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**Навчально-методичний посібник
з домашнього читання англійською мовою
за романами Брема Стокера «Дракула» та
Емілі Бронте «Буремний перевал»**

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Навчально-методичний посібник з домашнього читання англійською мовою за романами Брема Стокера «Дракула» та Емілі Бронте «Буремний перевал» / укладачі: Чайка О. М., Мілютіна О. К. Глухів. 2024. 167 с.

Метою навчально-методичного посібника з домашнього читання англійською мовою є забезпечення цілеспрямованого керування процесом читання англійськомовних художніх текстів студентами, які навчаються за спеціальністю 014.02 Середня освіта (Англійська мова та зарубіжна література). Він складається з теоретичної та практичної частини. У теоретичній частині стисло подано інструктивно-методичні матеріали до лекцій; практична частина містить довідки про авторів, автентичні тексти (в уривках) роману Брема Стокера «Дракула» і книги Емілі Бронте «Буремний перевал», а також комплекс вправ і завдань до текстів (від некомунікативних до умовно-комунікативних та комунікативних), змодельованих на лексико-граматичному матеріалі автентичних художніх творів з акцентом на нормативній граматиці англійської мови та розмаїтті лексичних засобів. Система вправ спрямована на формування навичок та вмінь студентів використовувати мовний матеріал творів у ситуаціях спілкування під час обговорення прочитаного.

Навчально-методичний посібник призначений для здобувачів освіти з поглибленим вивченням англійської мови та для всіх тих, хто ставить собі за мету практичне опанування мовою.

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Передмова

Домашнє читання англійською мовою є обов'язковим компонентом процесу навчання мови, який розвиває іншомовну комунікативну компетентність здобувачів вищої освіти на основі англомовних художніх текстів, а також забезпечує ефективне оволодіння мистецтвом комунікації в контексті такого виду мовленнєвої діяльності, як читання автентичного тексту, що має важливе пізнавальне значення і фактично реалізує основні цілі навчання – практичну, освітню, розвивальну та виховну. Уміння читати автентичну літературу дає змогу прилучитися до культури інших народів світу, зокрема носіїв англійської мови, розширює кругозір, поглиблює загальну ерудицію, сприяє формуванню світогляду на основі загальнолюдських цінностей, розвиває особистість.

Читання оригінальних англомовних текстів сприяє набуттю здобувачами вищої освіти практичних умінь і навичок усвідомленого та самостійного прочитання автентичних текстів різних жанрів і видів будь-якої складності, розглядаючи їх як джерело інформації та як засіб навчання різних видів мовленнєвої діяльності; підвищує рівень теоретичних і лінгвокраїнознавчих знань та практичних умінь, забезпечуючи тим самим комунікативну спроможність здобувачів у сферах професійного та ситуативного спілкування як в усній, так і письмовій формах.

Робота з текстами, визначеними для домашнього читання, виконується в три етапи: дотекстовий (Before Reading), читання (While Reading), післятекстовий (After Reading). Виконання завдань на перших двох етапах здійснюється студентами самостійно. Дотекстовий етап роботи з літературним твором передбачає засвоєння студентами певного обсягу лексичного матеріалу, що забезпечить повне розуміння тексту під час читання, а також виконання завдань з використанням запропонованої для вивчення лексики, що сприятиме ефективному її засвоєнню.

Наступний етап (читання) передбачає одно- або дворазове читання тексту (в залежності від рівня мовної та мовленнєвої підготовленості студентів) з метою ознайомлення зі змістом тексту, подолання фонетичних, лексичних, граматичних та смислових труднощів, з якими можуть зустрітися здобувачі освіти під час читання твору. Подолання вищезазначених труднощів досягається під час виконання завдань, які сприяють усвідомленню естетичного потенціалу художнього твору завдяки стилістичній диференціації мовних та мовленнєвих одиниць, наприклад: до поданих слів доберіть еквіваленти, синоніми або антоніми; знайдіть у тексті слова, які демонструють зміни в емоційному стані; підтвердіть із посиланням на текст авторську іронію, симпатію тощо.

Робота з текстом сприяє також удосконаленню володіння граматичними

явищами та забезпечує виконання різних завдань, уміщених у розділі “Grammar Work” (розпізнавання у тексті певної граматичної одиниці, переклад рідною мовою, зумовлений певним граматичним явищем; складання аналогічних власних прикладів із використанням запропонованого лексичного та граматичного матеріалу).

Третій етап (післятекстовий) передбачає аудиторну роботу здобувачів вищої освіти та визначає рівень розуміння ними змісту прочитаного тексту за допомогою виконання різноманітних завдань, а також забезпечує розвиток іншомовних мовленнєвих навичок і вмінь (діалогічне, монологічне мовлення), зокрема під час виконання студентами таких завдань: “Поясніть ...”, “Прокоментуйте ...”, “Охарактеризуйте ...”, “Уявіть, що ви ...”, “Обміняйтеся враженнями ...”, “Відтворіть розмову між ...”. Виконання таких асоціативно-порівняльних завдань спрямоване на розвиток логічного, образного, аналітичного та творчо-критичного мислення здобувачів; завдання на узагальнення і систематизацію прочитаного сприяють розвитку лінгвістичної та літературознавчої компетентностей; емоційно-спонукальні завдання забезпечують формування ставлення до прочитаного. Уцілому завдання лінгво-текстологічного характеру та завдання творчого плану сприяють усвідомленню естетичного потенціалу художнього твору, що передбачає оперування смисловою інформацією твору, вилучення імпліцитної інформації з тексту, забезпечують проникнення в ідейний задум автора і породження діалогічної взаємодії з художнім твором.

