



“The Tell-Tale Heart” Guided Reading (ESOL)
7th-8th

<p><u>Overview of the Activity:</u> This <i>guided reading</i> of Edgar Allan Poe’s “The Tell-Tale Heart” (1843) focuses on expanding vocabulary, developing student understanding of imagery and other figurative language, strengthening reading comprehension, and strengthening expository and persuasive writing skills.</p>	<p><u>Activity Goals:</u> Provide students with an accessible reading of “The Tell-Tale Heart” that:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Promotes a lasting appreciation and interest in Edgar Allan Poe’s work. 2. Strengthens reading comprehension 3. Strengthens writing skills 4. Expands vocabulary 5. Expands knowledge and understanding of literary devices 6. Demonstrates the characteristics of an unreliable narrator 	<p><u>Student Objectives:</u></p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Students will use context clues to identify the meaning of difficult vocabulary words. 2. Students will identify and explain the use of symbolism and figurative language in the text. 3. Students will identify and explain the key elements of a story in the context of “The Tell-Tale Heart”.
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<p><u>Virginia SOLs addressed and/or met:</u></p> <p>For 7th Grade:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● Reading - 7.4 The student will read and determine the meanings of unfamiliar words and phrases within authentic texts. ● Reading - 7.5 The student will read and demonstrate comprehension of a variety of fictional texts, literary nonfiction ● Writing - 7.7 The student will write in a variety of forms to include narrative, expository, persuasive, and reflective with an emphasis on expository and persuasive writing <p>For 8th Grade:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● Reading - 8.4 The student will apply knowledge of word origins, and figurative language to extend vocabulary development within authentic texts. ● Reading - 8.5 - The student will read and analyze a variety of fictional texts, literary nonfiction, poetry, and drama ● Writing - 8.7 The student will write in a variety of forms to include narrative, expository, persuasive, and reflective with an emphasis on expository and persuasive writing. 	<p><u>Common Core Standards addressed and/or met:</u></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● CCSS Grade 7 Reading Standards for Literature <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ○ 1; 2; 3; 4 ● CCSS Grade 7 Writing Standards for Literature <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ○ 1b; 1c ● CCSS Grade 8 Reading Standards for Literature <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ○ 1; 2; 4 ● CCSS Grade 8 Writing Standards for Literature <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ○ 1b; 1c <p>WIDA English Language Development Standards (for multilingual learners)</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - ELD-LA.6-8.Narrate.Interpretive <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ○ Interpret language arts narratives by <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Identifying a theme or central idea that develops over the course of a text ▪ Evaluating impact of specific word choices on meaning and tone - Language Functions <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ○ Verbs and adjectives to describe character behaviors, thoughts, feelings and speech
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Resources provided in this document:

- Structured text of “The Tell-Tale Heart” by Edgar Allan Poe
- Link to unstructured text

Guided Reading: “The Tell-Tale Heart” (By: Edgar Allan Poe)

Directions: In this guided reading you will be stopping periodically to answer questions. You will be using context clues to determine the meaning of vocabulary words and answering comprehension questions in complete sentences. Make sure to use supporting evidence (i.e. quotes) from the text to support your responses.

Text: <https://poemuseum.org/the-tell-tale-heart/>

“The Tell-Tale Heart”

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! One of his eyes resembled that 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! 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 man’s sleep. It took me an hour to place my whole head within the opening so far that I could see him as he lay upon his bed. Ha! — would a madman have been so wise as this? And then, when my head was well in the room, I undid the lantern cautiously — oh, so cautiously — cautiously (for the hinges creaked) — I undid it just so much that a single thin ray fell upon the vulture eye. And this I did for seven long nights — every night just at midnight — but I found the eye always closed; and so it was impossible to do the work; for it was not the old man who **vexed** me, but his Evil Eye. And every morning, when the day broke, I went boldly into the chamber, and spoke courageously to him, calling him by name in a hearty tone, and inquiring how he had passed the night. So you see he would have been a very profound old man, indeed, to suspect that every night, just at twelve, I looked in upon him while he slept.

Vocabulary Check:

Vocabulary to pre-teach: nervous, mad, conceived, vulture, film, caution, thrust, lantern, chamber.

I think *acute* means _____ because the text says _____.

Based on the context, *dissimulation* describes _____, so it probably means _____.

The word *vexed* is used to describe _____, so it might mean _____.

Reading Comprehension:

The narrator is _____.

The story is told from the _____ person point-of-view.

The narrator makes me feel _____.

I feel that the narrator is _____.

Style:

The narrator might describe himself as _____, _____, and _____.

I would describe the narrator as _____, _____, and _____.

Word bank: rational, intelligent, clever, cautious, wise, calm, healthy, careful, strong, nervous, dangerous, mad, cruel, irrational

Upon the eighth night I was more than usually cautious in opening the door. A watch's minute hand moves more quickly than did mine. Never before that night had I felt the extent of my own powers — of my **sagacity**. I could scarcely contain my feelings of triumph. To think that there I was, opening the door, little by little, and he not even to dream of my secret deeds or thoughts. I fairly chuckled at the idea; and perhaps he heard me; for he moved on the bed suddenly, as if startled. Now you may think that I drew back — but no. His room was as black as pitch with the thick darkness, (for the shutters were close fastened, through fear of robbers,) and so I knew that he could not see the opening of the door, and I kept pushing it on steadily, steadily.

