



HARVEST

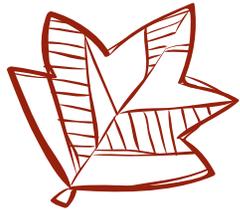
ACTIVITIES



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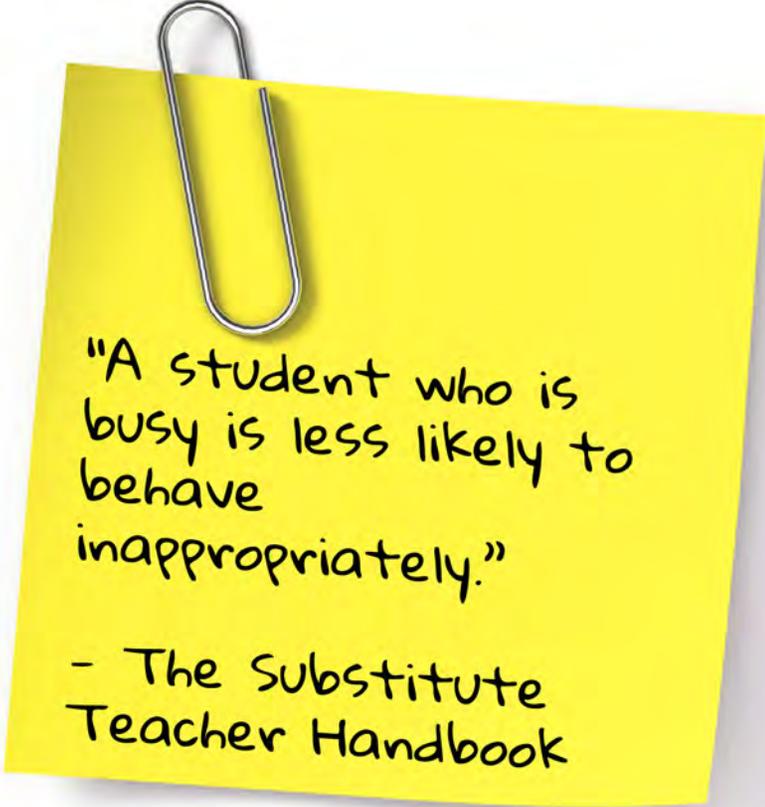
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Harvest Activities



This ebook shares ideas for fun harvest time activities to be implemented as a reward, encourage students to get their work done, and help keep students engaged until the bell rings. Each of these activities are ideas that can be adapted to fit your unique situation.

Enjoy!

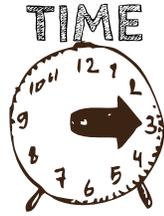


"A student who is busy is less likely to behave inappropriately."

- The Substitute Teacher Handbook

Group Charades

objective: Students will participate in a fun activity that involves pretending.



10-15 Minutes

Grade Level: 4-12

Materials and Resources:

List of words (see attached)

Instructions:

1. Group Charades is a fun twist on the typical game of Charades. Rather than one person acting out a word, all but one person will be trying to act out the word.
2. There are options for playing Group Charades.

Option A: Each team only tries to guess one word at a time.

Option B: Each team tries to guess as many words as possible in a designated amount of time.

3. Have one student in the group face the other direction while everyone else in their group looks at the selected word.
4. When the student reenters the room, the others act out the word they were given until the individual guesses correctly.

5. Repeat the process until time is out or all of the words have been acted out.
6. The team with the most points at the end wins the Academy Award for "Best Ensemble Cast."

Tips for Successful Implementation

For students who have never played Charades before, review the rules and visual cues that are typically used in the game.



Cut out the following Halloween words for Group Charades

Mummy	Vampire	Pumpkin
Candy	Trick or Treat	Spider
Ghost	Cat	Boo
Witch	Broom	Caramel Apple
Frankenstein	Caldron	Skeleton
Cemetery	Goblin	Chainsaw
Spider web	Werewolf	Dracula
Haunted House	Tombstone	Cackle
Fangs	Monster	RIP
Cornstalk	Apple Cider	Donuts
Hocus Pocus	Abacadabra	Witches hat
Wand	Moonlight	Jack-O-Lantern
Zombie	Ninja	Lantern
Howl	Goose bumps	Fog

Thanksgiving Group Charades

America	Apple pie	Autumn
Family	Corn	Corn Stalk
Pilgrims	Holiday	Mayflower
Gravy	Turkey	Cornucopia
Dinner rolls	Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade	Turkey bowl
Green beans	Plymoth Rock	Yams
Mashed potatoes	Wassail	Leaves
Pumpkin pie	Wish bone	Stuffing
Cranberry sauce	Holiday	Native Americans
Freedom	Gratitude	Thanks
Bread	Ice cream	Squash
Massachusetts	Kernels	Harvest
Sweet potato	Friends	Blessings

Halloween Math

objective: Students will multiply, divide and practice computing with fractions.



