

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S

THE PIT and the

PENDULUM



HAND MADE HEROES
FILM & TELEVISION

LIMITED DIGITAL
EDITION 2011

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Bravo!FACT

The Pit and the Pendulum film produced with a Bravo!FACT foundation to assist Canadian talent grant, supported by Bravo!NewStyleArtsChannel, a division of CHUM Limited



The Pit and the Pendulum film produced with the support of NFB Filmmaker Assistance Program, Animation Studio

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IMPIA TORTORUM LONGOS HIS TURBA FURORES
SANGUINIS INNOCUI, NON SATIATA, ALUIT.
SOSPITE NUNC PATRIA, FRACTO NUNC FUNERIS ANTRO,
MORS UBI DIRA FUIT VITA SALUSQUE PATENT.

I WAS SICK...
SICK UNTO DEATH WITH
THAT LONG AGONY...



WHEN THEY AT LENGTH
UNBOUND ME, AND I WAS
PERMITTED TO SIT,
I FELT THAT MY
SENSES WERE LEAVING
ME, THE SENTENCE--
THAT DREAD SENTENCE
OF DEATH-- WAS THE
LAST DISTINCT ACCENTUATION
WHICH REACHED MY EARS.

AFTER THAT, THE
SOUND OF INQUISITIONAL
VOICES SEEMED MERGED
INTO ONE DREAMY
INDETERMINATE HUM.



IT CONVEYED TO MY SOUL
THE IDEA OF *REVOLUTION*--
PERHAPS FROM IT'S
ASSOCIATION IN FANCY WITH
THE BURR OF A MILL WHEEL.

THIS ONLY FOR A BRIEF
PERIOD; FOR PRESENTLY I
HEARD NO MORE.

I SAW THE LIPS OF THE
BLACK-ROBED JUDGES.
THEY APPEARED TO ME WHITE--
AND THIN EVEN TO
GROTESQUENESS, THIN
WITH THE INTENSITY
OF THEIR EXPRESSION
OF FIRMNESS--

OF IMMOVABLE RESOLUTION--
OF STERN CONTEMPT FOR
HUMAN TORTURE.



BANG!



BANG!



BANG!

THE DECREES OF WHAT TO ME WAS FATE
WERE STILL ISSUING FROM THOSE LIPS.

I SHUDDERED BECAUSE
NO SOUND SUCCEEDED.

SEVEN TALL CANDLES STOOD UPON THE TABLE,
AT FIRST THEY WORE THE ASPECT OF CHARITY,
AND SEEMED WHITE AND SLENDER ANGELS
WHO WOULD SAVE ME;



BUT THEN, ALL AT ONCE, THERE CAME A MOST
DEADLY NAUSEA OVER MY SPIRIT...
WHILE THE ANGEL FORMS BECAME MEANINGLESS
SPECTRES, WITH HEADS OF FLAME.





VOS ES REPROBO UT CARCER.
ILLIC VOS NOS SPECTO PORRO ANIMADVERTO OF VESTRI

TENTATIO QUOD RATIO OBVIAM VOS...



FROM THEM THERE WOULD BE NO HELP.



WHAT...?



...AND THEN THERE STOLE INTO MY
FANCY, LIKE A RICH MUSICAL NOTE,
THE THOUGHT OF WHAT SWEET
REST THERE MUST BE IN
THE GRAVE.

THE THOUGHT CAME GENTLY
AND STEALTHILY,
AND IT SEEMED LONG
BEFORE IT ATTAINED
FULL APPRECIATION; BUT
JUST AS MY SPIRIT
CAME AT LENGTH
PROPERLY TO FEEL
AND ENTERTAIN IT...



THE FIGURES OF THE JUDGES
VANISHED, AS IF MAGICALLY
FROM BEFORE ME;
THE TALL CANDLES
SANK INTO NOTHINGNESS;
THEIR FLAMES WENT OUT
UTTERLY...

THE BLACKNESS OF DARKNESS
SUPERVENED; ALL SENSATIONS
APPEARED SWALLOWED
UP IN A MAD RUSHING
DESCENT AS OF THE SOUL
INTO HADES.



SLAM!!

THEN SILENCE, AND STILLNESS,
NIGHT WERE THE UNIVERSE.