Підсумковим етапом виконання завдань з домашнього читання англомовного твору є письмова робота, яка допомагає проконтролювати виконання вправ попередніх трьох етапів і яка, зазвичай, виконується студентами вдома після проведення аудиторного обговорення прочитаного тексту. Таким чином, домашнє читання також забезпечує розвиток навичок писемного мовлення (написання творів, листів, есе тощо).

Отже, домашнє читання є важливою складовою змісту навчання іноземної мови, яка забезпечує розвиток усіх видів мовної та мовленнєвої підготовки здобувачів вищої освіти, які вивчають іноземні мови, компенсуючи недоліки в засвоєнні певного граматичного та лексичного матеріалу (через дефіцит навчального аудиторного часу) саме на заняттях із домашнього читання.

THEORETICAL SECTION

Lecture Materials

Lecture 1. READING AS A SPEECH ACTIVITY

Reading is to the mind what exercise is to the body.

Joseph Addison, English author

The main goal of teaching a foreign language is the formation of students' communicative competence, which means mastering the language as a means of intercultural communication and developing the ability to use a foreign language as a tool in the dialogue of cultures of the modern world.

To form the desired level of communicative competence and effective mastery of communication requires all types of speech activity. Productive types of speech activity are speaking and writing, that is, expressing one's thoughts or conveying other people's thoughts orally or in writing. Receptive types of speech activity are listening and reading, that is, understanding and awareness of other people's thoughts.

Reading in a foreign language as a communicative skill and a means of communication is an important type of speech activity and the most common way of foreign language communication, which students must master according to the requirements of the current foreign language program.

As a rule, few people have an opportunity to communicate directly with speakers of a foreign language, almost everyone has an opportunity to read in a foreign language (fiction, newspapers, magazines). That's why reading is the dominant goal of education today.

The process of reading, which includes complex thinking operations (analysis, generalization, conclusions), and its result – learning information – plays an important role in the communicative and social activities of people. Thanks to reading, which makes available any information, the experience of humanity is transmitted, intelligence develops, and feelings are sharpened, that is, a person studies and develops.

Reading is one of the types of speech activity, which has great cognitive value and realizes three main goals of studying – practical, educational, and overarching.

Reading usually acts not only as a goal but as a means of teaching reading itself (educational reading), as well as a means of teaching other types of speech activity (oral speech and writing).

Teaching reading is a complex and long process, in which two main stages follow:

- preparatory stage,

- stage of a full-fledged reading.

The preparatory stage is typical for primary and secondary education and involves the formation of reading techniques and elementary reading skills. It requires the following: word recognition process, comprehension process, and fluency, that is, identifying words and making meaning.

The full-fledged reading stage aims to teach students to find information in a new text. Full-fledged reading is based on previously formed skills and elementary skills. Of course, this is independent reading silently. Thus, the main methodical goal of full-fledged or meaningful reading is not only students' understanding of what they read, but also obtaining information from the text.

In the practice of teaching foreign languages, there are the following types of full-fledged reading:

- reading to obtain complete information from the text, i.e. intensive;
- reading covering the main content of the text, i.e. extensive;
- reading to find the necessary information, i.e. skimming and scanning.

It should be noted that reading in a foreign language contributes to the increase of language contacts in indirect communication, thanks to the use of such sources as the press, fiction, special literature, the Internet, and correspondence. Also, reading helps to gain important information, turning this type of speech activity into the simplest and most valuable means of communication.

Therefore, reading as a goal contributes to the realization of such aims:

- the practical aim – learning information from the text (of any genre);
- the educational aim – broadening one's horizons, and sociocultural competence; developing imaginative abilities, creative and critical thinking, language guesswork, and communicative skills; forming willpower, emotions, values, perseverance, and independence;
- the cultural aim – learning the life, culture, customs, and traditions of the English-speaking countries.

In the methodology, there are various classifications of types of reading according to various criteria proposed by researchers. Some of the classifications are represented below.

Criteria for classification	Educational reading	Natural reading
According to the aim	Educational	Introductory and searching
According to the form	Reading aloud	Silent reading
According to the method of revealing the idea	Analytical	Synthetic
According to the nature of the perception and processing of the text	Reading with incomplete understanding	Reading with complete understanding
According to the	Translatable	Non-translatable

implementation of the native language		
According to the nature of the activity organization	Prepared (adapted, with previously removed difficulties); Training	Unprepared (unadapted, without previously removed difficulties); Monitoring
According to the book's length	Extensive	Intensive
According to the educational process	Educational	Real
According to the method of using a bilingual dictionary	Reading with a dictionary	Reading without a dictionary
According to the place of reading process	In the classroom	At home

Thus, it is necessary to clearly distinguish some types of reading, in particular reading aloud and silent reading, translated and non-translated, with a dictionary and without a dictionary. In each of the pairs of reading types mentioned above, the first is educational, that is, an activity aimed at the formation of full-fledged, meaningful reading. The types of reading to which they are contrasted (silent, non-translated, without a dictionary) characterize various aspects of meaningful reading. They become the goal of learning a foreign language.