I had my head in, and was about to open the lantern, when my thumb slipped upon the tin fastening, and the old man sprang up in the bed, crying out — “Who’s there?”

I kept quite still and said nothing. For a whole hour I did not move a muscle, and in the meantime I did not hear him lie down. He was still sitting up in the bed listening; — just as I have done, night after night, hearkening to the death watches in the wall.

Presently I heard a slight groan, and I knew it was the groan of mortal terror. It was not a groan of pain or of grief — oh, no! — it was the low stifled sound that arises from the bottom of the soul when overcharged with awe. I knew the sound well. Many a night, just at midnight, when all the world slept, it has welled up from my own bosom, deepening, with its dreadful echo, the terrors that distracted me. I say I knew it well. I knew what the old man felt, and pitied him, although I chuckled at heart. I knew that he had been lying awake ever since the first slight noise, when he had turned in the bed. His fears had been ever since growing upon him. He had been trying to fancy them causeless, but could not. He had been saying to himself — “It is nothing but the wind in the chimney — it is only a mouse crossing the floor,” or “it is merely a cricket which has made a single chirp.” Yes, he has been trying to comfort himself with these **suppositions**: but he had found all in vain. All in vain; because Death, in approaching him had stalked with his black

shadow before him, and **enveloped** the victim. And it was the mournful influence of the unperceived shadow that caused him to feel — although he neither saw nor heard — to feel the presence of my head within the room.

When I had waited a long time, very patiently, without hearing him lie down, I resolved to open a little — a very, very little crevice in the lantern. So I opened it — you cannot imagine how stealthily, stealthily — until, at length a single dim ray, like the thread of the spider, shot from out the crevice and fell upon the vulture eye.

It was open — wide, wide open — and I grew furious as I gazed upon it. I saw it with perfect distinctness — all a dull blue, with a hideous veil over it that chilled the very marrow in my bones; but I could see nothing else of the old man's face or person: for I had directed the ray as if by instinct, precisely upon the damned spot.

Vocabulary Check:

Vocabulary to pre-teach: triumph, chuckled, pitch, groan, crevice, stealthily, hideous

I think *sagacity* means _____ because the narrator says _____.

The old man has *suppositions* when he hears a noise. This means _____.

I think that *enveloped* means _____ because the text says _____.

Sentence stems: Reading Comprehension:

On the eighth night, something is different because _____.

The narrator feels _____. He says “_____.”

The text foreshadows _____ because the narrator says _____.

Style:

The eye is a symbol of _____ because the narrator says _____.

To the narrator, the eye feels like _____.

The eye represents _____.

Word bank: evil, fear, afraid, control, power, guilt, obsession, obsessed

And now have I not told you that what you mistake for madness is but over acuteness of the senses? — now, I say, there came to my ears a low, dull, quick sound, such as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I knew that sound well, too. It was the beating of the old man's heart. It increased my fury, as the beating of a drum **stimulates** the soldier into courage.

But even yet I refrained and kept still. I scarcely breathed. I held the lantern motionless. I tried how steadily I could maintain the ray upon the eye. Meantime the hellish tattoo of the heart increased. It grew quicker and quicker, and louder and louder every instant. The old man's terror must have been extreme! It grew louder, I say, louder every moment! — do you mark me well? I have told you that I am nervous: so I am. And now at the dead hour of the night, amid the dreadful silence of that old house, so strange a noise as this excited me to uncontrollable terror. Yet, for some minutes longer I refrained and stood still. But the beating grew louder, louder! I thought the heart must burst. And now a new anxiety seized me — the sound would be heard by a neighbor! The old man's hour had come! With a loud yell, I threw open the lantern and leaped into the room. He shrieked once — once only. In an instant I dragged him to the floor, and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then smiled gaily, to find the deed so far done. But, for many minutes, the heart beat on with a muffled sound. This, however, did not vex me; it would not be heard through the wall. At length it ceased. The old man was dead. I removed the bed and examined the corpse. Yes, he was stone, stone dead. I placed my hand upon the heart and held it there many minutes. There was no **pulsation**. He was stone dead. His eye would trouble me no more.

If still you think me mad, you will think so no longer when I describe the wise precautions I took for the concealment of the body. The night waned, and I worked hastily, but in silence. First of all I dismembered the corpse. I cut off the head and the arms and the legs.

I then took up three planks from the flooring of the chamber, and deposited all between the **scantlings**. I then replaced the boards so cleverly, so cunningly, that no human eye — not even his — could have detected any thing wrong. There was nothing to wash out — no stain of any kind — no blood-spot whatever. I had been too wary for that. A tub had caught all — ha! ha!

