## THE TELL-TALE HEART <br> 

By Edgar Allan Poe

نوشته:
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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.

درسـت اسـت كـه عصـبى ام، خيلـى هــمر عصـبى ام، هميشــه بـوده ام و هســتمه امــا چرا من را ديوانه خطاب ميكنـى؟ ايــن بيمـارى، نـه تنهـا احساسـاتم را مختـل نكـرده بلكه به آن ها قـوت بخشــيده، امـا بيشـتر از همـه، شــنوايی را. مـن همـه صـداهايى را
 دقت كن كه با چه آرامشى مى توانم تمام داستان را برايت تعريف كنهم. 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.

يادم نمىآيد كه اين فكـر چــه زمـانى بـه ذهــنم رسـيده بـود، امـا زمـانى بـاور داشـتم كه شب و روززمــرا دنبـال مـى كـرد. وســيلهاى نبـود علاقــاى نبـود بـود مـن عاشـق آن پیيرمرد بودم هيج وقت به من بدى نكـرد هــيج وقـت تـوهينى بـهـ مــن نكـرد مـن هيج ميلـى بــه ثـروتش نداشـتم فكـر كــنم چشــم هـايش بـود آرى چشـــم هـايش. او
 بدنم به سردى مى كرايد. و به دلايلـى مــن تصـميم خـود را كرفتـه بـودم كـه جـان چيرمرد را بگیيرم و هميطور خودم را براى هميشه از آن چشممها خلاص كنم.

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.

حـال مسـئله اينجاسـت كـه تـو مـرا ديوانـه ميـدانى. مـرد ديوانـهاى كـه هــيزج نمـى



پيرمــرد، زمانيكــه مـى خواسـتم او را بكشـمم ، مهربــان تــر نبـودم. و هـر شـب حــدود نيمه شب، چفت درش چرخانـدم و بــه آرامـى بـازش كــردم، وقتـى بــه انـدازه سـرم در را بــاز كــردم، يـــ فـانوس خــاموش را در اتـاق قــرار دادم. همــه جــا بســته بـود، بسته، به گونه ای كه هيج نورى نمايـان مـى شــد و همــان موقـع بـود كـه مـن سـرم را فـرو بـردم. آه! حتمــاً بــه مـن مـى خنديــدى اگـر مـى ديــدى كــه چگگونـه زیر كانـهـ سرم را فرو بـردم! سـرم را خيلـى آرام، بــه گونـهاى كــه مـزاحم خـواب پیرمـرد نشـود، جابجــا كــردم. يـــ ســاعت وقـت مــرا گرفـت تـا تمـامى سـرم را درون روزنـه جــا كردم، تـا بتـوانم پيرمـرد را همیچنـان كــه روى تخـت خــود بــه آرامـى خوابيــده بـود، ببينهم. چگونه يكـ ديوانــه اينگگونـه عاقلانـه عمــل ميكنــن، و زمـانى كــه در اتـاق بـودم، در فــانوس را بســيار محتاطانــه بــه خــاطر لولاهــاى چروكيــده اش، در حــدى كــه باريكــه از آن روى چشــمان آن لاشـخور صـفت افتـاد، بــاز كــردم. و ايــن كــار را بــه مــدت هفـت شـب، حــدود نيمــه شـب انجــام دادم، امــا هميشــه چشــمانش را بســته يافته، و به همين دليل غيرممكن بـود كـه بتـوانم كــار را يكسـره كــنم چــرا كـه خــود پيرمـرد نبــود كــه مــرا خمشــگین ميكــرد، بلكــه آن چشــمهاى پليـــش بــود. و هــر صـبح، زمــانى كــه روز مـى شكسـت، جسـورانه بــه سـمت اتـاق خـوابش مـى رفــتم و دليرانه بــا اوصـحبت مـى كـردم، دربـاره اينكـهـ چگَونـه شـبش را گذرانــده بـود سـوال مى كـردم. بنــابراين مـى ديـدى كـه او پيرمـردى زرف و عميـق بــود، آنقــدر زرف كـهـ شـك كنـد هرشـب، درسـت در سـاعت 「| بـه او درحـالى كـه خــواب بـود نگگـاه مـى

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.