I HAD SWOONED;

BUT STILL WILL NOT SAY THAT ALL
CONSCIOUSNESS WAS LOST. WHAT OF IT
THERE REMAINED I WILL NOT ATTEMPT
TO DEFINE, OR EVEN TO DESCRIBE;

YET ALL WAS NOT LOST.

IN THE DEEPEST SLUMBER--NO!

IN DELIRIUM-- NO!

IN DEATH-- NO!

**EVEN IN THE GRAVE...
ALL IS NOT LOST.**

AFTER THIS I CALL TO MIND
FLATNESS AND DAMPNESS; AND THEN
ALL IS MADNESS -- THE MADNESS OF A
MEMORY WHICH BUSIES ITSELF AMONG
FORBIDDEN THINGS.



.....UUUUUUUUUUHHH -- HHHH -- HUUHH.....

VERY SUDDENLY THERE CAME BACK TO MY SOUL MOTION AND SOUND -- THE TUMULTUOUS BEATING OF MY HEART AND, IN MY EARS, THE SOUND OF IT'S BEATING. THEN A PAUSE IN WHICH ALL IS BLANK. THEN AGAIN SOUND, AND MOTION, AND TOUCH -- A TINGLING SENSATION PERVAING MY FRAME. THEN THE MERE CONSCIOUSNESS OF EXISTENCE, WITHOUT THOUGHT -- A CONDITION THAT LASTED LONG.

THEN, VERY SUDDENLY, THOUGHT AND SHUDDERING TERROR, AND EARNEST ENDEAVOR TO COMPREHEND MY TRUE STATE. THEN A RUSHING REVIVAL OF SOUL AND A SUCCESSFUL EFFORT TO MOVE. AND NOW A FULL MEMORY OF THE TRIAL, OF THE JUDGES, OF THE SENTENCE, OF THE SICKNESS, OF THE SWOON. AT LENGTH, WITH WILD DESPERATION AT HEART,

I QUICKLY UNCLOSED MY EYES

THE BLACKNESS OF ETERNAL NIGHT ENCOMPASSED ME!



I STRUGGLED FOR BREATH.



THE INTENSITY OF THE DARKNESS SEEMED TO OPPRESS ME AND STIFLE ME. I AT ONCE STARTED TO MY FEET, TREMBLING CONVULSIVELY IN EVERY FIBRE.

**I FELT NOTHING;
YET I DREADED TO
MOVE A STEP...**



**...LEST I SHOULD BE
IMPEDED BY THE WALLS
OF A **TOMB.****

ALL WAS BLACKNESS AND VACANCY.
I BREATHED MORE FREELY.
IT SEEMED EVIDENT THAT MIINE
WAS NOT, AT LEAST,
THE MOST HIDEOUS OF FATES.
WAS I LEFT TO PERISH OF STARVATION
IN THIS SUBTERANNEAN WORLD
OF DARKNESS; OR WHAT FATE,
PERHAPS EVEN MORE FEARFUL,
AWAITED ME?

THAT THE RESULT WOULD BE DEATH,
AND A DEATH OF MORE THAN
CUSTOMARY BITTERNESS. I KNEW
TOO WELL THE CHARACTER
OF THE JUDGES
TO DOUBT.



I PROCEEDED WITH
EXTREME CAUTION,
FOR THE FLOOR WAS
TREACHEROUS WITH SLIME.

I TOOK COURAGE,
AND DID NOT HESITATE
TO STEP FIRMLY;

I HAD ADVANCED SOME
TEN OR TWELVE PACES...

CRASH!

...AND FELL VIOLENTLY
ON MY FACE.

HUFF
HUFF

...HUU-NYHH...

KLANG!

THE PECULIAR SMELL OF DECAY
AROSE TO MY NOSTRILS.

I SHUDDERED TO FIND THAT
I HAD FALLEN AT THE BRINK
OF A CIRCULAR PIT,
WHOSE EXTENT OF COURSE,
I HAD NO MEANS OF ASCERTAINING
AT THE MOMENT...

THERE WAS THE CHOICE OF
DEATH WITH IT'S DIRECT AGONIES,
OR DEATH WITH IT'S MOST
HIDEOUS MORAL HORRORS...



I SAW CLEARLY THE
DOOM WHICH HAD
BEEN PREPARED
FOR ME.



