

THE CASK OF AMONTILLADO BY EDGAR ALLAN POE

Edgar Allan Poe

Life:

- ❖ **Edgar Allan Poe** was born in **Boston, Massachusetts** on **19 January, 1809**.
- ❖ He was born to traveling actors **David Poe Jr.** and **Elizabeth Arnold Hopkins Poe**.
- ❖ He was born during the presidency of **Thomas Jefferson**.
- ❖ Orphaned by age three; taken in (but never formally adopted) by **John Allan** and **Frances Allan** of **Richmond, Virginia**.
- ❖ He attended the **University of Virginia** (1826) but left due to gambling debts.
- ❖ He enlisted in the **U.S. Army** under the name **Edgar A. Perry** (1827–1829) and briefly attended **West Point** (1830–1831) before being expelled.
- ❖ He married his cousin **Virginia Clemm** in **1836** (she was 13, he was 27).
- ❖ He lived in poverty most of his life, moving between **Baltimore, Richmond, Philadelphia,** and **New York**.
- ❖ He was found delirious on the streets of **Baltimore** on **3 October, 1849**; died four days later on **7 October, 1849** at the age of **40**.
- ❖ He was buried in **Westminster Burying Ground, Baltimore** (later moved to a more prominent spot with a new monument).

Career:

- ❖ Poe was a **poet, short-story writer, editor,** and **literary critic**, the first American writer to live solely by the pen.
- ❖ He is called the **“Father of the Detective Story”, inventor of the modern short story,** and **master of the macabre**.
- ❖ He pioneered **detective fiction, science fiction,** and **psychological horror**.
- ❖ He worked as editor for **Southern Literary Messenger, Burton’s Gentleman’s Magazine, Graham’s Magazine,** and **The Broadway Journal** (which he briefly owned).
- ❖ His works are known for **musical language, gothic atmosphere,** and exploration of **death, madness,** and **the subconscious**.
- ❖ He influenced **Baudelaire** (who translated him into French), **Dostoevsky, Conan Doyle, Jules Verne,** and **H.P. Lovecraft**.

Works:

Poetry:

- ❖ **“The Raven”** (1845) – made him instantly famous; begins **“Once upon a midnight dreary...”**
- ❖ **“Annabel Lee”** (1849)
- ❖ **“To Helen”** (1831, revised 1845)
- ❖ **“Lenore”** (1843)
- ❖ **“The Bells”** (1849)
- ❖ **“Ulalume”** (1847)

- ❖ "The Conqueror Worm" (1843)

Short Stories:

- ❖ "The Fall of the House of Usher" (1839)
- ❖ "The Tell-Tale Heart" (1843)
- ❖ "The Black Cat" (1843)
- ❖ "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" (1841) – the first modern detective story
- ❖ "The Purloined Letter" (1844)
- ❖ "The Cask of Amontillado" (1846)
- ❖ "The Pit and the Pendulum" (1842)
- ❖ "The Masque of the Red Death" (1842)
- ❖ "Ligeia" (1838)

Only Novel:

- ❖ The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym of Nantucket (1838)

Major Critical Essay:

- ❖ "The Philosophy of Composition" (1846) – explains how he wrote "The Raven"
- ❖ "The Poetic Principle" (1850)

Awards and Honors:

- ❖ Named to the **American Poets' Corner** at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York
- ❖ **Edgar Allan Poe National Historic Site** (Philadelphia)
- ❖ **Edgar Allan Poe Museum** (Richmond, Virginia)
- ❖ **Edgar Awards** – annual prizes for mystery fiction given by the **Mystery Writers of America**
- ❖ U.S. postage stamps issued in **1949, 2009, and 2023**
- ❖ **Poe Toaster** tradition (1949–2009) – mysterious figure left roses and cognac at his grave every January 19
- ❖ Inducted into the **Science Fiction and Fantasy Hall of Fame** (posthumously)

Quotes about Poe:

- ❖ Charles Baudelaire: "Poe is my master and my brother."
- ❖ Sir Arthur Conan Doyle: "Poe's detective stories are the root from which the whole tree of crime fiction grew."
- ❖ H.P. Lovecraft: "Poe was the greatest literary genius America has ever produced."
- ❖ George Bernard Shaw: "Poe is the greatest journalistic critic who ever lived."
- ❖ Julio Cortázar: "Poe taught us that literature can be perfect terror and perfect beauty at the same time."

