destined position. But now there came from out the niche a low laugh that **erected** the hairs upon my head. It was succeeded by a sad voice, which I had difficulty in recognizing as that of the noble Fortunato. The voice said—

“Ha! ha! ha! —he! he! he! —a very good joke, indeed —an excellent jest. We will have many a rich laugh about it at the palazzo —he! he! he! —over our wine —he! he! he!”

“The Amontillado!” I said.

“He! he! he! —he! he! he! —yes, the Amontillado. But is it not getting late? Will not they be awaiting us at the palazzo, the Lady Fortunato and the rest? Let us be gone.”

“Yes,” I said, “let us be gone.”

“For the love of God, Montresor!”

“Yes,” I said, “for the love of God!”

But to these words I **hearkened** in vain for a reply. I grew impatient. I called aloud —

“Fortunato!”

No answer. I called again —

“Fortunato!”

No answer still. I thrust a torch through the remaining **aperture** and let it fall

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within. There came forth in return only a jingling of the bells. My heart grew sick; it was the dampness of the catacombs that made it so. I hastened to make an end of my labour. I forced the last stone into its position; I plastered it up. Against the new masonry I re-erected the old **rampart** of bones. For the half of a century no mortal has disturbed them. **In pace requiescat!**

2.3 ANALYSIS OF ‘*THE CASK OF AMONTILLADO*’

2.3.1 Plot

The narrator, Montresor, tells an unspecified individual, who knows him great, of the day he rendered his retribution on Fortunato (Italian for “the lucky one”), a kindred aristocrat. Furious over various wounds and some unspecified insults, Montresor plots to kill his “companion” amid Carnival, while the man is drunk.

Montresor draws Fortunato into a private wine sampling journey by disclosing to him that he has acquired a pipe (around 492 liters) of what he accepts to be an uncommon wine of Amontillado. He proposes that he can confirm from Luchesi a person who is supposed to have good knowledge of the wines. Montresor knows Fortunato will not allow Luchesi to taste the wine, as he guarantees, “he can’t tell Amontillado from Sherry”. Fortunato runs with Montresor to the wine basements of his stone palace. Montresor offers wine (first Médoc, at that point De Grave) to Fortunato so as to keep him intoxicated. Montresor warns Fortunato, who has a terrible cough, of the moistness, and proposes they return, however Fortunato demands to keep going. Amid their walk, Montresor specifies his family crest: a brilliant foot in a blue foundation pulverizing a snake whose teeth are installed in the foot’s hill, with the motto “Nobody assaults me without any potential repercussions”.

When they go to a specialty, Montresor tells his unfortunate casualty that the Amontillado is inside. Fortunato enters alcoholic and clueless and subsequently, does not avoid as Montresor rapidly fastens him with chains. Montresor uncovers block and cement, recently tucked away among the bones nearby, and continues to entombing the specialty utilizing his trowel, burying his companion alive. At first, Fortunato, who calms down quicker than Montresor foreseen, shakes the chains, attempting to get away. Fortunato then shouts for help, yet Montresor ridicules his cries, realizing no one can hear them. Fortunato laughs weakly and tries to imagine that he is the subject of a joke. Before putting the last stone, he drops a consuming the hole. He feels sick at heart, however does not show the reaction as an effect of the dampness of catacombs. In the last couple of sentences, Montresor uncovers that 50 years after the fact, Fortunato’s body still swings from its chains in the specialty where he left it. The killer finishes up: In pace requiescat! (“May he rest in peace!”).

CHECK YOUR PROGRESS:1

ANSWER THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS IN MAXIMUM 75 WORDS EACH.

1. Describe the beginning of the story in your words.
2. What plans did Montresor make to trap Fortunato?

3. Why do you think Montresor succeeded in taking his revenge?

2.3.2 Setting

Since ‘*The Cask of Amontillado*’ is a gothic story, it has all the elements of dark and bleak atmosphere. The entire incident takes place in Italy somewhere around a burial chamber during a carnival. Thus, apparently it is a festive mood but the catacomb makes it gloomy. The carnival indicates freedom in the beginning whereas the vault suggests confinement in the end. Thus, it is a journey from the freedom to live to the confinements of death. The gothic interior of the story makes us feel extremely aware of the deep fear that we have inside us. As the two characters are walking towards of vaults, we see the path getting narrower and darker, exactly like the fear and suspense. The presence of bones suggests any time attack of death. Their pace into the vault is but necessary to arouse greed in both the characters; for Fortunato it is for the wine of Amontillado and for Montresor it is Fortunato’s life. The reducing light in the burial is the symbol of reduced chances of life.