I HAD BEEN RESERVED
FOR THE LATTER.

ANOTHER STEP, AND THE WORLD
HAD SEEN ME NO MORE.



THE DEATH JUST AVOIDED WAS OF
THAT VERY CHARACTER WHICH I HAD
REGARDED AS FABULOUS AND
FRIVOLOUS IN THE TALES RESPECTING
THE INQUISITION.



MY NERVES HAD
BEEN UNSTRUNG



I TREMBLED AT THE THE SOUND
OF MY OWN VOICE, AND HAD
BECOME IN EVERY RESPECT
A FITTING SUBJECT FOR THE
SPECIES OF TORTURE
THAT AWAITED ME.

SHAKING IN EVERY LIMB, I GROPED
MY WAY BACK TO THE WALL;
RESOLVING THERE TO PERISH
RATHER THAN RISK THE TERRORS
OF THE WELLS, OF WHICH MY
IMAGINATION NOW PICTURED MANY
IN VARIOUS POSITIONS ABOUT
THE DUNGEON.



IN OTHER CONDITIONS
OF MIND I MIGHT HAVE
HAD COURAGE TO
END MY MISERY AT ONCE
BY A PLUNGE INTO ONE
OF THESE ABYSSES;



BUT NOW I
WAS THE VERIEST
OF COWARDS.



NEITHER COULD I
FORGET WHAT I HAD
READ OF THESE PITS --



THE SUDDEN EXTINCTION
OF LIFE FORMED
NO PART OF THEIR
MOST HORRIBLE PLAN.



GLUG
GLUG

KACK

THINK



BURNING THIRST CONSUMED ME,
I EMPTIED THE VESSEL AT A DRAUGHT.

IT MUST HAVE BEEN DRUGGED;
FOR SCARCELY HAD I DRUNK,
BEFORE I BECAME
IRRESISTIBLY DROWSY.

A DEEP SLEEP FELL
UPON ME —

... A SLEEP LIKE THAT OF DEATH.

HOW LONG IT LASTED, I KNOW NOT-- BUT WHEN I UNCLOSED MY EYES, A WILD SULPHUROUS LUSTER, THE ORIGIN OF WHICH I COULD NOT AT FIRST DETERMINE, ENABLED ME TO SEE THE EXTENT AND ASPECT OF THE PRISON.

WHAT I HAD TAKEN FOR MASONRY SEEMED NOW TO BE IRON OR SOME OTHER METAL, IN HUGE PLATES, WHOSE SUTURES OR JOINTS OCCASIONED THE DEPRESSION.

THE ENTIRE SURFACE OF THIS METALLIC ENCLOSURE WAS RUDELY DAUBED IN ALL THE HIDEOUS AND REPULSIVE DEVICES TO WHICH THE CHARNEL SUPERSTITION OF THE MONKS HAS GIVEN RISE.

THE FIGURES OF FIENDS IN ASPECTS OF MENACE, WITH SKELETAL FORMS, AND OTHER MORE REALLY FEARFUL IMAGES, OVERSPREAD AND DISFIGURED THE WALLS. IN THE CENTRE YAWNED THE CIRCULAR PIT WHOSE JAWS I HAD ESCAPED.

IT WAS THE ONLY ONE IN THE DUNGEON.

I WAS SECURELY BOUND BY A LONGSTRAP RESEMBLING A SURCINGLE.

IT PASSED IN MANY CONVOLUTIONS ABOUT MY LIMBS AND BODY, LEAVING AT LIBERTY ONLY MY HEAD, AND MY ARM TO SUCH AN EXTENT THAT I COULD SUPPLY MYSELF WITH FOOD FROM AN EARTHEN DISH ON THE FLOOR.

I SAW, TO MY HORROR, THAT THE PITCHER HAD BEEN REMOVED.

I SAY TO MY HORROR; FOR I WAS CONSUMED WITH AN INTOLERABLE THIRST.



*I SURVEYED THE CEILING OF
MY PRISON.*

IN ONE OF IT'S PANELS A VERY
SINGULAR FIGURE, THAT OF
TIME AS HE IS COMMONLY
REPRESENTED, SAVE THAT, IN LIEU
OF A SCYTHE HE HELD WHAT I
PRESUMED TO BE THE PICTURED
IMAGE OF...

A HUGE PENDULUM...