Grade Level: K-12

Materials and Resources:

4x6 index cards

Instructions:

1. Students create a “Halloween Recipe” for a witch’s brew, using whatever yucky, imaginative ingredients they conjure up and lots of fractional amounts. Their recipe should serve 24 witches, to start. For example:

- $6 \frac{3}{4}$ cups swamp water
- $1 \frac{1}{2}$ tsp. frog slime
- 2 cups chopped bat wing
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. lizard lips
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup werewolf blood
- $1 \frac{3}{4}$ tsp. black cat whiskers
- 3 cups scorpion broth
- $2 \frac{1}{2}$ tsp. caterpillar fuzz
- 1 chopped toadstool
- Pinch of mummy dust

Stir well and simmer for 3 days. Serves 24 hungry witches. Students create the recipes and exchange them.

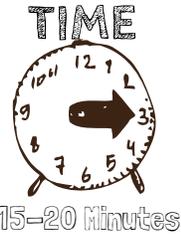
2. For more advanced or older students, have them modify the recipes to accommodate a different amount of servings. For example, they can calculate how much of each ingredient they would need to change the recipe to feed 12, 18, 36, or 48 witches—depending on the substitute’s instructions. You can specify multiplication or division or leave it to the students to figure the easiest way.
3. If your students are not to the level of working with fractions, you could modify this lesson and have them write recipes with whole numbers. They could take it a step further by adjusting the recipe for more people through addition or multiplication.

Tips for Successful Implementation

If you are short on time, you can come up with one standardized recipe beforehand. Then the students can practice modifying the size of the recipe from there, as described above.

Halloween Stories

objective: Students will create their own short stories using Halloween themes.



Grade Level: Varied

Materials and Resources:

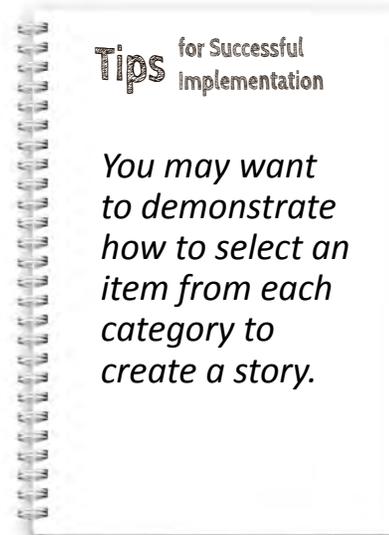
Paper and pencil for each student
White board

Instructions:

1. On the white board write the following grid:

Write a:	About:	Who:	
Horror Story	A scared	Ghost	Can't go "trick or treating"
Joke	A frightening	Mummy	Loves to carve pumpkins
Commercial	A nervous	Vampire	Gets lost in closet
Mad lib	A giggly	Pumpkin	Can't decide what his/her favorite candy is
Silly story	A mean	Witch	Can't decide what to be for Halloween

2. Tell students that they can pick any combination of items; one from each column. (You're welcome to change any of these options to fit your students.)
3. Give students a specific amount of time to work on their story. Tell them they must be writing the entire time.
4. If they complete one story and there is time left over, they must select another story to create.
5. Once the time is complete, have students share with a partner the stories they wrote.



Pumpkin Activities

objective: Students will predict length in centimeters, then measure the actual length.



Grade Level: 1-8

Materials and Resources:

White board to draw pumpkin and vines on or a poster of pumpkin and vines

Instructions:

1. The teacher will draw a large, simple pumpkin with three vines twisting around it.
2. Have each student guess the length of each vine in centimeters.
3. Students will then measure and record the actual length of each vine using a tape measure.

Tips for Successful Implementation

You may want to consider having the pumpkin drawn on a poster paper or individual papers for each student to have.

Pumpkin Size & Weight

objective: Students will practice their ability to estimate circumference and weight of different pumpkins.



