

AI-Generated Graded Readers

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About This Edition

This book is a simplified English adaptation created for extensive reading practice.

The text was generated using ChatGPT and prepared for intermediate English learners as part of an educational project.

Target reading level: CEFR A2-B1

This edition aims to support fluency development through accessible vocabulary, expanded narration, and improved readability while preserving the original story structure.

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Emily Brontë, *Wuthering Heights* (Simplified Edition, Adapted and Simplified by ChatGPT)

Part 1

In the year 1801, I had just come back from visiting my landlord. He was the only neighbor near my new home, and I believed he would trouble me little because he seemed to like being alone as much as I did. The country around us was wild and quiet. There were no crowds, no busy streets, and almost no sound except wind and animals. I felt pleased with my choice of residence. A man who wished to escape society could hardly find a better place. Mr. Heathcliff, my landlord, appeared to be the perfect companion for such loneliness, though we were not friends.

When I first rode up to his house, I watched him carefully. His dark eyes moved under heavy brows, and he looked at me with suspicion. His hands stayed hidden inside his waistcoat as if he wished to protect himself from strangers. Still, I felt a strange warmth toward him, perhaps because I recognized something of my own reserved nature in his behavior.

“Mr. Heathcliff?” I said.

He answered only with a short nod.

“I am Mr. Lockwood, your new tenant,” I continued. “I wished to visit soon after arriving to hope that I have not troubled you by asking to rent Thrushcross Grange.”

“Thrushcross Grange is mine,” he said quickly. “No one troubles me if I can prevent it. Walk in.”

He spoke the words politely, yet his voice suggested the opposite feeling. Even the gate did not move kindly when he opened it. Still, I accepted the invitation, partly because I was curious about him. He seemed even more closed and silent than I was myself.

He led me toward the house and called loudly, “Joseph! Take Mr. Lockwood’s horse and bring some wine.”

From this order I guessed that few servants lived there. The grass grew between the stones of the yard, and cattle seemed to do the work that gardeners usually performed.

Joseph appeared. He was an old man, thin yet strong, with a sour face. As he took my horse, he muttered words that sounded like a prayer or complaint. He looked at me as if my visit caused him pain.

The house was called Wuthering Heights. The word “wuthering” described the strong winds that struck the hill during storms. Even on a calm day, the trees leaned away from the north wind as if begging the sun for mercy. The building itself was strong, with deep windows and heavy stones protecting its corners.

Before entering, I paused to examine the carved stone above the door. Strange figures surrounded a date—1500—and the name Hareton Earnshaw. I wished to ask about the history of the place, but Heathcliff stood waiting impatiently, so I stepped inside without speaking.

We entered a large room that served as both kitchen and sitting room. A great fire burned there, though the cooking seemed to happen elsewhere. Rows of metal dishes shone along a wooden shelf that reached nearly to the roof. Above the fireplace hung old guns and painted containers. The floor was white stone, and heavy chairs stood around the room. Several dogs rested in corners, watching me closely.

The house might have suited a rough farmer, yet Heathcliff himself did not match it. His skin was dark, and his manner was that of a gentleman, though careless in dress. He stood straight and looked strong, yet his face carried a shadow of gloom. Some might think him proud, but I believed his silence came from dislike of showing emotion. I imagined he hid both love and hate equally, though perhaps I judged him too quickly.

I took a seat near the fire and tried to pet one of the dogs. The animal answered with a low growl.

“You should leave her alone,” Heathcliff said. “She is not used to being treated kindly.”

He called again for Joseph and left the room. At once the dogs surrounded me.

Thinking they would not understand silent insults, I foolishly made faces at them. One large dog jumped onto my knees. I pushed it away and placed the table between us, but this only excited the others. Soon several dogs barked and snapped at my clothes.

“Help!” I shouted, trying to defend myself with a metal poker.

At last Heathcliff returned with Joseph, moving slowly despite the noise. A strong woman from the kitchen rushed in with a frying pan and drove the animals away with loud words and quick blows. Peace returned as suddenly as the attack had begun.

“What is happening?” Heathcliff asked calmly.

“Your dogs behave like wild beasts,” I said angrily. “You might as well leave a visitor among tigers.”

“They do not attack people who touch nothing,” he replied. “They are right to watch strangers. Will you take some wine?”

“No, thank you.”

“You are not bitten?”

“If I were, I would mark the dog forever,” I answered.

He smiled slightly. “You are upset, Mr. Lockwood. Guests are rare here. We do not know how to receive them. Your health.”

I accepted his polite gesture and began to relax. He spoke more freely afterward, discussing the advantages of living in such isolation. I discovered he was intelligent and thoughtful. Before leaving, I even promised to visit again the next day, though he did not appear pleased by the idea.

The following afternoon was cold and misty. I almost stayed home beside my fire, but a servant filled my room with dust while cleaning, forcing me outside. After walking four miles through mud and heath, I reached Wuthering Heights just as snow began to fall.

