

Name _____



The Watchful Eye

The old man had never harmed the narrator. He had never spoken unkindly or done anything wrong. Yet, every time the narrator looked at him, something filled him with terror and rage. It was not the old man himself—but his eye. The pale blue eye, clouded like a thin layer of ice, sent shivers through the narrator's body.

To anyone else, the eye might have seemed ordinary, but to the narrator, it was something much worse. It felt like it could see everything—his thoughts, his secrets, and even his fears. The more he thought about it, the more he became convinced that he had to get rid of it. He could not live with the feeling of being watched, judged, and exposed.

Each night, for a week, the narrator crept to the old man's room and peeked inside. He waited for the perfect moment. But each night, the old man's eye remained closed. The narrator did not hate the old man, only his eye. He told himself that if the eye were gone, everything would be fine. Finally, on the eighth night, the old man awoke, and his eye stared straight at the narrator in the darkness. That was it. That was the moment he had waited for.

After the terrible act was done, the narrator was certain he had succeeded. The eye would never watch him again. He had won. But had he? As the police arrived, the narrator welcomed them confidently. He was calm. He had been so clever, so careful. But then, a noise—a low, steady thumping—filled the air. The sound grew louder and louder. He could not escape it. His mind swirled with panic. Was it real, or was it his own guilt?

At last, he could take it no more. He screamed and confessed everything. The eye was gone, but its power had not vanished. It had taken control of him in a different way.

Was the eye truly watching him, or was he only seeing his own fear reflected in it?