

**TPEK 01\_01\_01**

## **BOOK ONE: THE HOUSE OF HATRED**

CHAPTER ONE

### **A Room for the Night**

It was during the winter of 1801 that I first set eyes on Wuthering Heights and on that strange and wicked man whose memory will haunt me to my dying day.

I had moved that year to a wild and lonely district of Yorkshire, where I lived in a fine old house called Thrushcross Grange. I had rented it by letter from a man named Heathcliff. He was my only neighbour in all that wild moorland, and when I had been there a little over a week, I decided to walk across country and visit him.

It was a cold and wintry afternoon when I set out. Mist hung about the trees, and in the distance rose the bleak heads of Penistone Crag. I had to wade nearly four miles through heath and mud before I sighted Wuthering Heights, the house that was the dwelling of Heathcliff. It stood on a hill-top in a ring of stunted firs, long and low and grey, with narrow windows deeply set in the walls.

The earth was hard with a black frost and the air made me shiver as I climbed towards the house. I arrived at the garden gate half-blinded by the first feathery flakes of a snow shower. I put out my hand to the latch and stopped with a jump of surprise. A man was there, leaning on the gate. He frowned at me from under dark brows, seeming as gloomy and silent as the gravestones in the churchyard at the foot of the hill. He straightened up, standing tall and erect. His hair and eyes were black, his features hard and yet handsome; he was dressed like a gentleman – but his skin was as dark as a gipsy's.

I guessed who he was. "Mr Heathcliff?" I said.

A nod was the only answer.

"I am Lockwood, your new tenant. I thought I should call upon you—"

"Walk in!" he interrupted through closed teeth. By his tone and manner, he might have been saying "Go to the Devil!" He did open the gate, however, and went sullenly before me along the garden path, calling, as we entered a big yard: "Joseph, bring up some wine!" Then he added, curtly, to me: "I shall be with you in a moment. The servant will look after you meanwhile."

He strode off around a corner of the house. I shrugged and waited, looking up at the grotesque carvings above the door. Among them I detected the date "1500", and the name "Hareton Earnshaw".

There was the sound of steps, and a man appeared through a side door, an old man with a thin tight, mouth set in a peaked and vinegary face. This, it seemed, was Joseph. He scowled at me. "Well," he growled, "you'd best come in out of t'cold. T'missis is in the parlour."

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He led me along a stone-flagged passage and signed for me to pass through a door on my right. I did so and found myself in a big room where a fire was burning in a chimney like a small cavern. Above hung some villainous-looking guns and a couple of horse-pistols. Crouching close to the fire were two grim and shaggy sheepdogs, which growled at me. Beside them was a table laid for a plentiful evening meal.

And then I saw the girl who was seated at the table. She was beautiful, a slender girl of some twenty years, with an exquisite face framed by soft golden hair.

I bowed and waited for her to speak. She just kept her eyes fixed on me in a cool and scornful

manner.

I drew closer to the fire. "It's going to be a wild evening," I said. "It's begun to snow."

"You shouldn't have come out," she said, then rose and reached up for a painted canister that stood on the high mantel-shelf. It was almost out of her reach. I made a move to help her. She turned upon me fiercely.

"I can get it myself," she snapped.

"I beg your pardon!" I hastened to reply.

"Were you asked for tea?" she demanded, opening the canister, and standing with a spoon poised over the pot.

"I shall be glad to have a cup," I answered.

"Were you asked?" she repeated.

"No," I said, half-smiling. "You are the person to ask me."

She flung the tea back, spoon and all, into the canister, but before she could say anything the door opened and Heathcliff entered, followed by a tall young man in rough clothing, with thick brown curls and a surly look.

Heathcliff nodded to me, but his face was sulky. He began shaking white flakes from his clothes. Through the window I could see that snow was falling heavily.

"I'm afraid I shall be weather-bound for half an hour or so," I said. "May I shelter here?"

"I don't know why you have to ramble about in a snowstorm," Heathcliff growled. "Don't you know that you run a risk of getting lost on the moors? People who know these parts often miss their way on nights like this – and the weather's not going to change for some time."

"Perhaps one of your lads could guide me home," I said, "and stay till morning. Could you spare me one?"

"No – I could not."

"Oh! Then I'll have to find my own way back."

"Umph!"

"Are you going to make the tea?" demanded the young man, shifting his fierce gaze from me to the young lady.

She stared coldly at me for a moment. "Is *he* to have any?" she asked.

"Get it ready, will you?" said Heathcliff, speaking so savagely that I started. "Bring up your chair," he added to me, and we all drew round the table.

Food was passed in silence, and the three scowled as they ate it. I thought it my duty to make polite talk.

"Mr Heathcliff," I began, "there must be times when you and your wife—"

"My wife!" growled Heathcliff, with a sneer on his face. "My wife is dead!"

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I saw that I had made a blunder. Then it flashed upon me that the young man at my elbow, drinking his tea out of a basin and eating his bread with grimy hands, might be the husband of the girl. I sighed at the thought.

"Mrs Heathcliff is my daughter-in-law," said Heathcliff, as if he guessed my thoughts.

He turned, as he spoke, and looked at the girl. She met his gaze squarely and in that moment I saw in both their eyes a look of devilish hatred. It was quite unmistakable.

"Ah," I said uneasily, to the youth at my side, "so you are the happy husband—"

I stopped. The young man had turned crimson.

"She's not *my* wife!" he said.

He let out the words with a sudden gust of concentrated hatred, and followed them with a curse.

"Wrong again," said Heathcliff, with something like a sneer. "I said she was my daughter-in-law;

therefore, she must have married my son.”

“And this young man is—”

“Not my son, I assure you.”

He smiled, as if at the oddity of the situation.

“My name is Hareton Earnshaw,” growled the youth. “And you’d do well to respect it!”

“I’ve shown no disrespect,” I replied, amused at his tone.

He stared at me for a moment, then went on shovelling food into his mouth. I said no more, but sat wondering at this house of strange hatreds.

As soon as the meal was finished, I rose and went to a window. A sorrowful sight I saw: dark night coming early, the sky and hills mingled in a whirl of driving snow.

“I shall need a guide to see me home,” I said. “The road will be buried already.”

“Hareton, go and drive those sheep into the barn,” said Heathcliff.

“What shall I do?” I asked, feeling annoyed.

There was no reply. I looked round. Heathcliff and the young man had gone out. Mrs Heathcliff had picked up a book.

“Will you point out some landmarks by which I can find my way home?” I said.

“Take the road you came,” she answered carelessly.

“If you hear of me being found dead in a bog or a pit full of snow, I suppose it won’t worry you!” I said angrily.

“Why should it? I can’t show you the way. They wouldn’t let me. And there’s no one else to guide you.”

“Then I’ll have to stay here,” I said hopelessly.

She shrugged. “I have nothing to do with that either,” she said.

“I hope it’ll be a lesson to you not to go wandering about on these hills,” cried Heathcliff’s stern voice from the kitchen entrance. “As to staying here, you’ll have to share a bed with Hareton or Joseph if you do.”

“I can sleep on a chair in this room,” I replied.

“Oh, no! I’m not going to have you roaming about the place while I’m asleep,” said the unmannerly wretch.

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That was the last straw. I uttered an expression of disgust, and pushed past him into the yard. I saw Joseph, through the open door of an outhouse, milking cows by the light of a lantern. In my anger, I moved towards him, snatched up the lantern, called out that I would send it back on the morrow, and rushed towards the gate.

“Master, he’s stealing t’lantern!” shouted Joseph. “Hey, Gnasher! Hey, dog! Hey, Wolf, hold him, hold him!”

The next second two hairy monsters came flying at my throat, bearing me down. I heard a bellow from Heathcliff, behind me. I was flaming with rage, but the dogs stood over me and growled so fiercely that I dared not rise till their master strolled up and dragged them off.

I got to my feet then, trembling with rage, and ordered them to let me out. My words were cut short by a spurt of blood from my nose. Hareton had appeared from somewhere, and he and Heathcliff stood and roared with laughter until an old woman, whose name I found was Zillah, came out to see what all the uproar was about.

“Look at t’poor lad!” she cried. “He’s fair choking! Wisht! Ye mustn’t go on so. Come in, and I’ll cure that.”

With these words she splashed a pint of icy water down my neck and pulled me into the kitchen. Heathcliff followed, told her to give me brandy and growled something about a room for the night.

He went out again.

Zillah gave me the brandy, handed me a candle and told me to follow her upstairs. “And don’t make a noise,” she said. “I don’t want the master to know which room I’m giving you. He never lets anybody stay there – but it’s the one you’ll have to have tonight.”

She left me in a big room with simple furnishings and an old-fashioned oak bed beneath a latticed window.

I undressed and got into bed, leaving my candle burning. There was a shelf on the wall above the bed, with a few books piled up in one corner, and there was writing scratched on the wall – a name that was repeated again and again, in all kinds of writing, large and small – *Catherine – Catherine Earnshaw*, here and there *Catherine Heathcliff*, and then again *Catherine Linton*.

I lay back and continued spelling over the names *Catherine Earnshaw – Heathcliff – Linton* till my eyes closed and a glare of white letters started from the dark as vivid as ghosts, and the air seemed to swarm with Catherines . . . .

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Even now I cannot tell if what happened later on that terrible night was a dream – or whether, in fact, I had a ghostly visitor . . . .

I was lying in bed, listening to the gusty wind and the driving of the snow. I heard also the rappings of a branch of a fir tree that touched my window as the blast wailed by and rattled its dry cones against the panes. It annoyed me so much that I made up my mind to silence it. I sat up and tried to unclasp the casement. It was stuck!

“I must stop it,” I kept muttering.

The sound, indeed, was maddening me. Somehow it *must* and *should* be stopped.

I raised my fist and smashed it through the glass. I stretched an arm through the hole to seize the branch.

And then it happened!

My fingers closed on the fingers of a little, ice-cold hand.

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## Chapter Two

### The Housekeeper

The horror of nightmare came over me. I tried to draw back my arm, but the hand clung to it and a voice sobbed, brokenly, “Let me in – let me in!”

I struggled to free myself. “Who are you?” I gasped.

“Catherine Linton,” sobbed the voice. “I’ve come home. I lost my way on the moor!”

As it spoke I saw the pale white blur of a child’s face looking through the window.

“How can I let you in?” I cried. “Let *me* go, if you want me to let you in!”

At once the fingers let go their hold. I snatched my hand back, hurriedly piled up books against the hole and stopped my ears against the awful wailings of the voice.

I seemed to keep them closed for a long time, yet the instant I listened again, there was the doleful cry.

I felt that I could stand no more. “Go away!” I shrieked. “I’ll never let you in!”

There was a feeble scratching at the pane. The books moved as if thrust forward. A great fear was on me. I tried to jump up, but could not stir a limb. I yelled aloud, in a frenzy of fright . . . .

Footsteps approached the door of my room. Somebody thrust it open, and I saw the gleam of a

light. I was shuddering still. I wiped the sweat from my brow.

“Is any one there?” a voice whispered. It was Heathcliff.

I croaked a reply. He strode across the room, dressed only in a shirt and trousers, a candle dripping over his fingers and his face as white as the wall. My voice startled him. The candle trembled wildly in his hand. He shivered as he stood there.

“It’s only your guest,” I said. “I’ve had a frightful nightmare and screamed out in my sleep. I’m sorry.”

He glared at me. “Curse you, Lockwood!” he muttered. “Who showed you to this room? Who?”

“It was your servant Zillah,” I said. “I don’t care what you do to her, Mr Heathcliff. She deserves something for shutting me up in this den of ghosts and goblins!”

He stared at me, a strange light in his eyes. “You’ve broken the window,” he whispered. Then he was silent.

For the first time I realised that the broken pane was *real*. I muttered an apology and started to get dressed.

“What are you doing?” demanded Heathcliff. “Lie down and finish out the night, since you *are* here. But for Heaven’s sake don’t make that horrid noise again. I thought you were having your throat cut!”

“That’s what might have happened if that little devil had got in the window!” I answered grimly. “This Catherine Linton – she must have been a wicked soul. She’s walking the earth as a punishment for her sins, no doubt!”

I stopped there, appalled at the look on Heathcliff’s face. He snarled at me, like an animal. “How *dare* you!” he thundered. “God! Are you mad to speak so – to me?”

He struck his forehead with rage, then sank down on to the edge of the bed, staring before him and breathing hard.

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Feeling a little ashamed of myself, I finished my dressing and looked at my watch. “Not three o’clock yet!” I said. “I could have sworn it must be six.”

“Mr Lockwood,” said Heathcliff hoarsely, “you may go into my room. I shall not want to sleep again tonight.”

“Neither shall I,” I answered. “I’ll walk in the yard till daylight and then I’ll be off.”

“Take the candle,” he muttered, “and go where you like. Keep out of the yard, though – the dogs are unchained. Go down now – I’ll come in two minutes.”

I took the candle, stepped into the narrow passage and stood there, uncertain which way to turn. I swung round to ask Heathcliff, but my words were frozen on my lips.

He had thrown the window wide. “Come in!” I heard him cry. “Cathy! Hear me *this* time, Catherine!”

Through the open window there came a rush of wind and snow. I heard Heathcliff give a sob, and I drew off, half-angry with myself for having listened at all.

I came to a stairhead, groped my way down and landed in the back kitchen, where a gleam of fire still burned in the grate. Two benches stood close to the fire, and on one of these I stretched myself out and dozed.

I was awakened by a step. I sat up, blinking, and saw Hareton Earnshaw rummaging in a corner for a spade to dig through snowdrifts. I stood up and made a movement to follow him, but he glared at me and pointed at a door with the end of his spade, as if to tell me to go there.

It opened into the kitchen, where the women were already astir, Zillah urging flakes of flame up the chimney with a big bellows and Mrs Heathcliff kneeling on the hearth, reading a book by the

light of the blaze.

I was surprised to see Heathcliff there also. He had his back to me and was just finishing a long rant at Zillah. I could guess why.

I refused to join them at breakfast, and at the first gleam of dawn I escaped into the open air, now clear and still and cold as ice.

