Helping your children choose books they will love

I ♥ reading

Lovereading4kids.co.uk is a book website created for parents and children to make choosing books easy and fun

opening extract from

Wuthering Heights

written by

Emily Brontë

– retold by Gill Tavner

published by

Real Reads

All text is copyright © of the author/ illustrator

please print off and read at your leisure.

Lovereading4kids.co.uk

Published by Real Reads Ltd
Stroud, Gloucestershire, UK
www.realreads.co.uk

Text copyright © Gill Tavner 2009
Illustrations copyright © Vanessa Lubach 2009
The right of Gill Tavner to be identified as author of
this book has been asserted by her in accordance with the
Copyright, Design and Patents Act 1988

First published in 2009

All rights reserved
No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any
form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including
photocopy, recording, or any information storage and retrieval
system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

ISBN 978-1-906230-20-3

Printed in Malaysia by Imago Ltd
Designed by Lucy Guenot
Typeset by Bookcraft Ltd, Stroud, Gloucestershire

CONTENTS

The Characters 4

Wuthering Heights 7

Taking things further 55



THE CHARACTERS



Nelly Dean

Nelly has been a servant at Wuthering Heights for many years. Does she simply observe events, or does she help to shape them?

Heathcliff



Nobody knows where he came from, but Heathcliff's arrival brings trouble. Is he naturally cruel? Is his anger justified? Who will he destroy in his quest for revenge?



Catherine Earnshaw

Can Catherine's wild, free and passionate spirit ever be tamed? Will her strong character lead to contentment or to tragedy?



Edgar and Isabella Linton

Edgar is wealthy, gentle and kind. Can he protect those he loves, including his sister Isabella, from Heathcliff's hatred?

Hareton Earnshaw



Hareton is the son of Heathcliff's greatest enemy. Will Heathcliff destroy him too?



Cathy Linton

Cathy is Edgar and Catherine's daughter. Can her father protect her from Heathcliff's desire for revenge?

Linton Heathcliff

Will Heathcliff's weak son live long enough to fulfil his father's plans for him?





WUTHERING HEIGHTS

Do the souls of the dead roam the earth, yearning and mourning their lost lives, their lost loves? If you spend a little time here with us, on the bleak and lonely moors, you might soon believe so. Our position here at Thrushcross Grange is favourably sheltered, yet nature can still be wild and frightening. Four miles away, at Wuthering Heights, the atmosphere is altogether more violent, indeed sometimes treacherous.

Wuthering Heights stands alone on an exposed ridge. It is a wind-blasted, fate-blasted house. The country folk fear its mood of horror and darkness, a mood reflected in the lives of those who have loved, hated, suffered and died within its thick walls. If you care to visit, you will see that the trees have been bent by merciless strong winds, just as the souls of the generations within have been bent by strong passions.

My name is Ellen Dean, but you can call me Nelly. I have served the families at Wuthering Heights and Thrushcross Grange for more than thirty years without seeing any ghosts, but there are folk who tell different stories.



Just over a year ago, a city gentleman, Mr Lockwood, was renting Thrushcross Grange. I was positioned here to serve him. Lost on the moors one evening in a violent snowstorm, he was faced with the unwelcome necessity of seeking shelter at Wuthering Heights. The master of the house at the time, Mr Heathcliff, was a surly, intense and tormented man. Heathcliff and I had grown up together, so I knew him as well as anyone; well enough to know that he detested strangers, and was not a willing host.

That stormy evening, poor Mr Lockwood was savaged by Heathcliff's dogs and cursed

by their master. Then he was shown to a dark, mildewed, oak-panelled closet in which, he told me the following day, he spent the most horrifying night of his life.

Alone in his dark room, with only a flickering candle for company, Mr Lockwood felt strangely drawn towards the window. Outside, the storm was still raging. Placing his candle on the windowsill, he noticed writing carved into the painted wood. He traced with his finger, in all kinds of characters both large and small, the names Catherine Earnshaw, Catherine Heathcliff and Catherine Linton, each repeated again and again. He retired to his bed, snuffed his candle, and fell into a fitful sleep. His mind and, it seemed, the room, were swarming with Catherines.

Alternately dozing and waking, Mr Lockwood became aware of a persistent tap-tapping of a branch against the window. In order to silence this relentless teasing, he felt his way to the window. It was locked. Driven by his desperation to sleep,

Mr Lockwood punched out a pane of glass and thrust his arm into the freezing air to grasp the branch. Imagine his horror when, instead of a branch, his fingers closed on a delicate, deathly-cold hand. In his panic he tried to pull his arm back, but the cold hand clung to it. 'Let me in, let me in,' sobbed a melancholy voice. 'I lost my way on the moor. I have come home.'

Mr Lockwood could now discern a child's face, its tears blending with the water running down the window. 'Who are you?' he asked, terrified.



'I am Catherine. I have been lost on the moors these twenty years.' The voice grew mournful and pleading, 'Please, let me in.'

Her grasp was strong. Mr Lockwood, made cruel by terror, pulled the thin wrist against the broken glass until the blood ran. Freed at last from the icy fingers, he piled books against the window. The wailing continued, accompanied by feeble scratchings at the window pane. When the pile of books began to move, Lockwood cried out in a frenzy of fear.

The tortured soul outside fell silent, but Lockwood's scream had woken Heathcliff. Massive, pale and trembling, he appeared at the closet door. 'What is that damned noise? God confound you, Mr Lockwood.'

'I am already confounded, sir. Your house is swarming with ghosts. If that little fiend Catherine had got in at the window ... '

'Catherine?' Heathcliff thundered. 'Did you say Catherine? How dare you!' Attempting to

master his violent emotion, Heathcliff turned towards the window. He seemed to wipe a tear roughly from his eye. ‘Your childish outcry has ended my sleep. Go to my room. I will stay here.’

Mr Lockwood obeyed, but was unsure where to go. As he hesitated outside the chamber, he heard Heathcliff wrench open the window and burst into a passion of grief. ‘Come in, oh my heart’s darling!’ he cried in anguish. ‘Please hear me, Catherine. Come home!’

