

Life of fortunato and montresor in the cask of amontillado

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“ The thousands injuries of Fortunato I had borne as I best could, but when he ventured upon insult I vowed revenge.” (p. 61) Montresor said the morning he decided to do the dreaded task of removing Fortunato from society. There could be numerous reasons for this thinking, but the central one will be explained.

All of the mayhem and the drama started years and years ago when the two gentlemen were friends. In their youthful years, the two shared everything. Ranging from pranks to jokes and from jokes to obsessions. The two were inseparable. They were the best of friends. But while one thing lead to another when Fortunato decided to mimic off of Montresor’s dream of being someone in society. Fortunato started to do everything Montresor did but three times better. He made everything they did a challenge. After a while, Montresor became very enraged with anger. He didn’t bother to confront him due to the fact that would make him look bad in society’s eyes.

Months and months went by and the two haven’t talked in forever. The talking and drama still continued. He was so upset and engorged with it he decided to drop out of one of the best academies the 1800’s could offer and go to Italy.

Years after dropping out, Montresor became one of the richest men alive. He had it all, great wine, a mansion, and power in society. But he still wasn’t happy. His wife had left him two years prior and left him depressed. This added onto the stress he already had from Fortunato. He started to go crazy, stating his fellow politicians. And a year after that, he was removed from his power in society. All he had now to make him happy was the house and the

wine. He started to fall into a deep depression and felt that the only cure was to kill Fortunato. That maybe it would end his chain of 'so called' bad luck. Montresor looked into his plan deeper. He went around the little Italian city to see if there was any information on him, he asked the local officers if they knew anything. And finally after months, he found out that he was coming to town this up-coming weekend. He started to figure out his plan.

Now being the end of the week, Montresor was ready to follow through. And to his knowledge he knew he had a weak point: he liked the taste of wine a little much for society's liking. (p. 62.)

It was about dusk when he met up with Fortunato. He greeted Montresor with excessive warmth. He had been drinking. He's already one step ahead. (p. 62.) He stated, "My dear Fortunato, you are luckily met. How remarkably well you are looking today. But I have received a pipe of what passes for Amontillado, and I have my doubts." (p. 62.) Fortunato starts to question and Montresor starts to lose his composure. But he shapes up and stands strong. And after a bit of conferencing, Montresor finally convinced Fortunato to come back to the vault. When he does, he forces Fortunato onto the wall so he can chain him to it. (p. 66.) As he links the final chains together, Montresor can't help but think if he really wants to do this. He hesitates for a minute and decides to continue. He steps away and looks at his plan coming together perfectly. He is very happy with himself. He gets out his trowel and begins to wall up the entrance to the vault. (p. 66.) Tier by tier, he starts to block off part of the entrance when he hears the sound of the chains. It lasted for a couple of minutes, giving him most of his joy. When the noise

stopped, he went back to sealing up the wall. When he was on his last one, Fortunato started to talk. Montresor stopped.

“ Ha! Ha! Ha! - he! he! he! - a very good joke, indeed - and excellent jest. We will have many a rich laugh about it at the palazzo - he! he! he! - over our wine - he! he! he!” Montresor commented, “ The Amontillado.” And Fortunato continues with his little ‘ joke’. After another reply, he was waiting for Fortunato to say something. But he didn’t. Montresor repeated himself, hoping he just couldn’t hear him. Still no reply. Montresor laid up the last brick and walked away. He did it. He finally relived his stress. He was free. Free of the pain and suffering he went through for years, and now he’s free. As he walks away he says “ In pace requiescat!” (p. 68)