...SUCH AS WE SEE ON ANTIQUE
CLOCKS. I FANCIED I SAW IT IN
MOTION; IT'S SWEEP WAS BRIEF...
*AND OF COURSE,
SLOW.*

I OBSERVED--

WITH WHAT *HORROR* IT IS NEEDLESS
TO SAY-- THAT IT WAS FORMED
OF A CRESCENT OF GLITTERING
STEEL, THE UNDER EDGE AS KEEN
AS THAT OF A *RAZOR.*

LIKE A RAZOR ALSO, IT SEEMED
MASSY AND HEAVY, AND THE WHOLE
HISSED AS IT SWUNG THROUGH THE
AIR. I COULD NO LONGER DOUBT
THE DOOM PREPARED FOR ME
BY MONKISH INGENUITY IN *TORTURE.*

I KNEW THAT SURPRISE, OR
ENTRAPMENT INTO TORTURE,
FORMED AN IMPORTANT PORTION
OF ALL THE GROTESQUERIE
OF THESE DUNGEON *DEATHS.*

EVEN AMID THE AGONIES OF THAT
PERIOD, THERE RUSHED
TO MY MIND A HALF-FORMED
THOUGHT OF JOY--
OF *HOPE.*

YET, WHAT BUSINESS HAD I WITH HOPE?

DOWN STILL UNCEASINGLY--
STILL INEVITABLY DOWN!
I SHRUNK CONVULSIVELY AT IT'S
EVERY SWEEP. IT WAS HOPE--
THE HOPE THAT TRIUMPHS ON
THE RACK-- THAT WHISPERS TO
THE DEATH-CONDEMNED EVEN
IN THE DUNGEONS OF
THE INQUISITION.

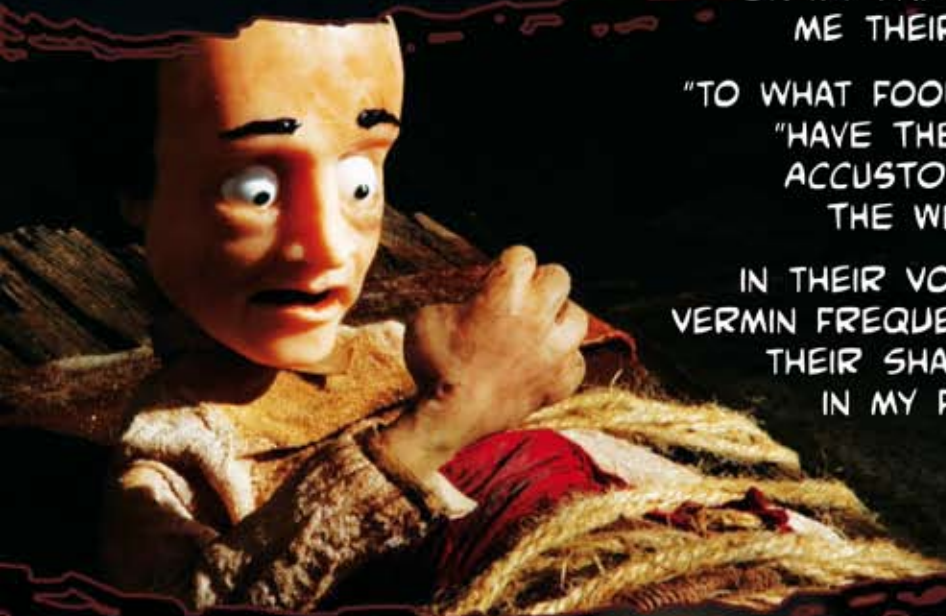
FOR MANY HOURS
THE IMMEDIATE VICINITY
OF THE LOW FRAMEWORK
UPON WHICH I LAY,
HAD BEEN LITERALLY
SWARMING WITH RATS...



THEY WERE WILD, BOLD,
RAVENOUS...THEIR RED EYES
GLARING UPON ME AS IF THEY
WAITED BUT FOR MOTIONLESSNESS
ON MY PART TO MAKE
ME THEIR PREY...

"TO WHAT FOOD," I THOUGHT,
"HAVE THEY BEEN
ACCUSTOMED IN
THE WELL"?

IN THEIR VORACITY THE
VERMIN FREQUENTLY FASTENED
THEIR SHARP FANGS
IN MY FINGERS.



