



The Fall of the House of Usher

Part One

IT WAS A DARK AND SOUNDLESS day near the end of the year, and clouds ■■■■■ low in the heavens. All day I ■■■■■ on horseback through country with little life or beauty; and in the early evening I ■■■■■ within view of the House of Usher.

I do not know how it was — but, with my first sight of the building, a sense of heavy sadness ■■■■■ my spirit. I ■■■■■ at the scene before me — at the house itself — at the ground around it — at the cold stone walls of the building — at its empty eye-like windows — and at a few dead trees — I ■■■■■ at this scene, I say, with a complete sadness of soul which was no healthy, **earthly** feeling. There was a **coldness**, a **sickening** of the heart, in which I could discover nothing to **lighten** the weight I felt. What was it, I ■■■■■ myself, what was it that was so **fearful**, so **frightening** in my view of the House of Usher? This was a question to which I could find no answer.

I ■■■■■ my horse beside the building, on the edge of a dark and quiet lake. There, I could see ■■■■■ in the water a clear picture of the dead trees, and of the house and its empty eye-like windows.

