

2 A Ghost at the Window

3 Zillah took me upstairs to a bedroom.

'Don't make a noise!' she said. 'The master doesn't usually allow people to stay in this room.'

'Why not?' I asked.

'I don't know,' she replied. 'I've only been here a couple of years. A lot of strange things happen in this house,' she added. 'I don't ask questions anymore.'

I closed the door and got into bed. I put my candle on a small shelf next to a pile of old books. To my surprise I saw that the shelf was covered in writing. Three names were scratched into the paint: Catherine Earnshaw, Catherine Heathcliff and Catherine Linton.



I looked at them until my eyes began to close and I fell asleep. A few minutes later the white letters of the names started jumping out of the darkness and I woke up suddenly. 'I'll read for a while,' I thought and I picked up one of the books on the shelf. It was a diary. On the first page I read, 'This is Catherine Earnshaw, her book', and a date of twenty-five years ago. Curious to know more about this Catherine, I started to read.

Glossary

- **pile:** (here) one book on another
- **scratched:** marked a surface with a sharp instrument

CATHERINE



Who do you think the three Catherine's are?

How might Catherine Earnshaw be related to Harriet and Isabella?

On one of the pages there was a description of a day at Wuthering Heights. I understood the following: Catherine Earnshaw's father was dead and she lived with her cruel older brother Hindley. Although I was very sleepy, I read a few more pages. It gradually became clear that Catherine and Heathcliff were close friends, and that Hindley and his young wife Frances hated Heathcliff.

Then I lay my head on the pillow and fell to sleep again. I had terrible dreams that night. There was a lot of noise – rapping and tapping sounds. I woke up. The branch of a tree outside was hitting the glass in the window. I turned over and went back to sleep. But the rapping sound continued in my dream. I tried to stop it. I got up, pushed my hand through the glass and put out my arm. But, instead of the branch, my fingers closed on a pale, cold hand. The hand held mine tightly and a sad voice sobbed, 'Let me in!'

