

# THE CASK OF AMONTILLADO

by Edgar Allan Poe  
(1846)

THE thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne as I best could, but when he ventured upon insult I vowed revenge. You, who so well know the nature of my soul, will not suppose, however, that gave utterance to a threat. At length I would be avenged; this was a point definitely, settled – but the very definitiveness with which it was resolved precluded the idea of risk. I must not only punish but punish with impunity. A wrong is unredressed when retribution overtakes its redresser. It is equally unredressed when the avenger fails to make himself felt as such to him who has done the wrong.

It must be understood that neither by word nor deed had I given Fortunato cause to doubt my good will. I continued, as was my wont, to smile in his face, and he did not perceive that my to smile *now* was at the thought of his immolation.

He had a weak point – this Fortunato – although in other regards he was a man to be respected and even feared. He prided himself on his connoisseurship in wine. Few Italians have the true virtuoso spirit. For the most part their enthusiasm is adopted to suit the time and opportunity, to practise imposture upon the British and Austrian *millionaires*. In painting and gemmery, Fortunato, like his countrymen, was a quack, but in the matter of old wines he was sincere. In this respect I did not differ from him materially; – I was skilful in the Italian vintages myself, and bought largely whenever I could.

It was about dusk, one evening during the supreme madness of the carnival season, that I encountered my friend. He accosted me with excessive warmth, for he had been drinking much. The man wore motley. He had on a tight-fitting parti-striped dress, and his head was surmounted by the conical cap and bells. I was so pleased to see him that I thought I should never have done wringing his hand.

# TUB KO EL ‚AMONTILLADO‘

fa Edgar Allan Poe

Petradutöl fa ‚Johann Schmidt‘

Sagodis viodöl plu milis valikis hiela ‚Fortunato‘ isufälob mögiküno, ab ven äkünöm ad nofön e lenofön obi, äyulob ad vinditön obi ome. Ols - kels sevols so gudiko binäli lana obik - vo esuemols, das no äleadob lilön tädi balik bal. Seimna püvinditoböd! Ab füm, ko kel älonob sludi obik, äproibon obe vali, kel ökanonöv riskädükön desini obik. Negit no püpönonöv, if vinditan pödrefonöv dub bläf demü vinditadun oka; leigo negit no püpönonöv, if vinditan no öplöponöv ad jonön oki viktime as soman.

Mutob sagön büo, das no ägevob ele ‚Fortunato‘, ni dub vöds ni dub duns, kodi anik ad dotön dö benomeug oba. Äfovob ad binön löföfik kol om, e no äküpom, das smilil obik nu ätefon tiki ad päridükön omi.

Alabom döfüli bal, el ‚Fortunato‘ at - do äbinom votatefo man stümik äd igo dalestümabik. Äpleidülom, das äbinom vinisevan. Litaliyänans te nemödiks labons lekanäli veratik. Lanälons mödadilo te pro din balik bal: sevabo pro käfods cütik kol balionans Linglänik e Lösteräniks. Tefü cöd magavadinas e nobainas el ‚Fortunato‘ äbinom, leigoäsä kelomänans oka, pleidülan nesevik; tefü vins bäldik ye älabom cödi snatik ä fümiki. In din at i ob it töbo änepluob lä om; äsevob gudiko vinis Litaliyänik, ed äremob mödi atas, sosuvä benopöt pro atos ädabinon.

Äbinos ün karnavalatim ledrolik, ven äkolkömob ün soar lulitik fleni oba. Äglidom obi ko ladöfäl tuik, ibä idrinom mödiko. Man pimaskarom. Älenükom klotemi nabalenik, lafo stripiki, e su kap omik fopanakapütül kounafomik älöon. Äfredob so vemo ad logön omi, das leno äkanob finikön ad lemufükön nami oma.

I said to him – "My dear Fortunato, you are luckily met. How remarkably well you are looking to-day. But I have received a pipe of what passes for Amontillado, and I have my doubts."

"How?" said he. "Amontillado, A pipe? Impossible! And in the middle of the carnival!"

