

Wuthering Heights

Part two

..... There was very little furniture in the room. By the light of my candle I saw some books on a shelf. I opened one and found written : "Catherine Earnshaw", "Catherine Heathcliff" and "Catherine Linton". It was a diary. I began to look through it and I became more and more curious about Catherine. Sentences like : "A terrible Sunday: Hindley treats Heathcliff so unkindly." "Hindley made me cry so much today".

"Poor Heathcliff. Hindley calls him a gypsy."

"My brother says I cannot play with Heathcliff.". "I wish my father were still alive". Suddenly I realized that the wind was getting stronger. A branch began tapping at the window. I went and opened it. As I put my hand out to touch the tree I felt an icy cold hand. It gripped mine and a voice cried: "Let me in! let me in!" "Who are you ?" I cried in horror. "Catherine Linton. I've come home. I lost my way on the moor."

Fear made me cruel. I shut the window and sat, shivering with terror.

At that moment the door opened and Heathcliff walked in. He was furious to see me there.

"Why did you shout?" He asked.

I told him what had happened. He ran to the window, opened it and began crying. "Come in! Come in! oh, my dearest Cathy. Hear me this time, Catherine, at last!"

But only the snow blew into the room. Heathcliff was suffering so much that I felt sorry for him. We sat in silence.

At daybreak he offered to walk me home. The moor was like an ocean of snow.

At the gate he turned and left. I spent the next week in bed with a very bad cold and I invited my housekeeper, Mrs Dean, to sit with me and tell me the story of that strange family..... (*to be continued*)