

# MORELLA

A story by **EDGAR ALLAN POE**

English Translation & New Lettering by HENRY R. KUJAWA

*EDGAR ALLAN POE, born in Boston, lived an intense, tragic and unhappy life. Though he died miserably, he has not really left us, as he was the father of the detective story, with logical deduction, as well as some of the greatest masters of the genre called terror. MORELLA is one of his lesser-known tales...*



Illustrations by  
**EUGENIO COLONNESE**

*MORELLA died months after giving the world a daughter who was named LEONORA. MORELLA, extravagant and without principles, blamed the newly born daughter and her husband LOCKE for her death.*



*Locke did not want the daughter Leonora in his company. He sent to study in another state and she was there until the age of 21. It was the way of getting her completely away from his life. And now, without resources, LEONORA returns home.*





Turning around panting and scared, LEONORA was faced with a stranger...







So, with an embittered heart, LEONORA scanned the room that would be hers for a few days... all sad, decaying, near the end!



Loosely her mind returned to the few moments that lived in that room-- all abandoned, dusty, corroded... her toys, her childhood dreams, her birthplace...



With a tear rolling down her cheek, LEONORA leaves the room and goes to the kitchen of the house. Not hungry, she decides to prepare a snack for her father, as she wanted to be his friend.







WHY DID YOU COME IN HERE? AFTER I FORBID IT??

GOD! ALL THESE YEARS MOTHER WAS HERE, IN THIS HOUSE? IT'S HORRIBLE, FATHER...



GET OUT OF HERE! MOVE AWAY FROM HER! SHE IS MINE!

EVEN DEAD, AND MY MOTHER! I'LL LEAVE WHEN I WANT TO... I DON'T KNOW WHY I EVER CAME TO THIS ACCURSED HOUSE!



GOOD QUESTION! WHY DID YOU COME HERE?

I DON'T KNOW, FATHER! A SUPERNATURAL FORCE DRAGGED ME HERE! EVERYTHING ABOUT MOTHER SEEMED TO CALL ME... I HAD TO COME!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY...! WHEN YOUR MOTHER DIED, I DIED TOO! MORELLA WAS MY LIFE, WAS ALL FOR ME... AND YOU WILL KNOW THE TRUTH NOW!

I KNOW, FATHER, YOU'LL SAY THAT I KILLED MOTHER!



YES... NO! MORELLA BLAMED YOU FOR HER DEATH. I TOLD YOU BEFORE... MORELLA WOULD NOT ADMIT THE TRUTH... OR COULD! I DIDN'T WANT TO ACCEPT WHAT REALLY HAPPENED! NOW... I RECOGNIZE THE TRUTH-- AND HATE MORELLA!



I BLAMED YOU FOR HER DEATH. I ALMOST KILLED YOU! INSTEAD, I SENT YOU AWAY FROM HERE FOR ALL THESE YEARS... I'VE BEEN A CAD, PUTTING THE GUILT ON YOUR HEAD!

BUT... HOW DID MOTHER DIE? WHAT REALLY HAPPENED?



YOUR MOTHER WAS BEAUTIFUL AND VERY VIVACIOUS. YOU WERE JUST BORN, IT STILL WAS TOO SOON TO BE GOING TO FESTIVALS AND THEATRES. I HAD NOT STOPPED HER, AND WE HELD DRINK AND DANCES. AT ONE SUCH PARTY, SHE COLLAPSED AND FAINTED. SHE DIED NOT LONG AFTER IN THE MIDDLE ROOM!



MORELLA WAS VAIN, SELFISH AND WITHOUT CHARACTER. SOMEONE HAD TO BE BLAMED FOR HER DEATH. ANGRY, MUTTERING, SHE SAID: IT WAS THE BABY... IT WAS THE BABY...!



I UNDERSTAND, FATHER... BUT WHY WAS SHE NOT BURIED?

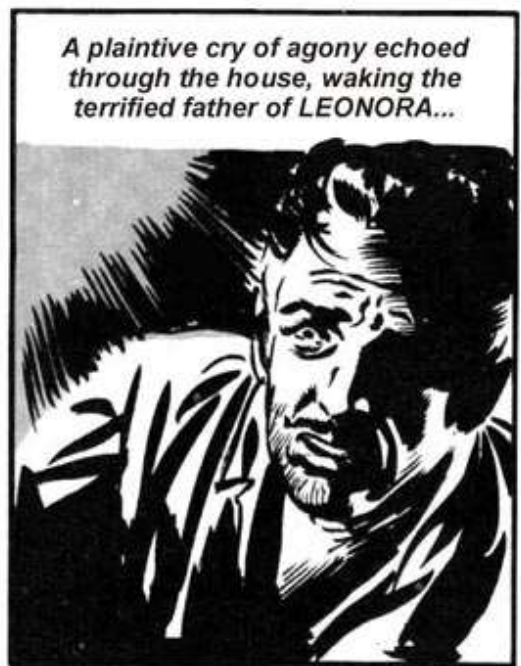
I LOVED MORELLA... I COULD NOT BURY HER! I KEPT HER AT MY SIDE ALL THESE YEARS... LOVED HER CADAVER!!







A plaintive cry of agony echoed through the house, waking the terrified father of LEONORA...



THAT CRY-- FROM LEONORA'S ROOM!



IT WAS NOTHING! JUST A NIGHTMARE! SLEEP SOUNDLY, DARLING DAUGHTER... I HOPE IN UPCOMING YEARS WE SHALL HAVE...



Then a stronger lightning lit LEONORA's bed. But the one lying there was MORELLA!! The cadaver spoke in a gloomy tone...

LOCKE... I REINCARNATED IN LEONORA... I HAVE KILLED HER!



Half-crazed, fearing for the fate of her daughter, LOCKE runs into MORELLA's room. In bed, where for years had rested the corpse of MORELLA, was now the cadaver of LEONORA!



*In the middle of the heavy rain falling on the house, there was a brief interval... and THEN...!*



*E. Colanussi*



*...the flames consumed the house and the evil without limits, MORELLA...*