"I have my doubts," I replied; "and I was silly enough to pay the full Amontillado price without consulting you in the matter. You were not to be found, and I was fearful of losing a bargain."

"Amontillado!"

"I have my doubts."

"Amontillado!"

"And I must satisfy them."

"Amontillado!"

"As you are engaged, I am on my way to Luchresi. If any one has a critical turn it is he. He will tell me – "

"Luchresi cannot tell Amontillado from Sherry."

"And yet some fools will have it that his taste is a match for your own."

"Come, let us go."

"Whither?"

"To your vaults."

"My friend, no; I will not impose upon your good nature. I perceive you have an engagement. Luchresi– "

"I have no engagement; – come."

"My friend, no. It is not the engagement, but the severe cold with which I perceive you are afflicted. The vaults are insufferably damp. They are encrusted with nitre."

"Let us go, nevertheless. The cold is merely nothing. Amontillado! You have been imposed upon. And as for Luchresi, he cannot distinguish Sherry from Amontillado."

Thus speaking, Fortunato possessed himself of my arm; and putting on a mask of black silk and drawing a *roquelaine* closely about my person, I suffered him to hurry me to my palazzo.

Äsagob ome: „O ‚Fortunato‘ löfik oba! fredob ad tuvön oli. Kiomagifiko logotol! binos vo plödakomunik! Ab lilolös! egetob tubi bal ko vin, kel ma lesag binon-la vin: ‚Amontillado‘, ab ob dotob boso dö leg ona“.

„Kio-li?“ äsagom, „vini-li: ‚Amontillado‘? tubi bal-li? kio mögos-li? ed atos-li ün zänod karnavala?“

„Labob doti tefü on,“ ägesagob. „Ed äbinob so fopik, ad pelön suämi lölik pro el ‚Amontillado‘ pilonöli, nes konsälidön büo oli. Ol no äbinol tuvovik, ed ob ädredob, das dub zög tedot at no öplöponöv.“

„O ‚Amontillado‘!“

„Labob doti tefü at.“

„O ‚Amontillado‘!“

„E mutob moükön doti at.“

„O ‚Amontillado‘!“

„Bi binol jäfik, ovisitob hieli ‚Luchesi‘. If spikobsöv dö ek labü cöd krütik, tän om binom soman. Osagom obe.....“

„El ‚Luchesi‘ no fägom ad distidön eli ‚Amontillado‘ de el ‚Sherry‘.“

„E ga hifopans semik anik lesagoms, das vinisev oma ti leigon leigodü ut ola.“

„Gö! golobsös!“

„Kitopio-li?“

„Ini vinakavs olik.“

„Nö! o flen oba! no vilob frutidön gudaladäli olik. Logob: binol jäfik. El ‚Luchesi‘.....“

„No binob jäfik. Gö!“

„O flen löfik! nö! Vo no binos te demü kod, das ädesinol bos votik; ol binol i vemo koldätik. Kavabobots binons nesufoviko luimöfiks. Elabikons salpetakruti.“

„Golobsöd too! Koldät no binon bos veütik. O ‚Amontillado‘! Vö! ecütoy oli: ed el ‚Luchesi‘ - om no fägom ad distidön eli ‚Sherry‘ de el ‚Amontillado‘.“

Ko vöds at el ‚Fortunato‘ älägom oki ini brad oba. Älenükob maskkari sadinik blägik foi logod, ävilupob obi nabiko ko mäned obik, ed äletob, das flen oba ädugädöm spidikö obi lü el ‚palazzo‘ oba.

There were no attendants at home; they had absconded to make merry in honour of the time. I had told them that I should not return until the morning, and had given them explicit orders not to stir from the house. These orders were sufficient, I well knew, to insure their immediate disappearance, one and all, as soon as my back was turned.

I took from their sconces two flambeaux, and giving one to Fortunato, bowed him through several suites of rooms to the archway that led into the vaults. I passed down a long and winding staircase, requesting him to be cautious as he followed. We came at length to the foot of the descent, and stood together upon the damp ground of the catacombs of the Montresors.