Heathcliff shouted for me to stop before I reached the bottom of the garden, and offered to go with me across the moor. It was as well he did, for the hill was a sea of white, with all the pits filled to a level and all the lonely landscape greatly changed since my walk of yesterday.

He was silent and gloomy on the way, and halted at the entrance to the Grange, saying I could make no mistake from there. We bowed to each other and then I pushed forward. The clock was chiming twelve as I entered the house, stiff and frozen with cold.

I was met by Mrs Dean – the plump and kindly Yorkshirewoman who was my housekeeper. She, it seemed, had given me up for dead, and was wondering how she should set about the search for my body.

After supper, I sent for Mrs Dean and asked her to sit down and talk. My mind and imagination were still troubled and haunted by Heathcliff and his strange household, and I hoped that she might be able to tell me more.

It soon appeared that I had picked the right person. She was only too willing to talk, she had a wonderful memory for detail, and, what is more, there had been a time when she had lived at Wuthering Heights and played a part in the events of which she spoke.

I did not hear all the story that night, for the tale was a long one that was told to me in snatches in the course of many talks that we had together during the frozen weeks of that northern winter.

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BOOK TWO: THE FIRST CATHERINE

CHAPTER ONE

## The Gipsy Brat

It had all really begun twenty-five years before – in the summer of 1777 – when Wuthering Heights had been the home of the Earnshaw family for two hundred years.

Ellen Dean at that time was a rosy-cheeked girl of eighteen, who had just gone to the Heights to look after the children. There were two of them – Catherine, who was six, and the boy Hindley, who was then fourteen.

The house in those days was a happy one, and even on the night that Heathcliff came no one seemed to show any sense of dread or expectation. It *was* an odd thing, though, and it happened like this . . . .

One morning Mr Earnshaw, the old master, came downstairs dressed for a journey, and said to his children: “I’m going to Liverpool on business. What shall I bring you back?”

Hindley asked for a fiddle, Cathy chose a whip, and the master promised to bring Ellen a pocketful of fruit.

He was gone three days. Mrs Earnshaw expected him back by supper-time on the third evening and kept putting off the meal. She would have had the children put to bed, but they begged to stay up. Just after eleven o’clock the latch was raised and in stepped Mr Earnshaw with his great-coat all bundled up in his arms. Everyone shouted and jumped for joy.

And then a startling thing happened. The great-coat moved and rose up in his arms. He held out the bundle.

“See here, wife!” he said. “You’ll have to take this as a gift from God – though it’s dark enough to have come from the devil!”

They crowded round, and over Miss Cathy’s head Ellen had a peep at a dirty, ragged, black-haired child – a boy, who stared around at them in fright and wonder.

Mrs Earnshaw seemed filled with horror at the sight. “Why have you brought that gipsy brat into my house?” she stormed. “Are you mad? What will you do with it?”

Against her mutterings and scoldings, Mr Earnshaw told how he had found the child, homeless and starving, in the streets of Liverpool, where he had picked it up and tried to find its owner. No one, however, knew to whom it belonged, and he thought it best to bring it home with him, since he would not leave it as he had found it.

Mrs Earnshaw went on grumbling, but her husband turned to Ellen Dean.

“Take the boy away and wash him, Ellen,” he said. “You can find him some clean things, and then he’d better sleep with the children.”

Ellen took the little boy, washed him, gave him clean clothing and led him upstairs. The children, however, refused to have him in bed with them, or even in their room. At last, in desperation, she wrapped the child up in blankets and settled him to sleep on the landing, almost hoping that he might be gone in the morning.

At some time during the night, however, the boy crept to Mr Earnshaw’s door, and there the master found him lying when he left his room the next morning.

What a fuss there was, then! Ellen was accused of cruelty and sent out of the house for a few days. When she was allowed to come back she found that they had named the child Heathcliff – the name of a son who had died in childhood – and it has served its owner ever since as both first name and surname. Much to her surprise, however, Miss Cathy and he were now the very best of friends – though Hindley hated him, and pinched and kicked and punched him whenever his father was out of the way.

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Heathcliff took every blow without a wink or a tear. He seemed a sullen, patient child, but the old master had taken to him strangely and made more fuss of him than of Cathy, who was too naughty and troublesome ever to be a favourite.

Mrs Earnshaw died just two years after Heathcliff’s coming, and the children were left to Ellen’s care. Mr Earnshaw was ageing quickly, and his strength left him suddenly. In a matter of weeks he changed from an active, healthy man into an old fellow who hardly left the chimney corner and who was irritable with all except Heathcliff. Two or three times he caught Hindley bullying the lad and was so roused to fury that he would have thrashed his son if only he’d had the strength to do it.

At last Hindley was sent off to college, and Ellen began to hope that they would have some peace in the house. It did not turn out like that, however, mainly because of Joseph, the manservant, who was the most self-righteous creature imaginable. Night after night he grumbled out a long string of tales against Heathcliff and Cathy, taking care to heap the heaviest blame on the girl.

She was a wild child, it seems. Her spirits were always at high-water mark and her tongue was never still. A wild and wicked slip of a girl, she was, but growing into the most beautiful young lady in the parish.

She had become much too fond of Heathcliff. The worst punishment she suffered was to be kept away from him, and the boy would have done anything for her. There seemed already to be a strange bond between them.

One October night a high wind was blustering outside, and the family were together – Mr Earnshaw seated by the fire, Ellen busy knitting, Joseph reading his Bible, Miss Cathy leaning against her father’s knee, while Heathcliff lay on the floor, his head in her lap.

Mr Earnshaw seemed full of years that night, and once he sighed and stroked his daughter's hair. "Why can't you always be a good girl, Cathy?" he asked.

She turned her face up to his and laughed. "Why can't you always be a good man, Father?" she replied.

But then she kissed his hand and said she would sing him to sleep. She began singing very low and his head sank down on his breast. Ellen told the girl not to stir for fear she would wake him. They all kept as still as mice for half an hour. Then Joseph got up and said he must rouse the master for prayers and bed. He called him by name and touched his shoulder; but Mr Earnshaw would not move, so Joseph looked closely at him.

His face changed. He set down the light and whispered to the children that they should run along upstairs.

"I'll say good night to Father first," said Cathy, and put her arms round his neck before anyone could stop her.

She knew the truth at once. She screamed out. "Oh, he's dead! Heathcliff, he's dead!" And the two of them set up a heartbreaking cry.

So the old master passed away; and after his going things were very different at Wuthering Heights.

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## CHAPTER TWO

### A Christmas Dinner

Hindley came home for the funeral – a young man now – and brought with him a wife of whom no one had ever heard before. What she was, where she was born and why he had kept his marriage a secret he did not say.

Hindley had changed a lot during the three years he'd been away. He spoke and dressed quite differently, and told Ellen that she and Joseph must stay in the back kitchen in future and leave the house to him. In one thing, however, he was the same. He still had all his old hatred of Heathcliff, and swore that from that time on the boy must work in the fields and live with the servants.

Heathcliff took this well at first, because Cathy taught him all she learned, and worked or played with him in the fields. The two of them were always out on the moors together and they seemed to be growing up like savages.

One Sunday evening they were sent out of the house for making a noise, and when Ellen went to call them for supper she could not find them anywhere. She said nothing to Hindley, but she was very worried all the same.

Everybody else went to bed, but she waited at her window, too anxious to sleep until the children had returned. After a while she heard steps coming up the road, and ran down to the front door. She had a shock then. Walking towards her was Heathcliff – by himself.

"Where's Miss Cathy?" Ellen cried.

Heathcliff frowned at her. "At Thrushcross Grange," he answered. "We were over that way, and we thought we'd creep up and take a peep through their windows to see how the Lintons spend *their* Sundays. We got through a broken hedge, groped our way up the drive, and looked through the drawing-room window. Old Mr and Mrs Linton weren't there – but Edgar and his sister were. We watched them for a little while, and then Cathy started giggling. They heard us and howled for their father and mother, so we made creepy noises to frighten them, and then ran off. I had Cathy by the hand, and all at once she fell down."

Heathcliff paused, his eyes staring into the gloom.

“What about Cathy?” asked Ellen impatiently.

“The Lintons let loose their bulldog,” said Heathcliff, quietly, “and it seized Cathy’s ankle. She didn’t cry out, Ellen – but I did! I got a stone and shoved it between his jaws, and tried to cram it down his throat. A servant came up with a lantern, called off the dog and picked Cathy up. She must have been in a lot of pain. He carried her into the house, so I followed them.

“What a bother there was when they realised it was Cathy they’d caught! They made a lot of fuss of her, and said she’d have to stay there till her foot was better – but they told the servant to turn me out. And here I am!”

Ellen shook her head over the boy. “My word,” she said, grimly, “there’ll be some trouble in the morning!”

She was right about that. The luckless adventure made Hindley furious – and he was even more so when old Mr Linton called to say that it was time Hindley learned to look after his young sister.

Heathcliff was told that the first word he spoke to Cathy would see him sent away, and Mrs Earnshaw undertook to keep Cathy in better order when she came home again.

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Cathy stayed five weeks at Thrushcross Grange. It was Christmas when she came home, and she looked altogether different. The Lintons had dressed her up in fine clothes, and she looked clean, neat and tidy for almost the first time in her life. Everyone was delighted – except Heathcliff, and it seemed to put *him* in a bad temper.

“You can come and wish Miss Cathy welcome like the other servants,” cried Hindley, dragging the boy forward.

He was as torn and dirty and ragged as ever, but as soon as Cathy saw him she gave him a hug and a kiss. Then she stared at him and burst out laughing.

“You do look cross, Heathcliff!” she exclaimed. “And *so* dirty!”

Heathcliff glared at her. “I’m not going to stay here and be laughed at!” he said fiercely. “I *like* to be dirty, and I *will* be dirty!” With that he dashed out of the room.

In the morning he was up early, and off to the moors. He didn’t come back until after the family had left for church. He seemed to be in a better temper then. He hung about for a while, then turned to Ellen and said: “Help me to get cleaned up, Ellen. I’m going to be good!”

Ellen smiled. “High time,” she replied. “Now, the two Linton children are coming back to dinner, so just you see that you do things properly.”

Heathcliff sighed. “I wish I had fair hair, and the chance of being as rich as Edgar Linton will be,” he said.

“Pooh, he’s a cry-baby!” said Ellen lightly. “By the time you’ve been washed and combed – and as long as you take that sulky look off your face – you’ll think yourself rather handsome . . . .”

She chattered on while she cleaned him up, and he lost his frown and began to look quite pleasant. At last they heard the sound of carriage wheels rumbling up the road. They ran to the window and saw Catherine bringing the Linton children into the house.

Ellen pushed Heathcliff gently towards the door. “Go in to them,” she said, “and show them what a fine, friendly lad you are.”

He obeyed willingly enough; but, as ill-luck would have it, he met Hindley at the door. The master shoved him back. “You keep out of the room,” he said roughly. “We don’t want you stealing the fruit!”

“He won’t touch anything, sir,” said Ellen quickly. “He must have his share of everything—”

“He’ll have his share of my hand if I catch him downstairs before dark,” cried Hindley. “And just look at his hair! Trying to charm the ladies, are you, my lad? Wait till I get hold of those curls – I’ll

pull them a bit longer.”

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“I wonder they don’t make his head ache,” said Edgar Linton, a fair and slender lad of sixteen, peeping round the door. “It’s like a colt’s mane over his eyes!”

That did it! Heathcliff wasn’t the one to stand insults from a boy like Edgar Linton. He seized a dish of hot apple sauce – the first thing that came to hand – and dashed it straight into Edgar’s face.

Edgar howled like a mad thing; his sister began crying to go home; and Hindley snatched up Heathcliff and carried him upstairs, where he flogged him.

Ellen grabbed a dish-cloth and – rather spitefully – scrubbed Edgar’s nose and neck. Cathy stood by, her eyes flashing with rage.

“You shouldn’t have spoken to him!” she told Edgar. “I hate him to be whipped! I can’t eat my dinner now. And for goodness’ sake stop crying! You’re not killed, are you? Give over, Isabella – no one’s hurt you!”

“There, there, children – to your seats!” cried Hindley, bustling in. “That brute of a lad has warmed me nicely. But next time, Master Edgar, take the law into your own fists – it will give you an appetite.”

Ellen served up the dinner and waited at table. She was pained to see Cathy, with dry eyes, cutting up the wing of a goose before her. Then she saw Cathy lift a mouthful to her lips – and set it down again untasted. The girl’s cheeks were flushed and suddenly Ellen saw that her eyes were sparkling with tears. She slipped her fork to the floor, and dived under the cloth to hide her distress.

In the evening they had a dance. Cathy begged that Heathcliff might come down, but Hindley would have none of it. When they were all singing carols after the dancing, Cathy said that the music sounded sweetest at the top of the stairs, and up she went in the dark.

She was gone a long time. At last Ellen went up to find her, but she was not to be seen. She had crept past the skylight of one garret, along the roof, and into the one where Heathcliff was shut up. Ellen had a hard job to coax her out again.

When she did come, Heathcliff came with her, and she insisted that Ellen should take him down to the kitchen and give him something to eat.

Ellen did so, but he was sick and in pain, and could swallow only a little. He sat on a stool by the fire, his chin on his hands, and stared into the flames in silence.

“What are you thinking about?” Ellen asked him.

Heathcliff frowned. “How I shall pay Hindley back,” he said slowly. “I don’t care how long I wait, if I can do it at last. Leave me alone, and I’ll plan it all out . . . .”

### **TPEK 02\_03\_01**

## CHAPTER THREE

### Cathy’s Temper

On a fine morning, in the following June, the last of the Earnshaw family was born – and his mother, Hindley’s wife, was dead within the month.

The boy, Hareton, was given into Ellen’s keeping. As long as Hindley saw him healthy and did not hear him cry, he gave little thought to his son. He took the loss of his wife badly, though he neither wept nor prayed; he cursed God and man, and gave himself up to drinking.

His treatment of Heathcliff was enough to make a fiend out of a saint, and the boy grew more fierce and sullen than ever as the years passed.

After a time, nobody decent came near the house at all – except for Edgar Linton, who was always after Cathy. Even he, however, had a terror of Hindley and shrank from meeting him if he could help it.

