

Name _____



Twisted Thoughts

The man in the old house was certain—absolutely certain—that he was not mad. He insisted his senses were sharper than ever. He could hear things others could not. He could see with incredible precision. And most of all, he could feel an intense hatred for one thing: the old man's eye.

The old man had done nothing wrong, yet his pale blue eye made the narrator's skin crawl. It was not an ordinary eye. It was dull yet sharp, empty yet watching. It seemed to stare right through him, and he could not stand it. The narrator smiled at the old man, spoke kindly to him, and even helped him with his chores. But every night, when the house was silent, the narrator crept to the old man's door, watching him sleep. He waited for the right moment.

Finally, on the eighth night, the old man stirred. His eye was open, glowing in the moonlight. The narrator's heart pounded. He could hear the old man's fear, and soon, he convinced himself that the sound of the old man's heartbeat was growing louder and louder. He could not bear it any longer. In a sudden burst of madness, he acted.

The crime was done, and he had hidden every trace of it. He was too clever to be caught. When the police arrived, he welcomed them with confidence, even placing chairs directly above the hiding place. He laughed, he chatted, he was at ease. But soon, something changed. A noise—a soft thumping—began to grow louder. It was the heartbeat! At first, he thought it was his imagination, but it would not stop. It pounded in his ears. The officers did not seem to notice, but the sound grew unbearable.

Was the sound real, or was his guilt speaking to him? Unable to take it any longer, he screamed and confessed everything. He tore up the floorboards, revealing his crime.

The narrator thought he was clever, but was he truly in control? His mind played tricks on him, making him believe he could hear things no one else could. Was it the sound of the old man's heart—or his own madness?