

Fortunato

“Fortunato!” Montresor’s despicable, gloating voice called out, “Fortunato.”

I moaned, a slow pathetic sound. The realization sunk in, painfully and slowly. Montresor had betrayed me. He forced the last stone into position, and instantly all thought of light was sapped from the tiny room I was trapped in. I could hear his footsteps retreating, back to his castle. Maybe he would come back for me, one small part of me grasped onto hope. No, he would not. Deep down I knew it. But still...

“Montresor!” I called out into the darkness. My scream was futile, bouncing off the cold stone.

“Montresor! Montresor!!” I screamed until I could no more, until my voice was hoarse and faint.

I desperately pulled at my chains and kicked against the wall, to no avail. There was no shape to my cries anymore, it was mere empty breath. I slumped as I realized that I had so few left. This could not be the end, could it? I was not ready to die! How long had I been down here? The darkness was laughing at me, the alcohol in my head still pounded. Chills took over my body, grabbing me and shaking the last bits of life out. I closed my eyes. All I could see was Montresor’s gloating smile, gleaming against my lids. He laughed and laughed, laughed and laughed. I growled and rasped and thrashed against the stone.

“Montresor!” my voice was indistinguishable, swallowed by the echoes of dripping water. Ooo, how I hated him. How I hated his disgusting leer, his wimpy frame, his slicked-back greasy hair, and his slimy mannerisms. I clenched my unchained fist and bashed it against the wall until I could feel warm blood dripping down my silk sleeves. The pain fueled my hatred, and my self-disgust. The flames of it consumed me completely. Oooo how I hated him and his miserable existence!

I should’ve known better than to ever believe that lying slimeball.

Amontillado, my arse!

I fell against the cold stone and sobbed. I would never leave this room. How much longer did I have? How much longer to suffer and slowly fade to nothing?

I sobbed until I could no more. My eyelids began to droop. Suspended by my chained hand, I fell into a restless, fitful sleep.

I do not know how long I slept. How long I faded in and out, in and out of nightmares and my living nightmare. My stomach clawed its way into my throat, my dry, sandy throat. It begged for even one drop of sustenance. What I wouldn’t give for one flask of wine, just one.

Who was I kidding? I had nothing left to give other than my life. I was afraid. I was afraid to die, I was afraid to continue living in this hell. I could feel myself beginning to fade, pieces of myself were drifting away. My character left first, then my sanity. And Montresor haunted me. Oh, how he haunted me. His cackles surrounded me. I heard them everywhere. The air reeked of the stench of his wine and death, and human excrement. I could taste it on my tongue, a foul taste. My bones ached, my muscles gave out. I was so weary of living. I begged for death to come. My fear was consumed by a desperation to flee this living hell. Still, I faded in and out of consciousness. I knew it, when death finally came. I welcomed her into the room, and allowed her to take me away. She lifted me out and away swiftly when she came. All that was left behind was my bones and the fresh scratches in the wall.

Montresor.