

THE
CLASSIC STORY
BROUGHT TO
LIFE IN FULL
COLOUR!

Classical
COMICS



Wuthering Heights

THE GRAPHIC NOVEL

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Original Text

RuickText



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 WRITE 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?

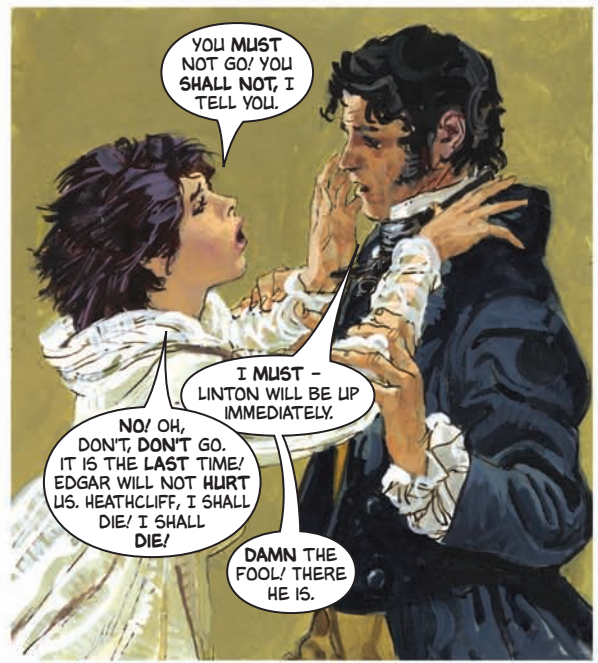


I GREW VERY UNCOMFORTABLE; FOR THE AFTERNOON WORE FAST AWAY.

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 LIS. HEATHCLIFF, 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.



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-WAAAAH!

SOBE



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!

