

Alternate ending to The Cask of Amontillado...

My mind had been a foggy mess, but it finally started clearing up... if only it hadn't. I didn't exactly know what was going on when the room went pitch black. What I did know was that I didn't like it one bit. Reality hit within 5 seconds of the eerie silence that followed the unsettling darkness. The alcohol was slowly starting to wear off, allowing my senses to creep their way back in.

I could now feel the cold iron cuffs around my bare wrist, letting my hand hang just below my shoulder. There was cool water trickling down the wall beside me, sending a chill down my spine. The air smelled of old dust that hadn't been moved around for a very very long time, it was musty and earthy. The room felt dry and heavy. My tongue felt dry, begging for more of the glorious taste of my dear beloved alcohol. I wanted to cry for help but my throat would never allow me. It was too tight and dry from the dry and dusty air. I also knew that there was no point since I could no longer hear the sounds of a betrayer's steps, thumping away. Away from his crimes. Away from his heartless actions.

How could he do this to me? I may have said some not so good things about the Montresor family line, but I only did it for the reputation and legacy of my own Fortunato name. It was all in good faith... kind of.

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I don't know how long I've been standing here for. Could be minutes, could be hours, but it's been long enough for my feet to start throbbing and my legs to ache and start shaking. I have nothing to sit on, and if I try to sit, my hand is chained up too high so it would pull my arm out of its socket and I would be in more pain than I already am.

What was the point anyways? What do I have to live for now? I know for a fact that Montresor is never coming back to give me food, or to free me from this hell hole, so why bother rotting here until I die.

I have water, but no food, so I'm going to die in 3 weeks anyways. Why trouble myself waiting that long, letting the hours bleed into days, slowly drawing closer and closer to my death day. I can't wait that long. I would go insane! I know what I have to do...

I muster all the energy I can to stand on my toes, allowing enough of the chain to wrap around my neck once. The icy metal touching my exposed skin on my neck sent shivers over my entire body. I remind myself to take a moment and steady my breathing. I close my eyes and try not to think of anything. The immense pain about to hit me. The numbness in my brain. The fact that I no longer feel any emotions. No sadness, no grief, no fear... nothing.

I quickly lift both of my feet from the hard ground, saying my final goodbye to a cruel cruel world.