Hindley was away from home one afternoon, and Heathcliff gave himself a holiday. He was about sixteen – a great slouching lad with coal-black hair and eyes full of black fire. Cathy and he were fast friends still, but he was at that difficult stage when he would not show fondness for her and grew angry if she tried to show it for him.

On this particular afternoon he came into the house while Ellen was helping Cathy to arrange her dress. Cathy had not reckoned on his being there, and had sent word to Edgar Linton to come over to the Heights.

“Why are you wearing that silk frock?” Heathcliff asked. “Nobody coming here, I hope!”

Cathy knitted her brows. “Isabella and Edgar Linton talked of calling this afternoon,” she said.

Heathcliff looked sulky. “Tell Ellen to say that you can’t see them,” he said. “Don’t turn me out for those silly friends of yours.”

There was no time for more. A horse’s hoofs were heard in the yard. Heathcliff rose and went into the kitchen. There came a knock, and young Linton entered, his face all bright with joy at sight of Cathy.

“I’ve not come too soon, have I?” he asked, with a sidelong glance at Ellen.

Ellen turned away and began to tidy the dresser at the far end of the room.

“No,” answered Cathy. “What are you doing, Ellen?”

“My work,” Ellen replied.

Hindley, in fact, had ordered her to make a third party in any private visits Edgar chose to pay.

Cathy stepped up behind Ellen and whispered crossly: “Go away!”

“Master told me to do it,” Ellen answered aloud. “I’m sure Mr Edgar won’t mind if I get on with my work.”

## **TPEK 02\_03\_02**

Cathy glared. “I *order* you to go,” she said proudly.

“I’m sorry, Miss Cathy, but I must obey the master,” Ellen replied, and went on with her dusting.

Cathy at once snatched the cloth from her hand and pinched her spitefully on the arm. It hurt and Ellen screamed out: “Oh, that’s a nasty trick, Miss! You’ve no right to pinch me.”

“I didn’t touch you, you lying creature!” cried Cathy, her ears all red with rage.

Ellen held out her arm and showed a purple mark. “What’s that then?” she demanded.

Cathy stamped her foot in a fury, and then slapped Ellen hard across the face, a stinging blow that filled the servant’s eyes with tears.

“Catherine!” cried Edgar, greatly shocked.

Cathy paid no heed to him. “Leave the room, Ellen,” she said, trembling all over.

Little Hareton, who followed Ellen everywhere and who was sitting near her on the floor, started crying. This threw Cathy into an even greater rage. She took hold of the child and shook him. Edgar took hold of her hands to stop her. In an instant she had wrung one free and then gave the astonished young man a box over the ear.

He drew back. Ellen lifted Hareton and walked off to the kitchen – taking care to leave the door open, for she wanted to see how they would settle their quarrel.

Edgar took up his hat.

“Where are you going?” cried Cathy, dashing to the door.

He tried to pass.

“You musn’t go!” she exclaimed.

“I’m not staying after *that!*” he said. “I’ll not come here again, either. You told a deliberate lie!”

“I didn’t!” she cried. “I did nothing deliberately. All right – go, if you want to! Get away! And now I’ll cry myself sick!”

She dropped on her knees and started sobbing brokenly.

Edgar walked out of the door, but only as far as the yard. There he stopped, while Ellen watched him through the window. Then she saw him look back. He turned abruptly and hastened into the house again. When Ellen went in after an hour to tell them that Hindley had come home drunk, she saw that they were closer than ever and suspected they had confessed that they were in love.

The news that Hindley was back drove Edgar to his horse and Cathy to her room. Ellen went to hide little Hareton and to take the shot out of her master’s gun – with which he was fond of playing when he was drunk.

Hindley lurched into the kitchen, however, before she could hide the boy. He swept up Hareton into his arms.

### **TPEK 02\_03\_03**

“Ellen,” he cried, “the boy needs a haircut. Get me the scissors, and I’ll have the lot off. Kiss me, my darling boy! What? It won’t! To think that I should rear such a monster! As sure as I’m living, I’ll break the brat’s neck!”

Poor Hareton was kicking and screaming in his father’s arms, and he yelled all the louder when Hindley carried him upstairs and held him over the banister. Ellen rushed after them, crying out that he would frighten the child.

When she had almost caught up with them, Hindley leaned forward on the rails to listen to a noise below.

“Who’s that?” he asked.

Ellen leaned forward also and saw Heathcliff beneath them, looking up. At that instant Hareton gave a sudden kick, which jerked him from his father’s grasp, and fell!

Ellen screamed. But there was scarcely time to feel a thrill of horror before she saw that the boy was safe. Heathcliff had held out his arms, caught the child and set him down on his feet.

Hindley started down the stairs, pale and sobered. “Is he hurt?” he gasped.

“Hurt!” cried Ellen, angrily. “You’re worse than a savage, treating your son in that way! The boy hates you – and that’s the truth! A pretty state you’ve come to!”

Hindley laughed, recovering his hardness. “I’ll come to a prettier yet!” he said. “Take the boy away. And Heathcliff – keep out of my reach. You’ve done me a good turn, and I wouldn’t want to murder you tonight!”

Ellen and Heathcliff watched him stagger into the parlour. He took a bottle of brandy from the dresser, poured some into a tumbler, then kicked the door shut.

“It’s a pity he doesn’t kill himself with drink!” Heathcliff muttered, and stood cursing Hindley under his breath.

Ellen went into the kitchen and sat down with Hareton on her lap. She thought at the time that Heathcliff had walked through to the barn. It turned out, however, that he only got as far as the other side of the settle, where he flung himself on a bench and remained silent.

Ellen was rocking Hareton on her knee when Cathy, who had listened to the hubbub from her room, put her head in and whispered: “Ellen, are you alone?”

“Yes, Miss.”

Cathy came in and sat down by the fire. She looked worried, Ellen thought.

“Where’s Heathcliff?” she asked.

“Gone out to the barn, I think.”

There was a silence. Ellen looked up and saw a tear trickle down Cathy’s cheek. She said nothing, however.

“Oh, dear!” cried Cathy at last. “I’m so unhappy!”

“Then you’re very hard to please,” Ellen answered, “when you have so many friends and so few cares!”

## **TPEK 02\_03\_04**

Cathy came and knelt down beside her. “Ellen, will you keep a secret for me?” she asked.

“Is it worth keeping?” said Ellen.

“Yes, it is – and I must tell someone. Edgar Linton asked me to marry him today. Should I have said yes or no?”

“After the way you struck him this afternoon, I should think it would be wise to refuse,” said Ellen. “If he asked you after *that*, he must be hopelessly stupid!”

Cathy rose to her feet, her face peevish. “Well, I said yes,” she went on. “Do you think I was wrong?”

Ellen thought about it. “Do you love him?” she asked.

“Yes, of course. He’s handsome and rich, and I shall enjoy being the greatest woman in the neighbourhood.”

“Well, what are you unhappy about?” asked Ellen.

“I *feel* unhappy – *here* and *here*,” replied Cathy, striking one hand on her forehead and the other on her heart.

She dropped into a chair, her face sad and grave. Her hands were trembling. “I’ve no business to marry Edgar Linton,” she said, her face and voice troubled. “If Hindley had not brought Heathcliff so low, I should never have thought of it. But I can’t marry Heathcliff now, when he’s been made little better than a plough-boy – it would lower me, Ellen – it would *degrade* me!” She paused, and her eyes were very sad. There was a long silence.

“Heathcliff will never know how much I love him,” she went on at last. “And that’s not because he’s handsome, Ellen, but because he’s more myself than I am – because we both like the same things, and feel about things in the same way. He’s a part of me, Ellen, but it would degrade me to marry him!”

Ellen listened to all this in silence. As soon as Cathy had mentioned Heathcliff’s name, she had noticed a slight movement, and, on turning her head, she had seen Heathcliff rise quietly from the bench by the wall. He had listened until he had heard Cathy say that it would lower her to marry him. Then he had stolen out without a sound. Ellen could guess how he felt.

## TPEK 02\_04\_01

### CHAPTER FOUR

## Heathcliff Disappears

Cathy had seen and heard nothing.

“Have you thought what this will mean to Heathcliff?” asked Ellen. “Once you’re married to Edgar Linton, he’ll be all alone in the world.”

Cathy looked surprised. “Alone!” she exclaimed. “Oh, no! I wouldn’t be Mrs Linton if it meant that. Edgar must learn to like Heathcliff, that’s all. Don’t you see, Ellen, that if Heathcliff and I were married, we should be penniless? But if I marry Linton, I can help Heathcliff to rise and take him out of my brother’s power.”

“With your husband’s money?” asked Ellen. “I think that’s the worst reason you’ve given for marrying Linton!”

“It isn’t,” retorted Cathy indignantly. “It’s the best!” She sighed. “I think so much of Heathcliff,” she went on. “He’s always in my mind—”

“Well,” Ellen broke in, impatiently, “I can’t make much sense of it all. Still, I’ll keep your secret.”

They could say no more, for Joseph entered, and Cathy nursed Hareton while Ellen cooked the supper.

“Where’s Heathcliff?” growled Joseph.

“In the barn, I expect,” said Ellen. “I’ll call him.”

She went and called but got no answer. When she came back she whispered to Cathy that Heathcliff had heard a good part of what the girl had said. Cathy jumped up in a fine fright and ran to look for him herself.

She was gone such a long time that Joseph suggested that they should wait no longer. He was saying grace when Cathy burst into the room and ordered him to go down the road, and find Heathcliff, and bring him back.

He grumbled and groaned at this, but he went off, leaving Cathy pacing nervously up and down the room.

“I wonder where he is,” she kept saying.

Joseph came back without finding the lad. The night, he said, was as black as the chimney, and there was rain on the way. That would be certain to drive him home.

## **TPEK 02\_04\_02**

They waited.

Cathy could not keep still. She kept wandering to and fro, from the gate to the door, and at last went out to the road, where, heedless of the growling thunder and the great drops of rain that began to splash around her, she remained, calling, listening and then crying outright.

About twenty minutes later Cathy returned through the storm. Drenched and shivering, she took herself to bed.

\*

The next morning Cathy had a fever, and the doctor warned Ellen that the girl should not be crossed in any way, or it would bring on an attack again.

Old Mrs Linton called to see Cathy several times a week, and, when she was up and about again, carried her off to the Grange, to nurse her back to full health.

But the poor woman paid for her kindness. She and her husband both took the fever and died within a few days of each other.

Cathy came back to the Heights more saucy and haughty than ever. Her brother let her do almost as she pleased, and gave her anything she wanted. It was his wish that she should bring honour to the family by marrying Edgar Linton, and as long as she let him alone, she could trample all over the rest of the house, for all he cared!

The strange thing was that never did Cathy mention Heathcliff’s name. And Heathcliff did not return.

Edgar Linton was still hopelessly in love with Cathy; and he believed himself the happiest man alive on the day they were married, three years after his father’s death.

Ellen Dean, against her will, was persuaded to leave the Heights and go to the Grange with Cathy. At first she refused to leave Hareton, but Cathy went crying to her brother, who at once ordered Ellen to pack up and go – he wanted no women in his house, he said.

Ellen had no choice. She got Cathy and herself to Thrushcross Grange, and there all lived at peace

for some time. There were times now and then when Cathy was gloomy and silent, but Ellen felt that the Lintons had a deep and growing happiness.

Until, that is, she met the man in the garden . . . .

**TPEK 02\_05\_01**

## CHAPTER FIVE

### The Man in the Garden

It was a fine September evening and Ellen was coming in from the garden with a basket of apples. Dusk had fallen, the moon was looking over the high wall, and there were deep shadows in all the corners of the building. She stood for a moment looking at the moon and was startled when a voice behind her said: "Ellen, is that you?"

It was the deep voice of a man. She swung round fearfully. Something stirred in the porch. Dimly, she made out a tall man in dark clothes, with dark face and hair. She stared at him, open-mouthed.

"I've been waiting in the garden for an hour," he said. "I didn't dare go into the house. Don't you know me?"

He stepped out of the porch and into the moonlight so that she could see him. She caught her breath. His cheeks were sallow, and half covered with black whiskers, the brows lowering, the eyes deep set and full of black fire.

She remembered the eyes! She lifted her hands in amazement. "Is it really you?" she said. "Is it?"

"Yes – it's Heathcliff," he replied, glancing up at the windows of the house, which showed no lights.

"Are they at home?" he asked eagerly "Where is she, Ellen? Go to your mistress and say that some person from Gimmerton wishes to see her."

"No!" exclaimed Ellen. "How will she take it?"

"Never mind that," he said impatiently. "Go and take my message. I'm in hell till you do!"

He lifted the latch and shoved Ellen into the house. When she got to the parlour, Edgar and Cathy were sitting together at a window, looking out over the quiet park. The room seemed wondrously peaceful. Ellen shrank from speaking to them, but managed to mutter:

"A person from Gimmerton wishes to speak to you, ma'am."

"What does he want?" asked Mrs Linton, carelessly.

"I—I don't know."

"Well, close the curtains, Ellen, will you?" said Cathy. "And bring in the tea. I'll be back again directly."

She went out.

"Who is it, Ellen?" asked Edgar.

Ellen swallowed hard. "That Heathcliff, sir," she said. "You remember him – he's come back—"

Young Mr Linton gave a great start. "What? The gipsy!"

He sprang up and walked across the room to a window. He unfastened it and leaned out. Cathy and Heathcliff must have been below, for he called out quickly: "Don't stand there, love! Bring the person in."

Before long Cathy flew upstairs, wild-eyed and breathless. She flung her arms round her husband's neck. "Edgar, darling," she panted, "Heathcliff's come back!"

She gave him a big squeeze.

"There's no need to strangle me!" he cried crossly. "He never struck me as being such a marvellous treasure."

“I know you didn’t like him,” she answered, “but you must be friends now. Shall I tell him to come up?”

**TPEK 02\_05\_02**

He raised his eyebrows and stared at her coldly. “Here?” he said, as if surprised.

“Well, of course!” cried Cathy. “Where else?”

She was about to dart off again, but he stopped her, and turned to Ellen. “Ellen,” he said, “*you* tell him to come up. And try to be glad without being silly, Catherine. The fellow is only a runaway servant, after all—”

When Ellen returned with Heathcliff, Cathy sprang forward, took both his hands and led him to Edgar. Then she seized her husband’s reluctant fingers and crushed them into Heathcliff’s.