The wind cut through my clothes. Unable to open the gate, I climbed over it and knocked loudly, but no one answered. At last Joseph appeared at a window and shouted directions in a rough voice. While I struggled with the door, a young man carrying a pitchfork came and led me through another entrance.

Inside, the great room glowed warmly with firelight. A young woman sat near the table. I bowed, expecting welcome, but she only stared at me silently.

“Bad weather,” I said. “Your servants did not hear me knocking.”

She said nothing.

“Sit down,” the young man ordered roughly. “He will come soon.”

I sat and tried again to speak. “A beautiful dog. Are the puppies yours?”

“They are not mine,” she answered coldly.

Her voice was sharp, and her expression showed both pride and sadness. When she stood near the fire, I saw she was very young and beautiful, yet her eyes held anger instead of kindness.

“Were you invited to tea?” she asked suddenly.

“I would be glad of a cup,” I replied.

“Were you invited?” she repeated.

“No,” I admitted with a smile.

She threw the spoon down and returned to her chair in silence. The young man watched me as if we were enemies. I could not decide whether he was a servant or master.

Soon Heathcliff entered, shaking snow from his coat.

“You see, I have come again,” I said cheerfully. “I may be trapped here by the storm for a short time.”

“Half an hour?” he replied. “You chose a poor moment to walk. You could easily lose your way on these moors.”

I asked if someone could guide me home later.

“No,” he said simply.

We sat together for tea in silence. The atmosphere felt heavy, as if each person disliked the others. Hoping to ease the tension, I spoke about the happiness of living quietly with family. My attempt failed at once.

“My amiable lady?” Heathcliff said with a harsh smile. “Where is she?”

I realized I had made a mistake, but the conversation had already turned dark. The strange household grew even colder, and I began to feel that my visit had been unwelcome from the start.

Part 2

Heathcliff's sharp question left me uncertain how to answer. I had meant only to speak politely, yet my words seemed to wound him. The young woman watched us with a look that mixed amusement and bitterness, while the rough young man drank his tea without lifting his eyes. The silence that followed felt heavier than before, and the fire alone made any friendly sound.

"Mrs. Heathcliff, your wife, I meant," I said carefully, hoping to repair my mistake.

Heathcliff gave a short laugh that held no joy. "You imagine she watches over this house like a spirit," he said. "Is that what you think?"

I realized then that the relation between the people before me was not what I had supposed. Their ages did not match that of husband and wife, and confusion spread through my thoughts. Perhaps the young man beside me was her husband. The idea seemed reasonable enough, though unpleasant.

Heathcliff turned toward the young woman. His eyes rested on her with an expression so hard that I could not mistake it. There was no kindness there.

"She is my daughter-in-law," he said at last.

My confusion increased. "Then this young man—"

"Not my son," Heathcliff replied quickly, smiling in a way that suggested mockery.

The youth lifted his head. "My name is Hareton Earnshaw," he said roughly. "Remember it."

"I meant no disrespect," I answered, though inwardly I found his seriousness amusing.

He stared at me long enough to make me uncomfortable. I looked away and drank my tea, wishing the visit already finished. The mood of the room pressed on me like thick fog. Even the warmth of the fire could not overcome the cold feeling between its inhabitants.

When the meal ended, no one spoke. I moved toward the window and saw

darkness falling early. Snow whirled across the hills, covering road and field alike.

“I fear I cannot reach home without a guide,” I said. “The paths must already be buried.”

Heathcliff ignored the question and ordered Hareton to bring sheep into shelter. Irritation rose in me.

“What am I to do?” I asked again.

No one answered. Joseph entered carrying food for the dogs, muttering angry words. The young woman amused herself by burning matches in the fire. I felt invisible among them.

At last Heathcliff spoke from the doorway. “If you stay, you must share a bed with Hareton or Joseph. I do not keep rooms for visitors.”

“I can sleep on a chair,” I replied.

“No stranger wanders freely in my house,” he said coldly.

My patience ended. Angry words escaped me, and I pushed past him into the yard, determined to leave despite the storm. The darkness confused me at once, and I heard voices arguing behind me.

“I will guide him as far as the park,” Hareton said.

“You will do no such thing,” Heathcliff answered. “Who will watch the horses?”

“A man’s life matters more,” the young woman said quietly.

“Not at your command,” Hareton replied.

Their quarrel continued while I searched blindly for an exit. Joseph sat milking cows by lantern light. Without ceremony I seized the lantern and hurried toward a small door, calling that I would return it later.

“He is stealing the lantern!” Joseph shouted, calling the dogs.

The moment I opened the door, two great animals leapt upon me. The light fell and went out. I lay helpless while Heathcliff and Hareton laughed loudly at my struggle. The dogs did not bite, yet they would not allow me to rise. Rage and humiliation filled me until I shouted threats without meaning.

My agitation caused my nose to bleed, and still Heathcliff laughed. At last a strong woman named Zillah appeared and scolded the others sharply. She pulled me inside and poured cold water down my neck, then forced me into the kitchen.