Grade Level: Varied

Materials and Resources:

Pumpkins of different sizes
Scales
Measuring tapes

Instructions:

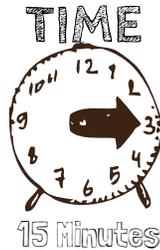
1. Place the different pumpkins on desks around the classroom.
2. Have students visit each pumpkin and write down their estimations of the circumference and weight of each pumpkin. Students can also guess the length of the stems and distance between the grooves.
3. Measure and weigh each of the pumpkins including the length of the stems.

Tips for Successful Implementation

You may want to consider taking time to review what circumference is. For older grades, students can find the average weight and circumference of the pumpkins in the class.

Pumpkin Stories

objective: Students will write a story that includes a pumpkin.



Grade Level: K-8

Materials and Resources:

Piece of paper and pencil for each student

Instructions:

1. The teacher will run a brainstorming session of all the uses of a pumpkin. For example:

Pumpkin pie
Pumpkin soup
Pumpkin seeds
Decoration
Carriage for Cinderella
Peter pumpkin eater's wife's home
Etc.
2. Have students pick one or two of the uses and write a story about it.
3. Students can then share their stories with one another.



Tips for Successful Implementation

When running a brainstorming session, be sure to discuss the DOVE rules:

- D - Don't judge others' ideas — evaluation comes later.
- O - Original and unconventional ideas are encouraged.
- V - Volume of ideas — as many as possible in time limit.
- E - Everyone participates.



Spider Art

objective: Students will learn to read a graph, listen to instructions, and draw a picture in the process.

Grade Level: Varied

Materials and Resources:

Pencil for each student

Graph for each student (see attached)

Instructions:

1. Tell students to follow each of your instructions exactly. By the end they will have created a surprise.
2. Read each of the directions as follows:
 - Color in blocks B5, C5, D5, E5, F5, G5, and H5 all of the way
 - Color in blocks E4, F4, and G4 all of the way
 - Color in blocks E6, F6, and G6 all of the way
 - Locate block B4. Place your pencil in the top right corner, draw a line diagonally to the bottom left corner of the block. Color everything to the right of the line.
 - Locate block C4. Place your pencil in the upper left corner and draw a line diagonally to the bottom right corner. Color everything to the right of the line.
 - Locate block B6. Place your pencil in the upper left corner; draw a line diagonally to the bottom right corner of the block. Color everything to the left of the line.
 - Locate block C6. Place your pencil in the upper right corner, draw a line diagonally to the bottom left corner of the block. Color everything to the left of the line.
 - Locate block D4. Place your pencil in the upper right



- corner, draw a line diagonally to the bottom left corner of the block. Color everything to the right of the line.
- Locate block D6. Place your pencil in the upper left corner, draw a line diagonally to the bottom right corner of the block. Color everything to the left of the line.
- Locate block H4. Place your pencil in the upper left corner, draw a line diagonally to the bottom right corner of the block. Color everything to the right of the line.
- Locate block H6. Place your pencil in the upper right corner, draw a line diagonally to the bottom left corner of the block. Color everything to the left of the line.
- Locate block D3. Place your pencil in the lower right corner, draw a line diagonally to the upper left corner. Keep drawing a straight line on the left side of block C3.
- Locate block D7. Place your pencil in the lower left corner, draw a line diagonally to the upper right corner. Keep drawing a straight line on the right side of block C7.
- Locate block E3. Place your pencil in the lower right corner, draw a straight line along the bottom of the block. Keep drawing diagonal lines through blocks E2 and D1.
- What blocks do you have to draw through to do the same thing on the other side?
- Locate block F3, place your pencil in the lower right corner. Draw a gradual sloped line to the top left corner of block E1.
- Draw the same thing on the other side.
- Place your pencil in the upper right corner of block H3, draw a diagonal line to the bottom left corner. Keep drawing a gradual diagonal line through block I3 and J4.
- Draw the same thing on the other side.
- What did we draw?

Tips for Successful Implementation

These instructions are for younger students. For older students, you may want to read the instructions in a random order to keep them guessing as to what the picture might be.

Spooky Poems

objective: Students will write a rhyming poem about Halloween.