Vocabulary Check:

Vocabulary to pre-teach: enveloped, fury, furious, motionless, muffled, corpse, dismembered

I think *stimulates* means _____ because the narrator says _____.

The narrator puts his hand on the man's heart and feels no *pulsation*, so it probably _____ means _____.

I think *scantlings* probably means _____ because the narrator _____.

Reading Comprehension: How would you describe the relationship between the narrator and the old man?

Their relationship is _____ because _____.

The narrator says _____, but he also _____.

Style:

When the narrator is killing the old man, Poe uses _____ language like _____.

But when he hides the body, Poe's language becomes _____.

Word bank: emotional, intense, violent, calm, quiet, nervous, cold, scary, calculated, detailed

When I had made an end of these labors, it was four o'clock — still dark as midnight. As the bell sounded the hour, there came a knocking at the street door. I went down to open it with a light heart, — for what had I now to fear? There entered three men, who introduced themselves, with perfect suavity, as officers of the police. A shriek had been heard by a neighbor during the night; suspicion of foul play had been aroused; information had been lodged at the police office, and they (the officers) had been deputed to search the premises.

I smiled, — for what had I to fear? I bade the gentlemen welcome. The shriek, I said, was my own in a dream. The old man, I mentioned, was absent in the country. I took my visitors all over the house. I bade them search — search well. I led them, at length, to his chamber. I showed them his treasures, secure, undisturbed. In the enthusiasm of my confidence, I brought chairs into the room, and desired them here to rest from their fatigues, while I myself, in the wild audacity of my perfect triumph, placed my own seat upon the very spot beneath which **reposed** the corpse of the victim.

The officers were satisfied. My manner had convinced them. I was singularly at ease. They sat, and while I answered cheerily, they chatted of familiar things. But, ere long, I felt myself getting pale and wished them gone. My head ached, and I fancied a ringing in my ears: but still they sat and still chatted. The ringing became more distinct: — it continued and became more distinct: I talked more freely to get rid of the feeling: but it continued and gained definitiveness — until, at length, I found that the noise was not within my ears.

No doubt I now grew very pale; — but I talked more fluently, and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased — and what could I do? It was a low, dull, quick sound — much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I gasped for breath — and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly — more **vehemently**; but the noise steadily increased. I arose and argued about trifles, in a high key and with violent gesticulations; but the noise steadily increased. Why would they not be gone? I paced the floor to and fro with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observations of the men — but the noise steadily increased. Oh God! what could I do? I foamed — I raved — I swore! I swung the chair upon which I had been sitting, and grated it upon the boards, but the noise arose over all and continually increased. It grew louder — louder — louder! And still the men chatted pleasantly, and smiled. Was it possible they heard not? Almighty God! — no, no! They heard! — they suspected! — they knew! — they were making a **mockery** of my horror! — this I thought, and this I think. But anything was better than this agony! Anything was more tolerable than this derision! I could bear those hypocritical smiles no longer! I felt that I must scream or die! — and now — again! — hark! louder! louder! louder! louder! —

“Villains!” I shrieked, “dissemble no more! I admit the deed! — tear up the planks! — here, here! — it is the beating of his hideous heart!”

Vocabulary Check:

Vocabulary to pre-teach: suavity, suspicion, premises, triumph, gesticulations, derision

I think *repose* means _____, because the narrator says _____.

Vehemently means _____ because the narrator is speaking _____.

I think *mockery* means _____ because the narrator thinks the police _____.

Reading Comprehension:

The narrator confesses because he feels _____.

One reason he admits the crime is _____.

Word bank: guilty, nervous, pressure, heartbeat, noise, mocked, fear, overwhelmed

Style:

Poe repeats the words _____ and _____ to show that the narrator is _____.

The repetition makes the narrator sound _____.

In the beginning I thought _____, but now I think _____.

Discussion Questions:

→ Answer the following questions in complete sentences and provide evidence from the text to support your answers.

1. Is the narrator reliable or unreliable?

- I think the narrator is reliable because _____.
- I think the narrator is unreliable because _____.
- One example that shows this is when the narrator says “_____.”

2. How does Poe use imagery to appeal to the reader's five senses? What impact does this have on the reader?

- Poe uses imagery of (sight/sound/touch/smell/taste) when he says “_____.”
- The appeal to the reader's sense of _____.
- The impact on the reader is that it makes them feel _____.

3. Provide examples of how Poe describes both the eye and the heart literally and figuratively.

- The eye is described literally as “_____.”
- The eye is described figuratively as “_____.”

4. Describe the following elements of a story in the context of “The Tell-Tale Heart”:

- The setting:

The story takes place in _____.

The setting is _____.

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c. Character(s):

The main characters are _____ and _____.

d. Plot:

First _____. Then _____. Finally, _____.

e. Conflict:

The conflict is _____.

The narrator struggles with _____.

The narrator feels _____.

f. Theme(s):

One theme of the story is _____.

5. Using the above elements of a story, write a summary of “The Tell-Tale Heart”.