در شـبـ هشـتم بــيش از هميشــه در بــاز كــردن در احتيـاط مــى كــردم، حر كـت عقربه هاى دقيق شمار از مـن سـريعتر بـود. هــيج وقـت قبـل از ايـن شـبـ از وسـعت



 به سمت ديگر تخت جا به جا شد بـه كونـه كـه فكـر كـردم از وحشـت از جـاى خـود


 يكنواخت بـه فشــار دادن آن ادامـه مــى دادم. سـرم را داخــل كـردم و داشــتم فــنـوس


 همـين حــال او نيـز دراز نكشــيده بـود. هنــوز بيــدار بــود و گــوش مــى داد، درسـت
 ميدادم.

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.

اخيرا فريـادى ضــيعيف را شـنيدم و ميدانسـتم كـه آن فريـاد وحشـت ابــدى بـود نـه فريادى از رنـج و عـذا. اه نـه، آن صـدايى خفـه، از تـهـ روحـى بـود كـه بـيش از حــد وحشت كرده بود، و من آن صــدا را بـه خــوبى ميشـناختم. هـر شـب، درسـت قبـل از نيمه شب، وقتى كـه تمـام دنيـا در خـواب بـود، آن صــدا از سـينه ام بـالا مــى آمــد و بـا پـرْواكى واحشـتناكش در وجـودم ريشـه مـى دوانــ، وحشـت هـايیى كـه حواسـم را پـرت ميكـرد. ميدانســتم، بــه خــوبى ميدانســتم كــه، آن پیيرمـرد چــه حسـى دارد و برايش احسـاس تاسـف مـى كـردم، اگـر چــه از تـهـ دل لبخنــد ميـزدم. از زمــانى كـهـ آن صـداى خفــه را شــنيد و بـهـ تخـتـش بر گشــت ميدانســتم كــه بيـدار اسـت. از آن زمــان تــرس هـايش داشـتند بـر او غلبــه مــى كردنــد. او داشـت تــلاش ميكـرد تــا وحشت هـايش را بــدون دليـل تصـور كنــد امـا نمـى توانسـت. او داشـت بـه خـودش مى گفت (( چچيزى نيسـت، فقـط بـاد دودكـش بـود/ فقـط يكـح مـوش بـود كـه روى كـف اتـاق عبـور ميكـرد.)) يــا (( فقـط يــى جيرجيـرك كــود كـه از خـودش صــدا در مى آورد.)) بله او در تــلاش بـود تـا خـودش را بـا ايـن شـبههه هـا آرام كنــد. امــا همـهـ اش را بيهوده يافت. چرا كه مرگى كــه نزديـــ او امـى شــد، بـا سـايه سـياهش رو بــه روى او گيــر كــرده بــود و قربــانى را پوشــانده بــود. و آن ســايه غيرقابـــل در ك، تاثيرى سوگوارانه بر او گذاشت كه باعـث شــد (اگـر چــه او نـه صـدايم را شـنيده بـود و نه مرا ديده بود) وجود سرم را در اتاق حس كند.

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.

وقتى كه زمـان زيـادى، صـبورانه، بــدون اينكـه بشــنوم او دراز كشـيده منتظـر مانــدم،

 كركس صفت افتاد. چشمانش باز بـود، و مـن هر چــه بيشـتر بــه آن هـا نَــاه ميكـردم عصبانى تر مى شـدم. مـن بــا وضـوح كامــل چشــمانش را ديــدم، چشــمانى آبـى تيـره

با يك نقـاب مسـخخره دورش كــه بـا خيـره شــن بــه آن اسـتخوان بــه اسـتخوان بــدم يخ ميزد. اما من چيـزى جـز صـورت يــا شخصـيت آن پیيرمـرد نمـى ديــدم، زيـرا مـن آن اشعه كم نـور را از روى غريـزه بــر روى آن نقطـه نفـرين شــده هـدايت كـردم. آيـا من به تو نگفتـهـ بـودم آنچـهـه كـه تـو بـا ديـوانگیى اشـتباه گرفتـه بـودى يـــ ذكـاوت بـيش از حــد اســت؟ حــال ميگــويم، صــدايى ضــيف، تاريــــ و ســريع را شــنيدم، چچيـزى ماننــد صــدايى كــه يــك سـاعت پوشـيده شــده در كتـان ايجــاد ميكنــد، آرى آن صدا را خوب مى شناختمه، صـداى تــشش قلـب پپيرمـرد. و همـين صــدا خشـمر مـرا افـزايش ميــداد همــانطورى كـه صــداى تبــل ســربازان را بــه شـهعامت تحريــــ مــى

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.

