

Upel bethe amontillado

JOSE BASTERRETxea “OSKILLASO”

(Madril, 1911 - Iruñea, 1996)

Umetan, Gernikan bizi izan zen. Zientzia Zehatzetan lizentziatua zen eta Iruñean egin zuen lan irakaskuntzan. Euskaltzaindiako urgazlea zen eta gehienbat *Euskera* eta *Egan* aldizkarietan argitaratu zituen bere lanak: eleberriak, ipuinak, itzulpenak eta euskara gaitzat duten liburuak. Itzulpenei dagokienez, Mark Twain-en *Erregegaia eta eskekoa*, Ch. Dickens-en *David Copperfield* eta E. A. Poe-eren *Upel bethe amontillado* dira ezagunenak.

The Cask of Amontillado

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Edgar Allan Poe'k (1809-1849) U.S.A.'ko idazle ospetsuak ingelesez idatzitako FANTASTIC TALES edo Iphuin Phantasticuetariko bat ¹.

Irakurgai huntan ikus diteke zelan komeni dan askotan beste hizkuntzetako hitzak nork bere idazkietan sartzea euren orthographia errespetaturik. Inglesez idatzita egonarren, iphuin huntan *palazzo* hitza italianoaz dago (inglesez *palace* idazten da). *Palazzo* idazten duan bakhoitzean Edgar Poe'k Itali'ko aizeak ekarten dizkigu. Guk ere, *jauregi*, gure hitz ederra, iphuin huntan bazterturik, *palazzo* ipini dugu (hau *palatzo* idatzia bailegoan irakurri behar da) *Roquelaire* hitza be ezta arkitzen inglesezkoko encyclopaedietan, handi handietan izan ezik ², eta ezta euskerazko irakurleentzat inglesezkoeztat baino arrotzagoa. Igarten da kapusai antzeko zerbaite dala, bainan aintzineko janzki bat da, eta kapa edo kapusai idatzi bagenu ezluke hartuko irakurleak orai ezagutzen ezta kapa modutzat. Heraldikaz mintzatzen geranean ere, eztugu esan behar urrezko, urdina, gorria, eta abar, *d'or*; *d'azur*, eta *de gueules* baizik, bestela ukuiluetako gauzetaz mintzatzen gerala irudituko baitu. Amontillado, Médoc, De Grâve, eta hunelako hitzek ere, danak arrotzak eta euren orthographi bereziekin, aphaintzen dute idazkia, Poe'k batzutan España eta Itali'ko ardoak nahasten baditu be.

Pentsatuko othe du irakurleak euskaratu ditekela iphuin hau euskalgi bakhar batetik irten gabe euskara osotuaz bezain ongi? Nik ez.

OSKILLASO.

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- 1 Eztira irakurle asko oroituko, bear bada, Poe'ren ipui ezagun onen beste euskal-itzulpen bat agertu zela emen, *Egan*-en, ezpaita atzo goizeko gauza. Mirande'tar Jon'ek irauli zuen orduan, berak lan orietan erabilli oi duen esku trebeaz, eta 1952-an irten zen argitara, urte artako bigarren zenbakian, 13-18'garren orrialdeetan. Artean, dakizutenez, Urkixo Mintegiak etzuen *Egan*-en eskurik, ezpaitzen jaioa ere oraindik. Oraingo Oskillaso'rena irakurtzen duenak, ordea, eztu alferlanik egingo lehengo ura irakurri bazuen ere. (EGAN-ekoen oarra.)
 - 2 Hitz hau frantsez handiki baten izenetik dathor, Duc de Roquelaure izeneko frantsez ospetsu baten izenetik, beraz *roquelaire* barik, *roquelaure* hizkuntza guztietan idatz ditekete. Baldin hizkuntza bat bada, berea du, bada, euskarak ere hitz hau. Kapa labur berezi bat zan, oso zabaldua gizonezko janzki bezela Europa guztian, hasi hamazazpigarren mendeko azken urtheetan eta hamazortzigarrenaren erdiraino.

The Cask of Amontillado

EDGAR ALLAN POE

The thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne as I best could ; but when he ventured upon insult, I vowed revenge. You, who so well know the nature of my soul, will not suppose, however, that I gave utterance to a threat. *At length* I would be avenged ; this was a point definitely settled—but the very definitiveness with which it was resolved, precluded the idea of risk. I must not only punish, but punish with impunity. A wrong is unredressed when retribution overtakes its redresser. It is equally unredressed when the avenger fails to make himself felt as such to him who has done the wrong.