The gait of my friend was unsteady, and the bells upon his cap jingled as he strode.

"The pipe," he said.  
"It is farther on," said I; "but observe the white web-work which gleams from these cavern walls."

He turned towards me, and looked into my eyes with two filmy orbs that distilled the rheum of intoxication.

"Nitre?" he asked, at length.  
"Nitre," I replied. "How long have you had that cough?"

"Ugh! ugh! ugh! – ugh! ugh! ugh! – ugh! ugh! ugh! – ugh! ugh! ugh! – ugh! ugh! ugh!"

My poor friend found it impossible to reply for many minutes.

"It is nothing," he said, at last.  
"Come," I said, with decision, "we will go back; your health is precious. You are rich, respected, admired, beloved; you are happy, as once I was. You are a man to be missed. For me it is no matter. We will go back; you will be ill, and I cannot be responsible. Besides, there is Luchresi – "

"Enough," he said; "the cough's a mere nothing; it will not kill me. I shall not die of a cough."

Düdanef no äbinon in dom; karnaval iplödiobäton oni. Isagob menes, das no ögekömob bü göd nilikün, ed iproibob ones seväriko ad lüvön domi. Äsevob, das atos äsaidon, das valans öplödiogolonsöv, sosus öleadoböv, logön bäki oba.

Äsumob flamotis tel se lins len völ, ägivob ele ‚Fortunato‘ bali onas, ed ädugädob omi plütiko da keds anik cemas ini bobotaluyal, kel äzugon lä bobots. Ädoniostepob ve tridem krugik lunik, ed äbegob ome ad sökön prüdiko obi.  
Fino älükömob do no ed ästanobs kobo in diböp datekumas elas ‚Montresor‘.

Gol flena obik äbinon nefümik, e kloküls len kapütül okik ätonilons pö step alik oka.

„Tubi!“ äsagom.  
„At binon fagikumo pödik,“ ägespikob.  
„Logol-li dinis vietik, kels nidons züo de kavamöns?“

Äflegom oki lü ob ed älogom obi in logs. Logs oma äbinons luimöfiks dub snöf e briet.

„Salpet-li?“ äsäkom fino.  
„Salpet“, ägesagob. Kilunüpo labol-li ya kögi at?

Äkögom, äkögom, äkögom.

Flen pidabik oba dü minuts no äkanom gespikön.

„Binos nos veütik“, ägesagom täno.  
„Gö!“ äsagob vemo fümiko, „ögüflekobs; saun ola binon jerabik. Binol liegik, pastümol, pastunidol, palöfol; binol läbik, soäsä ob äbinob seimna. Posbinükolöv gäpi. Dead oba no so dämonöv. Güflekobsös! Voto ovedolöv malädik, ed atosi no kanob gidükön. Zuo ga el ‚Luchesi‘ kanom.....“  
„Saidö!“ äsagom. „Kög binon go neveütik; dub on no odeadob. No äpäridikob sekü kög obik“.

