

Wuthering Heights

Part 1

Let me introduce myself: my name is Mr Lockwood and have just moved into Thrushcross Grange, a house that I have rented in a remote part of the Yorkshire moors. I come from London and I want to be on my own and I think I have found the right place. The only house near mine belongs to my landlord, Mr Heathcliff. Today I went to visit him and what a cold welcome I received! His house was called Wuthering Heights. "Wuthering" is a local word, used to describe the wildness of the weather before a storm. It is certainly in a wild, windy place. And Heathcliff, too, has a wild appearance; he looks more like a gypsy than a farmer, though his manners and clothes are those of a gentleman. He is tall and good-looking but he rarely smiles. "We are not used to visitors," he said.

We sat by the fire and talked. A strange man, but intelligent, was my opinion of Heathcliff. When I thought it was time to go, it had started to snow and a four mile walk in that weather did not inspire me.

"I don't think I can find my way home alone," I said.

Silence.

"Is there anyone who can show me the way?" I asked.

"This is a lesson to you, to make no more foolish journeys on these hills," said Heathcliff. "I suppose you'd better stay the night".

At supper I met the rest of the household: Mrs Heathcliff, his daughter-in-law, who seemed little more than a girl; Hareton Earnshaw, a rude rough-looking young man whom I first thought was a servant; Zillah, the cook, and Joseph, the servant. What an unhappy household. too!

After dinner Zillah took me to my room and gave me some strange advice:

"Do not make any noise," she said, "the master does not like people to sleep in this room.....(*to be continued*)"