It must be understood, that neither by word nor deed had I given wont to smile in his face, and he did not perceive that my smile *now* was at the thought of his immolation.

He had a weak point—this Fortunato—although in other regards he was a man to be respected and even feared. He prided himself on his connoisseurship in wine. Few Italians have the true virtuoso spirit. For the most part their enthusiasm is adapted to suit the time and opportunity—to practise imposture upon the British and Austrian millionaires. In painting and gemmary Fortunato, like his countrymen, was a quack—but in the matter of old wines he was sincere. In this respect I did not differ from him materially : I was skilful in the Italian vintages myself, and bought largely whenever I could.

It was about dusk, one evening during the supreme madness of the Carnival season, that I encountered my friend. He accosted me with excessive warmth, for he had been drinking much. The man wore motley. He

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Mila bidebagekeri jasan nituan Fortunato'gandik ahal bezain hemeki, bainan iraintzen hausartu zitzaidanean, zin egin nuan nere kolkorako etzala libratuko nere asperkundetik. Halaz ere, zuk, nere arimearen izakerea hain ongi ezagutzen duzun horrek, eztuzu pentsatuko mehatxuzko hitz bat ere entzunarazi nionik. Ez, azkenean mendekatuta geldituko nintzan ; puntu huntaz esana eta erabagia zegoan azken hitza... bainan nere delibera-
menduaren ziurtasunak berak baztertu egin behar zuan arriskuaren itzalik ttikiena bere. Zigortzea etzan nahikoa; nere buruari bide batez kalterik ez ekarte be beharrezkoa zan. Barruan hartutako zauria ezta sendatzen asperkondeaz, zigorrak nobera mintzen duanean, ez ta asperkondearen orduan zigortuari bere zigortzailea nor dan jakinerazo ezik.

Bego argi errana bezain ongi ulertua etzuala ikusi ezer nigandik nere gorrotoa igarteko, etzuala eduki nik esandako edo egindako gauza bakhar bat ere, oso ondo maite ez nuala susmatzen ahal izateko.

Aurrean irri-barrezka agertu nintzaion ohituraz bezela, eta berak etzuan igarri, nere irria, harrez gero, bere heriotzaren gogoetak sortarazia zanik.

Beste gaindegi batzutatik ikusita gizon errespetagarria eta behar bada bildurgarria be bazan ere, ahulkeri batek zeukan menpetuta Fortunato hau : ezagutzale sakontzat zeukan bere burua ardo arazoetan, eta harrotu egiten zan putzontzi bat bezela jakituria hunegaz. Italiar guttik dute benetako *virtuoso spiritu* delakoa. Gehienetan, euren bihotzetako garren berotasuna atonduta edukiten dute Britain eta Austria'ko millonarioak enganatzeko. Pictura eta gemma edertietan Fortunato aho bero bat zan, bere aberkide guztiak bezela. Bainan ardo zaharren jakiturian ordea, egia esale eta gizon

had on a tight-fitting parti-striped dress, and his head was surmounted by the conical cap and bells. I was so pleased to see him, that I thought I should never have done wringing his hand.

I said to him, "My dear Fortunato, you are luckily met. How remarkably well you are looking to-day ! But I have received a pipe of what passes for Amontillado, and I have my doubts."

"How ?" said he ; "Amontillado ? A pipe ? Impossible ! And in the middle of the Carnival!"

"I have my doubts," I replied ; "and I was silly enough to pay the full Amontillado price without consulting you in the matter. You were not to be found, and I was fearful of losing a bargain."

"Amontillado !"

"I have my doubts."

"Amontillado !"

"And I must satisfy them."

"Amontillado !"

"As you are engaged, I am on my way to Luchesi. If any one has a critical turn, it is he. He will tell me——"

"Luchesi cannot tell Amontillado from Sherry."

"And yet some fools will have it that his taste is a match for your own."

"Come, let us go."

"Whither ?"

"To your vaults."

"My friend, no ; I will not impose upon your good nature. I perceive you have an engagement. Luchesi——"

"I have no engagement ; come."

"My friend, no. It is not the engagement, but the severe cold with which I perceive you are afflicted. The vaults are insufferably damp. They are encrusted with nitre."

"Let us go nevertheless. The cold is merely nothing. Amontillado ! You have been imposed upon. And as for Luchesi—he cannot distinguish Sherry from Amontillado."

zintzoa zan. Gai huntan ni be ez negoan urrunegi beragandik : neu be Itali'ko ardoen ezagutzale sakona nintzan, eta erosi be, kantidadeak erosten nituan, ahal izaten nuan bakhoitzean.