The Cask of Amontillado by Edgar Allan Poe

Text

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 I 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 wont, to smile in his face, and he did not perceive that my 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 gemmery, 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 skillful 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 Luchesi. If any one has a critical turn, it is he. He will tell me —"

"Luchesi cannot tell Amontillado from Sherry."

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

"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. Luchesi —"

"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 Luchesi, he cannot distinguish Sherry from Amontillado."

Thus speaking, Fortunato possessed himself of my arm. 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 on 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," said he.

"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 Luchesi—"

"Enough," he said; "the cough is 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 damp."

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 impune lacessit.*"

"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 walls of piled bones, with casks and puncheons intermingling, into the inmost recesses of 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 ere 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."

"You? Impossible! A mason?"

"A mason," I replied.

"A sign," he said, "a sign."

"It is this," I answered, producing a trowel from beneath the folds of my *roquelaire*.

"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 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 Luchesi —"

"He is an ignoramus," interrupted my friend, as he stepped unsteadily forward, while I followed immediately at his heels. In 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 shall 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 within. There came forth in reply only a jingling of the bells. My heart grew sick on account of the dampness of the catacombs. 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!*

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Key Facts:

- ❖ Author: Edgar Allan Poe
- ❖ First Published: 1846
- ❖ Published In: Godey's Lady's Book (**November 1846 issue**)
- ❖ Genre: Gothic short story / Horror / Psychological thriller
- ❖ Literary Period: 19th-century American literature (Dark Romanticism)
- ❖ Theme Focus: Revenge, pride, deception, madness, cruelty
- ❖ Tone: Dark, suspenseful, ironic

DETAILED SUMMARY

Introduction: Montresor's Desire for Revenge

- ❖ The story begins with **Montresor**, the narrator, declaring that he has suffered a **thousand injuries** from his acquaintance **Fortunato**, but when Fortunato **insulted** him, he decided to **take revenge**.
- ❖ Montresor explains that he must **punish with impunity**, meaning he wants **revenge without being caught or punished** himself.
- ❖ He believes that **revenge is not complete** unless the **victim knows who is punishing** him.
- ❖ Montresor has never shown any **sign of anger** to Fortunato; he continues to **smile at him outwardly**, while **secretly plotting his destruction**.

Fortunato's Weakness

- ❖ Montresor describes Fortunato as a man who, though **respected and feared by others**, has a **weak point**— **his pride in his knowledge of wine**.
- ❖ He calls Fortunato a **quack in painting and gems**, but admits that in the matter of **old wines**, Fortunato is **sincere**.
- ❖ Montresor himself is also **skilled in Italian vintages**, and this shared interest allows him to **set the perfect trap for his revenge**.

The Meeting During Carnival

- ❖ One evening during the **carnival season**, Montresor meets Fortunato, who is **drunk and dressed in a jester's costume** with a **cap and bells**.
- ❖ Fortunato greets him with **exaggerated warmth**.
- ❖ Montresor pretends to be **delighted to see him** and tells him he has bought a **pipe (cask) of Amontillado**, a rare Spanish wine, but is unsure of its **authenticity**.
- ❖ Fortunato, being **proud of his wine expertise**, immediately becomes interested.

