

I am not mad. I loved the old man, yet his eye terrified me. It was pale and vulture-like, and whenever it fell upon me, fear gripped me completely. The heart still thumped in my ears as I confessed, and all my cleverness was destroyed by my own remorse. For nights, I watched him sleep, moving silently through his room with a dark lantern. It grew louder, echoing in my mind. I shouted, revealing the secret. I was nervous, yes, but my senses are sharper than most men's. Fury took hold of me. I struck, and the old man fell beneath the heavy bed