THE CLASSIC STORY BROUGHT TO LIFE IN FULL COLOUR!

Classical COMICS

Wuthering Heights

THE GRAPHIC NOVEL

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Original Text

Quick Text

I HAD MADE UP MY MIND **NOT** TO GIVE MRS. LINTON THE LETTER TILL MY MASTER **WENT** SOMEWHERE. THE FOURTH DAY WAS SUNDAY, AND I BROUGHT IT TO HER AFTER THE FAMILY WERE GONE TO **CHURCH.**
THERE'S A **LETTER** FOR YOU, MRS. LINTON.
CHAPTER XV

YOU MUST READ IT **IMMEDIATELY,** BECAUSE IT WANTS AN **ANSWER.**
SHE DREW HER HAND AWAY.

MUST I **READ** IT, MA'AM?
IT IS FROM MR. HEATHCLIFF. WELL, HE WISHES TO **SEE** YOU.

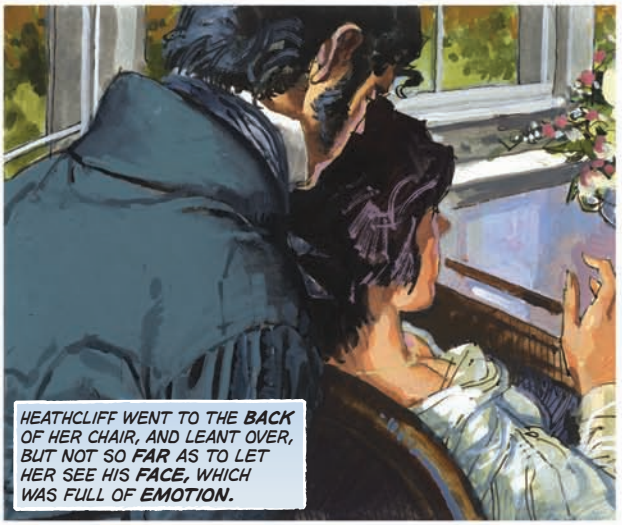
HE'S IN THE **GARDEN** BY THIS TIME, AND **IMPATIENT** TO KNOW WHAT **ANSWER** I SHALL BRING.

*A STEP TRAVERSED THE HALL; THE **OPEN** HOUSE WAS TOO **TEMPTING** FOR HEATHCLIFF TO RESIST **WALKING IN.***

OH, CATHY!
OH, MY LIFE!

HOW CAN I BEAR IT?
WHAT NOW?
YOU AND EDGAR HAVE BROKEN MY HEART, HEATHCLIFF!
AND YOU BOTH COME TO BEWAIL THE DEED TO ME, AS IF YOU WERE THE PEOPLE TO BE PITIED!
I SHALL NOT PITY YOU, NOT I. YOU HAVE KILLED ME – AND THRIVEN ON IT, I THINK.
HOW STRONG YOU ARE! HOW MANY YEARS DO YOU MEAN TO LIVE AFTER I AM GONE?
I WISH I COULD HOLD YOU, TILL WE WERE BOTH DEAD!
I SHOULDN'T CARE WHAT YOU SUFFERED. I CARE NOTHING FOR YOUR SUFFERINGS. WHY SHOULDN'T YOU SUFFER? I DO!
DON'T TORTURE ME TILL I'M AS MAD AS YOURSELF.
ARE YOU POSSESSED WITH A DEVIL, TO TALK IN THAT MANNER TO ME WHEN YOU ARE DYING?
DO YOU REFLECT THAT ALL THOSE WORDS WILL BE BRANDED IN MY MEMORY, AND EATING DEEPER ETERNALLY AFTER YOU HAVE LEFT ME?
YOU KNOW YOU LIE TO SAY I HAVE KILLED YOU: AND, CATHERINE, YOU KNOW THAT I COULD AS SOON FORGET YOU AS MY EXISTENCE!
IS IT NOT SUFFICIENT FOR YOUR INFERNAL SELFISHNESS, THAT WHILE YOU ARE AT PEACE I SHALL WRITHE IN THE TORMENTS OF HELL?

I SHALL **NOT** BE AT PEACE. I'M NOT WISHING YOU GREATER **TORMENT** THAN **I** HAVE, HEATHCLIFF.
I ONLY WISH US **NEVER** TO BE **PARTED:** AND SHOULD A WORD OF MINE **DISTRESS** YOU HEREAFTER, THINK I FEEL THE **SAME** DISTRESS **UNDERGROUND,** AND FOR MY OWN SAKE, **FORGIVE** ME!
YOU NEVER **HARMED** ME IN YOUR LIFE. WON'T YOU COME HERE AGAIN? **DO!**


*HEATHCLIFF WENT TO THE **BACK** OF HER CHAIR, AND LEANT OVER, BUT NOT SO **FAR** AS TO LET HER SEE HIS **FACE,** WHICH WAS FULL OF **EMOTION.***