The basis of the motivation for reading is the awareness of its usefulness and necessity for expanding the knowledge due to the mastery of reading in a foreign language. In case of insufficient mastery of language means and facts of the culture of a foreign language country, the reading activity is carried out in two ways: decoding the language format of the text and understanding the general meaning of the text.

To increase the efficiency of reading in a foreign language, it is necessary to form the basic technologies of working with the text, which include the following skills:

- to ignore the unknown if it does not interfere with performing the task;
- to predict and select the necessary meaningful information;
- to work with a dictionary;
- to read using keywords;
- to use footnotes and comments in the text;
- to interpret and transform the text.

It is also important to remember that in the process of reading a text in one's native language, some tasks are put forward, which are also important when teaching students to read in a foreign language: to understand the semantic information of the text, to express one's attitude; to understand the general meaning of the text; determine what the text is about by quickly reading the text and perceiving some important facts.

At the same time, when reading a text in a foreign language, it is always

important to put forward other tasks that are related to educational reading, for example: to enrich students' vocabulary, to improve the automaticity of the perception of grammatical structures, to use the text as a basis for the development of speaking skills and abilities, to develop students' thinking, to enrich their country studies knowledge and outlook. Because reading is considered in the educational process both as a goal and as a powerful means of learning.

Lecture 2. HOW TO READ FICTION TEXTS IN ENGLISH

Reading is such an amazing habit: the deeper you delve into it, the more you are drawn to it.

Reading makes a full man.

Reading a fiction text in the original is a complex and multifaceted work. At the primary stage, understanding of the text occurs mainly through full decoding, when the content is determined using already learned grammatical rules and lexical units and with the help of search dictionary work to learn the content. To activate the process of reading fiction, preparatory work should be carried out with students based on phonetic, lexical, and grammatical exercises; provide students with lists of keywords and phrases and, if necessary, explanations before the text.

When working on the fiction text in the original, the nature of oral statements about the read textual material gradually changes. The primary stage is a detailed or brief retelling of the work, and memorizing fragments that are a description of key events, facts, etc. At the next stage of education, students present in the classroom unprepared speeches, such as a free conversation, comments on what they have read, "teacher-student" discussion, and "student-student" discussion (like an interview exercise).

The successful students' work on the fiction texts, the development of skills and abilities to read original texts is facilitated by a set of exercises that help organize educational work, taking into account the degree of complexity of the proposed text, teach students various techniques while working on it, coordinate classroom activities "teacher-student", develop students' abilities to perceive lexical and grammatical means and decipher all the details of the content of what they have read. A set of exercises is a kind of reference point for studying a passage of text material, designed to be studied in one classroom session. A comprehensive study of the fiction text is based on the performance of a set of exercises, which includes:

- exercises for teaching prepared dialogic speech (answers to questions, asking situationally and textually important questions, dialogizing what has been read);
- exercises for teaching prepared monologue speech (logically consistent reproduction

of statements, description of passages or situations, explanation of realities, close retelling or summarising);

- exercises for teaching unprepared dialogic speech (reasonable answers to questions, presentation of composed dialogues with replicas and comments of students-listeners, presentation of unprepared guided dialogue with and without lexical supports, and, finally, discussion of what has been read);
- exercises for teaching unprepared monologue speech (substantiation of one's statement or attitude to facts, description of characters, places of events, etc., as well as evaluation of what has been read).

Work on an authentic text traditionally includes three stages: pre-reading, while reading, and post-reading.

STRATEGIES FOR PRE-READING

1. Meaning of Pre-Reading

The meaning of pre-reading is to skim through the content, highlight key points, and identify clues before you tackle the main body of the text. It's a time-saving technique that'll help you deepen your understanding of the text and comprehend the writer's meaning more deeply.

Let's look at how pre-reading strategies can help get you in the habit of reading.

2. Pre-Reading Activities

The process of pre-reading involves four steps or the Four Ps of pre-reading: preview, predict, prior knowledge, and purpose. Let's take a closer look at these pre-reading strategies.

2.1. Preview

Before you get into the nitty-gritty of reading a report or any other writing, preview the entire text to grab the key ideas. This simply means skimming through the content, focusing on the titles and headlines, and get a quick feel of the text. This step requires you to be curious about what's inside. The table of contents is a great place to start with your pre-reading.

2.2. Predict

Once you've reviewed the text, you have an idea about what it contains. This comes from titles or headings so you know the broad categories in the text. Try to predict what each category will elaborate on and anticipate the thoughts and ideas. This will help save time as you begin to tackle the main bits.

2.3. Prior Knowledge

When you link what you're reading to your existing knowledge base, you retain information with more accuracy. Reach into your memory bank and connect the dots to understand more than what's on the page.

2.4. Purpose

Purpose refers to the purpose, intention and motivation of the writer. Pre-reading

helps you get the big picture idea behind the text. The writer's underlying message can be gauged from the way the text has been arranged and the introductory passages. Make conclusions on your own and see if they correspond with the actual conclusions in the text.

3. Pre-reading tasks

Pre-reading is like a primer for what's to come. You have to trick your brain into preparing for all the words you'll soon be reading so you can comprehend more. Pre-reading examples can include reviewing pictures and tables or figures, jotting down key points and preparing simple questions that'll supplement your understanding of the main text.

