



My Poe Story

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What could I do? It was not madness—it was the furthest from madness—it was pure sanity! The deed must be done, I had no other choice, I must execute the duke. The plan was to place a deadly poison in the duke's wine when he wasn't looking. But I had to be careful, the mansion would be surrounded by the royal guards.

The night was pitch black and an unsettled feeling rose from the ground, as if ghosts were trying to wake from the dead. The only sound heard was the occasional crow of the raven that seemed to pierce its way through the sky. I cautiously strolled along the damp path; my raven black hair tucked behind the gold-plated mask. I wore a long flowing gown, that shook in the perplexing breeze. With each step, the bottle of poison that was in my pocket bounced, and my heart jumped as if it had been struck by lightning. I had carefully placed knives in the soles of my boots in case the plan didn't succeed. No going back now. The duke stood in front of the steps, greeting the wealthy guests as they arrived in their exquisite gowns, masks, and trinkets. He dressed in the finest jewels across the country and laughed merrily as he spoke about the plight of the poor peasants that could not afford food or clothes. Dirty rats, he called us. How could he boast about something like that? He spoke about us, the peasants, as if we were merely a mistake in the world, something that should not even exist. Tonight would be his last. His last laugh. His last boast. The last time he ever thought to disgrace his own people.

I advanced gracefully and rapidly up the bronze stairs. The well-lit mansion gleamed in the moon's light. The hour struck midnight as the masquerade began. The duke danced, then drank, then danced again. I couldn't just deliberately kill him. There were too many guards. They surveyed the room with eyes like a hawk. I made my way through the dense crowd struggling to keep an eye on the duke. Within moments his broad figure was behind me.

"May I have this dance" he proposed.

His heavy, accented voice seemed to fill the room with an unsettling feel. Of course, I said yes, this would give me the opportunity to get close enough to him to accomplish the plan. We began a passive dance that gradually seemed to increase with each passing hour. Then came my odds, a wine supplier came to offer a drink. I had to do it now. Keeping my face expressionless, I cautiously slipped droplets of the toxin into the flaming mixture. The duke's eyes seemed to expand as he delicately consumed the drink. Then the effects of the deadly poison began. His mouth erupted with foam as the poison hit his throat. Within minutes blood streamed down his chest and goblet hit the floor, shattering at my feet. His face aghast with pain and horror. Nobody rushed to help, their faces still alight with trauma. The duke's veins started to bulge, as if they were attempting to flee their fate. But there was no retreating. There was a piece of what remains of the glass, still stuck to his blood enclosed hand. Guests gawked at the now deathly pale silhouette of the duke. Time seemed to pause as the duke's character crumpled to the ground. Where his malicious eyes had once been was gouged with the scarlet horror. He was dead.

Now the screaming began. It tore its way free from each one of the guests as each one fought their way to the exit. The guards surged forward, battling their way through the panicked crowd. They couldn't help the duke even if they tried. He was long gone. I had to depart fast. My sore legs nearly gave away as I sprinted towards the stairs leading to the roof. As I emerged on the rooftop, I realised that I felt no remorse towards the duke. Was this what madness felt like? I heard the guards' heavy footfalls as they strutted up the flights of stairs. I faintly descended the roof and ran into the pitch blackness of night. The sound of the faithful guards' yells faded in the wind. No one will ever know who killed the duke.