Ilhun-nabarra zan arrats batez aratuste jaietako erhokeria izugarria egi-ten zalarik, nere adiskidearekin topo egin nuanean. Edanda zegoan eta agur beroegi bat egin zidan neregianatu zanean. Pierrot bezela jantzita zegoan, kolore bat janziaren erdia, beste kolore bat beste erdia, txanoa eta kaskabelak buruan. Uste nuan ez nintzaiola bukatuko sekula eskua estutu eta eragiten, hain handia zan bera ikusteak ematen zidan poza.

“Fortunato maitea” esan nion, “zelako poza zu arkitzea ! Nolako itxura ederra gaur daukazuna ! Bainan upel bethe ardo sartu didate amontilladoztat eta orain bildur naiz enganatu othe naben”.

“Zelan !” esan zuan berak, “ardo amontilladoa ? Upel bat ? Ezin diteke ! Eta inauterien erdian !..”

“Dudan nago” erantzun nion, “eta salneurri osoa ordaindu dut zuri galdetu gabe. Nolako kirtena izan naizen ! Zure bilha ibili ta arkitu ezin, eta okasioa ez galtzarren, ona zalakoan...”

“Amontillado ardoa !”

“Ziur ziur eztakit...”

“Amontillado ardoa !”

“Eta nahi nuke jakin...”

“Amontillado ardoa !”

“Zu etzagoz libre eta Luchesi'ren bilha noa. Inork igarriko badu berak igarriko du. Berak erranen dit...”

“Luchesi'k ezin du igarri ez ta jereza eta amontilladoaren arteko ezberdintasuna bere.”

“Eta halaz ere ardoen gustoak zeuk bezain ongi ezagutzen ditula diote kokolo batzuk.”

“Tira, goazen.”

“Nora ?”

“Zure arnotegietara.”

“Ez adiskide ez, etzaitut joanarazi nahi, ikusten dut nonora joan behar duzula. Luchesi'k...”

“Eztut joan behar inora be... goazen.”

“Ez adiskide ez, inora joan behar ezpaduzu be, katarro izugarri bat duzula ikusten da. Bustitasuna ikharagarria da nere arnotegietan. Hormak gezalaz eta gatzuz estaliak dagoz.”

“Goazen dana dala. Katarroa ezta ezer. Amontilladoa ! Enganatu egin zaituzte. Eta utz ezazu Luchesi bakean. Zer daki berak ? Ezin du igarri jereza eta amontilladoaren arteko ezberdintasuna bere.”

Thus speaking, Fortunato possessed himself of my arm. Putting on a mask of black silk, and drawing a *roquelaire* closely about my person, I suffered him to hurry me to my palazzo.

There were no attendants at home ; they had absconded to make merrily in honour of the time. I had told them that I should not return until the morning, and had given them explicit orders not to stir from the house. These orders were sufficient, I well knew, to ensure their immediate disappearance, one and all, as soon as my back was turned.

I took from their sconces two flambeaux, and giving one to Fortunato, bowed him through several suites of rooms to the archway that led into the vaults. I passed down a long and winding staircase, requesting him to be cautious as he followed. We came at length to the foot of the descent, and stood together on the damp ground of the catacombs of the Montresors.

The gait of my friend was unsteady, and the bells upon his cap jingled as he strode.

"The pipe," said he.

"It is farther on," said I ; "but observe the white webwork which gleams from these cavern walls."

He turned towards me, and looked into my eyes with two filmy orbs that distilled the rheum of intoxication.

"Nitre ?" he asked, at length.

"Nitre," I replied. "How long have you had that cough ?"

"Ugh ! ugh ! ugh !—ugh ! ugh ! ugh !—ugh ! ugh ! ugh !—ugh ! ugh ! ugh !—ugh ! ugh ! ugh !"

My poor friend found it impossible to reply for many minutes.

"It is nothing," he said, at last.

"Come," I said, with decision, "we will go back ; your health is precious. You are rich, respected, admired, beloved ; you are happy, as once I was. You are a man to be missed. For me it is no matter. We will go back ; you will be ill, and I cannot be responsible. Besides, there is Luchesi——"

"Enough," he said, "the cough is a mere nothing ; it will not kill me. I shall not die of a cough."