The Trap Is Set

- ❖ Montresor tells Fortunato that since he has **doubts about the wine**, he will ask **Luchesi**, another wine expert, to verify it.
- ❖ Knowing Fortunato's **pride**, Montresor uses **reverse psychology**, making him **jealous of Luchesi's supposed ability**.
- ❖ Fortunato insists that **Luchesi cannot distinguish Amontillado from Sherry** and offers to **go with Montresor** to check the wine himself.
- ❖ Montresor pretends to resist, saying that **Fortunato has a bad cold** and that the **vaults are damp and covered with nitre**, but Fortunato **ignores the warning** and insists on going.

The Journey to the Catacombs

- ❖ Montresor puts on a **black silk mask** and wraps himself in a **roquelaure (cloak)**.
- ❖ He allows Fortunato, still insisting, to **take his arm** and hurry him to his **palazzo (house)**.
- ❖ Montresor has cleverly made sure **no servants are at home** by telling them not to leave, knowing they will **disobey and go celebrate the carnival**.
- ❖ This ensures **no witnesses** to his crime.

Descent into the Vaults

- ❖ Montresor takes **two torches** and leads Fortunato through **several rooms** and then down a **long, winding staircase** into the **catacombs** of the Montresor family.
- ❖ The **ground is damp**, and Fortunato's steps are **unsteady** as the **bells on his cap jingle**.
- ❖ When Fortunato asks for the **pipe of Amontillado**, Montresor tells him it is **farther inside**, and points out the **white web-like nitre** on the walls.
- ❖ Fortunato, though **coughing badly**, continues to follow.

The Discussion of the Cough

- ❖ Fortunato's **cough worsens**, and Montresor **pretends to care**, urging him to **turn back** for the sake of his health.
- ❖ He **flatters Fortunato**, calling him **rich, respected, admired, and beloved**, while claiming that his own life is **worthless**.
- ❖ Fortunato, **proud and foolish**, insists that a **cough will not kill him** and refuses to leave.
- ❖ Montresor **agrees sarcastically** and offers him a **bottle of Medoc wine** to protect him from the **damp air**.

Wine, Toasts, and Family Pride

- ❖ Fortunato drinks the **Medoc**, toasting "**to the buried that repose around us**," to which Montresor replies, "**And I to your long life**," with **grim irony**.
- ❖ Fortunato then comments that the **vaults are extensive**, and Montresor explains that the **Montresors were once a great and numerous family**.
- ❖ Fortunato asks about the **family coat of arms**, and Montresor describes it as a **golden foot crushing a serpent** whose fangs are embedded in the heel, with the motto "**Nemo me impune lacessit**" ("No one attacks me with impunity").
- ❖ The motto reflects **Montresor's determination for revenge**.

The Nitre and Fortunato's Declining Health

- ❖ As they go **deeper into the catacombs**, Montresor points out the **nitre**, which hangs **like moss on the vaults**.
- ❖ He mentions that they are **below the riverbed**, where **moisture drips among the bones**.

- ❖ Pretending to care for Fortunato's **health**, Montresor suggests **turning back** because of his **cough**.
- ❖ Fortunato insists that **it is nothing**, and before proceeding, he asks for another drink.
- ❖ Montresor gives him a **flagon of De Grave wine**, which Fortunato **empties in one gulp**.

The Masonic Gesture

- ❖ After drinking, **Fortunato's eyes flash** with a wild light, and he makes a **strange hand gesture** that Montresor does not understand.
- ❖ Fortunato laughs and says Montresor must not be of "**the brotherhood**," referring to the **Freemasons**.
- ❖ Montresor insists that he **is a mason**, and when Fortunato demands a sign, Montresor **takes out a trowel** from under his cloak.
- ❖ Fortunato, thinking he is joking, **laughs uneasily**, and they **continue onward** in search of the Amontillado.

Arrival at the Crypt

- ❖ They pass through **arches and low passages**, descending deeper until they reach a **deep crypt**, where the **air is so foul** that their **torches glow dimly**.
- ❖ At the far end is a **smaller inner crypt**, with **walls lined with human bones** like in the **catacombs of Paris**.
- ❖ On three sides, the **walls are made of piled bones**, but on the **fourth side**, the bones have been **thrown down**, revealing a **recess about four feet deep, three feet wide, and six or seven feet high**.
- ❖ This dark niche appears to have been **built between two great supports** of the roof and backed by a **solid granite wall**.