<p>"True – true," I replied; "and, indeed, I had no intention of alarming you unnecessarily – but you should use all proper caution. A draught of this Medoc will defend us from the damp.</p>	<p>„Veratos - veratos,“ ägesagob. „Jenöfö! no ädesinob ad netakedükön oli - ab no sötölös nedemön prüdi! Drinod ela ‚Medoc‘ ojelon obis ta vobed lüvapas.“</p>
<p>Here I knocked off the neck of a bottle which I drew from a long row of its fellows that lay upon the mould.</p>	<p>Sagölo vödis at äsütirob fladi se fladaked lunik, kel ve mön äseaton su glun, ed ädeflapob slenädi ona.</p>
<p>"Drink," I said, presenting him the wine.</p>	<p>„Drinolös!“ äsagob, ed älofob ome vini.</p>
<p>He raised it to his lips with a leer. He paused and nodded to me familiarly, while his bells jingled.</p>	<p>Äblinom oni lü lips oka. Ätakädom pülilo, ed änutom komunöfiko lü ob; kloküls omik ätonilons.</p>
<p>"I drink," he said, "to the buried that repose around us." "And I to your long life."</p>	<p>„Drinob,“ äsagom, „benü deadans, kels is takädon.“ „Ed ob benü lif lunik ola.“</p>
<p>He again took my arm, and we proceeded.</p>	<p>Äsumom dönu bradi obik, ed ävegobs fagikumo.</p>
<p>"These vaults," he said, "are extensive."</p>	<p>„Bobots at“, äsagom, „binons stääniks.“</p>
<p>"The Montresors," I replied, "were a great and numerous family."</p>	<p>„Elans ‚Montresor‘“, ägesagob, „äbinons famül gretik ä mödik.“</p>
<p>"I forget your arms."</p>	<p>„Eglömob däsinoti sköta olik.“</p>
<p>"A huge human foot d'or, in a field azure; the foot crushes a serpent rampant whose fangs are imbedded in the heel."</p>	<p>„Fut goldik gianagretik in feled blövik; fut deitridon sneki tadunöl, kela tuts stegons in hil ona“.</p>
<p>"And the motto?"</p>	<p>„E spiked-li?“</p>
<p>"<i>Nemo me impune lacessit.</i>"</p>	<p>„ ‚Nemo me impune lacessit‘. “ (Nek tädon obi nenpöniko).</p>
<p>"Good!" he said.</p>	<p>„Gudos“, äsagom.</p>
<p>The wine sparkled in his eyes and the bells jingled. My own fancy grew warm with the Medoc. We had passed through long walls of piled skeletons, with casks and puncheons intermingling, into the inmost recesses of the catacombs. I paused again, and this time I made bold to seize Fortunato by an arm above the elbow.</p>	<p>Logam omik äbinon nefümik dub vin, e kloküls ätonilons. I pö ob el ‚Medoc‘ ädölükön kapi. Ibevegobs ve ked gretik bomemas e tubas pikumölas jü in dil fagikün katekumas. Ästopob dönu, ed atna äkünob ad joikön eli ‚Fortunato‘ pö brad oka.</p>
<p>"The nitre!" I said; "see, it increases. It hangs like moss upon the vaults. We are below the river's bed. The drops of moisture trickle among the bones. Come, we will go back ere it is too late. Your cough – "</p>	<p>„Ekö! salpet!“ äsagob. „Logolös! kio aiplu vedon mödikum. Lagon äs musk de nufeds. Binobs is dis lestab flumeda. Flumot tofon da bomems. Gö! ogüflekobs, büä binos tu latik. Kög ola.....“</p>

"It is nothing," he said; "let us go on. But first, another draught of the Medoc."

I broke and reached him a flagon of De Grève. He emptied it at a breath. His eyes flashed with a fierce light. He laughed and threw the bottle upwards with a gesticulation I did not understand.

I looked at him in surprise. He repeated the movement – a grotesque one.

"You do not comprehend?" he said.  
"Not I," I replied.  
"Then you are not of the brotherhood."

"How?"  
"You are not of the masons."  
"Yes, yes," I said; "yes, yes."  
"You? Impossible! A mason?"  
"A mason," I replied.  
"A sign," he said, "a sign."

"It is this," I answered, producing from beneath the folds of my *roquelaire* a trowel.

"You jest," he exclaimed, recoiling a few paces. "But let us proceed to the Amontillado."

"Be it so," I said, replacing the tool beneath the cloak and again offering him my arm. He leaned upon it heavily. We continued our route in search of the Amontillado. We passed through a range of low arches, descended, passed on, and descending again, arrived at a deep crypt, in which the foulness of the air caused our flambeaux rather to glow than flame.

At the most remote end of the crypt there appeared another less spacious. Its walls had been lined with human remains, piled to the vault overhead, in the fashion of the great catacombs of Paris. Three sides of this interior crypt were still ornamented in this manner.

From the fourth side the bones had been thrown down, and lay promiscuously upon the earth, forming at one point a mound of some size. Within the wall thus exposed by the displacing of the bones, we perceived a still interior crypt or recess, in depth about four feet, in width three, in height six or seven. It seemed to have been constructed for no especial use within itself, but formed

„No binon veütik,“ äsagom; „laivegobsös! Būo ye ... nog drinodi bal ela ‚Medoc““.