WITH THE PARTICLES OF OILY
AND SPICY VIAND WHICH NOW
REMAINED, I THOROUGHLY
RUBBED THE BANDAGE
WHEREVER I COULD
REACH IT, THEN, RAISING
MY HAND FROM
THE FLOOR--

I LAY PERFECTLY STILL...





I HAD NOT COUNTED
ON THEIR VORACITY.

THEY SWARMED UPON ME IN EVER
INCREASING HEAPS. THEY WRITHED
UPON MY THROAT; THEIR COLD LIPS
SOUGHT MY OWN; I WAS HALF
STIFLED BY THEIR THRONGING
PRESSURE --

DISGUST,
FOR WHICH THE WORLD
HAS NO NAME, SWELLED MY BOSOM,
AND CHILLED, WITH A HEAVY
CLAMMINESS, MY HEART.

I PERCEIVED THE LOOSENING OF
THE BANDAGE -- I KNEW THAT IN
MORE THAN ONE PLACE IT MUST
BE ALREADY SEVERED. WITH
MORE THAN HUMAN RESOLUTION,
I LAY STILL....




*THE MOMENT OF ESCAPE
HAD ARRIVED!*

*AT A WAVE OF MY HAND, MY DELIVERERS
HURRIED TUMULTUOUSLY AWAY--
I SLID FROM THE EMBRACE
OF THE BANDAGE AND
BEYOND THE REACH OF
THE SCIMITAR!*




SHHHHAAAANNNGGGG



FREE! --AND IN THE GRASP OF THE INQUISITION!
THE HELLISH MACHINE CEASED AND I BEHELD
IT DRAWN UP, BY SOME INVISIBLE FORCE,
THROUGH THE CEILING. MY EVERY MOTION
WAS UNDOUBTEDLY WATCHED.

**FREE! -- I HAD ESCAPED
DEATH IN ONE FORM
OF AGONY, TO BE
DELIVERED UNTO
WORSE THAN DEATH
IN SOME OTHER.**



I BECAME AWARE, FOR
THE FIRST TIME, OF THE
ORIGIN OF THE
SULPHUROUS LIGHT
WHICH ILLUMINATED
THE CELL.

DEMON EYES, OF A WILD
AND GHASTLY VIVACITY,
GLARED UPON ME IN
A THOUSAND DIRECTIONS,
WHERE NON HAD BEEN
VISIBLE BEFORE, AND
GLEAMED WITH THE LURID
LUSTRE OF A FIRE THAT
I COULD NOT FORCE MY
IMAGINATION TO REGARD
AS UNREAL.

UNREAL!
EVEN WHILE I
BREATHED THERE CAME
TO MY NOSTRILS THE
BREATH OF THE VAPOUR
OF **HEATED IRON!**



I GASPED FOR BREATH!
THERE COULD BE NO
DOUBT OF THE
DESIGN OF MY
TORMENTORS --





I SHRANK FROM THE GLOWING METAL TO THE EDGE OF THE CELL.
AMID THE THOUGHT OF THE FIERY DESTRUCTION THAT IMPENDED...

THE IDEA OF THE
COOLNESS OF THE
WELL CAME OVER MY
SOUL LIKE A BALM.
I RUSHED TO IT'S
DEADLY BRINK.

OH! HORROR!
OH! ANY HORROR
BUT THIS!
THE INQUISITORIAL
VENGEANCE HAD BEEN
HURRIED BY MY TWO-
FOLD ESCAPE, AND
THERE WAS TO BE
NO MORE DALLYING
WITH THE
KING OF HORRORS!



"DEATH", I SAID,
"ANY DEATH BUT THAT
OF THE PIT!"



