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• • • I have accepted. Tell me, am I wrong?

“Do you love him?”

“Of course I do.”

“Why?”

“Well, because he is good-looking and pleasant to be with.”

“That’s not enough.”

“And he will be very rich.”

“Then, why are you unhappy?”

“In my soul and in my heart, I am certain I am wrong,” she cried. “I have no right to marry Edgar. But if I marry Heathcliff I will degrade myself. He will never know how much I love him, and not because he is good-looking but because he is more me than I myself am.”

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Heathcliff hidden behind a wall. He had got up and left the room when she had said the word “*degrade*”. He had not heard her last sentence.

Cathy gets ill

It was a very dark evening, Catherine was anxious because Heathcliff had not appeared for hours. At about midnight a storm came over the Heights in full fury. The wind was violent, there was thunder and lightning and a tree near the house split in two, knocking down part of the chimneys.

Catherine remained outside the gate, listening and calling careless of the weather, until she was wet to the skin. When at last she came into the house.....(*to be continued*)