Ädeflapob slenādi flada labū el ‚De Grave‘ ed älūtenükob oni ome. Ävagūkom balo oni. In logs omik lit sovadik äflamūlon. Äsmilom ed äjedom fladi me jāstam seledik lū nufed; jāst kela sinif no äsevob.

Älūlogob stuniko omi. Ädönuom jāsti bisarik.

„No suemol-li osi?“ äsākom.  
„Vero leno,“ ägespikob.  
„Ekö! no dutol lū svistef.“ (Svistef  
lelivamasonik).

„Lio?“  
„No binol masonan.“  
„Si! si!“ äsagob. „Lesi! si!“  
„Ol-li? No binos mögik! Masonan-li?“  
„Masonan“, ägespikob.  
„Mali!“ äsagom.

„Ekö! is labob oni,“ ägespikob, sūtirölo masonaspuni se plifāds māneda obik.

„Cogol“, ävokādom ed ägeyilom de ob. „Ab laivegobsös lū el ‚Amontillado‘!“

„Gudos kluo“, äsagob; äblinob masonaspuni dōnu disi māned, ed älofob ome bradi. Ästutom vetiko su on. Äfovobs vegami obsik. Ägolobs da bobotaluyals lövik, ägolobs donio, löpio e dōnu donio ed äbestepobs lesepūli, in kel lut äbinon so dufik, das flamots obsik no plu äflamons, ab te nog äsmolons.

Pö fin fagikūn lesepūla, lesepūl votik, smalikum āpubon. Len vōls onik menaboms pikumons jū len nufed, leigoäsā in katekums gretik di ‚Paris‘. Flans kil sepūalcema ninikūn at nog nu pidekons so.

De folid bombs pimodumons; äseatons zi su glun, e su top bal pikumons ad kum bal.

In zānod mōna so pisātegōla äküpobs nog kevi lätik. Älabon diboti piedas ze folas, vidoti piedas kil e geiloti piedas māl u velas. No äjīnon pemekōn demū desin patik seimik, ab äbinon teiko vūspad vū kils stūtakölūmas nāmādik, kels āpolons nufedi

merely the interval between two of the colossal supports of the roof of the catacombs, and was backed by one of their circumscribing walls of solid granite.

It was in vain that Fortunato, uplifting his dull torch, endeavoured to pry into the depth of the recess. Its termination the feeble light did not enable us to see.

"Proceed," I said; "herein is the Amontillado. As for Luchresi – "

"He is an ignoramus," interrupted my friend, as he stepped unsteadily forward, while I followed immediately at his heels. In niche, and finding an instant he had reached the extremity of the niche, and finding his progress arrested by the rock, stood stupidly bewildered. A moment more and I had fettered him to the granite. In its surface were two iron staples, distant from each other about two feet, horizontally. From one of these depended a short chain, from the other a padlock. Throwing the links about his waist, it was but the work of a few seconds to secure it. He was too much astounded to resist. Withdrawing the key I stepped back from the recess.

"Pass your hand," I said, "over the wall; you cannot help feeling the nitre. Indeed, it is very damp. Once more let me *implore* you to return. No? Then I must positively leave you. But I must first render you all the little attentions in my power."

"The Amontillado!" ejaculated my friend, not yet recovered from his astonishment.

"True," I replied; "the Amontillado."

As I said these words I busied myself among the pile of bones of which I have before spoken. Throwing them aside, I soon uncovered a quantity of building stone and mortar. With these materials and with the aid of my trowel, I began vigorously to wall up the entrance of the niche.

I had scarcely laid the first tier of the masonry when I discovered that the intoxication of Fortunato had in a great measure worn off. The earliest indication I had of this was a low moaning cry from the

katekumas; pödavöl ona päfumon dub bal granoenamönas masifik.