The final blow in the story is supported with Montresor trapping Fortunato in a man-sized crypt with no way out as he has been chained. Starting from the story, there are multiple ways in which Poe uses wine. Firstly, the characters’ love for the wine, Montresor’s use of wine to intoxicate Fortunato who is literally “dying” to get a special wine called “the wine Amontillado”. Here, intoxication suggests the blurred vision of a person who cannot see what is good or bad for him.

2.3.3 Theme

One of the most explicit themes of ‘*The Cask of Amontillado*’ is betrayal. The entire story revolves around one character’s betrayal over the other. It is the trust of Fortunato that is cheated upon and the result is his death because no betrayal is possible without breaking the trust of someone. The narrator tells readers in the beginning that “I continued, as was my in to smile in his face, and he did not perceive that my to smile now was at the thought of his immolation.” It suggests that he was hiding a murder plan behind his smile which can be taken a symbol of trust.

Addiction is another theme that motivates the characters to do foolish things. For example, Fortunato’s only weakness is his addictive love for wine. Montresor uses that and it has an unfailing device to trap Fortunato to death. As we read the story, we are told about several types of wines that both the characters are enjoying. The lust of the wine of Amontillado becomes chief tool that Montresor uses to take revenge for some unspecified insults. It is perhaps because of the intoxication that both the characters behave in a foolish manner. Apparently, we feel like it is a joke and Fortunato too say it too when he uttered, “Ha! ha! ha! —he!he! he! — a very good joke, indeed —an excellent jest. We will have many a rich laugh about it at the palazzo —he! he! he! —over our wine —he! he! he!” However, as we find out that it was a fatal joke.

The third theme of the story is human foolishness and folly. Throughout the story, the reader keeps guessing any little punishment Montresor would probably give to Fortunato for an insult. It is very foolish of Montresor to consider burying Fortunato

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alive to death. How lame humans can be at time! Poe’s mastery in the story is the description of the burial through which both the characters are passing, it is a symbol of deadly mind of Montresor. It also suggests that he somehow enjoys being surrounded by human bones, quiet foolishly.

CHECK YOUR PROGRESS:2

MATCH THE SENTENCES OF COLUMN ‘A’ WITH THEIR EQUIVALENT SENTENCES IN COLUMN ‘B’.

A	B
1. I vowed revenge.	A. Only he can sense it.
2. He prided himself on his connoisseurship in wine.	B. I decided to kill him
3. If anyone has a critical turn, it is he.	C. I stopped working.
4. He emptied it at a breath.	D. He was arrogant about his knowledge.
5. I ceased my labours and sat down upon the bones.	E. He finished all the wine in the bottle.

2.3.4 Prose Style

The story is heavily crafted with a sense of irony. Each sentence is full of ironic impressions that characters create and leave behind. For example, when Montresor is creating a wall against Fortunato to bury and is placing the last stone, Fortunato says, “Let’s be gone”. It is very ironic because it is foolish to think that Montresor would undo all the stones and let Fortunato go away. Even Montresor’s reply is ironic when he says, “Yes, Let’s be gone.” We feel like we are in a devil’s mind secretly watching his thoughts but unable to make out what he is actually going to do.

The complexity of sentence structure in ‘*The Cask of Amontillado*’ is a very good example of how a gothic story unfolds mysteriously. Though it is very clear from the beginning that one character is going to do something to the other in a negative way, the readers become part of the planning and execution of the revenge by “listening” to the murder. And there is no way but to understand what Montresor is thinking because our moral sense makes us hope that nothing bad should happen. It is the trap that Poe creates in his stories wherein the readers keep struggling to understand meanings of each sentence and while doing so helping the story to further in its intention. As the narrator talks to the readers directly in the beginning, “You, who so well know the nature of my soul, will not suppose, however, that gave utterance to a threat.”

CHECK YOUR PROGRESS: 3

A. STATE WHETHER THE FOLLOWING STATEMENTS ARE TRUE OR FALSE.

1. Montresor went to Luchresi to check the wine of Amontillado.
2. Fortunato was also expert in identifying true wine.
3. Montresor and Fortunato went to vaults of Montresor.

4. The servants were present in the home.
5. Montresor buried Fortunato dead.

B. FILL IN THE BLANKS WITH APPROPRIATE WORDS GIVEN IN THE BRACKETS BELOW.

[classic, flabbergasted, penalize, drip, troubled]

1. I must not only _____ but punish with impunity.
2. I was skilful in the Italian _____ myself.
3. I perceive you are _____.
4. The drops of moisture _____ among the bones.
5. He was too much _____ to resist.