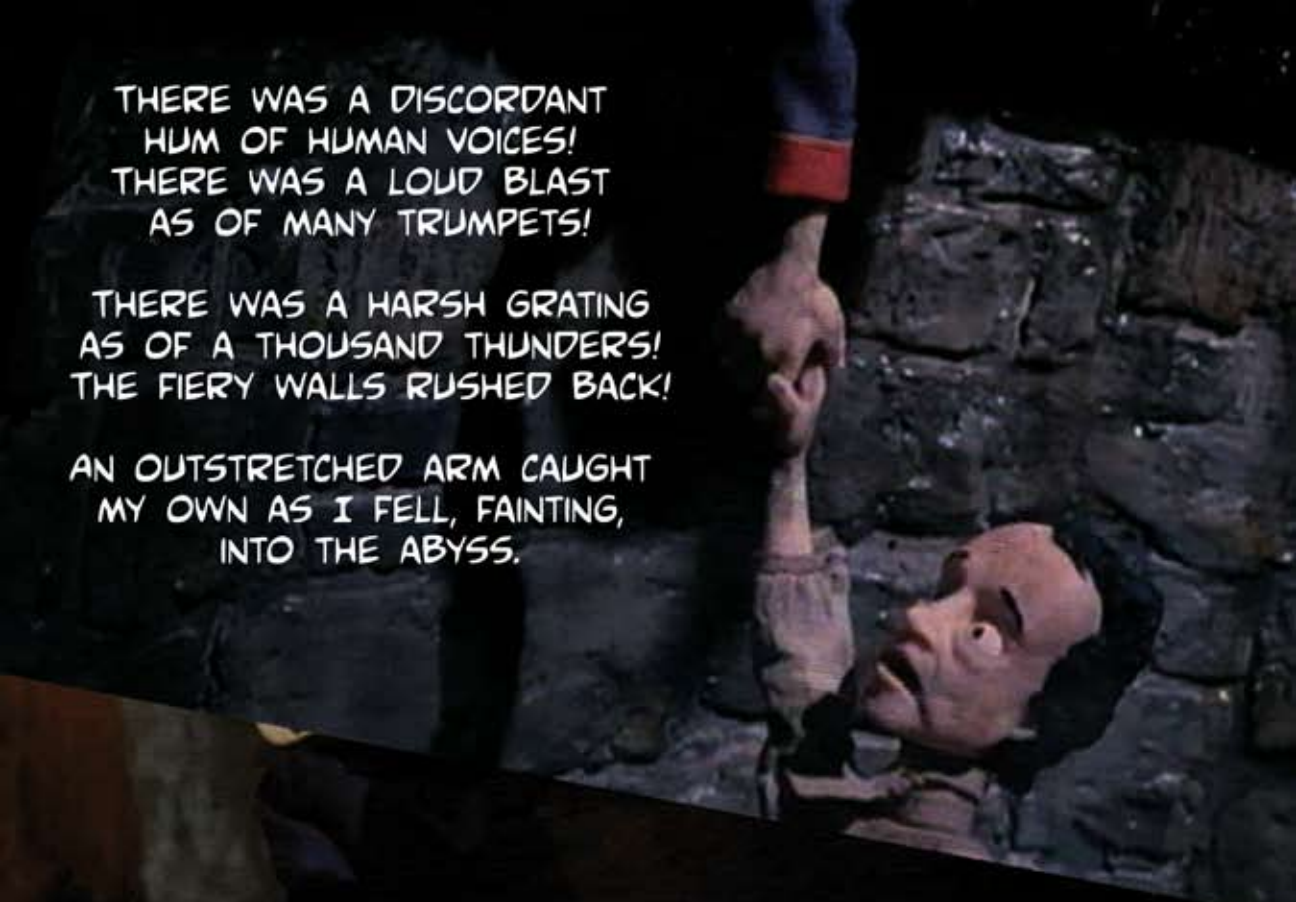
FOOL! MIGHT I HAVE NOT KNOWN THAT INTO THE PIT WAS THE OBJECT OF THE BURNING IRON TO URGE ME? AT LENGTH FOR MY SEARED AND WRITHING BODY THERE WAS NO LONGER AN INCH OF FOOTHOLD ON THE FIRM FLOOR OF THE PRISON.



AAHHHHHHH!!!!

I STRUGGLED NO MORE, BUT THE AGONY OF MY SOUL FOUND VEST IN ONE LOUD, LONG, AND FINAL SCREAM OF DESPAIR.