I felt faint and sick, unable to stand. Heathcliff ordered brandy for me and left without further concern. Zillah showed more kindness, speaking gently while I recovered. Soon she led me upstairs to a bedroom, warning me to keep quiet because her master disliked anyone sleeping there.

Too tired to question her, I entered and locked the door. The room held little furniture: a chair, a cupboard, and a strange enclosed bed built like a wooden box. I climbed inside with my candle and closed the panels, feeling hidden and safe from the house's strange inhabitants.

On the window ledge lay several old books covered with dust. Across the paint someone had scratched a name many times: Catherine Earnshaw, then Catherine Heathcliff, then Catherine Linton. The repetition fascinated me. I whispered the names slowly until sleep crept over my thoughts.

After only a short rest, I awoke when my candle burned low and filled the air with smoke. Feeling uneasy, I opened one of the books. Inside I found writing in a childish hand—a diary belonging to Catherine Earnshaw. Curious, I began to read.

She described unhappy Sundays, long prayers forced upon her and a boy named Heathcliff by a harsh brother called Hindley. Her words carried anger and youthful rebellion. She wrote of being punished, of throwing books aside, and of dreaming of escape across the moors. Her feelings felt alive even after many years, and I grew interested in this unknown girl.

As I read further, her tone changed. She spoke of sorrow, of Heathcliff being treated badly and separated from her. The sadness in the lines made my own eyes heavy. Soon the words blurred, and sleep overcame me again.

I dreamed I walked through deep snow with Joseph as my guide. We traveled to hear a preacher speak. The sermon seemed endless, divided into hundreds of parts. I felt trapped, forced to listen without escape. At last, anger filled me, and I stood to accuse the preacher himself of wrongdoing. The crowd turned against me, raising sticks. Noise and blows surrounded me until the sound became a loud knocking.

I woke suddenly. A tree branch struck the window again and again in the wind.

Relieved, I lay back down, but sleep returned with greater terror.

This time I knew I lay in the wooden bed. Snow and wind howled outside. Annoyed by the noise, I tried to open the window to stop the branch. When I pushed my hand through the broken glass, my fingers closed around another hand—small, cold as ice.

Horror froze me. A voice cried softly, “Let me in! Let me in!”

“Who are you?” I gasped, struggling to pull away.

“Catherine Linton,” the voice answered. “I lost my way on the moor.”

I saw the faint face of a child beyond the glass. Terror overcame reason. I rubbed its wrist against the broken pane until blood ran, yet the hand clung to mine.

“Let me go!” I cried.

The grip loosened at last. I piled books against the window and covered my ears, but the voice continued to beg outside.

“Go away!” I shouted. “I will never let you in!”

“It has been twenty years,” the voice moaned. “Twenty years.”

Scratching sounds moved the books, and fear drove me to scream aloud. Footsteps rushed toward the door. Someone forced it open, and light entered the room.

Heathcliff stood there holding a candle, his face pale with alarm. He trembled so violently that he nearly dropped the light.

“It is only your guest,” I said quickly. “I had a terrible nightmare.”

His anger rose at once. “Who put you in this room?” he demanded. “I will throw them out this moment!”

I blamed Zillah and complained about ghosts, speaking lightly though my heart still raced. When I mentioned the name Catherine Linton, Heathcliff changed completely. His fury turned into deep emotion. He sat on the bed, breathing unevenly, as if fighting powerful feelings.

To fill the silence, I spoke about reading the names carved on the window. He listened without interrupting, though his face remained hidden in shadow.

At last he said quietly, “Go to my room. Your shouting has ended sleep for me.”

I agreed and left the chamber, wandering uncertainly through dark passages. Behind me, I heard Heathcliff open the window and cry into the storm.

“Come in! Cathy, come in! Only once more!”

His voice broke with grief so intense that I felt ashamed to hear it. Snow blew into the room, extinguishing the candle. I moved away silently, troubled by what I had witnessed yet unable to understand it.

Downstairs I found the kitchen fire nearly dead. A gray cat watched me as I sat on a bench and waited for morning, too shaken to sleep again.

Part 3

I sat beside the weak fire while the gray cat settled near me, its eyes half closed as if nothing strange had happened during the night. The quiet after such terror felt unreal. The wind still moved outside, yet inside the house all seemed heavy and still. I leaned back against the bench and allowed my body to rest, though true sleep would not come again.

After some time Joseph descended from above through a narrow opening in the roof. He carried a small lamp and stopped when he saw me. His look showed clear dislike, but he said nothing. He pushed the cat aside, filled a pipe with tobacco, and began to smoke. The sound of his breathing and the slow rise of smoke were the only movements in the room. I remained silent, unwilling to invite another unpleasant conversation.

When he finished, he stood, sighed deeply, and left as quietly as he had arrived.