Nensekiko el ‚Fortunato‘ ätovom flamoti ti kväniki oka ad lükön ini dib keva. Lit fibik no äfägükon omi ad logön pödavöli.

„Gololös fagikumo,“ äsagob. „Is in at el ‚Amontillado‘ binon. Reto el ‚Luchesi‘ ökanomöv.....“

„Om binom stupan“, flen oba äropom sagi obik, du äföfiostepom nefümiko; äsökob nilo omi. Pos tim pülik irivom finoti keva; bluviko ästanom fo mön, kel ästöpon omi.

E pos tim pülik äsököl ijänädob omi len granoin. Len mön in löpot leigik ed in fagot mö pïeds tel de od lekläms tel ädabinons; len bal onas jän brefik älagon, e len votik lagalök. Äjedob jäni zü koap ela ‚Fortunato‘ ed äfimükob oni me lök. Dun lölik äflagon sekunis te nemödikis. Äbinom tu bluvik ad tadunön bosï. Äsetirob kiki ed ägestepob se nik.

„Luröbolös ko nam ve mön!“ äsagob. „Osenol salpeti. Vö! binos nino dodiko luimöfik. Nog balna: lebegob vemo ole ad güflekön. Nö! Tāno mutob lüvön oli. Ab büo mutob jolülön ole plütotis smalik valik, kelis fägob ad dunön.“

„El ‚Amontillado‘!“ ävokädom flen oba, kel no nog isästunom de stun oka.

„Fümo!“ ägesagob, el ‚Amontillado‘.“

Sagölo vödis at, äprimob ad bejäfön bomakumi, dö kel espikob büiko. Äjedob flanio bomis ed äsätegeb suniko numi bumastonas e kumili morta. Me maters at e gebölo masonaspuni äprimob ad fäimasonön spidiko nügolöpi nika.

Imekob töbo kedi balid masonavobota, ven ätävob, das briet ela ‚Fortunato‘ iläsikon vemo. Maloti balid atosä ägevon obe vokäd plonik nelaodik, kel äkömon se dib keva. At no äbinon vokäd brietikana.

depth of the recess. It was not the cry of a drunken man. There was then a long and obstinate silence.

I laid the second tier, and the third, and the fourth; and then I heard the furious vibrations of the chain. The noise lasted for several minutes, during which, that I might hearken to it with the more satisfaction, I ceased my labours and sat down upon the bones. When at last the clanking subsided, I resumed the trowel, and finished without interruption the fifth, the sixth, and the seventh tier. The wall was now nearly upon a level with my breast. I again paused, and holding the flambeaux over the mason-work, threw a few feeble rays upon the figure within.

A succession of loud and shrill screams, bursting suddenly from the throat of the chained form, seemed to thrust me violently back. For a brief moment I hesitated, I trembled. Unsheathing my rapier, I began to grope with it about the recess; but the thought of an instant reassured me.

I placed my hand upon the solid fabric of the catacombs, and felt satisfied.

I reapproached the wall; I replied to the yells of him who clamoured. I re-echoed, I aided, I surpassed them in volume and in strength. I did this, and the clamourer grew still.

It was now midnight, and my task was drawing to a close. I had completed the eighth, the ninth and the tenth tier. I had finished a portion of the last and the eleventh; there remained but a single stone to be fitted and plastered in. I struggled with its weight; I placed it partially in its destined position. But now there came from out the niche a low laugh that erected the hairs upon my head. It was succeeded by a sad voice, which I had difficulty in recognizing as that of the noble Fortunato. The voice said—

"Ha! ha! ha! — he! he! he! — a very good joke, indeed — an excellent jest. We will have many a rich laugh about it at the palazzo — he! he! he! — over our wine — he! he! he!"

"The Amontillado!" I said.

"He! he! he! — he! he! he! — yes, the Amontillado. But is it not getting late? Will not they be awaiting us at the palazzo,

Pos atos seil milaidik lunik äsökon.

