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.

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