Soon afterward another person entered. Hareton Earnshaw stepped in, searching among tools near the wall. He muttered angry words under his breath each time he struck something or failed to find what he wanted. He noticed me only briefly, as one might notice a chair or table, then continued his work. At last he found a shovel and pushed open a door with its handle, showing me the way into the main house.

I followed and entered the large room where the women were already awake. Zillah worked at the fire with great energy, sending sparks upward. Mrs.

Heathcliff knelt beside the hearth reading a book, her face lit by the flames. She seemed lost in thought, pushing away dogs that tried to climb toward her.

Heathcliff himself stood nearby. His mood was dark again, and he spoke harshly to his daughter-in-law.

“You sit there doing nothing,” he said. “The others work for their food. You live on my charity. Put that book away and find something useful to do.”

She closed the book slowly and answered without fear. “I will put it away because you can force me. But I will not work unless I choose to.”

Heathcliff raised his hand, and she stepped quickly back, clearly familiar with his temper. Not wishing to watch further conflict, I moved toward the fire as if unaware of their argument. Both fell silent at my presence. She sat apart like a statue, and Heathcliff hid his hands in his pockets.

My stay did not last long after that. I refused breakfast and left as soon as morning light appeared. The air outside was clear and painfully cold. Snow covered the hills like a white sea without shape or path.

Heathcliff called after me and offered to guide me across the moor. I accepted gratefully, for without him I would certainly have lost my way. The land looked entirely changed. Hills and pits were hidden beneath snow, and only faint stones marked the road.

We spoke little as we walked. At the entrance to Thrushcross Park he stopped and gave a short bow. I continued alone, soon discovering how easy it was to wander off course among trees and drifts. More than once I sank deeply into snow and struggled to free myself. By the time I reached home, the clock struck twelve, though the distance should have required far less time.

My servants rushed toward me in alarm. They had believed me dead and were already planning to search for my body. Too tired to answer their questions, I changed my clothes and walked about my room until warmth returned to my limbs. Only then did I sit near the fire with coffee, feeling weak and shaken.

Despite my earlier resolve to avoid society, loneliness soon overcame me. The silence of the house pressed upon my mind. At supper I asked Mrs. Dean, the housekeeper, to sit and talk while I ate. I hoped conversation would either cheer

me or send me peacefully to sleep.

“You have lived here many years, have you not?” I asked.

“Eighteen years, sir,” she replied. “I came when the mistress married. After her death, the master kept me as housekeeper.”

She paused, thinking deeply, then sighed. “Times have changed greatly since then.”

Encouraged, I asked about Heathcliff and his household. I wished especially to learn the history of the young widow at Wuthering Heights.

“Is Mr. Heathcliff wealthy?” I asked.

“Very rich,” she answered. “His money grows every year. Yet he is close with it and prefers living there rather than here. Some people never feel satisfied, even when alone in the world.”

I learned that Heathcliff once had a son who had died, and that Mrs. Heathcliff was his widow. Her maiden name, Mrs. Dean explained, had been Catherine Linton. She herself had nursed the girl as a child.

The name surprised me greatly, though reason quickly reminded me that it could not be the same Catherine from my dream. Still, curiosity grew stronger.

“And Hareton Earnshaw?” I asked. “What relation is he?”

“He is the nephew of the late Mrs. Linton,” she said. “The last of the Earnshaw family.”

Gradually the strange connections between the families began to form a pattern, though much remained unclear. Mrs. Dean spoke cautiously, as if remembering painful events.

“Heathcliff has had a hard life,” she said. “I know nearly all of it, except where he was born or who his parents were.”

I leaned closer to the fire, eager to hear more. The events of the previous night had left my nerves unsettled, and the mystery surrounding my neighbors held my attention completely.

Mrs. Dean fetched her sewing and settled comfortably in her chair. The firelight shone on her face as she began her story.

“Before I came to live here,” she said, “I spent most of my time at Wuthering

Heights. My mother nursed Mr. Hindley Earnshaw, Hareton's father, and I grew up playing with the children there. I ran errands and helped with farm work whenever needed."

She described a summer morning long ago when old Mr. Earnshaw prepared for a journey to Liverpool. The children gathered around him at breakfast.

"I am going away today," he told them kindly. "What shall I bring you when I return? Choose something small, for I must walk many miles."

Hindley asked for a violin. Little Catherine, though only six years old, asked for a riding whip because she loved horses. He promised young Nelly, as Mrs. Dean had once been called, a pocket full of apples and pears. Then he kissed the children and left.

The days of his absence felt long. Catherine often ran to the gate asking when he would return. On the third evening Mrs. Earnshaw delayed supper again and again, hoping he would arrive soon. Darkness fell, and still there was no sign of him. At last, near eleven o'clock, the door opened quietly and the master entered, tired from travel yet smiling.

Mrs. Dean paused in her story, adjusting her sewing before continuing. I felt my interest deepen, certain that the strange history of Wuthering Heights was only beginning to unfold.