Hunela mintzatzen zalarik Fortunato'k besoa oratu zidan. Seda bel-
tzezko mozorro batez arpegia estaldu eta *roquelaire* batez gorputza ingu-
raturik tira ba, berak nahi zuan bezela prisakin joan nintzan beragaz nere
palazzo 'runtz.¹

Etzegoan morroirik etxe guztian ; danak joan ziran libertitzera orduko
jaien omenez. Hurrengo goizerarte ez nintzala ethorriko eta etxetik ez
mugitzeko erran nien. Nahikoa zan hau agintzea, oso ondo nekian nik,
denen berehala alde egiteko, nik gibela eman bezain laster.

Hartu gar biziko argi bi hormatik, euren eskegitegietatik, eta Fortunato'ri
bat eman ostean, areto batzuetan zeihar igaro eta arkupe batzuetatik sartu
ginean arnotegietaruntz. Ingurubil-zurubi batzutatik behera biraka hasi nin-
tzan jatxi ta jatxi, eta nere atzetik zethorrelarik khontuz ibilteko eskatu^{II}
nion. Azkenean beheraino heldu eta elkarren ondoan arkitu ginean, Mon-
tesor familiaren etxeko catacumbetako lur bustiaren gainean.

Nere adiskidea zabuka zebilen eta buru-gaineko kaskabelek klin klin
klin egiten zioten urhats bakhoitzarekin batera.

“Eta upela ?” galdetu zidan.

“Urrunago dago” erantzun nion, “bainan ohar ezazu zelan distiratzen
duten gatzuaren orban zuriek har-zilho huntako hormetan”.

Bira neregana eta so egin zidan mozkorraren begi negartiekin.

“Gatzua ?” itandu zidan azkenean.

“Bai, gatzua” ihardetsi nion. “Zenbat denbora da katarro hori daukazula ?”

“Kug ! kug ! kug !... kug ! kug ! kug !... kug ! kug ! kug !... kug ! kug !
kug !... kug ! kug ! kug !”

Nere adiskide gaxoa minutu batzutan egon zan erantzun ezinik.^{III}

“Ezta ezer” erran zuan azkenean.

“Goazen !” esan nion kemen askorekin, “atzera joan behar dugu ; zure
osasunak asko balio du. Zu aberatsa zera, errespetatua, miretsia, maitatua ;
zu zorionsua zera ni aintzinan nintzan bezela. Zu beharrezkoa zera asko-
rentzat. Ezta ajola nigaitik. Atzera joanen gera ; bestela gaxotu eginen zera,
eta eztut nahi hau nere erruagaitik gerthatzerik. Gainera Luchesi dago...”^{IV}

[Zenbaki erromatarrez adierazten ditugun oharrak, argitaratu ondoren Oskillaso berak
eskuz idatzita egin zituen zuzenketak dira, orri-ertzetan azaltzen direnak]

^I (...) prisakin joan nintzan beragaz berak nahi zuan bezela nere *palazzo* 'runtz.

^{II} (...) khontuz ibilteko esan nion.

^{III} Nere adiskide gaxoa erantzun ezinik egon zan minutu batzutan.

^{IV} “Goazen!” esan nion kemen askorekin, “atzera joan behar dugu; zure osasunak asko
balio du. Aberatsa zera, errespetatua, miretsia, maitatua; Zorionsua zera ni aintzinan

.../...

"True—true," I replied ; "and, indeed, I had no intention of alarming you unnecessarily—but you should use all proper caution. A draught of this Medoc will defend us from the damp."

Here I knocked off the neck of a bottle which drew from a long row of its fellows that lay upon the mould.

"Drink," I said, presenting him the wine.

He raised it to his lips with a leer. He paused and nodded to me familiarly, while his bells jingled.

"I drink," he said, "to the buried that repose around us."

"And I to your long life."

He again took my arm, and we proceeded.

"These vaults," he said, "are extensive."

"The Montresors," I replied, "were a great and numerous family."

"I forget your arms."

"A huge human foot d'or, in a field azure; the foot crushes a serpent rampant whose fangs are embedded in the heel."

"And the motto?"

"*Nemo me impune lacessit.*"

"Good!" he said.

The wine sparkled in his eyes and the bells jingled. My own fancy grew warm with the Medoc. We had passed through walls of piled bones ; with casks and puncheons intermingling, into the inmost recesses of the catacombs. I paused again, and this time I made bold to seize Fortunato by an arm above the elbow.

"The nitre!" I said ; "see, it increases. It hangs like moss upon the vaults. We are below the river's bed. The drops of moisture trickle among the bones. Come, we will go back ere it is too late. Your cough——"

"It is nothing," he said ; "let us go on. But first, another draught of the Medoc."

