
GREAT ILLUSTRATED CLASSICS

**TALES OF
MYSTERY
AND TERROR**

Edgar Allen Poe

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They Call Me Mad!

The Tell-Tale Heart

Mad! Mad—that's what they call me.

It's true I am nervous. Very dreadfully nervous. But why do they say I am mad?

That fever I had last year—it just *sharpened* my senses—not destroyed them. Above all, my sense of hearing became the sharpest of all my senses. I heard things in Heaven and on Earth. I even heard many things in Hell. How, then, am I mad?

Listen! You will see how calmly I can tell you the whole story.

It is impossible to say how the idea first came to me, but once it entered my brain, it

THE TELL-TALE HEART

haunted me day and night. There was, really, no reason for the deed I had in mind—a *murder!* I loved the old man. I rented lodgings in his home. He had never wronged me. He had never insulted me. Yes, he had gold, but I had no desire for it.

I think it was his eye! Yes, it was his eye that disturbed me. You see, one of his eyes was normal, but the other resembled the eye of a vulture! It was a pale blue, with a film over it. Whenever this eye looked at me, it made my blood run cold. And so, very gradually, after much thought, I made up my mind—I would kill the old man, and then I would be rid of the eye forever.

You *do* think I am mad! But madmen are disorganized. They cannot plan anything. But you should have seen *me!* You should have seen how wisely and carefully I plotted and planned every step! And you should have seen how cunningly I went to work!

Never was I kinder to the old man than



The Vulture Eye!