Now that Ellen saw Heathcliff by candlelight, she was amazed at the changes in him. He had grown a tall, athletic man. Edgar, beside him, seemed slender and youth-like. Heathcliff stood as straight as a soldier, and his face was strongly carved. There was no roughness in his manner, but his dark eyes still had a devil lurking in them.

Edgar was at a loss to know what to say to “the gipsy”. “Sit down, sir,” he said at last. “I am glad that your return should give my wife so much pleasure.”

“And I also,” answered Heathcliff in a level voice.

He took a seat opposite Cathy. She could not take her eyes from him. Ellen saw Edgar grow pale when his wife suddenly rose and seized Heathcliff’s hands again.

“It’s like a dream!” Cathy cried. “A wonderful dream! Heathcliff, how could you stay away all these years and never even think of me?”

“I’ve thought of you all the time,” he said. “I heard of your marriage only a little while ago. I’ve had a hard time since I saw you last, but I struggled only for you!”

“Catherine!” said Edgar harshly, “come to the table, unless we are to have cold tea.”

Heathcliff did not stay more than an hour. Ellen asked him, as he departed, if he was going to Gimmerton.

“No – to Wuthering Heights,” he answered. “Hindley invited me when I called there this morning.”

Ellen gasped at that. Hindley had invited *him*! And *he* had called on Hindley!

Ellen could remember a boy who had once sworn to take his revenge on Hindley. And she had a feeling in the bottom of her heart that it would have been better if Heathcliff had stayed away.

**TPEK 02\_06\_01**

## CHAPTER SIX

### The Quarrel

Heathcliff, to begin with, did not go too often to the Grange. He seemed to be feeling his way and trying to work out how often Edgar would stand for his being there.

For a time, as it happened, Edgar had more reason to worry about his sister than his wife. Isabella, a charming young lady of eighteen, seemed always in the best of health, but soon after Heathcliff’s return she lost her appetite and seemed to be pining over something.

One day, when Cathy scolded her about some little thing, she burst into tears. When Cathy asked her what was the matter, Isabella told her that she had fallen in love with Heathcliff. Catherine looked aghast. “I wouldn’t be you for a kingdom!” she cried. “Child, you know nothing about him. I do, and so does Ellen here. He’s a fierce man. I know he couldn’t love a Linton, and yet he’d be quite capable of marrying you for your money. I’m his friend – and have been for years – and I

know him!”

Isabella glared at her indignantly. “His friend!” she cried angrily. “I like that! You’re worse than twenty enemies! He’s a fine man – and you’re not telling the truth!”

Cathy shook her head. “I’ve warned you,” she said. “You think you know best! I’ll do no more for you.”

She left the room, and Isabella turned to Ellen.

“It isn’t true, Ellen, is it?” she sobbed. “I love him so!”

“You’d better put him out of your head, Miss,” said Ellen seriously. “He’s no fit mate for you. How has he been living since we saw him last? How has he got rich? Why is he staying at Wuthering Heights – the home of a man he hates? He and Hindley sit up every night, drinking and playing cards. Hindley has been borrowing money on his land – Joseph told me, when I met him in Gimmerton. If all he had to say about Heathcliff is true, you wouldn’t dream of having such a husband, would you?”

“You’re as bad as Catherine” cried the silly, love-struck girl, “and I’m not going to believe a word you say!”

It was her turn to leave the room.

Things came to a head the next day.

Edgar had to go off to town on business. Heathcliff knew this and called at the Grange earlier than usual. Cathy and Isabella were sitting in the library – not speaking – when the door opened and Heathcliff entered.

Cathy laughed merrily at sight of him. “Come in,” she called. “Here are two people sadly in need of a third to thaw the ice between them, and you’re the very one. I want you to meet someone who loves you more than I do myself. My poor little sister-in-law is breaking her heart for you – her head has been turned by your manly beauty!”

## **TPEK 02\_06\_02**

Isabella grew white and ran out of the room.

After the door had closed after Isabella, Heathcliff turned to Cathy and said, “Why did you tease her? You weren’t speaking the truth, were you?”

“I was,” said Cathy hotly. “It seems that she’s been dying for your sake for some time now!”

“She’d suffer if I had to live alone with *her* waxen face,” said Heathcliff. “I’d turn her blue eyes black every day or two. They’re so much like your husband’s, you know.” He paused then, as if struck by some thought.

“Won’t she come into a lot of money?” he asked, and there was a gleam of interest in his eyes.

\*

The next time he came, Isabella was feeding birds in the garden. As soon as Heathcliff saw her, he took a quick look at the front of the house. Ellen was standing by the kitchen window, but drew back out of sight. She saw him speak. Isabella stepped back. He laid his hand on her arm, and she turned her face away. He spoke again and then, after glancing at the house, took her in his arms.

Ellen went to find her master. He was in the library. She told him then of the scene in the garden.

“This is insufferable!” he exclaimed as she finished. “It’s disgraceful that she should own him for a friend and force his company on me. Call two men out of the hall, Ellen. I’ll deal with this, once and for all!”

He went down, told the servants to wait in the yard, and walked into the kitchen. Heathcliff was standing by the window, and Cathy was scolding him angrily.

Cathy stopped when she saw her husband and then sneered: “Have you been listening at the door, Edgar?”

Heathcliff laughed at this.

“Sir,” said Edgar quietly, “I’ve allowed you to call here because of my wife’s regard for you. From now on, I forbid you to enter this house. I give you three minutes to leave before I order the servants to throw you out!”

Heathcliff looked Edgar up and down. “It’s a pity,” he said, “that you’re not man enough to fight for yourself!”

Edgar signed to Ellen to fetch the men. As she moved to obey, Cathy sprang to the door, slammed it and locked it. She swung round on her husband, her eyes blazing.

“If you haven’t the courage to attack him,” she said angrily, “then apologise or allow yourself to be beaten. I’ll swallow the key before I let you have it!”

Edgar tried to wrest the key from her, but she flung it into the fire. At this, he trembled and grew pale.

“Cheer up – you won’t get hurt!” Cathy taunted him

“I wish you joy of the coward,” said Heathcliff contemptuously. “And that’s the thing you preferred to me!”

TPEK 02\_06\_03

He stepped forward and pushed at the chair on which Edgar was leaning. And then to Ellen’s joy and amazement, Edgar sprang erect and struck Heathcliff.

It was a lucky blow. It took Heathcliff’s breath, and while he choked Edgar walked out by the other door.

“There! You’ve finished with coming here,” cried Cathy. “Get away, now – he’ll be back with a pistol and half a dozen men!”

Heathcliff decided to avoid a struggle with the servants. He seized the poker, smashed the lock from the inner door, and made his escape.

Cathy fled upstairs and ordered Ellen to follow her. In the parlour, she threw herself down on the sofa. She was in a terrible state, all wild-eyed and tearful.

“I’m nearly mad, Ellen!” she cried. “I’ve got a thousand hammers beating in my head! Tell my husband that I’m ill! I want to frighten him!”

Ellen said nothing when she met Edgar coming towards the parlour; but she turned back to listen, to see if the couple would go on with their quarrel.

Edgar was the first to speak. “Cathy,” he said, “you must make up your mind whether you’ll give up Heathcliff or me! You can’t be my friend and his at the same time.”

“Leave me alone,” exclaimed Cathy furiously. “I’m ill! Can’t you see that? Leave me – leave me!”

She glared about her for an instant and then rushed from the room. Ellen went after her, but found the door of her bedroom locked against her. There Cathy stayed, seeing no one and eating nothing, for two days.

Edgar passed his time in the library, and did not even ask after his wife’s health. Isabella and he had an hour’s talk, and then the girl moved about the park and garden, almost always in tears, while her brother shut himself up among books that he never even opened.

Ellen went about the house, feeling quite sure that the Grange had only one sensible soul within its walls – and that that was lodged in *her* body!

TPEK 02\_07\_01

## The Elopement

On the third day Cathy unbarred her door, and Ellen went in.

"I'm going to die," Cathy exclaimed, "since no one cares anything about me. What is my husband doing?"

"He's shut himself up with his books," answered Ellen. "Poor man, he has no other company!"

"His books!" Cathy cried. "What in the name of all that feels has he to do with books, when I am dying? Oh, how I wish I could be out on the moors! I wish I were a girl again, and out among the heather on those hills. Open the window, Ellen! Quickly!"

"No – I won't give you your death of cold," Ellen answered.

"All right," said Cathy sullenly, "I'll open it myself."

She slid from the bed before Ellen could stop her, crossed the room, walking very uncertainly, then threw back the windows and bent out, careless of the frosty air.

Ellen begged her to get back into bed, but she seemed not to hear. She stood staring out of the window, her eyes brilliant and far-seeing. There was no moon and everything beneath lay in misty darkness; not a light gleamed from any house, far or near.

"Look!" she cried eagerly, "I can see the lights shining from Wuthering Heights. That's my room with the candle in it, and the other candle is in Joseph's room. He's waiting till I come home so that he may lock the gate. Well, he'll wait a while yet. We must go by Gimmerton Churchyard to reach the Heights. We've braved its ghosts often together, Heathcliff and I – and dared each other to stand among the graves and call to the ghosts to show themselves. Heathcliff, will you come if I dare you now? If you do, I'll keep you for ever. I'll not lie in there by myself. They may bury me twelve feet deep, but I won't rest till you are with me. I never will!"

Ellen, at this point, heard the rattle of the door handle, and turned as Edgar came in. "Oh, sir," she cried, "my poor mistress is ill and won't stay in bed!"

"Ill?" he said, coming forward. "Shut the window, Ellen. Catherine! Why—"

He stopped. His wife's haggard face left him speechless. He took her in his arms.

"Ah! You are come, are you, Edgar Linton?" she said. "Well, you can't keep me from my narrow home in the churchyard: my resting-place, where I'm bound before spring is over! There it is; not among the Lintons, but in the open air, with a headstone. That's where my soul is going, Edgar. I don't want you. Go back to your books."

"Her mind's wandering, sir," said Ellen. "She's been talking nonsense the whole evening."

"She really *is* ill," said Linton. "Go and bring the doctor. Hurry, Ellen, hurry!"

Ellen left to do as he ordered. As she passed through the garden, she thought she heard horses' hoofs in the distance. She hardly thought about it then, though it was a strange sound at two o'clock in the morning.

TPEK 02\_07\_02

The doctor started back with Ellen at once. He was a plain man, who never minced his words. "What's going on up at the Grange?" he asked. "We've heard odd reports in the village. Haven't the Lintons been seeing a lot of Mr Heathcliff lately?"

"Yes," answered Ellen. "The mistress knew him as a boy, but the master doesn't like his company. He's been told not to call again."

"And how does *Miss* Linton like him?" said the doctor.

"She's a sly one. I've been told that she and Heathcliff were walking in the wood at the back of your house for more than two hours last night. They were not only seen but overheard as well. He was trying to get her to mount his horse and run off with him. She said that she would the next time

they met. You'd better warn Mr Linton to keep an eye on her!"

This news filled Ellen with fresh fears. She remembered the sound of galloping hoofs . . . .

She decided to hold her tongue and let matters take their own course. She took the doctor to Cathy, who lay in a troubled sleep while her husband hung over her pillow, staring anxiously into her face.

Cathy was dangerously ill, the doctor said – it was a recurrence of her previous sickness – and she must have peace and quiet. Nothing must disturb her mind.

Neither Edgar nor Ellen closed an eye that night. The servants were all up long before the usual hour, and moved about the house on tiptoe, talking in whispers. Everyone was awake but Miss Isabella, and they began to remark how soundly she was sleeping.

And then one of the maids, a thoughtless girl who had been on an early errand to Gimmerton, came panting upstairs and dashed into the room where Cathy lay.

"Oh, dear!" she cried. "Master, our young lady—"

"Hold your noise!" cried Ellen, angrily.

"Speak lower, Mary," said Mr Linton. "What's the matter? What's wrong with Miss Isabella?"

"She's gone! That Heathcliff's run off with her!" gasped the girl.

"Ellen," said Edgar, quietly, "go and find Isabella."

Ellen ran and peeped into Isabella's empty room. When she came back, Edgar raised his eyes and read the meaning of her blank face.

"Shall we try and bring her back?" Ellen asked.

He shook his head. "She went of her own accord," he said. "From now on, she's my sister in name only; not because I disown her, but because she has disowned me."

And that was the last time he spoke of his sister for a very long time.

**TPEK 02\_08\_01**

## CHAPTER EIGHT

### The Return

Heathcliff and Isabella were gone two months, and for most of that time Catherine was dangerously ill.

She never spoke of Heathcliff, though Isabella sent to her brother, some six weeks after she'd run off, a short note announcing her marriage to "Mr Heathcliff".

Edgar did not even reply to it, but a fortnight later Ellen got a letter which she thought very odd – coming from the pen of a bride just home from her honeymoon.

"Dear Ellen," (it began) "I came last night to Wuthering Heights and heard for the first time that Catherine has been very ill. I must not write to her, I suppose, and my brother is too angry to answer what I sent him.. Still, I must write to somebody, and so I choose you.

"I want to ask you a question: it is this – is Mr Heathcliff a man? If so, is he mad? And if not, is he a devil? I shan't tell my reasons for asking; but I beg you to tell me if you can, what I have married – that is, when you call to see me, and you must call, Ellen, very soon. Don't write, but come, and bring me something from Edgar.

"Oh, Ellen, Heathcliff has already made me hate him – I am wretched – I have been a fool! Don't utter a breath of this to anyone at the Grange. I shall expect you every day – don't disappoint me!

"Isabella."

As soon as Ellen had read this letter, she went to Edgar and told him that his sister was living at the Heights. She also told him that she had had a letter from her saying how sorry she was to hear of Catherine's illness and how she wished that her brother would forgive her.

“I’ve nothing to forgive her,” said Edgar coldly. “She made her own choice. You may call at the Heights this afternoon and say that I’m not *angry*, but I’m *sorry* to have lost her. Make it clear that I do not wish to see her.”

“Won’t you write her a little note, sir?” Ellen asked.