I broke and reached him a flagon of De Grâve. He emptied it at a breath. His eyes flashed with a fierce light. He laughed and threw the bottle upwards with a gesticulation I did not understand.

“Nahikoa da” esan zidan, “eztula ezta ezer, ez nau hilgo. Ez esan ezту-lagaitik hilgo naizenik.”

“Egia da, egia da” erantzun nion, “eta benetan, etzan zu asaldatzea nere asmoa, ez nuan nahi alperrik kezka zindezan ; bainan khontu egin behar duzu. Médoc trago bategaz baztertuko ditugu bustitasunaren arriskuak”.

Eta klausk ! hautsi nion lepoa botilla bati, beste beralako askorekin lerro luze batean lizun gainean zegoan tokitik hartu ostein.

“Edan !” esan nion ardoa eskainirik.

Jaso ezpainetara albokerazko begitada batekin, gelditu, baietzko burukada bat bota niregana kaskabelek klin klin klin egiten zutelarik eta.

“Hemen ehortzita inguratzen gaituzten gorputz hilen osasungarrirat edanen dut”, erran zuan.

“Eta nik, bizitza luzea opa dizudalarik, zure osasungarrirat.”

Berriz oratu zidan besoa eta aurrera jarraitu ginean.

“Handiak dira arnotegi hauk” erran zidan.

“Montresor abizenekuok” erantzun nion, “famili handi ta ugaria izan gera.”

“Ez naiz orhoitzen zelako eskudua duzuen.”

“Oin handi bat, *d’or*; azurezko alhorrean; oin hau suge bat zapaltzen dago, sugea *rampant* eta bethaginak orpoan inkatuak.”

“Eta hitzak ?”

“*Nemo me impune lacessit.*”

“Ederki !” esan zuan.

Begiak distiratsuak zeuzkan ardoaz eta kaskabelak klin klin klin zebilz-kion Niri be, Médoc delako ardoaz berotu egin zitzaidan irudimena. Hezur pilloz moldatutako hormen ondotik, upel eta botillekin nahas mahas, katakumbetako bazterrik ezkutuenetara heldu ginean. Berriz gelditu eta orain Fortunato’ren besoa ukondo gainetik oratuten ausartu nintzan.

“Gatzua !” esan nion, “hara, begitu zelan gero ta gehiago dagon. Goroldioa bailitzan estaltzen ditu hormak. Ibai azpian gagoz. Ohar ezazu tik tik hori ur tantak hezurren arte erorten diralarik. Goazen atzera oraindano beranduegi eztala. Zure eztula...”

“Ezta ezer”, esan zuan ; “tira aurrera. Bainan har dezagun lehenbizik beste Médoc trago bat”.

De Grâve ardozko botilla ttiki bat hautsi eta eman nion. Trago bakhar batez hustu zuan dana. Bere begiek argi bizi batekin distiratu zuten. Farrez botillea gora jaurti eta keinu bat egin zidan. Nik ez nion ulertu.

nintzan bezela. Beharrezkoa zera zu askorentzat. Niregaitik ezta ajola. Atzera joanen gera; bestela gaxotu egingen zera, eta nik eztut nahi hau neure erruagaitik gerthatzerik. Gainera Luchesi...”

I looked at him in surprise. He repeated the movement—a grotesque one.

“You do not comprehend?” he said.

“Not I,” I replied.

“Then you are not of the brotherhood.”

“How?”

“You are not of the masons.”

“Yes, yes,” I said; “yes, yes.”

“You? Impossible! A mason?”

“A mason,” I replied.

“A Sign,” he said.

“It is this,” I answered, producing a trowel from beneath the folds of my *roquelaire*.

“You jest,” he exclaimed, recoiling a few paces. “But let us proceed to the Amontillado.”

“Be it so,” I said, replacing the tool beneath the cloak, and again offering him my arm. He leaned upon it heavily. We continued our route in search of the Amontillado. We passed through a range of low arches, descended, passed on, and descending again, arrived at a deep crypt, in which the foulness of the air caused our flambeaux rather to glow than flame.

At the most remote end of the crypt there appeared another less spacious. Its walls had been lined with human remains, piled to the vault overhead, in the fashion of the great catacombs of Paris. Three sides of this interior crypt were still ornamented in this manner. From the fourth the bones had been thrown down, and lay promiscuously upon the earth, forming at one point a mound of some size. Within the wall thus exposed by the displacing of the bones, we perceived a still interior recess, in depth about four feet, in width three, in height six or seven. It seemed to have been constructed for no especial use within itself, but formed merely the interval between two of the colossal supports of the roof of the catacombs, and was backed by one of their circumscribing walls of solid granite.