Use pre-reading tasks to simplify the process and optimize your reading:

- *look at the title of the text and make your predictions about the main idea of it and images of characters described;*
- *before you read the text, discuss these questions with your groupmates or teacher;*
- *match the following noun phrases with their Ukrainian equivalents;*
- *transcribe, translate and learn the following words, use them in situations of your own;*
- *learn the following words and word-combinations (Look up all the derivatives and idioms possible)*
- *match the objects with the writer's descriptions of them;*
- *look up the following words in a monolingual dictionary and explain how they differ;*
- *match the word on the left with its definition on the right;*
- *point out the contextual meaning of the following words and word combinations consulting a monolingual dictionary;*
- *make adjectives from these words;*
- *be ready to give the explanation of the following words in English (see Glossary);*
- *compare and explain the difference between the verbs;*
- *express the same in English: (without consulting the text);*
- *choose synonyms or opposites;*
- *make up your own sentences using the active vocabulary;*
- *match the ending of the phrase;*
- *what word doesn't belong to the group;*
- *think about the following questions, etc.*

WHILE READING: TASKS AND STRATEGIES

1. Meaning of While Reading

The while-reading phase is a stage when the reader begins to read the written text. While he or she reads, the reader will think about the purpose of reading and about his or

her prior knowledge. At the second stage of the text reading, the main task for the reader is to interact with the text and to monitor (keep track of) comprehension, paying attention to points at which the material is not clear or the terms are not familiar.

Let's look at how while-reading strategies can help get you in the habit of reading.

2. While Reading Activities

The process of while-reading involves some key comprehension strategies which guide students to a more active approach to reading and encourage them to check their comprehension. Let's take a closer look at these while-reading strategies.

2.1. Prior Questions

Asking a few questions before reading a text is a strategy that helps students focus on the meaning of the text or some details. Teachers can help by modeling prior questions that involve searching for answers in the text.

2.2. Visualizing

Studies have shown that students who visualize while reading have better recall than those who do not. Readers can take advantage of illustrations that are embedded in the text or create their own mental images or drawings when reading text without illustrations.

2.3. Story Maps

Teachers can have students diagram the story grammar of the text to raise their awareness of the elements the author uses to construct the story.

Model of the Story Map for narrative text (narrative text tells a story, either a true story or a fictional story):

Title of the story: _____

Setting: _____ (When and where the story takes place).

Characters: _____

Problems / conflicts _____

Important events: _____

Outcome: _____

Main idea: _____ (It could be explicitly stated in the

story or inferred by the reader).

Model of the Story Map for expository text (expository text explains facts and concepts in order to inform, persuade, or explain):

Headings: _____

Subheadings: _____

Topic / Problem : _____

Cause: _____

Effect: _____

Solution: _____

Description: _____

Sequence of events, actions, or steps: _____

2.4. Retelling

Asking students to retell a story in their own words forces them to analyze the content to determine what is important. Teachers can encourage students to go beyond literally recounting the story to drawing their own conclusions about it.

2.5. Prediction

Teachers can ask readers to make a prediction about a story based on the title and any other clues that are available, such as illustrations. Teachers can later ask students to find text quotes that supports or contradicts their predictions.

2.6. Answering Comprehension Questions while reading

Asking students different types of questions requires that they find the answers in different ways, for example, by finding literal answers in the text itself or by drawing on prior knowledge and then inferring answers based on clues in the text.

2.7. K-W-L Chart or Main Idea / Summarization

A summary briefly captures the main idea of the text and the key details that support the main idea. Students must understand the text in order to write a good summary that is more than a repetition of the text itself.

Model of K-W-L Chart (*Knowledge-Want to know-Learned*)

What I Know: _____

Categories of Information I Expect to Use: _____

What I Want to Know: _____

What I Learned: _____

2.8. Notes

Encourage students to use a system of notes while they are reading a text. For example, after reading a paragraph from a longer text, students can summarize the main point and any major details in the margin. These notes should be written in students' own words as much as possible to make sure they understand the concepts being presented.

Students can also write questions they have about the information to help them remember to bring up a specific point in class.

Students should also be encouraged to write definitions for new vocabulary they encounter in the text (look for synonyms, antonyms, definitions, and other contextual clues).

2.9. "Thinking aloud"

"Thinking aloud" or reading and signing at the same time to make his or her thought process available to the students as the teacher interacts with the text material. The following steps on the part of the teacher are:

- *read the text, saying or signing the idea you are getting;*
- *ask questions: 'I think that means...' or 'That's similar to...';*
- *identify important concepts;*

- *summarize at the end of a section what you understood.*

Designate pairs or groups of students in class to practice this strategy.

2.10. Graphic Organizers

Graphic organizers provide visual representations of the concepts in expository text. Representing ideas and relationships graphically can help students understand and remember them. Examples of graphic organizers are:

- tree diagrams that represent categories and hierarchies;
- tables that compare and contrast data;
- time-driven diagrams that represent the order of events;
- flowcharts that represent the steps of a process.

Teaching students how to develop and construct graphic organizers will require some modeling, guidance, and feedback. Teachers should demonstrate the process with examples first before students practice doing it on their own with teacher guidance and eventually work independently.

