

Chapter 4 Police Report

We then examined the final two rooms: Lenore's Violet Room and Annabel Lee's Blue Room. We deemed it safer not to look in the White Room, which is the Red Death's room, since it is filled with his sickness and we didn't want to die. Lenore's room was very somber. In the center of one wall was a hearth, and above the hearth was the mantel on which the bust of Pallas rested, its marble scratched significantly by claws. The fire had burned down to embers, which gave off a faint glow in the dark room. The air was stiff and all the windows seemed shut tight. There were two large paintings on the wall: one of a grim-looking Lenore and one of an equally grim-looking Edgar Allan Poe. Annabel Lee's room was a peaceful blue color, like a Caribbean sea. Shells decorated the mantel; thin white sheets adorned the windows; a dressing table was covered in many tubs and tubes of brightly colored cosmetics, beige concealers, and purple eye shadows. A refreshing breeze blew through the room, and as one sat, one could almost hear the faint sound of waves crashing on the shore. Several interesting pieces of evidence were uncovered in these rooms: correspondence between Lenore and Annabel Lee; an open vial full of poison and marked with an X; and a copy of Rufus Wilmot Griswold's scandalous new biography of Edgar Allan Poe, signed "With Love, for my Annabel — Rufus." The biography reiterates the main points from his obituary. Copies of the correspondence follow.

Lenore Letter

LETTER FROM LENORE

Dearest Annabel Lee,

I started writing this letter wanting to tell you that you are exactly like a giant slug. Well, almost exactly like a giant slug. Unfortunately, I cannot pour salt on you and make you shrivel up.

However, as I took out my pen I realized that I think there is too much animosity between us. Truly I would not hate you half as much as I do if it weren't for Edgar. When I think about it, why should I focus so much of my anger on you when I could focus it on Edgar, who is in fact the cause of all this strife?

Well, I end this letter by saying maybe we should stop being enemies and become frenemies. I am eager to hear your thoughts.

sincerely,

Lenore

Annabel Lee Letter

Dear Lenore,

I admit your letter caught me off guard; in fact, before I received it, I was thinking of you. I was thinking about stuffing you into a cannon and then shooting you into a pit of sharks, like in a circus act.

However, after reading your well-written letter, I do agree that we spend way too much time and effort blaming and fighting each other when really it is Edgar who makes us this miserable!

I suggest that we come together to think about ways of dealing with this problem. How about my place this afternoon?

*Sincerely,
Annabel Lee*