It was in vain that Fortunato, uplifting his dull torch, endeavoured to pry into the depth of the recess.

Its termination the feeble light did not enable us to see.

“Proceed,” I said; “herein is the Amontillado. As for Luchesi——”

Bere begira gelditu nintzan harrituta. Berriz egin zuan keinua lehena-go bezela. Keinu irri-egingarri bat zan.

“Eztuzuia ulertzen ? “ itandu zidan.

“Ez nik” erantzun nion.

“Orduan etzera anaitasunekoa.”

“Zer ?”

“Etzera masona.”

“Bai, bai”, esan nion, “banaiz”.

“Zu ? Ezin leiteke ! Mason bat ?”

“Bai mason bat” ihardetsi nion³.

“Eia seinale^v bat” esan zidan.

“Huna hemen”, erantzun nion, phalote bat roquelaire-petik atheraten nuala⁴.

“Txantxetan zabiltz”, esan zidan berak urhats batzu atzera eginik. “Bainan goazen aurrera amontilladoaren bilha.”

“Tira ba, goazen zuk nahi duzun lez”, esan nion, eta tresnea kapapean sarturik berriz eskeindu nion besoa. Eldu ta ia pisu guztiagaz finkatu zan gainean bera. Eta segi aurrera amontilladoaren bilha. Igaro makurtuta arkupe tiki askotatik zehar, jatxi oraindik beherago, igaro berriz makurtuta, jatxi ostera be lurperuntz, eta azkenean krypta^{vii} sakon batera heldu ginean. Hango aide txarrarekin gure tortxetako garrak ttipi ttipiak egin ziran eta ia etzuten argirik ematen.

Crypta huntan, urruneko aldean, beste crypta tikiago bat agertu zan, eta bera hezur pillatuekin moldatutako hormakaz, Paris’ko catacumbetakoak bezela. Hiru horma zituan hunela aphainduta barruko krypta^{vii} hunek, eta laugarrenean khenduta zauden hezurak, behean sakabanatuak, eta baztar batean zaudenek pillo handi xamar bat osatzen zuten. Hezur destokituek agerian uzten zuten horman, oraindik beste barne-ezkutatoki bat ohartu genun, metro bat baino gehiago sakon, metro eskas bat zabal, eta bi metro edo, behetik gora. Etzirudian apropos egina, katakumbetako oin-harri izugarrien arteko hutsune batek moldatua baizik, eta atze-aldea granitozko harri gogorrezkoa zuan, katakumbak inguratzen zituzten harriesietakoa.

Alperrik jaso zuan Fortunato’k bere tortxa motela ezkutatokiaren sakontasuna ikusi nahirik. Argi ahul hura etzan hutsunearen amaia ikusteko gauza.

“Segi”, esan nion ; “hortxe dago amontilladoa. Eta Luchesi...”

³ Badakizu irakurle, hormaginari esaten zaio mason. (Oskillaso’k ipinitako oharpena.)

⁴ *Llana* esaten diote erdeldunek phaloteari. Eztakit zelan deitzen duten mugaz alde huntako hormaginek tresna hau. (Oskillaso’k ipini du oharpen hau be.)

^v “Eia ezaugarri bat”

^{vi eta vii} crypta

"He is an ignoramus," interrupted my friend, as he stepped unsteadily forward, while I followed immediately at his heels. In an instant he had reached the extremity of the niche, and finding his progress arrested by the rock, stood stupidly bewildered. A moment more and I had fettered him to the granite. In its surface were two iron staples, distant from each other about two feet, horizontally. From one of these depended a short chain, from the other a padlock. Throwing the links about his waist, it was but the work of a few seconds to secure it. He was too much astounded to resist. Withdrawing the key, I stepped back from the recess.

"Pass your hand," I said, "over the wall ; you cannot help feeling the nitre. Indeed it is *very* damp. Once more let me *implore* you to return. No ? Then I must positively leave you. But I must first render you all the little attentions in my power."

"The Amontillado !" ejaculated my friend, not yet recovered from his astonishment.

"True," I replied, "the Amontillado."

As I said these words I busied myself among the pile of bones of which I have before spoken. Throwing them aside, I soon uncovered a quantity of building stone and mortar. With these materials, and with the aid of my trowel, I began vigorously to wall up the entrance of the niche.