Part 4

Mr. Earnshaw entered the house slowly, tired from his long journey. Snow and mud marked his clothes, and he sank into a chair with a deep sigh. The children ran toward him at once, speaking all together, asking what he had brought them. He laughed weakly and held up his hands for silence.

"One at a time," he said. "Let me breathe first."

Mrs. Earnshaw stood nearby, both relieved and worried at his late arrival. She asked why he had been delayed, but he only shook his head and said the road had been long and difficult. Then he reached into his coat as if remembering something important.

“I nearly forgot,” he said. “I have brought you all a gift.”

Hindley stepped forward eagerly, expecting his violin. Catherine climbed onto her father’s knee, smiling brightly. I, too, watched with curiosity, Mrs. Dean continued, though she had expected only fruit as promised.

Instead of toys, however, Mr. Earnshaw carefully lifted a small bundle wrapped in his coat. The children stared in surprise as he placed it upon the floor. The bundle moved.

“Here is your gift,” he said quietly.

The cloth opened, and inside lay a dark-haired boy, thin and dirty, asleep from exhaustion. His face showed signs of hardship, yet there was something striking about his expression even then.

“Where did you find him?” Mrs. Earnshaw asked sharply.

Mr. Earnshaw explained that he had discovered the child alone in the streets of Liverpool. No one claimed him, and no one seemed to care what became of him. Feeling pity, he brought the boy home rather than leave him to suffer.

Hindley’s disappointment appeared at once. “But where is my violin?” he demanded.

“Lost on the journey,” his father replied. “This boy had greater need than any toy.”

Catherine showed no anger. Instead she watched the stranger with interest and knelt beside him. The boy opened his eyes slowly, confused by the unfamiliar faces and warm firelight.

“We shall call him Heathcliff,” Mr. Earnshaw said. “It was the name of a child of mine who died long ago.”

Mrs. Earnshaw did not welcome the decision. She believed bringing a stranger into the family would bring trouble. Still, Mr. Earnshaw insisted, and the boy remained.

At first Heathcliff spoke little. He understood almost no English and answered questions only with looks. Hindley disliked him immediately, seeing him as a rival for his father’s attention. Catherine, however, quickly formed a strong attachment to the newcomer.

“They were always together,” Mrs. Dean said. “Running across the fields, laughing, and sharing every adventure.”

Mr. Earnshaw favored Heathcliff openly. He protected the boy from punishment and treated him almost as a son. This kindness increased Hindley’s jealousy. The more affection Heathcliff received, the more Hindley grew angry and cold.

Mrs. Earnshaw soon fell ill and died, leaving the household changed. Without her, the master’s love turned even more toward Heathcliff and Catherine. Hindley felt pushed aside and began to treat Heathcliff harshly whenever possible.

Years passed. Catherine and Heathcliff grew wild and fearless, often escaping onto the moors despite orders to remain indoors. They returned muddy, laughing, and free, while Joseph scolded them endlessly about sin and punishment.

“They cared little for rules,” Mrs. Dean continued. “The moors were their true home.”

One evening the two children disappeared and did not return before nightfall. The family searched anxiously until Heathcliff came back alone, silent and troubled. Catherine had been injured and taken into another house—Thrushcross Grange, the home of the Linton family.

Mr. and Mrs. Linton kept her there while she recovered. When she returned weeks later, she looked different. Her clothes were fine, her manners more gentle. She had learned polite behavior from the Lintons, and the change surprised everyone.

Heathcliff, still dressed roughly, felt ashamed beside her new appearance. Hindley used this difference to humiliate him further, forcing him to work like a servant instead of treating him as family.

Catherine loved Heathcliff still, yet she also enjoyed the comfort and admiration she found among the Lintons. Mrs. Dean explained that this divided feeling would later bring great sorrow.

Hindley eventually left home to study. During his absence peace returned for a time. Mr. Earnshaw grew older and weaker, relying increasingly on Heathcliff and Catherine for comfort. They sat beside him often, speaking softly while storms

moved across the hills outside.

When Mr. Earnshaw died, the balance of the household changed completely. Hindley returned as master of Wuthering Heights. His resentment toward Heathcliff now held full power.

“From that day,” Mrs. Dean said quietly, “Heathcliff’s life became very hard.”

Hindley reduced him to the position of a servant. He denied him education and forced him to work in the fields. Catherine protested at first, but Hindley ignored her anger.

Heathcliff endured the humiliation silently. He grew stronger, darker in mood, and less trusting of others. Only Catherine’s companionship gave him comfort, though even that began to change as she spent more time with the Linton children at Thrushcross Grange.

Edgar and Isabella Linton admired Catherine greatly. Edgar in particular showed gentle affection toward her. Compared with Heathcliff’s rough appearance and silent temper, Edgar seemed refined and kind.

Mrs. Dean paused again, threading her needle carefully before continuing.

“It was then,” she said, “that the trouble truly began. Catherine stood between two worlds—one wild and one gentle—and she could not choose without losing something precious.”