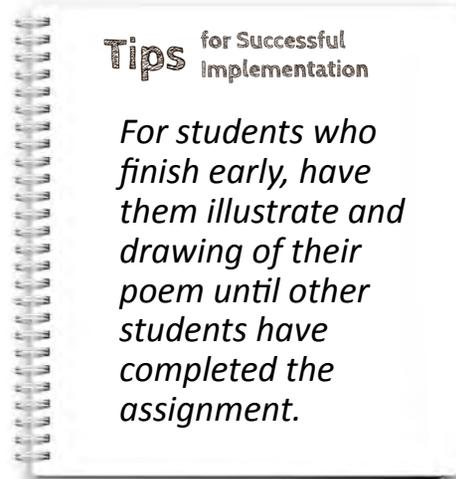
Grade Level: K-8

Materials and Resources:

Paper and pencil for each student

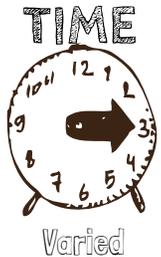
Instructions:

1. Have the students write a short rhyming poem about Halloween by writing 10 lines, with an A-B-A-B rhyme pattern. Lines one and three must rhyme, and lines two and four must rhyme. This pattern will continue for the rest of the poem.
2. Brainstorm with students a few words to use, such as "cat," "bat," "black" and "night." This exercise will allow students to think about phonetics and rhyme sounds.
3. If time allows, share some poems aloud with the class



Thanksgiving Blessings

objective: Students will identify blessings corresponding with the letters of the alphabet.



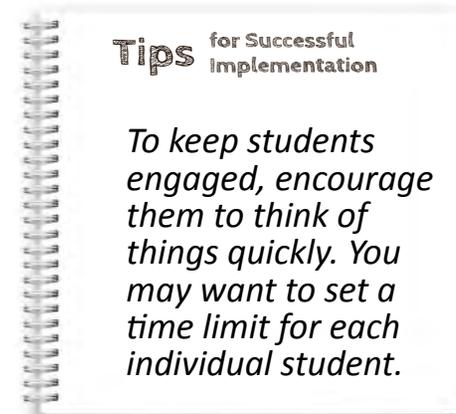
Grade Level: K-3

Materials and Resources:

None

Instructions:

1. All students sit in a circle.
2. The first player begins by saying something they are grateful for that starts with the letter "A."
3. The next student says something they are grateful for that starts with the letter "B" and so on.
4. When a player can't contribute something they are grateful for that starts with the right letter, they are dismissed from the game.



Thanksgiving Dinner Adjectives

objective: Students will think of adjectives that describe different aspects of Thanksgiving.

Grade Level: Varied

Materials and Resources:

Piece of paper and pencil for each student

Instructions:

1. Explain to students that they will be creating a concept map containing words associated with Thanksgiving and adjectives that describe them.
2. Conduct a brainstorming session of words that are related to Thanksgiving. For example:

Turkey
Cranberry sauce
Stuffing
Pumpkin pie
Chocolate mousse pie
Mashed potatoes
Gravy
Dinner rolls, etc.

3. Tell students that they will need to think of three different adjectives for each of the items found on the Thanksgiving dinner table.



Tips for Successful Implementation

For younger students, you can pre-draw the concept map and have them draw pictures of the Thanksgiving words and adjectives.

Thanksgiving Day

objective: Students will outline the events of their Thanksgiving Day.

Grade Level: Varied

Materials and Resources:

Piece of paper and pencil for each student

Instructions:

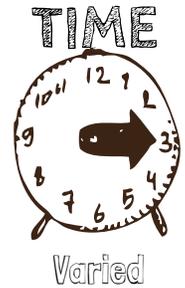
1. Ask students if they have any Thanksgiving traditions they are looking forward to.
2. Discuss how each family has their unique traditions and how we want to learn about each.
3. Explain to students that all of them are going to be creating their own flow charts describing the events of their Thanksgiving day.

For example:

Wake up → Eat cold cereal → Play a game of football with cousins →

Make placemats and name cards for each person attending → Help mom make the stuffing → Help make the deserts → etc.

4. Encourage students to make these detailed so they can compare with another student the different ways families celebrate holidays.
5. Have the students pair up with another classmate randomly and compare flowcharts with each other.
6. Come back together as a class and discuss some of the similarities and differences between traditions.



Tips for Successful Implementation

Pair students randomly to increase the chances that traditions will be unique within partnerships.

Thanksgiving Recipe Book

objective: Students will write down their favorite Thanksgiving recipe as best as they can remember.



Grade Level: Varied

Materials and Resources:

Piece of paper and pencil for each student

Instructions:

1. Ask students to share their favorite item off the Thanksgiving menu.
2. Inform students that we are going to be creating a recipe book of each of our favorite menu items.
3. Students will select one item and write the recipe title in the center of a piece of paper with their name underneath. They will then list the ingredients necessary followed by the directions. (You may want to distinguish for younger students the difference between each of these sections.)
4. Ask students to include a picture drawing at the bottom of the page.



