

This Edgar Allan Poe story appears to be a bragging confession of a man who has committed a crime. On the eighth night as he was peering in at midnight, the narrator chuckled at the thought of the man not knowing what he was doing, and perhaps the old man heard it because he startled awake. The narrator calmly invited the policemen inside and encouraged them to search the place. The beating became louder until the narrator feared the neighbors would hear it, so he decided that he would take this moment to attack. He keeps insisting that he's not crazy, which makes him seem more so. The narrator froze. Since he didn't see the eye, he didn't kill him