I had scarcely laid the first tier of the masonry when I discovered that the intoxication of Fortunato had in a great measure worn off. The earliest indication I had of this was a low moaning cry from the depth of the recess. It was *not* the cry of a drunken man. There was then a long and obstinate silence. I laid the second tier, and the third, and the fourth ; and then I heard the furious vibrations of the chain. The noise lasted for several minutes, during which, that I might hearken to it with the more satisfaction, I ceased my labours and sat down upon the bones. When at last the clanking subsided, I resumed the trowel, and finished without interruption the fifth, the sixth, and the seventh tier. The wall was now nearly upon a level with my breast. I again paused, and holding the flambeaux over the mason-work, threw a few feeble rays upon the figure within.

A succession of loud and shrill screams, bursting suddenly from the throat of the chained form, seemed to thrust me violently back. For a brief moment I hesitated—I trembled. Unsheathing my rapier, I began to grope with it about the recess ; but the thought of an instant reassured me. I placed my hand upon the solid fabric of the catacombs, and felt satisfied. I reapproached the wall. I replied to the yells of him who clamoured.

“Paaa... ignoramus bat baino eztuzu”, ebagi zuan nere adiskideak, zabuka jarraitzen zala aurreruntz, nik orpoak ia zapaltzen nizkiolarik bere ondo ondoan gibeletik. Berehalaxe iritxi zuan tokiaren azkena, eta bidea hunela ebagia arkitu zuanean harrituta gelditu zan ergel baten moduan. Liphar batean, granitoaren kontra lotu nuan kate bategaz. Burdinezko erheztun bi zauden horman, elkarrengandik hirur-hogei bat centimetro horizontalean. Euretako batetik zintzilik kate labur bat zegoan, eta bestean giltzarrapo bat. Nahikoak izan nituan segundu batzu gerria inguratu eta kliskisteko. Sobera harritua zegoan nere kontra hasteko. Giltza khendu eta tokitik athera nintzan atzeruntz eginik.

“Igaro ezazu eskua horma gainetik”, erran nion. “Sentituko duzu gatzua derrigor. Benetan izugarria da horko hezetasuna. Berriz eskatu behar dizut atzera ethorteko nerekin. Ezetz? ^{VIII} Ba orduan bakharrrik utzi beharko zaitut. Bainan lehenago ahal ditudan serbitzu tiki guztiak egin behar dizkitzut.

“Amontilladoa !” esan zuan deadarrez nere adiskideak, oraindaino harrituta.

“Egia”, erantzun nion; “amontilladoa”.

Hau esaten niolarik, lehenago esandako hezur pilloan saiatu nintzan. Hezurak khendu eta alboetara bota, ta kareorrea eta pillo handi batean harri pikatuak agertu ziran. Material hauekin eta phalotearen laguntzaz, hasi nintzan azkarki horma bat egiten tegiaren sarbidea estaltzeko.

Ozta oztan bukatu lehenbiziko harri-lerroa eta jakin nuan ia hordikeri guztia joan zitzaiola Fortunato’ri. Lehenbizik heldu zitzaidan seinalea, ezkuta-toki barnetiko, erdi negarrezko oiuhu ixil bat zan. *Etzan* mozkortik baten oihoa. Gero ixil-une luze ta thematsu bat ethorri zan. Bigarren zerrendea ipini nuan, eta hirugarrena, eta laugarrena be bai ; eta orduan kling kling kling entzun nituan katearen dardara asarreak. Minutu batzuetan iraun zuan zarateak gelditu gabe, eta artean ni, lasai lasai eta pozaren pozaz entzuten ahal izateko, nere lana utzi eta hezurren gainean exeri nintzan. Azkenean, dardara guztiak amaitu ziranean, hartu phalotea berriz eta gelditu gabe, bostgarren zerrendea, seigarrena, eta zazpigarrena bukatu nituan, eta tortxak horma gainean eutsirik, dizdira eskas batzu bota nituan barruko irudiarengana.

Garraisi ozen eta oiuhu garratz askok egin zuten leher tipuski katez lotutako irudiaren txintxurretik, eta atzeruntz eta indar askoz bultzatua sentitu nintzan. Liphar labur batean, “zer da hau?” pentsatzen ikharatu nintzan, eta athera estokea zorrotik, eta ezkutatokiaren inguruetatik hor hemen zist zast joten ibili nintzan itsutua ; bainan oldoztu aphur batean eta berriz

^{VIII} Ez?