“No,” he answered, “I’ll have nothing to do with Heathcliff’s family.”

As Ellen walked to the Heights, she wondered how to soften Edgar’s refusal to send his sister even a few lines.

As she drew near and walked up the garden path, she saw Isabella looking through the window. Ellen nodded and waved, but she drew back as if afraid of being seen.

## **TPEK 02\_08\_02**

Ellen went in without knocking. The house, which had been such a cheerful place in the old master’s day, looked dusty and neglected.

Hindley was not there. Heathcliff sat at a table, turning over some papers. He rose when Ellen appeared, asked how she did, and offered her a chair.

She thought that he had never looked better. A stranger would certainly have taken him for a born gentleman – and his wife for a thorough little slattern!

She, too, looked neglected. Her pretty face was wan and listless, her hair uncurled, her dress shabby. She came forward eagerly to greet Ellen, holding out one hand to take the expected letter.

Ellen shook her head sadly.

“If you have anything for my wife, Ellen, then give it to her,” said Heathcliff. “We have no secrets between us.”

“I have nothing,” Ellen replied. “My master sends his love, ma’am, but thinks it as well if you did not meet him.”

Isabella’s lips quivered slightly, and she went back to her seat in the window. Heathcliff began asking questions about Cathy.

“Why don’t you leave her alone?” said Ellen. “She’s almost over her illness, and she’s forgotten about you.”

Heathcliff laughed. “Forgotten *me!*” he said. “For every thought she spends on Linton, she spends a thousand on me! If he loved her with all the power of his puny little heart, he couldn’t love so much in eighty years as I could in a day. And Cathy’s heart is as deep as mine. We’re the same, she and I. She thinks no more of him than of her dog, or her horse. Ellen, you’ve got to help me to see Catherine. I swear that I mean no harm. I shan’t fight with Linton. I only want to see her. Last night I was in the garden at the Grange for six hours – and I shall be there again tonight. I’ll haunt the place till I find a way of seeing her. If Linton runs across me, I’ll knock him down – and if his servants threaten me, I’ll shoot them. But you could stop that happening. I’d warn you when I came, and then you could let me in quietly, and keep watch till I departed. If you do that, then no one will get hurt.”

Ellen argued and refused him fifty times; but in the long run he forced her to agree. She said she’d carry a letter from him to Cathy, and, if she wanted to see him, to let him know when Edgar was away from home, and to see that the servants were out of the way.

Ellen did not give the letter to Cathy until three days had passed. The fourth was Sunday, and she brought it to Cathy after Edgar and the servants had gone to church.

Cathy sat in a loose white dress in front of the open window. Her face was greatly changed, and the flash of her eyes had given way to a sad and dreamy softness. She seemed always to be looking at something that was far away – something that was out of this world.

## **TPEK 02\_08\_03**

"Here's a letter for you," Ellen said, and put it in her hand. "You must read it at once, because it wants an answer. Shall I break the seal?"

"Yes," answered Cathy, without even looking at it.

Ellen opened it for her and saw that it was very short. "Now," she said gently, "read it. It's from Mr Heathcliff."

Cathy gave a start, then took up the letter and seemed to read. She sighed, but said nothing.

"He wants to see you," said Ellen. "He's in the garden by this time, and impatient to know your answer."

Even as she finished speaking, Cathy bent forward and listened breathlessly. There was the sound of quick steps in the hall. Heathcliff was walking in.

Cathy turned eagerly towards the door. It opened, and in a stride or two he was at her side, and had her grasped in his arms.

He neither spoke nor loosed his hold for some minutes. It seemed to Ellen that he could hardly bear to look into Cathy's wasted face. The changes he saw there told him only too clearly that she was not long for this world.

"Oh, Cathy! Oh, my life! How can I bear it?" were the first words he uttered.

Cathy leaned back in his arms and frowned. "You and Edgar have broken my heart between you," she said. "You've killed me, Heathcliff! How many years do you mean to live after I'm gone?"

"Don't torment me!" he cried. "Is there a devil inside you to talk like that when you are dying? Isn't it enough for you to know that while you are at peace, I shall go through all the torments of hell?"

"I *shan't* be at peace," said Cathy. "I only wish that we might never be parted! Never, never!"

Before long Ellen saw Edgar opening the gate and walking slowly, as if he were enjoying the lovely day. "He's here!" she exclaimed. "For goodness' sake, hurry down! Do be quick!"

"Cathy, I must go," said Heathcliff.

She clung to him. "You mustn't!" she cried. "You shan't!" There was a sort of madness in her face. "No!" she shrieked. "Don't go! It's the last time I shall see you! Heathcliff, I shall die! I shall die!"

Heathcliff took her in his arms once more. "I'll stay," he said, "even if he shoots me for it."

Ellen heard Edgar begin to mount the stairs. She wrung her hands and cried out. At the sound, Edgar hastened his steps. Even in her anguish, Ellen was glad to see that Cathy's arms had relaxed their hold on Heathcliff.

The door opened. For an awful second Edgar stood taking in the scene. Then his face paled with rage and he sprang towards Heathcliff.

Heathcliff simply held out the lifeless-looking form in his arms. "Think of her!" he said sharply. "Help her first – and then you shall speak to me!"

He walked out of the room while Ellen helped Edgar to bring his wife out of her faint.

At the first possible chance Ellen begged Heathcliff to leave, telling him that Cathy had recovered, and he would be told in the morning what sort of night she had spent.

"I'll stay in the garden," he answered. "And mind you keep your word! I shall be under those larch trees. Mind, or I'll come in again – and Linton can go hang!"

TPEK 02\_09\_01

## CHAPTER NINE

### The Runaway

About twelve o'clock that night was born the Catherine whom Lockwood met at Wuthering Heights and two hours later the mother died . . . .

Soft morning light stole in through the blinds of the silent room where Cathy lay. Edgar Linton had his head on the pillow beside hers, and his eyes were shut. She looked more calm and peaceful than ever she had in life.

Ellen left the room soon after sunrise. She had remembered Heathcliff, waiting in the garden. He would have seen the messenger galloping off for the doctor, would know, from the lights flitting to and fro, and the opening and shutting of the doors, that all was not right within.

He was there, leaning against a tree. He raised his eyes and spoke – “She’s dead. You needn’t tell me. Put your handkerchief away. She wants none of *your* tears!”

But Ellen was weeping as much for him as for her.

“How did she die?” he asked, still in that harsh voice, but Ellen could see that he was trembling.

“As quietly as a lamb,” she answered. “She drew a sigh, and stretched herself, and slept. She never awoke again.”

“Did she – did she mention me?” he asked.

“She recognised nobody. Her life closed in a gentle dream – may she wake as kindly in Heaven!”

“May she wake in torment!” he cried. “Where is she? Not in Heaven! May she not rest as long as I’m living! Cathy, you said I killed you – haunt me! Drive me mad, if you like! Only don’t leave me alone. Oh, God! I can’t live without you!”

He stopped suddenly and shouted to Ellen to go. She obeyed. There was nothing she could do for him.

Cathy was to be buried on the following Friday. Until then her coffin remained uncovered, and strewn with flowers, in the drawing room. Edgar spent his days and nights there, a sleepless guardian, and – Ellen was sure of it – Heathcliff passed his nights outside.

She did not see him. But on the Tuesday, after dark, when Edgar had been forced to sleep for an hour or two, she went and opened one of the windows, to give Heathcliff a chance to come in and say his last good-bye.

On the floor, in the morning, she saw a curl of light hair, which she knew had been taken from a locket round Cathy’s neck. She opened the trinket and saw that Heathcliff had replaced the curl by a black lock of his own.

She twisted the two and put them back together . . . .

Hindley Earnshaw was, of course, invited to follow his sister’s coffin to the grave, but he sent no word and never came. The only mourners, besides Edgar and Ellen, were servants and villagers. Isabella was not asked to attend.

TPEK 02\_09\_02

Catherine’s grave was dug on a green slope in a corner of the churchyard, with only a simple headstone above.

That Friday was the last fine day for a month. In the evening the weather broke; the wind brought rain first, and then sleet and snow.

In all that time the Grange was a house of sorrow. Edgar Linton stayed in his room, while Ellen sat in the lonely parlour with the little child laid on her knee, rocking it and watching the driving snowflakes build up the uncurtained window. She spent whole days doing little else. And then, one evening, the door flew open and a person entered, out of breath – and laughing.

Ellen, who had her back to the door, was filled with anger. She thought it must be a maid. “How dare you?” she cried. “What would Mr Linton say if he heard you?”

“Sorry,” answered Isabella’s voice, “but I can’t stop myself.”

Ellen turned and stared at her. Her hair was streaming on her shoulders, dripping wet. Her frock clung to her, and she had only thin slippers on her feet. Her white face was scratched and bruised,

and blood was flowing from a deep cut under one ear.

She came forward to the fire, panting and holding one hand to her side. "I've run all the way from the Heights," she said. "Oh, I'm aching all over! Ellen, do please tell a servant to find me a few clothes in my wardrobe – and order the carriage to take me on to Gimmerton."

"You're not going to Gimmerton tonight," said Ellen, "so it's no use ordering the carriage."

"I am," said Isabella, "whether I walk or ride. But I must have dry things."

Not until the coachman had been told to get ready would she let Ellen dress her wound or help her to change her clothing. At last, however, she was seated in an easy chair with a cup of tea before her.

"Ellen," she said, "I'm sorry I laughed. You mustn't think that I didn't care for Catherine. She and I parted on bad terms, and I can't forgive myself. But for all that, I wasn't going to sympathise with Heathcliff, the brute! Give me the poker! This is the last thing of his I have!"

### **TPEK 02\_09\_03**

She slipped the wedding ring from her finger and threw it on to the floor. "I'll smash it," she went on, striking it, "and then I'll burn it!" And she threw it into the fire.

"Don't get so worked up," said Ellen. "I take it that you've run away from him. Where do you mean to go?"

"Anywhere," she answered, "away from that awful man! No, he's not a man – he's a monster!" Isabella then went on to describe how Hindley and Heathcliff had been engaged in deadly combat. Hindley had attempted to shoot Heathcliff with a pistol, but Heathcliff had defended himself with a knife and Hindley had been seriously wounded. Isabella, when attempting to shield Hindley, had been hurt by Heathcliff, and she vowed in a trembling voice that she would sooner die than set foot in Wuthering Heights ever again.

Then Isabella rose, put on her bonnet and shawl, and went to the carriage. She was driven away, never to return . . . .

\*

Ellen heard, months later, that she was living in the south, near London. There, shortly after her escape, a son was born to her. She named him Linton, and wrote to her brother saying that he was a sickly, ailing child.

Some time later Ellen met Heathcliff in the village, and he asked where his wife had gone. She refused to say. He found out, however, through some of the other servants, both where she lived and of the child's existence. After that he often asked Ellen about the infant when he saw her, and on hearing its name he smiled grimly, and said: "So they want me to hate it, do they? But I'll have it when I want it. They can count on that!"

\*

After the death of his wife, Edgar Linton lived like a hermit. He spent his time within the limits of his park, except for visits to Catherine's grave, mostly at evening, or in the early morning before other wanderers were about.

But he was too good to be unhappy for long. *He* didn't pray for Catherine's spirit to haunt him: and he had his little daughter to love.

\*

The end of Hindley was what might have been expected. He died only six months after his sister – drunk as a lord though he was barely twenty-seven years old.

Wuthering Heights became the property of Heathcliff, since Hindley had gambled away everything that he owned. So it was that the guest became the master of the Heights, and Hareton Earnshaw, who should have been one of the first gentlemen of the neighbourhood, lived in his own house as a servant, not knowing how he had been wronged, and in the keeping of Heathcliff, whose revenge was not yet complete . . . . TPEK 03\_01\_01

BOOK THREE: THE SECOND CATHERINE

CHAPTER ONE

## Heathcliff's Son

The twelve years that followed were the happiest of Ellen Dean's life.

Edgar's daughter, who was named Catherine after her mother, grew like a larch. She was a real beauty in face and figure but unlike her mother in most other ways.

Until she reached the age of thirteen, she had not once been outside the park by herself. Mr Linton sometimes took her for a walk, but he trusted her to no one else. Often she would stand at one of the windows and say to Ellen: "How long will it be before I can walk to the top of Penistone Crag? Shall I be able to go when I am a woman?"

"Perhaps, Miss," Ellen always answered, "but your father will tell you that."

It was when young Cathy was just thirteen that Edgar Linton received a letter from his sister, saying that she had been ill for a long time and knew that she had not long to live. She asked him to take care of her son.

Edgar went off to her at once, and was away three weeks. During that time young Cathy spent her days wandering about the grounds, often staying out on her pony from early morning until tea-time, but one day in July she did not come back at her usual time. Ellen grew worried and at last went off in search of her. She walked until she came in view of the Heights, but saw no sign of Cathy. In a panic she ran up to the house and knocked at the door.

A woman from Gimmerton, who had been servant there since Hindley's death, came to the door. "Ah," she said, "I know who you're looking for. She's here safe and sound. Thank goodness it isn't the master! He's out somewhere with Joseph."

Ellen was shown in and found Cathy rocking herself in a little chair that had been her mother's when a child. She was laughing and chattering to Hareton, who had grown into a great strong lad of eighteen and was staring at the girl in something like astonishment, as if he'd never met anyone like her before.

Ellen, filled with relief, hid her joy under an angry face. "You naughty child! Fancy going off like that!"

Cathy jumped up and ran to her. "Ellen," she cried, "you've found me out. Have you ever been here before?"

"Come home with me at once," said Ellen, very crossly, but the girl started dancing round the room.

Hareton and the woman laughed.

"Well, Miss Cathy," said Ellen at last, "if you knew *whose* house this is, you'd be glad enough to get out!"

Young Cathy turned to Hareton. "It's your father's, isn't it?" she asked.

He turned red. "No," he mumbled, and looked down.

"Whose, then – your master's?" she said.

He coloured more deeply and turned away.

### TPEK 03\_01\_02

"I thought he was the owner's son," said Cathy carelessly. "He should have told me he was only a servant. Get my horse," she commanded him.

"Get it yourself! I'm not your slave!" the lad growled, adding for good measure, "You saucy little

witch!”

