


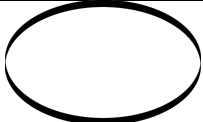


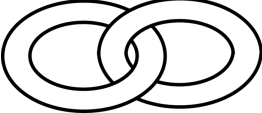






TEXT TOOLBOOK

For annotating text (active reading)

- 1) Number each paragraph.
- 2) Mark the text with symbols.

SYMBOL	MEANING	ADD NOTE IN MARGIN
	Important	This is important because...
<u>Underline</u> or 	Key word or detail	
	I understand	
	Unfamiliar vocab word	
	I don't understand	I am wondering...
	I'm surprised / interested	This is interesting because...
	Connection: S – Self W – World T – Other text M – Media	I connect this text to...
	Central idea	This is a central idea.
	Next / Predict	I predict... Maybe this...
Summaries, questions, & comments	Place in the margins	I think...

The Tell-Tale Heart

1st person Point of view

What does the title mean?

He's plotting a murder!
Edgar Allan Poe

? What's he done

I think it's dramatic Irony because he's talking about stalking an old man but he

Analyze Visuals ▶ thinks he's Normal and smart

What details in the picture help create suspense?

*acute (ə-kyōōt') adj. sharp; keen

*conceive (kən-sēv) v. to think of

He will kill the man because of an evil eye.

True!—nervous—very, very dreadfully nervous I had been and am! but why will you say that I am mad? The disease had sharpened my senses—not destroyed—not dulled them. Above all was the sense of hearing acute. I heard all things in the heaven and in the earth. I heard many things in hell. How, then, am I mad? Hearken and observe how healthily—how calmly I can tell you the whole story.

It is impossible to say how first the idea entered my brain; but once conceived, it haunted me day and night. Object there was none. Passion there was none. I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. He had never given me insult. For his gold I had no desire. I think it was his eye! yes, it was this! He had the eye of a vulture—a pale blue eye, with a film over it. Whenever it fell upon me, my blood ran cold; and so by degrees—very gradually—I made up my mind to take the life of the old man, and thus rid myself of the eye forever.

Now this is the point. You fancy me mad. Madmen know nothing. But you should have seen me. You should have seen how wisely I proceeded—with what caution—with what foresight—with what dissimulation—I went to work! **A**

I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him. And every night, about midnight, I turned the latch of his door and opened it—oh, so gently! And then, when I had made an opening sufficient for my head, I put in a dark lantern, all closed, closed, so that no light shone out, and then I thrust in my head. Oh, you would have laughed to see how cunningly I thrust it in! I moved it slowly—very, very slowly, so that I might not disturb the old

builds suspense, slow build up

1. **dissimulation** (dī-sim'yə-lā'shən): a hiding of one's true feelings.

of action

A EVALUATE NARRATOR

Reread lines 1–16. On the basis of what he plans to do, decide whether the narrator's opinion of himself makes you trust him more or less.

I trust him less