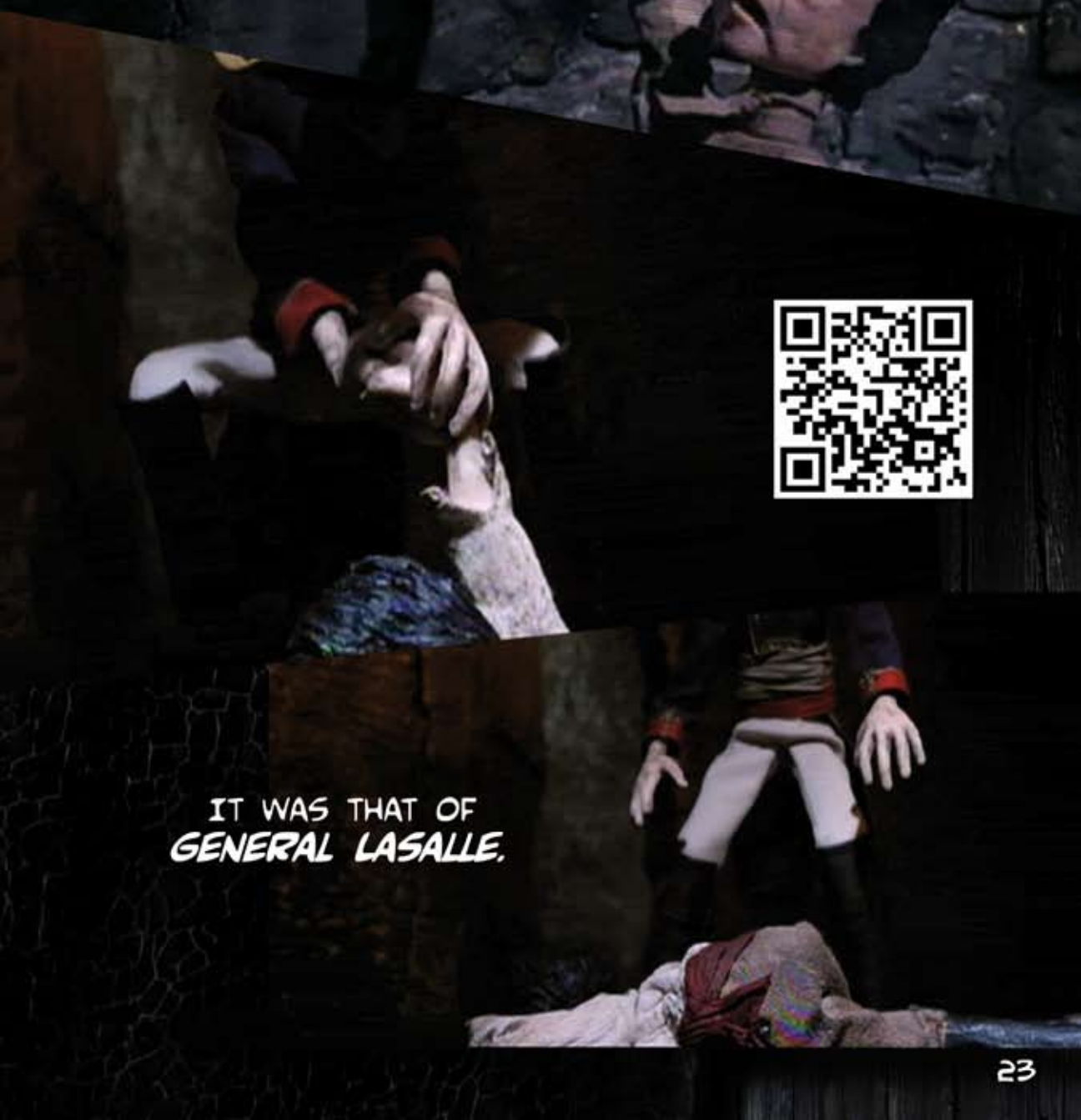




THERE WAS A DISCORDANT
HUM OF HUMAN VOICES!
THERE WAS A LOUD BLAST
AS OF MANY TRUMPETS!

THERE WAS A HARSH GRATING
AS OF A THOUSAND THUNDERS!
THE FIERY WALLS RUSHED BACK!

AN OUTSTRETCHED ARM CAUGHT
MY OWN AS I FELL, FAINTING,
INTO THE ABYSS.



IT WAS THAT OF
GENERAL LASALLE.



*THE FRENCH ARMY HAD
ENTERED TOLEDO.*



THE INQUISITION WAS...

IN THE HANDS OF IT'S ENEMIES!

Into The Pit!

**PLUMB THE DEPTHS OF THE MACABRE!
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