I listened closely, forgetting my fatigue. The fire burned steadily beside us, and outside the winter wind moved softly across the fields. The strange events at Wuthering Heights now appeared part of a much deeper history, one shaped by love, jealousy, and pride.

Mrs. Dean lifted her eyes toward me. “You wished to know your neighbors, sir,” she said. “But their story is long, and we have only reached the beginning.”

Part 5

Mrs. Dean rested her hands for a moment and looked into the fire as if seeing events from long ago moving again before her eyes. I leaned forward, fully awake now, eager to hear what followed. The quiet room and steady flame made her

voice sound calm, yet the story itself carried growing tension.

“After Mr. Earnshaw died,” she continued, “Hindley became master of Wuthering Heights, and everything changed at once. He brought home a wife named Frances, a lively young woman who laughed often and encouraged his pride. Under her influence he treated Heathcliff worse than ever.”

Heathcliff, once almost a son of the house, was forced into heavy labor. He worked in the fields, slept among servants, and received little kindness. Hindley refused him education and mocked him whenever possible. Yet Heathcliff rarely answered back. He endured silently, storing his anger deep inside.

Catherine alone remained his friend. She often escaped from the house to meet him outside, where they walked together across the moors. There, away from judgment, they spoke freely and felt equal again.

“They were like two wild creatures,” Mrs. Dean said softly. “The wind and hills seemed to belong to them.”

Meanwhile Catherine visited Thrushcross Grange more frequently. The Lintons welcomed her warmly. She learned polite speech, graceful manners, and enjoyed comforts unknown at Wuthering Heights. Edgar Linton admired her deeply, and his gentle attention pleased her.

Heathcliff noticed the change. When Catherine returned from the Grange dressed in fine clothes, he felt ashamed of his rough appearance. One evening he overheard her speaking with Mrs. Dean near the kitchen fire.

“It would degrade me to marry Heathcliff,” Catherine said, unaware he listened nearby. “He has no education or position.”

The words struck him deeply. Though she also confessed that she loved him more than anyone, he heard only the first part. Hurt and pride combined within him, and that very night he disappeared from Wuthering Heights without telling anyone.

Catherine waited for him anxiously, believing he would soon return. Days passed, then weeks. No message came. Her spirit weakened under the strain, and she fell seriously ill.

During this time Edgar Linton remained constantly by her side, offering

comfort and patience. At last she accepted his proposal of marriage, believing it would secure her future and bring peace to those around her. Mrs. Dean admitted she feared the decision would bring sorrow, though she said nothing at the time.

Catherine married Edgar and moved to Thrushcross Grange. Life there was calm and refined. She dressed elegantly, received visitors, and seemed content outwardly. Yet Mrs. Dean believed part of her remained restless.

Three years passed without news of Heathcliff. Then, one evening, he returned unexpectedly.

Mrs. Dean described the moment clearly. She had been sitting in the Grange when a tall gentleman entered. At first she did not recognize him. His clothes were fine, his manner confident, and his face showed strength and self-control.

“It was Heathcliff,” she said. “Changed beyond belief.”

He asked calmly to see Catherine. When she entered the room and recognized him, her joy burst forth uncontrollably. She laughed and cried at once, running toward him as if no time had passed.

Edgar watched the meeting with discomfort. Heathcliff’s presence disturbed the peaceful order of the house. Though he tried to remain polite, jealousy soon appeared beneath his calm manner.

Heathcliff began visiting frequently. Catherine seemed alive again during these meetings, full of energy and emotion. Yet tension grew between the two men. Edgar disliked Heathcliff’s influence and believed his intentions dangerous.

Matters worsened when Heathcliff renewed acquaintance with Isabella Linton, Edgar’s younger sister. She became fascinated by his dark personality and mistook his intensity for romance. Despite warnings from Catherine and Mrs. Dean, Isabella fell deeply in love.

Heathcliff encouraged her attention, though Mrs. Dean believed his motives were not affection but revenge against Edgar. Soon Isabella secretly married him and fled to Wuthering Heights.

The marriage proved unhappy almost immediately. Heathcliff treated her coldly, sometimes cruelly. She realized too late that she had misunderstood his character. The house at Wuthering Heights, already filled with bitterness, grew darker still.

Catherine's health declined during these conflicts. She struggled between loyalty to her husband and her bond with Heathcliff. Emotional strain and illness weakened her body. At last she became confined to her room.

Heathcliff insisted on seeing her despite Edgar's objections. Their final meeting was filled with passion and sorrow. Catherine accused him of breaking her heart by leaving years before; he accused her of betraying their shared spirit by marrying another.

"I cannot live without my soul," he told her desperately.

Their reunion exhausted her completely. Soon afterward she gave birth to a daughter, also named Catherine, and died shortly after.

Mrs. Dean's voice softened as she described Heathcliff's grief. He wandered the grounds in despair, calling Catherine's name into the night. His sorrow turned into a fierce desire for revenge against everyone he believed responsible for his suffering.