“How dare you speak to me like that!” Cathy gasped. “I’ll tell my father!” She turned to the woman. “*You* get my horse,” she said.

“I wasn’t hired to wait on you,” the woman replied. “And mind what you’re saying to Mr Hareton. He may not be the master’s son, but he’s your cousin.”

Cathy gave a scornful laugh. “My cousin!” she cried. “Oh, Ellen, don’t let them say such things! Father’s gone to fetch my cousin from London – *he’s* a gentleman’s son.”

“Hush, child,” Ellen whispered. “People can have many cousins.”

“He–he’s not my cousin, Ellen!” she went on, and flung herself into Ellen’s arms.

Hareton seemed so put out that he went and fetched Cathy’s pony round to the door.

On the way home Ellen tried to tell Cathy how much her father disliked the people at the Heights and how sorry he would be to find that she had been there. They agreed to say nothing of the escapade to him.

A letter, edged with black, told of Edgar’s return. Isabella was dead, and he wrote to tell Ellen to arrange a room for his young nephew.

Cathy was wild with joy at the thought of having her father back and of meeting her “real” cousin.

It was evening when the carriage rolled into sight. Cathy was out of the house and had her arms stretched out to her father as soon as she saw his face looking from the window. While they hugged each other, Ellen peeped in at Linton. He was asleep in a corner, wrapped in a warm, fur-lined cloak – a pale, delicate boy who might have been Edgar’s younger brother, he was so like him.

After tea, Ellen took Linton upstairs and waited until he was asleep. She went down again, and was standing by the table in the hall, lighting a bedroom candle for Mr Edgar, when a maid stepped out of the kitchen and said that Mr Heathcliff’s servant Joseph was at the door.

“He wants to speak to Mr Edgar,” said the maid.

A feeling of dread closed on Ellen’s heart. She guessed, at once, what was coming.

“I don’t think the master can see him now,” she said. “I’ll have a word with him.”

Joseph walked into the hall as she spoke. “It’s Mr Linton I want to see,” he said.

“He’s just going to bed,” answered Ellen.

“Which is his room?” asked Joseph, looking all round at the range of closed doors.

Ellen told him to wait and started up to the library to tell Edgar that he was there. Joseph, however, mounted close at her heels, pushed into the room, stood with his two fists clapped on the head of his stick and began in a high, loud voice, as if he expected trouble: “Heathcliff has sent me to fetch his lad to the Heights, and says that I mustn’t go back without him!”

**TPEK 03\_02\_01**

## CHAPTER TWO

### Father and Son

There followed a long silence. Edgar’s face was full of a great sadness. He knew, however, that the father had every right to claim his son and that there was nothing he could do to stop him.

“Tell Mr Heathcliff,” he answered calmly, “that his son shall come to Wuthering Heights tomorrow. He is in bed and too tired to travel the distance now.”

Linton was astonished to be wakened at five o’clock in the morning, and even more amazed to learn that he was going to spend some time with his father.

“Mother never told me I *had* a father,” he said. “Where does he live? I’d rather stay with Uncle.”

“He lives only a little way from here,” Ellen said. “You’ll be able to walk over and see us – when

you get stronger.”

“How strange that I’ve never seen my father!” he said once. “I don’t remember a single thing about him.”

Ellen watched his face when they came in sight of Wuthering Heights, with its carved and rambling front and ring of crooked firs. It was clear that he did not like the look of the place, but he just shook his head.

It was half past six; the family had just finished breakfast. Joseph stood by his master’s chair telling a tale about a horse, and Hareton was getting ready for the hayfield.

“Hello, Ellen,” said Heathcliff. “So you’ve brought it, have you? Let’s have a look at it!”

He got up and strode to the door. Hareton and Joseph followed him. Poor little Linton ran a frightened eye over the faces of the three. He clung to Ellen in fright, and when Heathcliff told him to come to him, he hid his face on her shoulder and wept.

Heathcliff stretched out a long arm and dragged him roughly between his knees. “Get him something to eat,” he ordered Joseph. Then, pulling off the boy’s cap and pushing back his fair, thick curls, he said firmly, “Stop crying. We’re not going to hurt you. You’re your mother’s child, all right, aren’t you? Do you know me?”

“No.”

“What a shame! Your mother was wicked not to tell you the sort of father you had. Now, don’t wince and colour up! Be a good lad, and do as I say, and I’ll look after you. Ellen, you’d better be off!”

“I hope you’ll be kind to the boy,” said Ellen slowly. “He’s all you have in the world, remember.”

“I’ll be *very* kind to him,” Heathcliff replied with a grin. “My son will be the owner of this place one day, and I shouldn’t wish him to die. I’ve got lots of plans for him.”

Joseph returned with a basin of porridge for Linton.

The boy wrinkled up his nose. “I can’t eat *that*!” he said.

Joseph snatched up the basin and thrust it under Heathcliff’s nose. “Is owt wrong with it?” he demanded.

“Not that I can see,” Heathcliff replied. “But get him something that he *can* eat. What’s his usual food, Ellen?”

Ellen suggested boiled milk or tea, and the housekeeper was told to prepare some.

While this was being done and Linton’s back was turned, Ellen slipped out, but as she closed the door she heard him cry out, “Don’t leave me! I can’t stay here!”

Ellen had sad work with little Cathy that day. The girl rose in high glee, eager to join her cousin, and cried bitterly when she learned that he was already gone.

## **TPEK 03\_02\_02**

The months passed. When Ellen happened to meet the housekeeper of Wuthering Heights, she would ask how the young master was getting on. She was told that he was always in poor health, had coughs and colds, or aches and pains of some sort. Mr Heathcliff seemed to have little liking for him, though he did his best to hide this.

Time wore on at the Grange till Cathy reached the age of sixteen. There was never much rejoicing on her birthdays because they were also the anniversaries of her mother’s death, and since Edgar always spent the day shut up in his library, the girl was left to amuse herself.

Her sixteenth birthday was a beautiful spring day. Cathy came down dressed for going out and told Ellen that her father had said that the two of them could go for a ramble on the moors.

Off they went. Cathy ran most of the way in front and led Ellen a long trail. At last Ellen began to tire. It was time, she thought, to call a halt and go back.

She shouted to Cathy. The girl was a long way in front and did not hear, for she still went on

running and Ellen had to follow. Finally Cathy dived down into a hollow. By the time Ellen came in sight of her again, she was close to Wuthering Heights – and talking to two men, one of whom was Mr Heathcliff.

The girl had been caught hunting out the nests of the grouse on Heathcliff's land. When Ellen approached, he was talking to Cathy as if she were a poacher.

"I've not taken any eggs," Cathy answered. "Father told me there were nests up here – I just wanted to see them."

Heathcliff gave Ellen an ill-meaning smile. "And who," he asked, "is *Father*?"

"Mr Edgar Linton," replied Cathy. "I thought you didn't know me – or you wouldn't have spoken in that way." She nodded at Hareton, who stood awkwardly close by. "I've seen him before," she added. "Is he your son?"

"No, he's not my son," answered Heathcliff. "But I do have a son, and you've seen him before, too. Don't you think both you and Ellen would be the better for a little rest? You'd be welcome at my house – it's not far."

Ellen hurriedly whispered to Cathy that they must go straight back to the Grange.

"Why?" asked Cathy. "Let's go to Wuthering Heights, for that's where he lives, isn't it? I want to see his son."

"Yes, you hold your tongue, Ellen Dean," said Heathcliff sharply. "It'll be a treat for the girl. Hareton, you walk on with her. Ellen, you walk with me!"

Cathy was already running ahead and almost at the door. Ellen, fuming, had no choice but to follow.

Heathcliff hurried up the path and hastened to open the door. He smiled now when he met Cathy's eyes and softened his voice when he spoke to her.

Linton was standing on the hearth. He had grown tall for his age, a slim and beautiful boy, with more colour in his face than Ellen remembered or expected him to have.

"Linton," said Heathcliff, "do you remember your cousin, Cathy?"

Cathy's face lit up. "Is that Linton?" she said. "Why, he's taller than I am! I'm so glad to see you, Linton!"

The youth stepped forward, and she gave him a kiss.

Mr Heathcliff stood watching them with a strange smile.

TPEK 03\_02\_03

"Are you my uncle, then?" cried Cathy, turning to him. "I like you, I think, though you were cross at first. Why don't you come to the Grange with Linton?"

"I'd better tell you the truth," said Heathcliff calmly. "Your father doesn't like me. We quarrelled a long time ago, and if you tell him you've been here he'll stop you coming again."

Cathy's face had fallen. "Why did you quarrel?" she asked.

"He thought me too poor to wed his sister," answered Heathcliff, sadly. "He's never forgiven me for it."

"That's wrong of him!" said Cathy. "I'll tell him so one day. But Linton and I haven't quarrelled. Why can't he come to the Grange?"

"It's too far for me," murmured her cousin. "But you could come here now and then."

Heathcliff looked at his son. "Take your cousin into the garden," he said. "And look after her!"

The two went out and Mr Heathcliff called to the housekeeper to make Ellen some tea. He seemed very pleased about something.

Ellen and Cathy stayed for more than an hour. As they walked home, Ellen tried to tell Cathy what manner of man Heathcliff really was. The girl would not believe it.

"You take my father's side in everything, Ellen," she said. "He's *my* uncle, remember. I'll scold Father for quarrelling with him."

The next day Cathy told her father about the visit. “Father,” she said, “why didn’t you tell me that Linton lived so near? Is it because you dislike Mr Heathcliff?”

“No,” he answered quietly, “but because Mr Heathcliff dislikes me – he’s a truly devilish man, my dear, and will do anything he can to hurt those he hates.”

Cathy nodded wisely, but Ellen could see that she did not really believe this.

“He was very friendly,” she said. “He told me that I could go to his house whenever I pleased. He’s willing to let me be friends with Linton – and you are not.”

Edgar saw that she would not take his word for her uncle’s evil nature. He gave her then a hasty sketch of how Heathcliff had treated Isabella and how Wuthering Heights had become his property.

Cathy seemed shocked on hearing this.

“You’ll know now, darling, why I don’t want you to go to Heathcliff’s house,” said Edgar. “Think no more about these people.”

Cathy kissed her father and promised to do as he asked. But in the evening, when Ellen went to her room, she found the girl crying on her knees beside the bed.

“What’s wrong?” Ellen asked.

“Poor Linton!” Cathy sobbed. “I like him so much. He expected to see me again tomorrow and he’ll be so disappointed! He’ll wait for me – and I shan’t come.”

“Nonsense,” said Ellen briskly. “He’s managed without you for a long time now. He’ll think no more about you.”

**TPEK 03\_03\_01**

## CHAPTER THREE

### A Message from Heathcliff

Summer drew to an end, and autumn came. Then Edgar caught a bad cold that settled on his lungs and kept him indoors all winter. Poor Cathy was left very much alone.

On a damp and cloudy afternoon in early November, she asked Ellen to walk with her to the bottom of the park. Ellen was not very willing, but felt she ought to go.

Cathy walked sadly and silently along. From time to time, Ellen noticed, she raised a hand and brushed something off her cheeks. It was clear that she was worried about her father, who seemed in the poorest of health.

At last they came to a little door that opened on to the road. Cathy by then seemed in better spirits and climbed up and sat herself on top of the wall. Then she reached over it to gather some hips that bloomed on the top branches of the rose trees, shadowing the highway side.

As she stretched to reach them, her hat fell off, down on to the road. Since the door was locked, she scrambled down to get it, but found that she could not get back because the wall was too smooth and high.

“Ellen,” she cried, “you’ll have to fetch the key. I can’t get back.”

“All right,” Ellen answered, “but stay where you are.”

She was about to hurry to the house when she heard the trot of a horse on the road. In a minute the horse came to a stop outside the wall, just about where Cathy must be standing.

“Ho, Miss Linton?” cried a deep voice that Ellen knew. “I’m very glad to meet you like this.”

“I shan’t speak to you, Mr Heathcliff,” Cathy answered firmly. “My father says that you are a wicked man.”

“It’s not true,” Heathcliff protested. “I don’t hate my son, I suppose? It’s him I want to talk about. Two or three months ago you were in the habit of writing to him. You grew weary of it and dropped

it, didn't you? Well, you dropped Linton with it – into a state of misery. He was really in love, you see. He's dying for you, young lady, as true as I stand here. He's just breaking his heart to see you again. He gets worse every day. He'll be dead before summer – unless you do something about it."

Ellen could keep quiet no longer. "What a lie to tell the child!" she called over the wall. "Ride on, Mr Heathcliff! Cathy, don't believe a word he says!"

"So you've taken to snooping behind walls, have you, Ellen?" said Heathcliff. "Well, you can see if I've spoken the truth. Catherine, I shall be away from home all this week. Go and see Linton – just have a few words with him – there's a darling!"

### **TPEK 03\_03\_02**

While he was speaking, Ellen picked up a large stone and hammered with it at the lock of the door. The lock gave way, and out she went.

"I swear Linton is dying," Heathcliff said, giving Ellen a hard look. "Cathy, he dreams of you day and night, and believes that you hate him, since you neither write nor call."

"Come inside, Miss," said Ellen, taking Cathy by the arm and almost forcing her through the door.

Ellen closed the door and they hurried home. Cathy stole up to her father's room to ask how he was, but he had fallen asleep. She returned and asked Ellen to sit with her in the library. While Cathy lay on the rug before the fire, Ellen pretended to read.

After a little she saw that Cathy was weeping, silently. Ellen let her enjoy it for a time then began scoffing at what Heathcliff had said about his son. It seemed to make little difference to Cathy.

"You may be right, Ellen," she said brokenly, "but I shall never rest till I know!"

She managed, in the end, to persuade Ellen to say that she would go with her to the Heights, to find out if Heathcliff had spoken the truth.

Next morning saw the pair of them on the road to Wuthering Heights, with Ellen walking beside the girl's pony. It was a damp and misty morning and her feet were wet by the time they reached the house. They entered by the kitchen to make sure that Heathcliff really was away. There was no one to be seen, but a peevish voice called from the inner room.

"Joseph, come and make up the fire!"

They knew Linton's tones and entered. He was sitting, all huddled up and wrapped in rugs, in a big chair. Cathy flew to him.