3. While-reading Tasks

While-reading is like an intensive reading which is detailed, focused, ‘study’ reading of important parts, pages or chapters. You have to start at the beginning and underline any unfamiliar words or phrases, but do not stop the flow of your reading. If the text is relatively easy, underline important details or ideas, highlight quotes or make brief notes. If the text is difficult, read it through at least once (depending on the level of difficulty) before making notes. Be alert to the main ideas. When you have finished go back to the unfamiliar vocabulary, look it up in an ordinary or subject-specific dictionary. If the meaning of a word or passage still evades you, speak to your tutor.

Remember, when approaching reading at class you need to make intelligent decisions about what you are trying to achieve in undertaking each reading task.

Use while-reading tasks to simplify the process and optimize your reading:

- *think about the following questions;*
- *make the Story Map;*
- *provide visual representation of the concepts in the text;*
- *write definitions for new vocabulary you encounter in the text (for example, look for synonyms, antonyms, definitions, and other contextual clues);*
- *match the words from the text that go together;*
- *find words and expressions in the text which mean the same as the words below;*
- *find English equivalents for the following word-combinations;*
- *point out the contextual meaning of the following words and word-combinations consulting a monolingual dictionary;*
- *read the Chapter and try to determine the meaning of grammatical structures. Determine in what parts of the text prevails Past Perfect and in what*

Past Simple. Find examples of Passive Voice;

- *find in the text passages in which convey the main information of the text and sentences which give details to the description of the realia;*
- *read the text and underline anything that surprises you about...;*
- *read the text and decide which of the following options best sums up the point the writer introduces;*
- *read and put the extracts from the text into the correct order;*
- *find synonyms and antonyms to the following in the text;*
- *pick out from the text and copy out the part of the sentence where Complex Object is used; give your own similar examples;*
- *make up the plan-questions (6-8 questions of different types should be put in a logical order);*
- *pay attention to these phrases in the text; how would you translate them;*
- *go on translating the paragraph ... (Mind the Sequence of Tenses);*
- *pick out from the text at least 3 cases of the Passive Voice, translate them into your native language and give your own examples using new words;*
- *put questions of different types to each paragraph of the chapter and ask your groupmates to answer them in class;*
- *paraphrase the following, picking up synonyms from the text;*
- *suggest your translation of the sentence ...; what grammar rule is the sentence based on? Try to find in the text another sentence based on this rule; give your translation of it and make up your own sentences based on this rule (2– 3).*

POST / AFTER READING ACTIVITIES

1. Meaning of Post Reading

Post-reading activities are simply activities done after after the student has finished reading a text. These are usually done *in order to help the learner more deeply understand and reflect upon what they have read.* At this stage the students are in a temporary change of state or condition, that is, they now know something they did not know before. **At this stage the students are encouraged to critically analyze the text, and they are supposed to apply what they possess.** They should be able to evaluate the text as a whole to respond to it from a more or less personal point of view. They may be asked to agree or disagree with the author or the characters in the text; relate the content to their own experience; connect the content with other work in the same field; discuss characters, incidents, ideas, feelings; or predict what can happen afterwards. Well-designed after-reading activities usually require the learners *to return to the text several times* and to reread it *to check on particular information of language use.*

2. Post Reading Activities

The purposes of the activities are for the students to use the familiar text as basis

for *specific language study*, to allow the students *to respond to the text creatively* and to get the students *to focus more deeply on the information in the text*. Following up in the post-reading stage is critical to both comprehension, which is instruction sensitive, and obtaining and working on new information, which takes the students to their real-life situation. **Common post reading activities** are: creating stories or end of stories, producing posters, reconstructing texts, and questioning the text or views of the writer. Let's look at how post-reading strategies can help get you in the habit of reading.

2.1. Write a Summary

If students can summarize a piece of writing, you can be sure they've gotten the gist of what they've just read. They need to give a condensed overview of a text.

2.2. Create a Quiz

Give students the chance to step into the teacher's role. Have students come up with comprehension questions – short-answer or true/false – to test their classmate's understanding of the text.

2.3. Play a Game

Put students into groups of three or four. Have them put away the text. Give them five minutes to think of as many facts as they can about the reading. The team, that comes up with the most facts, wins.

2.4. Retell the Information

Have students sit in a circle. As they go around the circle, each student adds a sentence about the text, preferably in the order the information appeared in the reading. When the sharing time is over, you can ask two students to share the most interesting and uninteresting part from the reading.

2.5. Make an Outline

As students make an outline of the reading, the main ideas and details will become clear.

2.6. Write Questions

Have students write 3–5 questions they have about the topic that the reading didn't answer.

2.7. Write a Story

Encourage students to choose 8–10 new or interesting words. Challenge them to write a short story using those words. This text could be a story, poem or news report.

2.8. Using pictures

Select seven or eight pictures. Some of these should relate to the topic of the text the students have read. Ask the students to make small groups and give each group a copy of the pictures. The learners should work together to decide which pictures best associate with the reading. Encourage them to provide reasons for a picture being associated or not. After they have finished doing this, each group can take it in turns presenting their ideas.

2.9. The End of the Story

Another post-reading activity is asking learners to change the end of the story. Changing the ending of a story to something unpredictable requires some thinking.

2.10. Identify Target Structures

Tie in the reading with a grammar lesson. Have students go back through the lesson and identify target structures (e.g., present perfect, modal verbs, articles, direct speech, conditionals, etc.).

2.11. A Graphic organizer

A Graphic organizer (also known as a concept map or mind map) is usually a one-page form with blank areas for learners to complete with ideas and information which are connected in some way.