اما با اين حال، من هنوز بـى حر كـت ايسـتاده بـودم و بــه سـختى نفـس مـى كشـــيدم
 تـا ســيّهد دم نگـه دارم. در همــين حــال ضـربان قلـب جهنمـى پيرمـرد افـزايش

 بله واقعـا مصـطربه. و حـالا در واپپــين لحظــات شـب، در ميـان سـكوت آن خانـه ى

قديمى، صـدايى عجيـب مـرا بــه وحشـت غيرقابـل وصـفى دچـار كـرد، بـا ايـن حـال

 حـالا اصـطراب جديــدى مــرا دربركرفـت. همسـايه هــا مــى توانسـتنتد صــايش را

 لحظـهـ او را روى كـف كشـيدم و تخـت ســنگين را رويـش كشـاندم و آن زمـان بــود كه با خوشـحالى خنديـدم چــرا كــه كـار تقريبـا تمـام بـود. امـا بـراى دقـايق طــولانى



 هيج ضربانى حس نمى شد. او مرده بود. ديگر چشممهايش مرا نمى رنجاندند.

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.

اگر هنـوز گَمـان ميكنـى كـه ديوانـه ام، ديگـر چنــين فكـر نمـى كنـى اگَـر اقـدامات
 شب به آخـر رسـيد و مـن عجولانـه امـا در سـكوت كــارم را انجـام دادم. اول از همــه، تمامى اعضـاى بــنش را از هـمـ جــدا كـردم. سـر، بازوهـا و پاهـا را قطـع كـردم. بـــد سه عدد الـوار را از كـف اتـاق بلنـد كـردم و آن هـا را روى بــاقى مانــده جســد نهـادم.


 وان حمام همه را كرفتـه بـود. وقتـى كـهـ بــه ايـن رنـج هـا پايـان دادم، سـاعت پهـار بامداد بود، هنوز هوا مانند نيمـه شـب تاريـــ بـود. وقتـى كـه زنـــى سـاعت بــه صــا درآهـد. صـداى تـق تقـى از در اصـلى آمــد. بـا دلـى روشـن بــه سـمت بـاز كـردن در رفتم. اكنون بايـد از چـهـ چیـيـز مـى ترسـيدم؟ سـه مـرد كـهـ خودشـان را بــا ملايمـت كامــل، مـاموران پلـيس معرفـى كردنــد. هنگـام شـب همسـايه را صــاى فريـادى را

 خنديـدم، از چــه چیيـز بايــد ميترسـيدم؟ بــه مــاموران خوشـامد كفـتمه. بـه مــاموران كفتم كه آن فرياد، فرياد مـن بـود كـه در خـواب زدم. پيرمـردى كـه اشــاره كـردم در

خارج از كشـور بـود. بـه ميهمانـان همـهـ جـاى خانـه را نشـان دادم. آن هـا را تشـويق



 كذاشتم كه زيرش بقاياى جسد قربانى را قرار داده بودم.

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!

مــاموران راضـى شــدند. و رفتـارم متقاعــد شـان كـرده بـود. بــه طــرز عجيبـى در آرامش بودم. آن هـا نشسـتـند و همزمــان مـن بـا لبخخــد جـواب ميـدادم. آنهـا دربـاره


ريريـدگى كـردم، خواسـتم كـهـ برونــد. سـرم درد ميكـرد، احســاس كـردم صــايـى در



 واضح تر صحبت مى كردم. بـا ايـن حـال هنـوز صــدا بلنـدتر مـى شــن، صـدايیى سـريع



 و محكـم روى كـف اتـاق قــدم ميـزدم، امــا همحنـــان صــدا بيشـتر و بيشــتر ميشــد. خـدايا چــه كـار مىتوانسـتم بكــنم؟ دهــانم كــف آورد، ديوانـه شــدم، ناسـزا كفــتم.






 تحمل تر از ايـن تمسـخر بـود. ديگـر نمـى توانســتم آن خنــدههاى متظـاهر را تحمــل

كنم. حس كردم يا بايد داد بزنم يــا بميـرم. امــا اكنـون هــم بـاز صــدا بيشـتر و بيشـتر ميشد، بيشتر و بيشتر.
"Villains!" I shrieked, "dissemble no more! I admit the deed! --tear up the planks! here, here! --It is the beating of his hideous heart!"

 (اوست)