"No – don't kiss me!" he exclaimed. "It takes my breath – dear me! Father said you would call. Will you shut the door? It's so cold!"

Ellen stirred up the cinders and fetched coal herself.

"Well, Linton," Cathy said, "are you glad to see me?"

"Yes, I am. But you should have come before. What's the matter with you? Don't you like me any more?"

"Yes – next to Father and Ellen I love you better than anybody living," Cathy breathed. "I don't like Mr Heathcliff, though – and I daren't come here when he's at home. Will he be away for long?"

"No," Linton answered, "but he often goes out shooting in winter. You could come when he's out."

"If my father would let me, I'd spend a lot of time with you," said Cathy. "I wish you were my brother."

"Cathy, will you come tomorrow?" Linton begged.

"No!" said Ellen sharply. "Nor the next day, either!"

Cathy, however, bent and whispered something in his ear – something that made his pale face light up.

Cathy and Ellen were home in time for dinner. Ellen hurried to change her soaked shoes and stockings, but sitting with wet feet had already done the mischief – the next morning she was laid up with a feverish chill, and for the next three weeks she had to keep her bed.

Cathy proved to be a fond nurse and divided her time between her father's bedside and Ellen's.

### **TPEK 03\_03\_03**

At the end of three weeks Ellen was able to leave her room. On the first evening, she asked Cathy to read to her, because her eyes felt weak. Cathy agreed – but rather unwillingly. After an hour, she yawned and stretched, and said: “Oh, Ellen, I'm *so* tired!”

“Stop reading, then, and talk instead,” answered Ellen.

That seemed to make matters worse. Cathy fretted and sighed, and kept glancing at her watch till eight, when she went up to her room looking heavy-eyed and peevish.

The following night she seemed more restless still; and on the third she complained of a headache and went up to her room immediately after tea.

Ellen found this conduct odd. After a while she went up to the girl's room to ask if she was better.

Cathy was not there; nor was she to be found anywhere else in the house. Ellen went back to Cathy's room, blew out her candle and sat down at the window to wait.

The moon was shining brightly, and a sprinkling of snow covered the ground. It was a long time before Ellen saw Cathy leading her pony along the drive; and she waited longer while Cathy went to the stable.

When the girl did come in, she closed the door gently, slipped off her snowy shoes and began untying her hat.

Ellen rose and spoke. “My dear Miss Cathy, may I ask where you have been at this hour?”

“To—the bottom of the park,” Cathy stammered.

“And nowhere else?”

“No,” was the muttered reply.

“Catherine,” said Ellen, “you know that that's not true.”

At this, Cathy burst into tears. “I've been to Wuthering Heights,” she said, “and I've been there every day since you were taken ill. I just *had* to see Linton. Mr Heathcliff keeps out of my way – I've hardly seen him at all. I can't be stopped from going to the Heights, Ellen. You won't tell my father, will you? You wouldn't be so cruel!”

“I'll make up my mind about that in the morning,” Ellen replied. “I'll leave you, and go and think it over.”

She *did* think it over – aloud and in her master's presence, telling him the whole story.

Edgar was alarmed and distressed. In the morning he sent for Cathy and told her that her secret visits to Linton must come to an end. It was in vain that she wept; all she got to comfort her was a promise that he would write and tell Linton that he could come to the Grange whenever he pleased – but that he must no longer expect to see Cathy at Wuthering Heights.

### **TPEK 03\_04\_01**

## CHAPTER FOUR

### The Locked Door

Edgar sent for Ellen a few days afterwards. He looked ill – and worried. “Ellen,” he said, “I wish my nephew would write or call. Tell me, what do you think of him?”

“He's still very delicate,” Ellen replied. “And he's not much like his father in any way that I can see.”

Edgar sighed and walked to the window. “What can I do for Cathy?” he asked. “It seems that she loves her cousin – and you know that when I die the Grange must pass to him, since he is the only

remaining male Linton. Cathy will have her own private fortune, but who will take care of her? What am I to do?"

"I don't know, sir," Ellen replied, "but I do know that Miss Cathy is a good girl at heart. People who do their duty are always rewarded!"

\*

Spring wore on, and the warmer weather came, but Edgar gained no real strength. He wrote again to Linton, asking him to call, and received an answer to say that his father would not permit him to visit the Grange – "Do please let Cathy come here," he wrote. "I so want to see her again."

Edgar, though he felt sorry for the boy, could not agree to this because he himself was not well enough to ride.

Linton wrote again and again, and Cathy at last persuaded her father, who was back in his bed again – a very sick man – to let her go out with Ellen and meet Linton on the moors. Ellen had little wish to go. It was almost as if she knew that something bad was sure to happen . . . .

It was summer when they went. They left Edgar failing fast, while they rode off through the golden afternoon.

TPEK 03\_04\_02

Cathy's young face was like the landscape, with shadows and sunshine flitting over it in rapid succession. They found Linton less than a quarter of a mile from his own door, lying on the heath. He did not rise until they came within a few yards of him. He moved so feebly and looked so pale, that Ellen exclaimed: "Master Heathcliff, how ill you look! You shouldn't be out of doors!"

"No, no – I'm better – much better—" he gasped, trembling all over and clutching at Cathy's hand as if he needed her to hold him up.

He seemed better when Cathy sat down with him, but Ellen noticed that he kept casting glances over his shoulder, as if he were terrified of someone coming. She was wondering what the mystery might be when she heard a rustle in the heather. She looked up and saw a man coming from the Heights. It was Mr Heathcliff.

He walked straight up to Ellen. "It does my heart good to see you, Ellen," he said smoothly. "How are you at the Grange? I hear," he added, in a lower tone, "that Edgar Linton is on his death bed. Is it true?"

"Yes," Ellen replied steadily. "My master is dying."

Heathcliff's eyes gleamed. He looked at the two young people, who seemed frozen into statues under his cold glance. "How is Linton behaving himself?" he asked. "Is he pretty lively with Miss Linton?"

"No," said Ellen, "he's not. I should think he ought to be in bed – and in the care of a doctor."

"He shall be in a day or two," Heathcliff muttered. "But first – get up, Linton! Get up this moment!" he shouted.

He put out a hand to seize the lad. Linton shrank away from him and clung to his cousin, begging her to go with him. The boy seemed so frantic that Ellen hadn't the heart to hold her mistress back.

The whole party walked towards the Heights. When they got there, Cathy went in with Linton and Ellen stood still, waiting until she came out again. Then she felt Heathcliff's hand on her shoulder, pushing her forward.

"My house isn't stricken with the plague, Ellen," he said. "Sit down – and let me shut the door."

She was inside by then. When he let go of her, she swung round. Her heart gave a lurch and she stared in amazement.

Heathcliff had not only shut the door, he had locked it!

TPEK 03\_05\_01

## The Prisoners

Heathcliff turned and smiled at Ellen. His eyes held a triumphant gleam. "You shall have tea with me," he said. "I am by myself for the moment. Miss Linton, take your seat by *him*. How the girl does stare!"

Quite suddenly his face changed. He drew in his breath, struck the table, and swore to himself: "By hell! I hate these snivelling Lintons!"

"I'm not afraid of you," exclaimed Cathy. She stepped closer to him, her eyes flashing. "Give me that key," she said. "I'm going home. I wouldn't eat or drink in this house if I were starving!"

Heathcliff had the key in his hand. She snatched at the key and almost wrenched it from him.

"Get away," he cried, "or I'll knock you down! You'll see that I know how to deal with naughty children," he continued grimly. "Go and sit with Linton now, as I told you. I shall be your father tomorrow – all the father you'll have in a few days and then you'll get plenty of slaps, my girl! You'll have a daily taste if I catch you in a temper again!"

Cathy ran to Ellen, knelt down and put her burning cheek against the other's knees. She burst into tears, while Ellen tried to comfort her.

Heathcliff made the tea himself. The cups and saucers were laid ready. He poured out the tea and handed Ellen a cup. "Drink it," he said. "It's not poisoned. I'm going to fetch your horses."

Ellen's first thought when he had gone was to seek a way out, but all the doors were locked and the windows were too narrow for even Cathy's slim figure. They were prisoners. Ellen turned to Linton. "You know what your father wants with us," she cried. "Tell me what it is – or I'll box your ears harder than he did Cathy's!"

"Yes, Linton, you must tell," said Catherine. "It was for your sake I came, you know!"

"He wants us to be married," answered Linton sulkily. "He's made all the arrangements for tomorrow. He's going to keep you here tonight – if you do as he wants, you can go home the next day and take me with you."

Cathy and Ellen were left staring and aghast at this but had no way of escape. Heathcliff came back soon after.

"Your horses have trotted off," he said. "Now, Linton – you can get off to bed. I'll not come near you, you needn't fear. You've not done so badly, after all."

He held the door open for his son. Then he approached the fire, where Ellen and Cathy stood in silence. Cathy looked at him, and her eyes burned into his. He scowled at her and muttered: "So you're still not afraid of me!"

"Yes," she said quickly, "I *am* afraid – because if you keep me here my father will be miserable and worried about me. Mr Heathcliff, let me go home! I promise that I'll marry Linton—"

"I'll see that you do," he interrupted grimly. "You'll not get out of here until you do so. As for your father, I shall enjoy myself thinking of his misery!"

"You must have pity on me!" said Cathy desperately. "Please let me go!"

**TPEK 03\_05\_02**

She seized his hand. Heathcliff jerked it away.

"Keep your fingers off me!" he exclaimed. "I'd rather be hugged by a snake. I *detest* you! I don't want to hear another word from either of you."

He dropped into a chair, leaving Ellen and Cathy to their thoughts. Just after it grew dark, they

heard voices at the garden gate. Heathcliff hurried out at once. There was talk for two or three minutes and then he came back. "That was servants from the Grange – looking for you," he said with a grin. "Now, you can both go upstairs to my housekeeper's room. She won't be here tonight."

Ellen whispered to Cathy to obey. She had an idea that they might be able to get through one of the upstairs windows or out by a garrett skylight. A few minutes showed her that she was wrong. There was no way out.

Neither of them lay down that night. They both sat on chairs and waited anxiously for the morning. At seven o'clock Heathcliff came to the door and called for Cathy.

"Yes?" she answered, and ran to the door.

"Come on," he said, opening it and pulling her out.

Ellen rose to follow, but he turned the lock again. She began thumping on the panels – but to no avail.

There she stayed, shut up the whole day and the whole of the next night. On the following afternoon Zillah, the housekeeper, released her.

Ellen snatched up her things and hurried below. The house seemed very quiet. Linton was lying on the settle in the parlour, but Cathy was nowhere to be seen.

"Where's Miss Cathy?" Ellen demanded.

Linton smirked. "She's my wife now," he said. "She's upstairs locked in – and my father says she's not to go home yet."

"You could get hold of the key if you wanted to," Ellen said.

"Yes, but I'm not going to," he answered. "I daren't!"

Ellen thought it best to go to the Grange and send someone to rescue Cathy. On reaching the house she ran straight up to Edgar's room. How changed he looked, even in so short a time!

He murmured Cathy's name. Ellen touched his hand.

"Cathy's coming," she whispered. "She's alive and well – and will be here soon."

She told him a little of what had happened. Then she went downstairs and ordered four of the men to go to the Heights and bring Cathy back with them.

She was furious when they at last returned – to say that Cathy was too ill to leave her room and that Heathcliff would not let them see her.

That night she watched over Edgar. About three o'clock there was a sharp knock at the front door. When she opened it, Cathy was there in the clear moonlight.

"Ellen!" she gasped. "Is my father still alive? Linton helped me to escape."

She wanted to run, breathless as she was, upstairs to her father's room, but Ellen made her drink first and wash her pale face. While Cathy was doing this, Ellen went in to her master and told him of her arrival. Later, when Cathy had gone to her father, she waited outside the door a quarter of an hour before going in herself.

Cathy sat holding her father's hands, her eyes fixed on his face. He looked at peace, and in a second Ellen knew that he was dead.

TPEK 03\_06\_01

CHAPTER SIX

## The New Master

Cathy sat beside her father until noon the next day, when Ellen made her go to her room and rest.

That same evening, Mr Green, the lawyer, called at the Grange with instructions from Mr Heathcliff, who was taking possession of the Grange on his son's behalf. Mr Heathcliff gave all the servants – except Ellen Dean – notice to quit and said he would be calling himself in the near future.

The funeral was hurried over; Catherine was allowed to remain in her home until her father's body had left it.

On the evening after the funeral, she and Ellen were seated in the library when they heard steps approaching. Then Heathcliff walked into the room and shut the door behind him – as if to show that *he* was master now.

Cathy rose when she saw him. He took her by the arm.

“Stop!” he said harshly. “Don't go away. I've come to take you back to your husband. I hope you'll be a dutiful daughter and not encourage my son to further acts of disobedience. But, whether you like your precious mate or not, you *must* come – he's your concern now.”

“Why can't she stay here?” asked Ellen. “Your son could live here too.”

Heathcliff stared at her coldly. “I'm going to find a tenant for the Grange,” he said, “and I want my children about me, to be sure. Make haste and get ready, child!”

“I shall,” Cathy replied. “Linton is all I have to love in the world, and I know he loves me. *Nobody* loves you – *nobody* will cry when you die! I'm glad I'm not you!”

“You'll be sorry for yourself if you stand there another minute,” said her father-in-law fiercely. “Get your things!”

Cathy came to Ellen and kissed her. Her lips felt like ice. “Good-bye, Ellen,” she whispered. “Come and see me sometimes.”

“No!” put in Heathcliff sharply. “Ellen, you'll do no such thing. I don't want you at my house. When I wish to speak to you, I'll come here.”

He signed for Cathy to go out. She obeyed but stopped at the door to cast Ellen a look that cut her heart.

Ellen, from the window, watched the two walk down the garden. Heathcliff fixed Cathy's arm under his, though she tried to pull away, and with rapid strides he hurried her off among the trees.