2.12. Designing a Poster to Advertise the Book

This activity could easily be linked to the use of technology in the classroom. Simply ask learners to create a poster using a tool like Canva.

3. Post reading tasks

The primary goal of the post reading phase is to further develop and clarify interpretations of the text, and to help students remember what they have individually created in their minds from the text. Reading *comprehension* should not be alienated from the other skills. Therefore, we may link reading and writing, for example, by summarizing, note-making, mentioning what has been read in a letter. We might link reading and listening by comparing what we have heard to reading a news report, comparing the song we heard from the radio to the song lyric downloaded from the internet. Still, we might link reading and speaking by discussing what we have learned from a reading passage and retelling stories.

Good post-reading activities should be able to get the students to recycle some aspects from their while-reading activities; to go beyond the text; to share opinions, ideas, and feelings; and to give reasons to communicate.

Practical tasks

- *how much did you understand; agree or disagree with the author;*
- *text analysis questions (e.g. What is the writer's main claim? What does the writer describe...? List and explain... Explain what the writer means...);*
- *explain what these statements mean; complete the sentence below each one;*
- *mark the main verbs in the following, label each one;*
- *find out what the underlined words refer to;*
- *pay attention to the part of the sentence in bold; this literary device is called a metaphor (the qualities or identity of one subject are ascribed to another). Find other examples of a metaphor in chapter;*
- *mark all the epithets, emotionally-coloured words, idioms etc. How do they help the author achieve ironic effect;*

- *decide on the ten keywords you chose from the story and retell the whole text using the third person narration (use your favourite Chapter and situation from it to describe);*
- *find out why the author used direct speech in the extract below; change direct speech into indirect. Does it produce the same effect? Which variant do you like more;*
- *write down all the information about main characters in the form of the table; discuss common and divergent features that you and your partner have;*
- *role-play the scene when...;*
- *make up the plan of the story and retell it according to this plan.*

Reading Strategies to Save Time

*Active readers use **reading strategies** to help save time and cover a lot of ground. Your purpose for reading should determine which strategy or strategies to use.*

1. Previewing the text to get an overview

What is it? Previewing a text means that you get an idea of what it is about without reading the main body of the text.

When to use it: to help you decide whether a book / journal / article is useful for your purpose; to get a general sense of the article structure, to help you locate relevant information; to help you to identify the sections of the text you may need to read and the sections you can omit.

To preview, start by reading:

- the title and author details;
- the abstract (if there is one);
- then read only the parts that ‘jump out’; that is: main headings and subheadings, chapter summaries, any highlighted text etc;
- examine any illustrations, graphs, tables or diagrams and their captions, as these usually summarise the content of large slabs of text;
- the first sentence in each paragraph.

Practice

1. Compose 2-3 tasks that demonstrate pre-reading activities used in Step 1 of reading a text.

2. Skimming

What is it? Skimming involves running your eye very quickly over large chunks of text. It is different from previewing because **skimming involves the paragraph text**. Skimming allows you to pick up some of the main ideas without paying attention to detail. It is a fast process. A single chapter should take only a few minutes.

When to use it: to quickly locate relevant sections from a large quantity of written material. Especially useful when there are few headings or graphic elements to gain an overview of a text. Skimming adds further information to an overview.

How to skim:

- note any bold print and graphics;
- start at the beginning of the reading and glide your eyes over the text very quickly;
- do not actually read the text in total. You may read a few words of every paragraph, perhaps the first and last sentences;
- always familiarise yourself with the reading material by gaining an overview and/or skimming before reading in detail.

Practice

2. Compose 1-2 tasks that demonstrate while reading activities used in Step 2 of reading a text.

3. Scanning

What is it? Scanning is sweeping your eyes (like radar) over part of a text to find specific pieces of information.

When to use it: to quickly locate specific information from a large quantity of written material.

To scan text:

- after gaining an overview and skimming, identify the section(s) of the text that you probably need to read;
- start scanning the text by allowing your eyes (or finger) to move quickly over a page;
- as soon as your eye catches an important word or phrase, stop reading;
- when you locate information requiring attention, you then slow down to read the relevant section more thoroughly.

Practice

3. Compose 2-3 tasks that demonstrate post reading activities used in Step 3 of reading a text.

4. Intensive reading

What is it? Intensive reading is detailed, focused, ‘study’ reading of those important parts, pages or chapters.

When to use it: When you have previewed an article and used the techniques of skimming and scanning to find what you need to concentrate on, then you can slow down and do some intensive reading.

How to read intensively:

- start at the beginning. Underline any unfamiliar words or phrases, but do not stop the flow of your reading;
- if the text is relatively easy, underline, highlight or make brief notes;

– if the text is difficult, read it through at least once (depending on the level of difficulty) before making notes;

– be alert to the main ideas. Each paragraph should have a main idea, often contained in the topic sentence (usually the first sentence) or the last sentence;

– when you have finished go back to the unfamiliar vocabulary. Look it up in an ordinary or subject-specific dictionary. If the meaning of a word or passage still evades you, leave it and read on. Perhaps after more reading you will find it more accessible and the meaning will become clear. Speak to your tutor if your difficulty continues;

– write down the bibliographic information and be sure to record page numbers.