Fortunato is Trapped

- ❖ When Fortunato tries to **look inside the recess** with his weak torchlight, he cannot see the end of it.
- ❖ Montresor tells him the **Amontillado is inside** and suggests that **Luchesi could judge** it if Fortunato prefers.
- ❖ Insulted, Fortunato calls Luchesi an **ignoramus** and **steps into the niche**.
- ❖ Within seconds, Montresor **chains him to the granite wall** using **iron staples, a chain, and a padlock**.
- ❖ The drunken Fortunato is **too shocked to resist**.
- ❖ Montresor **steps back, showing cold satisfaction**, and **withdraws the key**.

The Walling Up

- ❖ Montresor sarcastically advises Fortunato to **touch the nitre on the wall** and again pretends to **urge him to return**.

- ❖ When Fortunato refuses, Montresor says he must **render him every possible courtesy**, and begins his true work.
- ❖ He removes the **pile of bones** to uncover **bricks, stones, and mortar**, and with the help of his **trowel**, he starts to **wall up the entrance**.
- ❖ At first, Fortunato is **silent**, but soon he **moans softly** – not like a drunk man, but like one who **understands his doom**.
- ❖ After a long silence, Montresor hears the **furious rattling of the chains**, which **pleases him**.
- ❖ He stops working to **listen**, then continues **laying tier after tier of masonry**, building the **fifth, sixth, and seventh layers** of the wall.

Fortunato's Screams

- ❖ When Montresor holds the torch up to see Fortunato, the prisoner suddenly lets out a **series of loud, shrill screams** that make Montresor **tremble momentarily**.
- ❖ For a brief second, he **hesitates**, but soon **regains his confidence**.
- ❖ To **overpower Fortunato's cries**, Montresor **screams back** at him, **mocking and echoing** his yells until Fortunato becomes **silent again**.

The Final Brick

- ❖ It is **midnight**, and Montresor's work **nears completion**.
- ❖ He lays the **eighth, ninth, and tenth tiers**, and begins the **eleventh and last**, leaving only **one stone to close the wall**.
- ❖ As he lifts it into place, he hears **Fortunato laugh weakly**.
- ❖ In a shaky voice, Fortunato says it has all been a **good joke**, and they will **laugh about it at his home**, the **palazzo**, over more wine.
- ❖ Montresor coldly replies, "**The Amontillado.**"
- ❖ Fortunato nervously agrees and then tries to reason, saying it is getting late and that **Lady Fortunato** and the rest must be waiting.
- ❖ Montresor replies, "**Yes, let us be gone.**"
- ❖ Fortunato suddenly cries, "**For the love of God, Montresor!**"
- ❖ Montresor repeats coldly, "**Yes, for the love of God.**"

Silence and Death

- ❖ Receiving **no reply**, Montresor calls Fortunato's name twice – "**Fortunato!**" – but there is **no answer**.
- ❖ Only the **jingling of the bells** from Fortunato's cap is heard.
- ❖ Montresor **throws a torch** inside the niche, but there is **no sound** except the **fading jingle**.
- ❖ Feeling a **brief chill in his heart**, which he **blames on the dampness** of the catacombs, he quickly **completes the wall, sealing Fortunato alive**.

Conclusion: The Perfect Revenge

- ❖ Montresor **replaces the bones** in front of the new wall, **hiding all evidence** of the crime.
- ❖ He concludes by saying that for **half a century**, no mortal has **disturbed Fortunato's remains**.
- ❖ The tale ends with the **Latin phrase "In pace requiescat"** – meaning **"May he rest in peace."**
- ❖ It signifies the **finality of Fortunato's death** and **Montresor's successful revenge**.