That was the last Ellen saw of Cathy for many months. She did once pay a visit to the Heights, but Joseph would not let her pass. The only news she ever had of her young mistress was through Zillah, when they chanced to meet. From her she learned how Cathy had nursed Linton through the weeks of sickness that went before his death, how, after the funeral, she had stayed upstairs alone for more than a fortnight and of the changes that had come over her during that time. Gone was the sweet young girl whom Ellen once had known. Cathy had hardened and turned bitter. She fought with Heathcliff and she fought with Hareton – and the more she was hurt the more spiteful she became. She lived in an atmosphere of malice and ill-feeling: Wuthering Heights had become a house of hatred.

**TPEK 04\_01\_01**

BOOK FOUR: HOUSE OF HAPPINESS  
CHAPTER ONE

## Return to Wuthering Heights

You will now begin to see, I hope why I – William Lockwood, the tenant of Thrushcross Grange – have broken up my story into these four separate parts.

It has not been an easy story to tell because I came into it in the middle and not at its beginning. I first came to Yorkshire, indeed, long after many of the people of the tale were dead. I did not know

or see the first Catherine, but was only made to see her through the eyes of Ellen Dean, who has a fine gift for words and who made these gloomy inhabitants of the Yorkshire Moors live and move and breathe in the picture gallery of my mind.

But I *did* see and meet the daughter of Catherine Earnshaw; I *did* speak with Heathcliff, remember; and I *did* sit at table with Hareton Earnshaw during my visit to Wuthering Heights, the grey old house that looms always in the background of the tale. I met them all, in the flesh, in what I have called “the house of hatred”.

And how does the story end? Is there more to it?

Yes, there is – and the ending, strangely enough, is a happy one. Let me tell you about it.

You will remember that I came to Yorkshire during the winter of 1801. I meant to live at Thrushcross Grange for at least two years, but before the winter was over I was called away to London on urgent business. There I stayed until the September of the next year, 1802, when, just by chance, I was invited to spend the shooting season at the house of a friend in the north.

I was on my way there when I stopped at a roadside inn. The ostler was holding a pail of water for my horse to drink, when a cart passed by.

“That’s going to Gimmerton,” he casually remarked. “They’re always three weeks late wi’ their harvest.”

I gave a start. “Gimmerton!” I exclaimed. “How far is it?”

“About fourteen miles over the hills,” he answered.

A sudden impulse seized me to go back to the Grange, of which I was still the tenant, and I thought that I might as well pass the night under my own roof as at an inn.

I reached the Grange and knocked for admittance. No one came, so I rode round to the court at the back. Under the porch sat a woman I had never seen before.

“Is Mrs Dean inside?” I asked.

“No,” she answered. “She’s living at the Heights, now. I’m housekeeper for the moment.”

“Well, I’m Mr Lockwood – the master. I’m going to stay here the night.”

She gaped at me. “Never knew you were coming, sir,” she gasped. “I’ll have to get your room ready.”

She bustled into the house, and I followed her. As she would need some time to prepare a meal I told her that I would go out for a walk while I was waiting. I meant to go to Wuthering Heights to see Ellen Dean.

Dusk had fallen when I set out, and the moon was rising as I came in sight of the lonely churchyard where Catherine Earnshaw lay. And then, close by the church, I met a little boy standing at the roadside with a sheep and two lambs before him. He was crying terribly.

“What’s the matter?” I asked.

“There’s that Heathcliff and a woman along there,” he said, “and I daren’t pass them.”

## **TPEK 04\_01\_02**

I stared about me and saw nothing. I could make little sense of the boy’s fright, but neither he nor the animal would go on. I shrugged, told him to take the road lower down and walked on my way.

By the time I reached the Heights I could see everything clearly by the light of a splendid moon. There was no need to climb the gate or to knock, and a scent of flowers drifted to me as I walked through the garden.

All the doors and windows were thrown wide open. As I drew near I heard two people talking.

“Con-trary!” said a voice, as sweet as a silver bell. “That’s how you say it. I’m not going to tell you again. Remember it – or I’ll pull your hair!”

“Con-trary,” answered another voice, in deeper tones. “And now kiss me, for remembering so

well.”

I moved towards an open window and peeped in. A young man, clean, handsome and well dressed, sat at a table with a book before him. I started as I recognised Hareton Earnshaw. Beside him, her hand on his shoulder, stood the young Catherine, her face softened now, and seeming more beautiful. I saw that she was teaching him to read and that they were both happily in love. Then I stole round towards the kitchen door.

Ellen Dean was sitting outside in the moonlight. She recognised me at once and jumped to her feet. “Mr Lockwood! Why didn’t you let me know you were coming?”

“I didn’t know myself,” I answered. “How are you? And how is it I find you here – of all places?”

“Zillah had to leave, and Mr Heathcliff wanted me to come, soon after you went back to London.”

“I want to see your master about the rent for the Grange,” I said.

“Oh, well,” she said, “you can settle *that* with me. I often act for Mrs Heathcliff now.”

I stared at her. She put a hand to her mouth.

“Oh!” she said. “You’ve not heard of Heathcliff’s death!”

I could only gape for a second. I remembered the little boy I had met by the church, who said that he’d seen Heathcliff and a woman walking in the dusk . . . .

“Heathcliff dead!” I exclaimed. “How long ago?”

“Three months since – but do sit down and I’ll tell you all about it. Have you had anything to eat?”

“I want nothing,” I said. “I’ve ordered supper at home. I never dreamt of his dying. Tell me about it.”

She sat down then, and told me the rest of the story. Heathcliff, she said, came to a “queer end” . . . .

**TPEK 04\_02\_01**

## CHAPTER TWO

### Signs of Change

Ellen was overjoyed to go back to Wuthering Heights when Heathcliff asked her, if only for Catherine’s sake.

But Cathy, she found, had changed a lot. She seemed to be always irritable and restless. She was forbidden to go out of the garden, and it fretted her to have to stay there. She and Hareton did not get on well together at that time, and she took little notice of him – though Ellen sometimes wondered if that wasn’t a bit of a pretence.

Mr Heathcliff seemed to grow more and more surly. At the beginning of March while he was out on the hills by himself, his gun burst and a splinter gashed his arm. He lost a great deal of blood before he could reach home and as a result he was tied to the house for some days.

On Easter Monday Joseph went to Gimmerton Fair with some cattle. Hareton sat, as usual, in the chimney corner, and Cathy was amusing herself by drawing pictures on the window panes.

At last Ellen heard her speak to Hareton. “Hareton,” she said, “I’ve found out that I—I quite like you now.”

“Go to the devil!” Hareton said fiercely. “And leave me alone. You’re poking fun at me! You always do!”

“No, I’m not,” said Cathy softly. “Not any more. You know, you *are* my cousin. We ought to be friends.”

“I want nothing to do with you,” he answered.

Then Ellen decided to take a hand in things. “You ought to be friends with your cousin, Mr

Hareton,” she called from the kitchen. “It would make another man of you to have her for a friend.”

“A friend!” he called back. “You know how I’ve made Heathcliff angry – through sticking up for her – and all she does is sneer at me!”

“Forgive me, Hareton,” said Cathy gently. “I’m very sorry, now.”

Ellen peeped through the door at that moment and saw Cathy put out her hand. Hareton scowled, but Cathy stepped over to him and gently kissed his cheek.

When Ellen looked in an hour later, they were sitting side by side and she had started teaching him to read. Ellen heard her singing to herself when she went upstairs that night.

There was trouble the next day. The whole household always ate their midday meal with Mr Heathcliff, and Ellen sat at the table. Cathy usually sat beside her, but on this day she stole in beside Hareton.

Heathcliff came in a moment later, and they started the meal in silence. Hareton did not dare to speak to Cathy; he hardly dared to look, and yet she started teasing him by nudging him and pulling faces. At last the pair of them burst out laughing. Heathcliff’s eyes went from one to the other. Cathy stared him out defiantly.

“It’s as well you’re out of my reach,” he said. “I thought I’d cured you of laughing!”

“It was my fault,” said Hareton bravely but quietly.

Heathcliff looked at him. “What did you say?” he asked.

Hareton looked at his plate and said no more.

And then, when they had almost finished the meal, Joseph appeared at the door, his face all red with anger. “Give me my wage, and I’m going!” he burst out. “I’ll stand no more of *her* forward ways! She’s just like her mother. She’s bewitched our lad, she has, with her bright eyes and fancy talk. He’s forgotten all I’ve done for him – and he’s pulled up a whole row of my currant bushes in the garden!”

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While he spoke he glared at Hareton as if he could strike him down.

“Is the old fool drunk?” asked Heathcliff. “Is it you he’s finding fault with, Hareton?”

Hareton shifted uneasily. “I’ve pulled up two or three of his bushes,” he said, “but I’m going to set ’em again.”

“And why have you pulled them up?” Heathcliff demanded.

“I asked him to do it,” said Cathy defiantly. “We’re going to plant some flowers there.”

“And who gave *you* leave to touch a stick about the place?” demanded Heathcliff. “And who ordered *you* to obey her?” he added, turning to Hareton.

“You shouldn’t grudge me a few yards of earth when you’ve taken my home from me!” cried Cathy.

“Silence!” Heathcliff barked.

“And you’ve taken Hareton’s land and money,” she went on recklessly. “Well, he and I are friends now. If you hit me, then Hareton will hit you—”

She got no further. Heathcliff rose and seized Cathy by the hair. Hareton sprang up and tried to release her.

“Don’t you dare hurt her!” he cried.

Heathcliff’s black eyes flashed. He seemed ready to tear Catherine to pieces. And then the strangest thing happened. His fingers relaxed their hold. He shifted his grasp from her head to her arm and gazed intently into her face. Suddenly he shivered and put a hand over his eyes. “Leave me!” he said thickly. “Leave me all of you!”

For a moment they stared at him in amazement. Then Ellen rose and led Cathy out of the room,

Hareton following. Cathy and the young man spent the whole of the afternoon at a reading lesson, in the kitchen.

When dusk came down, Ellen went in to Heathcliff. He was sitting with a book in his hand, though she knew that he was not reading. He told her to sit down.

His face, in the fire's glow, was dark and brooding. "Ellen," he said, "there's a change taking place in me. I no longer have any interest in life. I don't care any more about Hareton and the girl. I've lost my power to hate. I can't worry about them any longer."

"What do you mean?" asked Ellen. "Do you feel ill?"

"No," he answered, "it isn't that."

"Are you afraid of death?"

"Afraid?" he laughed harshly. "No, I wish for it, Ellen. I've wanted it for so long. I have to remind myself to breathe – remind my heart to beat! Oh, God, I wish it were all over! I wish I could be with *her!*"

He fell silent, seeming to forget that Ellen was there. She left him, and after a little while she heard him pacing the room and muttering to himself. She knew so much about him that she was more than ready to believe that his sins had made his life a hell – but she wondered how it would all end.

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### CHAPTER THREE

## Heathcliff's End

One night, after the family were in bed, Ellen heard Heathcliff leave the house. She did not hear him come back that night, and in the morning he was still away.

It was April then, and the weather was fine and warm.

After breakfast that morning, Cathy went out to fetch some primrose roots and ran back to say that Heathcliff was coming in. She had a puzzled look on her face.

"He actually spoke to me," she told Ellen. "And he looked almost bright and cheerful – very excited, and wild and glad about something!"

A second or so later Heathcliff stood at the open door.

"Will you have some breakfast?" Ellen asked.

He shook his head. "I'm not hungry," he answered.

As he went past Ellen and into the house, she noticed that he was breathing as fast as a cat.

"Tell Hareton and the girl to keep away from me," he said. "I want to have the place to myself. And you can leave me alone, too! You'll neither see nor hear anything to frighten you, if you don't go prying."

He went into the inner room and shut the door, leaving Ellen more puzzled than ever. At eight o'clock that night she went in to him with a candle. He was leaning against the ledge of an open window, staring out into the gloom. He did not seem to know that she was there.

"Shall I close the window?" she asked, to rouse him.

He turned, and the light flashed on his features. It gave Ellen a terrible start to see him, to see his deep black eyes, his strange smile, his ghastly paleness. It seemed to her, for a moment, that it was not Heathcliff, but a goblin that stood there.

"All right, close the window," he said. "I'm going to my room. I shan't want anything to eat till morning."

She heard him mount the stairs, but he did not go to his usual room. He turned into the one that had been Catherine's – the first Cathy's – when she was a girl.

The following evening was very wet; indeed it poured down till dawn. As Ellen took her morning walk around the house, she saw the window of the room in which Heathcliff had shut himself swinging wide open, and the rain driving in.

She went up to the room, opened the door with another key and peeped in. Heathcliff was there, on the bed beneath the open window, on his back. His eyes met hers so keen and fierce that she started.

She could not think him dead – but his face and throat were washed with rain, the bedclothes dripped, and he was perfectly still. The lattice, flapping to and fro, had grazed one hand that rested on the sill – no blood trickled from the broken skin, and when she put her fingers to it she could doubt no more that he was dead!

She shut the window, combed his long black hair from his forehead and tried to close his eyes. They would not shut – they seemed to sneer at her attempts, and his parted lips and sharp, white teeth sneered also!

Suddenly afraid, she cried out for Joseph.

"The devil's carried off his soul," he cried. "Ech! What a wicked one he looks, grinning at death!"

Ellen felt stunned by the awful event, and when Hareton was told he wept in bitter earnest.

The doctor was puzzled to say of what Heathcliff had died. There seemed no good reason for it at all.

They buried him as he wished, close beside the body of the first Catherine.

It wasn't long, however, before the country folk were swearing on their Bibles that Heathcliff walked still. Some said they'd met him near the church, or on the moor, or even at Wuthering Heights. Joseph, in fact, swore that he'd seen two people looking out of that room upstairs on every rainy night since Heathcliff's death.

Ellen paid little regard to all this. It was probably just imagination, she thought. And yet she did not like being out in the dark herself, and she looked forward to the time when Cathy and Hareton would be married, and they would all go and live at the Grange.

Sometimes, on a fine day, she went down to the churchyard to place flowers by the three headstones on the slope next to the moor – the middle one grey and half buried in heath; Edgar Linton's with the turf and moss creeping up its foot; Heathcliff's still bare.

She lingered round them, under the peaceful sky, watched the moths fluttering among the heath and harebells, listened to the soft wind breathing through the grass, and wondered how anyone could ever imagine unquiet slumbers for the sleepers in that quiet earth.