Remember, when approaching reading at university you need to make intelligent decisions about what you choose to read, be flexible in the way you read, and think about what you are trying to achieve in undertaking each reading task.

Practice

4. Compose 1-2 tasks that demonstrate close reading activities used in Step 4 of reading a text.

BRAM STOKER

DRACULA

Retold by Diane Mowat

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Abraham “Bram” Stoker was born on 8 November 1847 in Clontarf, a suburb of Dublin, Ireland, the third of seven children – William Thornley, Mathilda, Thomas, Richard, Margaret, and George--born to Charlotte Mathilda Blake Thornely (1818- 1901) and Abraham Stoker (1799-1876), Civil Servant. He was a sickly child, spending great amounts of time bed-ridden, barely able to walk. However, having fully recovered, in 1864 he entered Trinity College, Dublin to study mathematics, and, despite his earlier years of illness

became involved in athletics, winning many awards. He was also elected President of the Philosophical Society. After graduating with honours in 1870 he followed in his father's footsteps and joined the Civil Service with Dublin Castle, which inspired his *The Duties of Clerks of Petty Sessions in Ireland* (1879). From his great love of the arts Stoker also started to write theatre reviews for the *Dublin Evening Mail*. One particular review of a performance of William Shakespeare's *Hamlet* with actor [Sir] Henry Irving (1838-1905) in the lead role led to a great friendship between the two men and in 1878 Irving asked Stoker to be the manager of his Lyceum Theatre in London, England, a position he held for almost thirty years. Later Stoker would publish *Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving* (2 volumes, 1906) and *Snowbound: The Record of a Theatrical Touring Party* (1908) which includes such theatre-based stories as "The Slim Syrens", "Mick the Devil", and "A Star Trap".

In 1878 Stoker married actress Florence Balcombe (1858-1937) with whom he had a son, Irving Noel Thornley (1879-1961). Stoker left his job in Dublin and the couple settled in London. It was here that Stoker became acquainted with many famous actors and such other notable authors of the time as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Oscar Wilde, and William Butler Yeats. While not involved in the theatre, including travelling with them on tours in Europe and North America which inspired *A Glimpse of America* (1886), Stoker started to write novels including *The Primrose Path*

(1875), *The Snake's Pass* (1890), *The Watter's Mou'* (1895), *The Shoulder of Shasta* (1895), *Miss Betty* (1898) and short stories collected in *Under the Sunset* (1881).

In 1890 Stoker holidayed in the North-east coast fishing village of Whitby in Yorkshire, where it is said he gleaned much inspiration for his masterpiece, the novel *Dracula*, which was published in 1897. It was written chiefly in the form of diaries and journals kept by the principal characters: Jonathan Harker, who made the first contact with the vampire Count Dracula; Wilhelmina (“Mina”) Harker (née Murray), Jonathan’s eventual wife; Dr. John (“Jack”) Seward, a psychiatrist and sanatorium administrator; and Lucy Westenra, Mina’s friend and a victim of Dracula who herself becomes a vampire. The story is that of a Transylvanian vampire who, using supernatural powers, makes his way to England and there victimizes innocent people to gain the blood on which he survives. Led by Dr. Abraham Van Helsing – Seward’s mentor and an expert on “obscure diseases” – Harker and his friends, after many hair-raising adventures, are at last able to overpower and destroy Dracula. The novel’s influence on representations of vampires in Western popular culture has been immense and long-lasting. *Dracula* has enjoyed wide popularity in its many adaptations for film, television, and the stage.

Stoker died in 1912. The cause of his death is disputed. Two years later, in 1914, his widow, Florence Stoker, published *Dracula’s Guest* as part of a posthumous collection of short stories; most contemporary scholars believe that editors had excised it from the original *Dracula* manuscript. In 2009 Dacre Stoker (great grandnephew of the author) and Ian Holt produced *Dracula: The Un-Dead*, a sequel that is based on the novelist’s own notes and excisions from the original. The sequel, which shuns the epistolary style of the first *Dracula* for traditional third-person narrative, is a thriller set in London in 1912, and it features Bram Stoker as a character.

Stoker wrote several other novels – *The Mystery of the Sea* (1902), his Egyptian mummy-themed *The Jewel of Seven Stars* (1903), *The Man* (also titled *The Gates of Life* 1905), *Lady Athlyne* (1908), *The Lady of the Shroud* (1909), *Famous Impostors* (1910), and *The Lair of the White Worm* (1911) which also includes elements found in *Dracula* like unseen evil, strange creatures, inexplicable events, and supernatural horrors – but none of them approached the popularity of *Dracula*.

JONATHAN HARKER'S DIARY

CHAPTER 1

Count Dracula

BEFORE READING

I. Learn the meaning of the following words:

to arrive reach a place at the end of a journey or a stage in a journey.

to arrive at (a small town or station, hotel, airport);

to arrive in (a big city or country)

carriage a kind of 'car' pulled by horses, for carrying people

carefully with great attention

coach a large kind of 'car' pulled by horses, for carrying people

count a title for a nobleman in some countries

crowd a large number of people gathered together in a disorganized or unruly way

danger the possibility of suffering harm or injury

to howl (v) to make a long, loud crying sound

mirror a piece of glass where you can see yourself

to shave(v) to cut the hair off the face ,

smell the faculty or power of perceiving odours or scents by means of the organs in the nose.

stupidly in a way that is silly or unwise, or shows little intelligence.

vampire the body of a dead person that comes alive at night and drinks the blood of living people

wolf a wild animal that looks like a dog

wood a hard substance that forms the branches and trunks of trees and can be used as a building material, for making things, or as a fuel.