Bonus Material:

Use If Desired

Following are a few short stories and a declaration for you to read and discuss with the students. You can either read them aloud or you may want to consider printing several copies for students to share and read as a small group activity.



By the President of the United States of America

A Proclamation

The year that is drawing towards its close, has been filled with the blessings of fruitful fields and healthful skies. To these bounties, which are so constantly enjoyed that we are prone to forget the source from which they come, others have been added, which are of so extraordinary a nature, that they cannot fail to penetrate and soften even the heart which is habitually insensible to the ever watchful providence of Almighty God. In the midst of a civil war of unequalled magnitude and severity, which has sometimes seemed to foreign States to invite and to provoke their aggression, peace has been preserved with all nations, order has been maintained, the laws have been respected and obeyed, and harmony has prevailed everywhere except in the theatre of military conflict; while that theatre has been greatly contracted by the advancing armies and navies of the Union. Needful diversions of wealth and of strength from the fields of peaceful industry to the national defense, have not arrested the plough, the shuttle or the ship; the axe has enlarged the borders of our settlements, and the mines, as well of iron and coal as of the precious metals, have yielded even more abundantly than heretofore. Population has steadily increased, notwithstanding the waste that has been made in the camp, the siege and the battle-field; and the country, rejoicing in the consciousness of augmented strength and vigor, is permitted to expect continuance of years with large increase of freedom. No human counsel hath devised nor hath any mortal hand worked out these great things. They are the gracious gifts of the Most High God, who, while dealing with us in anger for our sins, hath nevertheless remembered mercy. It has seemed to me fit and proper that they should be solemnly, reverently and gratefully acknowledged as with one heart and one voice by the whole American People. I do therefore invite my fellow citizens in every part of the United States, and also those who are at sea and those who are sojourning in foreign lands, to set apart and observe the last Thursday of November next, as a day of Thanksgiving and Praise to our beneficent Father who dwelleth in the Heavens. And I recommend to them that while offering up the ascriptions justly due to Him for such singular deliverances and blessings, they do also, with humble penitence for our national perverseness and disobedience, commend to His tender care all those who have become widows, orphans, mourners or sufferers in the lamentable civil strife in which we are unavoidably engaged, and fervently implore the interposition of the Almighty Hand to heal the wounds of the nation and to restore it as soon as may be consistent with the Divine purposes to the full enjoyment of peace, harmony, tranquillity and Union.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, this Third day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the Independence of the Unites States the Eighty-eighth.

By the President: Abraham Lincoln

William H. Seward,
Secretary of State

The Raven

By Edgar Allen Poe

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
'Tis some visitor,' I muttered, 'tapping at my chamber door -
Only this, and nothing more.'

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; - vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow - sorrow for the lost Lenore -
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels named Lenore -
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me - filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door -
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door; -
This it is, and nothing more.'

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
'Sir,' said I, 'or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you' - here I opened wide the door; -
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, 'Lenore!'
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, 'Lenore!'
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
'Surely,' said I, 'surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see then, what thence is, and this mystery explore -
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore; -
'Tis the wind and nothing more!'

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door -
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door -
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
'Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,' I said, 'art sure no craven.
Ghastly grim and ancient raven wandering from the nightly shore -
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!'
Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning - little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door -
Bird or beast above the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as 'Nevermore.'

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only,
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered - not a feather then he fluttered -
Till I scarcely more than muttered 'Other friends have flown before -
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before.'
Then the bird said, 'Nevermore.'

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
'Doubtless,' said I, 'what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore -
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore
Of "Never-nevermore."

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore -
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking 'Nevermore.'

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
'Wretch,' I cried, 'thy God hath lent thee - by these angels he has sent thee
Respite - respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!'
Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'

'Prophet!' said I, 'thing of evil! - prophet still, if bird or devil! -
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted -
On this home by horror haunted - tell me truly, I implore -
Is there - *is* there balm in Gilead? - tell me - tell me, I implore!'
Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'

'Prophet!' said I, 'thing of evil! - prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us - by that God we both adore -
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels named Lenore -
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels named Lenore?'
Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'

'Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!' I shrieked upstarting -
'Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! - quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!'
Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted - nevermore!

Tell-Tale Heart

By Edgar Allen Poe

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! He had the eye 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, 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 has 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.

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 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 had 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 simple dim ray, like the thread of the spider, shot from out the crevice and fell full 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.

And have I not told you that what you mistake for madness is but over-acuteness of the sense? --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 eve. 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 neighbour! 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!

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 neighbour 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 definiteness --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!"