

April 6 - 14, 2020

**Eighth Grade Reading Students.**

You are receiving the first digital weekly assignment from me. Your assignments will come to you in this form the remainder of the year.

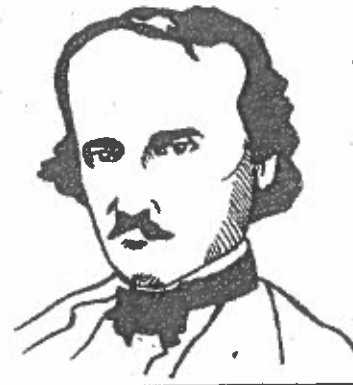
Your assignment this week is a story by Edgar Allan Poe. It's another bizarre story that I know you will enjoy. The story is "The Tell-Tale Heart". You will need to read about Poe, and complete the sequencing activity on the attached page. Then there is a brief summary that will help you understand the story a little better. A vocabulary assignment follows, and then the story itself. Complete the vocabulary assignment before you read the story. After the story there is a worksheet over story details. Complete this page . This will be due by April 14th. If you don't have access to a printer you can do the assignments on your own paper and email them to me. [cmartin@lohnisd.net](mailto:cmartin@lohnisd.net)

Have a wonderful week. Watch for my emails or phone calls.

I miss you,  
Mrs. Martin

*C. Martin*

# EDGAR ALLAN POE 1809-1849



On January 19, 1809, Edgar Allan Poe was born in Boston, Massachusetts. Poe will always be remembered as one of America's greatest writers.

He not only wrote poems and short stories, but was one of the first writers of detective stories.

Poe's stories were very strange and unusual. In the story "The Tell-Tale Heart," Poe wrote about the murder of an old man. In this story, the murderer tells how and why he killed the old man and buried his body under the boards of the floor.

Poe's stories were like his life, filled with tragedy and death. Before the age of three, he was already an orphan. He was taken in by Mr. and Mrs. Allan, a wealthy family from Virginia. Edgar took his middle name from his foster family. Death played an important

part in Poe's life. Not only was he orphaned at a very young age, but his wife died when she was very young.

It was the death of Poe's wife, whom he dearly loved, that caused his world to fall apart. Poe had a history of drinking and gambling. After his wife died, he seemed to drink even more. His health became worse and he couldn't hold a job.

Even his death is a mystery. On October 3, 1849, Edgar Allan Poe was found lying on a street in Baltimore, Maryland. He died four days later at the age of 40. No one has ever found out the cause of his death.

It is tragic to know that Poe's fame as a great writer came after his death. His stories are enjoyed not only in America, but in other countries as well.

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**EDGAR ALLAN POE**

*Sequencing  
C. Martin*

**Cross out the sentences that DO NOT tell about Edgar Allen Poe.**

Poe's wife died very young.

Edgar Allan Poe was always a very happy man.

He became an orphan before he was three years old.

After his death, Poe became famous for being a great writer.

Poe lived to a very old age.

Edgar Allan Poe was born in Boston, Massachusetts.

~~Poe~~ never wrote detective stories.

After the death of his wife, Poe's health became bad.

Edgar was adopted by the Allan family.

Poe's stories were filled with happiness.

He died four days after being found lying on a street.

No one ever heard of Edgar Allan Poe after he died.

Write the sentences you have not crossed out in the order that they happened.

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**“The Tell-Tale Heart”  
By Edgar Allan Poe**

“The Tell-Tale Heart” is told by a murderer, who explains his behavior by claiming that he suffers from an “overacuteness of the senses”. He explains his obsession with the eye of an old man and describes his nightly visits during which he looked in on the man as he slept. Ironically, it is the “overacuteness of his senses” that causes the narrator not only to kill, but to admit his guilt.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

April 6 - 9, 2020

**Vocabulary for  
"The Tell-Tale Heart"  
by Edgar Allan Poe**

**Define these words that appear in "The Tell-Tale Heart"**

**Acute** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Conceive** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Vex** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Profound** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Stifle** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Refrain** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

## The Tell-Tale Heart

TRUE!—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! 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, 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 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 has 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 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 of 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 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 simple 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 have I not told you that what you mistake for madness is but over-acuteness of the sense?—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 neighbour! 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 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, 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. I then replaced the boards so cleverly, so cunningly, that no human eye—not even his—could have detected any thing 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 neighbour 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 definiteness—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 observations of the men—but the noise steadily increased. Oh 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!”



Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_

# Zoom In on Key Details

*C. Marten*

## Directions

After you read, record key details about Who, What, Where, When, and How.

### How This Helps

The 5-W strategy helps you gather together important information about a topic by selecting the key details.

Subject: \_\_\_\_\_

*"The Tell-Tale Heart"*

Who	
What	
Where	
When	
Why	