2.4 LET US SUM UP

In this unit, you have learnt

- the plot of ‘*The Cask of Amontillado*’
- The themes of the story
- Unique features of Poe’s prose style through ‘*The Cask of Amontillado*’

2.5 KEY WORDS

1. To ventured- To try
2. To vow- To swear
3. To revenge- The action of hurting or harming someone in return for an injury or wrong suffered at their hands.
4. To avenge- inflict harm in return for (an injury or wrong done to oneself or another).
5. Definitiveness- Certainty
6. To preclude- prevent from happening; make impossible
7. Impunity- exemption from punishment or freedom from the injurious consequences of an action.
8. Unredressed- Not corrected or compensated for
9. Retribution- Act of taking revenge
10. Immolation- Death
11. Connoisseurship- A person with expert knowledge or training
12. Virtuoso- A person highly skilled in music or another artistic pursuit.
13. Quack- A person who talks loudly and foolishly
14. Vintage- Classic
15. Carnival- Festival
16. Accost- Address someone aggressively
17. Motley- Made up of a variety of colours
18. conical cap – A cone shaped cap
19. Pipe- Large barrel

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20. afflicted-Troubled
21. Vault- A large room or chamber used for storage, especially an underground one.
22. Encrust- cover something with a hard surface layer.
23. Nitre-Another name of potassium
24. Sherry-A fortified wine originally from Spain
25. Roquelaire- A heavy cloak, usually knee-length
26. Palazzo-A type of building, especially in Italy
27. Abscond-Escape
28. Make merry-Enjoy
29. Sconce- A candleholder that is attached to a wall with an ornamental bracket.
30. Flambeaux- a flaming torch, especially one made of several thick wicks dipped in wax.
31. Damp-Moist
32. Catacomb-Burial Chamber
33. Gait-Walk
34. Stride-Moving ahead
35. Orb-Globe
36. Rheum-A watery fluid that drips from eyes or nose
37. Leer-Grin
38. Azure-Blue
39. Rampant-Wild
40. Imbedded-Fix firmly
41. "Nemo me impunelacessit."
42. Cask-Barrel
43. Puncheon- A short post, especially one used for supporting the roof in a coal mine.
44. Trickle-Drip
45. Medoc-A type of wine
46. De Grave-A type of wine
47. Fierce-Severe
48. Gesticulation-Gesture
49. Grotesque-Strange
50. Trowel-A mason's tool to apply plaster
51. Recoil-Jump back
52. Crypt-Tomb
53. Promiscuously
54. Colossal-Huge

55. Circumscribe-Mark out
56. Termination-End
57. Ignoramus-Fool
58. Niche-Position
59. Bewildered-Confuses
60. Fetter-Bind
61. Padlock- Combination lock
62. Astounded-Amazed
63. Implore-Plead
64. Ejaculate-Release
65. Mortar-A mixture of lime with cement
66. Vigorously-Forcefully
67. Obstinate-Stubborn
68. Furious-Angry
69. Clank-Clatter
70. Feeble-Weak
71. Shrill-Sharp
72. Bursting-Full
73. Unsheathing- To pull out from covering
74. Rapier-Blade
75. Yell-Shout
76. Clamour-Scream
77. Erected-Made
78. Harken-Listen
79. Aperture-Gap
80. Rampart-Wall
81. In pace requiescat-Rest in peace

2.6. BOOKS SUGGESTED

- 1) *The Tale-Tell Heart* by Edgar Allan Poe
- 2) *Sixty-Seven Tales* by Edgar Allan Poe
- 3) *Tale of Mystery and Imagination* by Edgar Allan Poe

Check Your Progress 1

1. Let the students write in their own words. However, refer to the section one of the original story.
2. Montresor made two plans: 1) he asked the servants at home to be at home only as he was to return in the morning because he knew that they would go the carnival and the house will be safe for his plan. 2) He aroused a sense of longing for the new wine in Fortunato so that he feels desperate to go and taste it.
3. Following points are to be written:
 - Montresor’s plan worked because Fortunato was drunk and foolish.
 - Because there was no servant at present at Montresor’s home.
 - Because Montresor meticulously planned the murder using the weakness of Fortunato which was but love for wine.

Check Your Progress 2

A	B
1. I vowed revenge.	A. I decided to kill him
2. He prided himself on his connoisseurship in wine.	B. He was arrogant about his knowledge.
3. If anyone has a critical turn it is he.	C. Only he can sense it.
4. He emptied it at a breath.	D. He finished all the wine in the bottle.
5. I ceased my labours and sat down upon the bones.	E. I stopped working.

Check Your Progress 3

A. Match the columns:

1. False
2. True
3. True
4. False
5. False

B. Fill in the blanks:

1. Penalize
2. Classic
3. Troubled
4. drip
5. Flabbergasted