I re-echoed—I aided—I surpassed them in volume and in strength. I did this, and the clamourer grew still.

It was now midnight, and my task was drawing to a close. I had completed the eighth, the ninth, and the tenth tier. I had finished a portion of the last and the eleventh; there remained but a single stone to be fitted and plastered in. I struggled with its weight; I placed it partially in its destined position. But now there came from out the niche a low laugh that erected the hairs upon my head. It was succeeded by a sad voice, which I had difficulty in recognising as that of the noble Fortunato. The voice said—

“Ha! ha! ha!—he! he!—a very good joke indeed—an excellent jest. We will have many a rich laugh about it at the palazzo—he! he! he!—over our wine—he! he! he!”

“The Amontillado!” I said.

“He! he! he!—he! he! he!—yes, the Amontillado. But is it not getting late? Will not they be awaiting us at the palazzo, the Lady Fortunato and the rest? Let us be gone.”

“Yes,” I said, “let us be gone.”

“For the love of God, Montresor!”

“Yes,” I said, “for the love of God!”

But to these words I hearkened in vain for a reply. I grew impatient. I called aloud—

“Fortunato!”

No answer. I called again—

“Fortunato!”

No answer still. I thrust a torch through the remaining aperture and let it fall within. There came forth in return only a jingling of the bells. My heart grew sick—on account of the dampness of the catacombs. I hastened to make an end of my labour. I forced the last stone into its position; I plastered it up. Against the new masonry I re-erected the old rampart of bones. For the half of a century no mortal has disturbed them. *In pace requiescat!*

baketu nintzan. Ipini eskua catacumbetako esi gogor eta sendoen gainean eta trankil sentitu nintzan.

Ostera be hurbildu nintzan hormara. Ni be garraisika hasi nintzan, oi-hutiari erantzuteko. Bere oiharzuna bilhakatu nintzan... lagundu egin nion... berak baino sendoago eta gogorrago egin nuan deadar. Azkenean ixildu egin zan.

Orai gau-erdia zan eta laster bukatuko zan nere lana. Zortzigarren, bederatzigarren, eta hamargarren lerroak amaitu nituan. Azkenekoa hamaikagarrena zan. Zathi bat amaitu nuan ; harri bakhar bat falta zitzaidan ipinteko. Saiatu nintzan pisuarekin ; ipini nuan ia bere tokian. Bat batean ileak tente ipini zitzaizkidan nicho barnetiko barre ixil bat entzunik. Gero abots triste bat entzun nuan. Etzirudian Fortunato handikiaren abotsa. Huna zer zion.

“Ha ! ha ! ha !... hi ! hi ! hi !... txantxa eder bat behintzat... txantxa bikain bat. Behin baino gehiagotan eginen ditugu far ederrak palazzo’an. . . hi ! hi ! hi !... ardoa edaten dugularik... hi ! hi ! hi ! “

“Amontilladoa! “ esan nion.

“Hi ! hi ! hi !... h ! hi ! hi !... bai, amontilladoa. Bainan ez al zaigu berandu egiten ? Ez al dira egonen gure zain palazzo’an andre Fortunato eta besteak ? Joan gaitezana.”

“Bai”, esan nion, “joan gaitezana”.

“Jaungoikoarren, Montresor !”

“Bai”, esan nion, “Jaungoikoarren !”

Bainan alperrik iguriki nion ihardespen baten zain. Artegatuten hasten nintzalarik,

“Fortunato !” deitu nuan.

Ihardespenik ez, eta berriz

“Fortunato !”

Oraindaino be ez. Geratzen zan zilhotik tortxa bat sartu ta barrura erorten utzi nuan. Kaskabelen tintina baino etzan entzun. Bihotza gexotuten hasi zitzaidan... catacumbetako hezetasun hotzagaitik. Saiatu nintzan nere lanarekin, ahalik arinen bukatzeko. Sartu azkarki azkeneko harria bere tokian, eta harri-bitartetarik athera zan kareorrea berdindu nuan. Horma berriaren kontra berriz ipini nituan hezurak lehen bezela. Mende erdi batean eztitu nahasi mortal batek^{IX}. *In pace requiescat !*

^{IX} Hilkorren arte inork ere eztitu nahasi mendre erdi batean.

Hilkorren arte inork ere eztitu nahasi mendre erditan.

Inork ere, hilkorren artekorik, eztitu ukutu mendre erditan.

Inork ere, hilkorren artekorik, eztitu nahasi mendre erditan.