Ämasonob kedi telid, e kilidi, e folidi; täno älilob joiki e lemufükami jäna legudiko pitenidüköla. Noid ädulon dü minuts ömik, ünü kels, ad kanön dalilön gudikumo, äropob vobi obik, ed äseitob obi sui bomakum. Ven fino noidül spidöfik ästopon, ägelipob dönu masonaspuni ed efimekob nenropo kedis lulid, mälid e velidi.

Mön nu idageton ti geiloti nivodü blöt oba. Ästopob dönu, ätovob flamoti susi masanavobot, ed äjedob medü at stralis fibik anik lü maged ninik.

Tü timül at pejänädölan ävokädom süpo luvokädis sovadik: luvokäds lerorik laodik mödik, kels äkoedons gefalön obi. Dü timül äzogob, ädremob. Ägleipob deni ed ästeigob me on ini dag nika. Ab pos vätäl brefik ätakedikob dönu.

Äseidob nami sui mön masifik katekumas ed äkotenob.

Ästepob dönu lü mön oba. Ägeob rori vokädana. Äsümädob oni, älaodükumob oni, äpluvögob tefü on. Atosi ädunob dü brefüp e roran ästilikom.

Äbinos nu zeneit, e vobot oba änilikon lü fin oka. Ifimekob kedis jölid, zülid, zülid e degidi. Ifimekob dili keda lätik degbalid: nog ston te bal ämuton panüseidön e masono pafimükön. Älabob töbi anik dub vet ona. Ätovob ed äblinob oni ini plad oka, ab no äkanob gevön one sunädo seati verätik oka. Tü timül at smil nelaodik äkömon se nik, kelos älenaododon obi so vemo, das hers kapa obik älöikons. Pos atos vög lügik äspikon, keli ob te töbo äkanob dasevön as vög ela ‚Fortunato‘ nobik. Vög äsagon:

„Ha! ha! ha! ha! - ha! ha! - vö! cog gudik, osmilobs in el ‚Palazzo‘ nog suvo dö cog at, - ha! ha! ha! - dö vin obsik -ha! ha! ha!“

„Dö el ‚Amontillado‘!“ äsagob.

„Ha! ha! ha! - ha! ha! - si! dö el ‚Amontillado‘. Ab no binos-li ya latik? No ostebedons-li obis in el ‚Palazzo‘? Läd

the Lady Fortunato and the rest? Let us be gone."

"Yes," I said, "let us be gone."

"For the love of God, Montresor!"

"Yes," I said, "for the love of God!"

But to these words I hearkened in vain for a reply. I grew impatient. I called aloud –

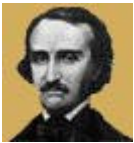
"Fortunato!"

No answer. I called again –

"Fortunato!" There came forth in return only a jingling of the bells.

No answer still.

I thrust a torch through the remaining aperture and let it fall within. My heart grew sick; it was the dampness of the catacombs that made it so. I hastened to make an end of my labour. I forced the last stone into its position; I plastered it up. Against the new masonry I re-erected the old rampart of bones. For the half of a century no mortal has disturbed them. *In pace requiescat!*



„Fortunato‘-li e votans? Golobsös!“

„Si!“, äsagob, „golobsös!“

„Nämätü löf Goda! o ‚Montresor‘!“

„Si!“ äsagob, „nämätü löf Goda!“

Ab ad vöds at äspetob vaniko gespiki.  
Ävedob nesufädik, ed ävokob laodiko:

„O ‚Fortunato‘!“

Gespik nonik. Ävokob dönu:

„O ‚Fortunato‘!“

Nog gespik nonik.

Äsumob flamoti omik, äjoikob oni da maifod, ed äleadob falön oni nino sui glun. As gespik te tonil klokülas äkömon. Lad obik ävedon töböfik - sekü lut dufik in katekums. Äspidob, ad finükön vobi obik. Äpedob stoni lätik ini plad verätik. Änümasonob oni. Ta masonavobot nulik äkumob bomis bomadaema vönädik. Sis tumyel lafik deadöfan no bal edoaton oni. ‚In pace requiescat!‘ (Takädömös in püd!).

Se Volapükagased (Zänagased pro Volapükanef)  
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