Edgar Linton withdrew into quiet mourning, dedicating himself to raising his daughter. Isabella, miserable at Wuthering Heights, eventually escaped and lived far away, where she later gave birth to a sickly son named Linton Heathcliff.

Mrs. Dean paused again, letting the weight of events settle between us.

"From that point," she said slowly, "Heathcliff lived only for revenge. Every action afterward grew from the pain he carried."

The fire burned low as she spoke, and shadows moved along the walls. I felt both fascination and unease, realizing that the strange people I had met were bound together by years of suffering far deeper than I had imagined.

Outside, the night remained silent, but the story had only reached its middle, and I sensed darker events still lay ahead.

Part 6

Mrs. Dean adjusted the fire before continuing. The light shone upward across her face, and her voice grew quieter, as if the memories themselves carried weight. I listened without moving, drawn fully into the history she revealed.

“After Catherine died,” she said, “nothing remained gentle in Heathcliff. Grief changed him. He no longer tried to hide his bitterness. Instead, he seemed to live only to repay suffering with suffering.”

Edgar Linton devoted himself to his young daughter, little Catherine. The child grew in a peaceful environment at Thrushcross Grange, surrounded by care and comfort. Her father protected her carefully from the darker history connected to Wuthering Heights.

Meanwhile, Isabella Heathcliff escaped from her unhappy marriage and settled far away in the south of England. There she gave birth to a son, Linton Heathcliff. The child was weak and often ill, but she loved him dearly. Heathcliff made no effort to see either mother or son during those years.

Time passed quietly until news arrived that Isabella had died. Upon hearing this, Heathcliff immediately claimed his son and brought the boy to Wuthering Heights. Mrs. Dean described the child as pale, delicate, and frightened by the harsh surroundings.

“He was nothing like his father,” she said. “He feared noise, cold, and anger. The house terrified him.”

Heathcliff showed little affection toward the boy. Instead, he treated him as a tool for future plans. Mrs. Dean admitted she did not understand those plans fully at first, though she sensed danger.

Little Catherine Linton grew into a lively and curious girl. She possessed her mother’s beauty and spirit but had been raised with kindness. Edgar kept her carefully away from Wuthering Heights, hoping to prevent old troubles from returning.

For many years this separation held. However, curiosity led young Catherine to explore the moors one day without permission. During her wandering she discovered Wuthering Heights and met Hareton Earnshaw.

Hareton had grown into a strong young man but remained uneducated. Heathcliff had deliberately denied him learning, repeating the same cruelty once used against himself. Though Hareton possessed natural intelligence, he behaved roughly and spoke poorly, unaware of how he had been wronged.

Catherine at first mistook him for a servant and spoke to him with careless pride. Hareton felt insulted but also strangely drawn to her kindness when she softened her manner. Their meeting began a connection neither fully understood.

When Edgar learned where his daughter had been, he forbade further visits. Yet fate soon forced contact again. Heathcliff arranged for young Linton to meet Catherine, encouraging their acquaintance.

Linton Heathcliff proved weak both in body and spirit. He complained often and depended heavily on sympathy. Catherine pitied him and wrote letters to comfort him, believing kindness her duty. Heathcliff secretly encouraged the correspondence, guiding events toward his own goal.

Mrs. Dean explained that Heathcliff desired control over both estates—Wuthering Heights and Thrushcross Grange. Through careful planning he hoped to unite them under his power.

Edgar fell ill during this time, growing weaker each month. Knowing his daughter would soon inherit the Grange, Heathcliff forced meetings between Catherine and Linton more frequently. Eventually he arranged their marriage while Edgar lay near death.

Catherine resisted at first, but concern for her father and pity for Linton persuaded her. She married the sickly boy at Wuthering Heights under unhappy circumstances. Soon afterward Edgar died peacefully at the Grange.

With Edgar gone, Catherine found herself trapped at Wuthering Heights. Heathcliff now controlled both properties through legal ties. Linton, already frail, survived only a short time after the marriage and died, leaving Catherine completely dependent on Heathcliff's household.

“She suffered greatly then,” Mrs. Dean said. “He treated her with cold authority, as if she were part of his revenge rather than a living person.”

Hareton, though rough in speech, began to feel sympathy for her loneliness. At first she rejected him proudly, mocking his lack of education just as others once mocked Heathcliff. Her words hurt him deeply, yet he remained near, quietly helpful whenever he could.

Over time Catherine's anger softened. She noticed Hareton's patience and

honest nature. Gradually they formed an uneasy friendship. She began teaching him to read, guiding him through books beside the fire. These lessons changed both of them. Hareton gained confidence, and Catherine rediscovered kindness lost through suffering.

Heathcliff watched these changes with strange indifference. His long desire for revenge seemed to fade. Instead of anger, weariness appeared in him. He wandered alone across the moors and spoke less to those around him.

Mrs. Dean paused, lowering her voice further.

“He often spoke of Catherine—your ghostly Catherine,” she said. “He claimed he felt her presence everywhere.”

