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.....Before the funeral, I gave Heathcliff the opportunity to say goodbye to her. When Edgar left her bedside (*capezzale*) to sleep a little, I called him in.

Later I noticed a curl (*ciocca*) of fair (*chiaro*) hair on the floor near the bed. Heathcliff had removed (*togliere*) it from the locket (*piccola custodia dove si teneva un ricordo della persona cara*) Catherine kept on a chain (*catena*) round her neck – it was Edgar's hair and he had replaced (*sostituire*) it with a curl of his own black hair. I took the fair curl and replaced it, twisting (*intrecciare*) the two together.

“What happened to Isabella?”, asked Mr Lockwood. “She managed (*riuscire*) to run away from Heathcliff. She went to live in London. No-one ever saw her again. But she had a son by Heathcliff and when she died Heathcliff got his son back. His name was Linton. When Edgar died, Linton inherited (*ereditare*) Thrushcross Grange and since (*dato che*) he was a very weak (*debole*) boy he died at the age of seventeen, and that is how, Heathcliff, his father, came into possession of his enemy's house – the house of the family he had hated and envied (*invidiare*) since (*da quando*) he was a child. After hearing Mrs Dean's story Mr Lockwood decided not to remain at Thrushcross Grange, but he came back after six months and found Mrs Nelly Dean living at Wuthering Heights. The young Cathy was now eighteen and was engaged to Hareton Earnshaw.

“Where is Heathcliff?” asked Mr Lockwood.

“He died five months ago,” replied Mrs Dean. “During the last months he had become very strange. He never ate and spent most of the nights out on the moors. One day I found him dead on his bed, the window was wide open and he was wet to the skin, but he was smiling. He was buried (*sepolto*) beside his beloved Catherine. “Peace at last”, said Mr Lockwood”

“I'm not sure. There are folk (*persone del luogo*) in the village who say they've seen him wandering in the moor – with a *woman*.”

The End