*SHE BENT ROUND TO LOOK AT HIM; HE WOULD NOT **PERMIT** IT.*

OH, YOU **SEE,** NELLY, HE WOULD NOT RELENT A **MOMENT** TO KEEP ME OUT OF THE **GRAVE.**
THAT IS HOW I'M LOVED! WELL, NEVER MIND. THAT IS NOT **MY** HEATHCLIFF. I SHALL LOVE **MINE** YET; AND TAKE **HIM** WITH ME: HE'S IN MY **SOUL.**

I'M **TIRED** OF BEING ENCLOSED HERE. I'M WEARYING TO **ESCAPE** INTO THAT GLORIOUS WORLD, AND TO BE ALWAYS **THERE.**
NELLY, YOU THINK YOU ARE BETTER AND MORE **FORTUNATE** THAN I; IN FULL HEALTH AND STRENGTH: YOU ARE **SORRY** FOR ME – VERY SOON THAT WILL BE **ALTERED. I** SHALL BE **SORRY** FOR **YOU.**
I SHALL BE INCOMPARABLY **BEYOND** AND **ABOVE** YOU **ALL.**

IN HER EAGERNESS SHE ROSE.

HIS EYES WIDE, AND WET AT LAST, FLASHED FIERCELY ON HER.

AN INSTANT THEY HELD ASUNDER, AND THEN HOW THEY MET I HARDLY SAW, BUT CATHERINE MADE A SPRING, AND HE CAUGHT HER.

THEY WERE LOCKED IN AN EMBRACE FROM WHICH I THOUGHT MY MISTRESS WOULD NEVER BE RELEASED ALIVE. IN FACT, TO MY EYES, SHE SEEMED DIRECTLY INSENSIBLE.
WHY DID YOU DESPISE ME? WHY DID YOU BETRAY YOUR OWN HEART? YOU DESERVE THIS. YOU HAVE KILLED YOURSELF.
LET ME ALONE. LET ME ALONE. }sob{ IF I'VE DONE WRONG, I'M DYING FOR IT. }sob{ IT IS ENOUGH!
FORGIVE ME!

I FORGIVE YOU. I LOVE MY MURDERER – BUT YOURS! HOW CAN I?

I GREW VERY UNCOMFORTABLE; FOR THE AFTERNOON WORE FAST AWAY.
SERVICE IS OVER. MASTER WILL BE HERE IN HALF AN HOUR.
I MUST GO, CATHY.
BUT, IF I LIVE, I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN BEFORE YOU ARE ASLEEP. I WON'T STRAY FIVE YARDS FROM YOUR WINDOW.

YOU MUST NOT GO! YOU SHALL NOT, I TELL YOU.
I MUST – LINTON WILL BE UP IMMEDIATELY.
NO! OH, DON'T, DON'T GO. IT IS THE LAST TIME! EDGAR WILL NOT HURT US. HEATHCLIFF, I SHALL DIE! I SHALL DIE!
DAMN THE FOOL! THERE HE IS.

ARE YOU GOING TO LISTEN TO HER RAVINGS? SHE DOES NOT KNOW WHAT SHE SAYS.
WILL YOU RUIN HER, BECAUSE SHE HAS NOT WIT TO HELP HERSELF? WE ARE ALL DONE FOR – MASTER, MISTRESS, AND SERVANT.

MR. LINTON HASTENED HIS STEP AT THE NOISE. HE WAS BLANCHED WITH ASTONISHMENT AND RAGE.

UNLESS YOU BE A FIEND, HELP HER FIRST – THEN YOU SHALL SPEAK TO ME!

WITH GREAT DIFFICULTY WE MANAGED TO RESTORE HER TO SENSATION.
I SHALL NOT REFUSE TO GO OUT OF DOORS.
BUT I SHALL STAY IN THE GARDEN.
HEATHCLIFF DELIVERED THE HOUSE OF HIS LUCKLESS PRESENCE.

CHAPTER XVI
ABOUT TWELVE O'CLOCK, THAT NIGHT, WAS BORN THE CATHERINE YOU SAW AT WUTHERING HEIGHTS: A PUNY, SEVEN-MONTHS' CHILD...
...AND TWO HOURS AFTER THE MOTHER DIED, HAVING NEVER RECOVERED SUFFICIENT CONSCIOUSNESS TO MISS HEATHCLIFF, OR KNOW EDGAR.

AN UNWELCOMED INFANT IT WAS, POOR THING! IT MIGHT HAVE WAILED OUT OF LIFE, AND NOBODY CARED A MORSEL, DURING THOSE FIRST HOURS OF EXISTENCE. WE REDEEMED THE NEGLECT AFTERWARDS; BUT ITS BEGINNING WAS AS FRIENDLESS AS ITS END IS LIKELY TO BE.
A-WAAAH!
≥SOB≤

I INSTINCTIVELY ECHOED THE WORDS SHE HAD UTTERED A FEW HOURS BEFORE:
Incomparably beyond and above us all! Whether still on earth or now in heaven, her spirit is at home with God!