Heathcliff ate little and slept poorly. At times he stood for hours staring through windows toward the hills. The fierce energy that once drove him seemed replaced by longing.

One evening he failed to return indoors. They found him later in his room, lying peacefully near the open window. His expression showed calm unlike anything they had seen before. He had died quietly during the night.

Hareton and young Catherine inherited the future together. Free at last from bitterness, they planned to marry and live at Thrushcross Grange, leaving Wuthering Heights behind.

Mrs. Dean finished speaking and folded her sewing in her lap. The fire had burned low again, and the room felt still after the long tale.

I sat silently, reflecting on everything she had revealed. The strange behavior I had witnessed at Wuthering Heights now appeared shaped by years of love, loss, and revenge. The ghostly dream of Catherine no longer seemed entirely absurd. In that wild house, memory itself felt alive.

Outside, dawn approached slowly. The story had carried me far from my own quiet life into a world of deep passion and suffering, and I realized that my peaceful retreat among the moors would never again feel entirely calm.

Part 7

Mrs. Dean fell silent after finishing her account, and for some moments neither of us spoke. The fire gave a soft cracking sound as a piece of wood settled into ash. I felt strangely moved by the history she had shared. The people I had met at Wuthering Heights no longer seemed merely rude or unpleasant. Each carried the weight of years filled with sorrow, love, and regret.

“And now,” I said at last, “young Catherine and Hareton are to marry?”

Mrs. Dean smiled gently. “Yes, sir. They have both suffered enough. I believe they will make each other happy.”

She explained that Catherine had changed greatly since her first days at Wuthering Heights. Hardship had taught her patience. She no longer mocked Hareton’s lack of learning but encouraged him daily. Together they read books and walked outside, discovering quiet companionship where once there had been anger.

Hareton, in turn, showed deep loyalty toward her. Though shy in speech, his actions revealed steady affection. He worked diligently to improve himself, proud when he mastered new words or ideas she taught him. The bitterness that had shaped his youth slowly faded.

“It is as if the old wrongs are ending,” Mrs. Dean said. “The young ones begin again where the others failed.”

I considered this thoughtfully. The violent passions that once ruled Wuthering Heights seemed to have burned themselves out, leaving only calm behind. Even Heathcliff’s death appeared less frightening now that I understood the longing that consumed him.

Over the following days I remained indoors, recovering from illness brought on by my adventure in the snow. During this time Mrs. Dean continued to share small details about the household. She described how Heathcliff’s final weeks had been marked not by rage but by absence of interest in worldly matters.

He wandered the moors alone, often smiling faintly as if listening to someone unseen. Food no longer interested him, and sleep came only in short moments. When spoken to, he answered briefly and returned to his thoughts.

One evening Catherine and Hareton noticed him standing at the window long

after dark. Snow fell lightly outside, yet he remained motionless, gazing toward the hills.

“He looked peaceful,” Mrs. Dean said quietly. “Almost happy.”

After his death they buried him beside Catherine Earnshaw, as he had long desired. Some villagers claimed to see two figures walking together across the moors at dusk. Mrs. Dean herself did not say she believed such tales, yet she admitted the house felt calmer afterward.

Spring approached slowly. Snow melted from the fields, and green returned to the hills. Catherine and Hareton began preparing to leave Wuthering Heights for Thrushcross Grange. The old house, once filled with conflict, grew quiet.

Curious about these changes, I eventually decided to visit Wuthering Heights again. The memory of my earlier visit still troubled me, yet curiosity overcame hesitation.

When I arrived, the atmosphere felt entirely different. The dogs barked less fiercely, and the doors stood open to fresh air. Hareton greeted me with awkward politeness rather than suspicion. Catherine welcomed me kindly, her manner warm though calm.

We spoke together beside the fire. Books lay open on the table, showing their shared studies. I noticed how easily they spoke to one another now, without anger or pride. The harsh tension I had felt before was gone.

“We shall leave soon,” Catherine told me. “The Grange will be our home.”

Hareton nodded, smiling slightly. Though still rough in appearance, his expression held confidence and peace.

I walked outside afterward and looked across the moors. The wind moved gently, no longer violent. The house behind me seemed less threatening, almost ordinary. Time had softened its history.

As I returned home, I reflected on how close joy and misery had lived together in that lonely place. The story Mrs. Dean told had transformed my understanding completely. What once appeared strange and unfriendly now seemed deeply human.

Some weeks later I prepared to leave the district myself. Before departing, I

visited the churchyard where several graves lay side by side. One belonged to Edgar Linton, another to Catherine Earnshaw, and beside hers rested Heathcliff.

Grass already grew over the earth. The wind moved quietly through nearby trees. Standing there, I felt no fear, only a calm sense that long struggles had ended.

The moors stretched wide and peaceful around me. No sound disturbed the stillness except birds and distant wind. Whatever passions had once filled that land now seemed at rest, leaving only memory behind.

I turned away at last and walked back toward the road, certain that the strange history of Wuthering Heights had reached its true conclusion.