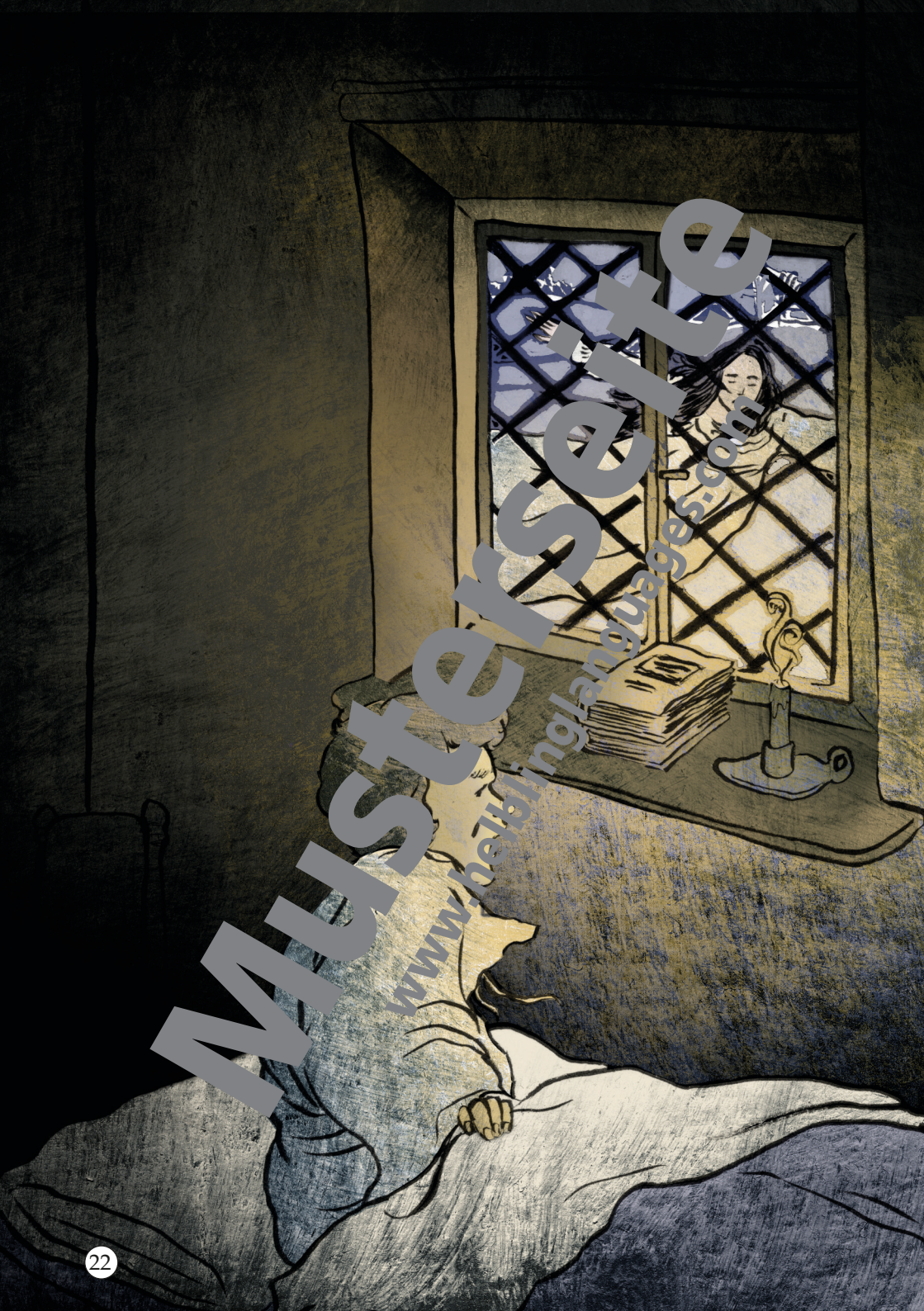
'Who are you?' I said.

'Catherine Linton,' replied. 'I've come home. I lost my way on the moor! Let me in!'

'How can I?' I said. 'I must let me go if you want me to let you in!'

• **rapping and tapping:** soft knocking noises

• **sobbed:** cried loudly



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The fingers relaxed and I pulled my hand back through the window and put some books in front of the broken glass. I listened and the voice cried again, 'Let me in!'

'Go away!' I shouted.

The hand outside scratched on the window. I tried to get up but I couldn't move. I shouted again in fright. Then I heard footsteps outside the door and somebody pushed it open.

'Is there anyone inside?' a voice said.

I sat up. I was shaking and sweating. It was Heathcliff. He was standing at the door in his shirt and trousers holding a candle. His face was as white as the wall behind him.

'It's only me, sir,' I called out. 'Lockwood. I was having a very bad dream and I screamed in my sleep. I was disturbed by you.'

'Why are you sleeping in this room?' he said angrily. 'Who brought you here? Tell me!'

'It was your servant Zillah,' I replied. 'I got out of bed and started to dress. Perhaps she wants to prove that the house is haunted. Well, it is! It's full of ghosts!'

'What do you mean?' he said Heathcliff. 'And what are you doing? Go back to bed and don't make that horrible noise.'

'I'm going to walk in the courtyard until morning, and then I'll go home,' I said. 'And don't worry! I'm not going to come back!'

'Take the candle and go where you like,' he muttered. 'I'll join you in two minutes!'

I left the room but stopped outside the door because I didn't know which way to go. Not realising that I was still there, Heathcliff got on the bed and pulled the window open. Then he burst into tears.

Glossary

- **burst into tears:** started crying
- **disturbed:** (here) woke
- **haunted:** inhabited by ghosts
- **muttered:** said in a quiet voice that showed he was annoyed
- **screamed:** made a loud high sound
- **sweating:** producing liquid on your skin