II. Explain the meaning and learn the following vocabulary:

to take all the papers

to be (not) pleased about smth.

to get married, *but*: to marry smb.; to be married **to** smb.

to leave smb

to look afraid

hotel keeper

the gold cross

pulled down over one's face (a hat)

in the moonlight

to be on one's way to ...
 to laugh wildly
 to be dressed in ... from head to foot
 to hold (held, held) out one's hand
 as cold as ice
 It was nearly morning
 to fall (fell, fallen) asleep
 to be tired
 there was (is) nothing to keep me in ...
 to visit smb/smith some time
 to shake (shook, shaken) – (about hands)
 to cut oneself
 to watch smth. hungrily
 to have a wild look in smb's eyes
 to go over to ...
 to be high above the ground

III. Make up either a situation or sentences of your own using the vocabulary given above.

WHILE READING

I. Find synonyms and antonyms to the following in the text:

I was not *very glad* (*happy*) about this (s)

I *came to* a little town (s)

In the hotel it was warm(s)

... I *answered* (s)

... they all *looked frightened* (s)

lower (a)

more slowly (a) the *wide* road (a)

was wearing black clothes (s) I *entered* the castle (s)

to go *downstairs* (a)

woke up (a)

Grammar Work

I. Pick out from the text and copy out :

- the verbs used in the Past Continuous Tense and translate them into Ukrainian;
- the part of the sentence where Complex Object is used. Give your own similar examples.

II. Make up the plan–questions (6-8 questions of different types should be put in a logical order).

READING THE TEXT

My story begins about seven years ago, in 1875. My name is Jonathan Harker, and I live and work in London. My job is to buy and sell houses for other people. One day a letter arrived for me from a very rich man who lived in Transylvania. He wanted to buy a house in England and he needed my help. The man was Count Dracula, and I agreed to help him.

I found a house for him, and he asked me to take all the papers for it to Transylvania. I was not very pleased about this. I was planning to get married in the autumn, and I did not want to leave my beautiful Mina.

‘But you must go, Jonathan,’ she said. ‘The Count is rich, and perhaps he will give you more work later.’

So I agreed to go. I did not know then of the terrible danger which waited for me in Transylvania.

And so, on 4th May I arrived at a little town called Bistritz. Transylvania was a strange and beautiful country. There were mountains, trees and rivers everywhere. And somewhere high in the mountains was the Count’s home, Castle Dracula. I had six hours to wait before the coach came to take me there, so I went into a little hotel. Inside the hotel it was warm and friendly. The people there were all laughing and talking. ‘Where are you going?’ they asked me.

‘To Castle Dracula,’ I replied.

Suddenly the room was silent and everyone turned to look at me. I could not understand why they all looked afraid. ‘Don’t go there,’ someone said.

‘But I have to,’ I answered. ‘It’s business.’

They began to talk again, but they were no longer laughing. Slowly, the hotel

keeper's wife took the gold cross from her neck and put it into my hand. 'Take this,' she said. 'There is danger at Castle Dracula. Perhaps this will help you.'

When the coach arrived and I got into it, a crowd of people came to watch, and I heard the word 'vampire'.

The coach travelled up into the mountains. Higher and higher it went, faster and faster. The sun was bright, but above the trees there was snow on the mountain tops. Then suddenly the sun went down behind the mountains and everywhere was dark. In the forest around us, the wolves were howling. It was a terrible sound.

Suddenly the coach stopped. A small carriage came down the narrow road on the right. Four black horses were pulling it, and the driver was dressed in black, with a black hat pulled down over his face.

'Where's the Englishman?' he called. 'I've come from Castle Dracula!'

He looked strange, standing there in the moonlight, and suddenly I was afraid. But it was too late. I could not go back now.

Soon we were on our way to Castle Dracula. The mountains were all around us and the moon was behind black clouds. I could see nothing – but I could still hear the wolves. The horses went faster and faster, and the driver laughed wildly.

Suddenly the carriage stopped. I opened the door and got out. At once the carriage drove away and I was alone in front of the dark, silent castle. I stood there, looking up at it, and slowly, the big wooden door opened. A tall man stood in front of me. His hair was white and he was dressed in black from head to foot.

'Come in, Mr Harker,' he said. 'I am Count Dracula.' He held out his hand and I took it. It was as cold as ice!

I went into the castle and the Count carefully locked the door behind me. He put the key into his pocket and turned to go upstairs. I followed him, and we came to a room where a wood fire burned brightly. In front of it there was a little table with food and drink on it. The Count asked me to sit down and eat, but he did not eat with me. Later, we sat and talked by the fire. His English was very good, and while we talked, I had time to look at him carefully. His face was very white, his ears were like the ears of a cat, and his teeth were strong like the teeth of an animal. There was hair

on his hands and his fingers were very long. When he touched me, I was afraid.

It was nearly morning when I went to bed, and outside, the wolves were still howling.

The next morning I found my breakfast on the little table in front of the fire. Now that it was light, I could see that Castle Dracula was old and dirty. I saw no servants all that day.

The Count did not come to breakfast, but there was a letter from him on the table.

‘Go anywhere in the castle,’ it said, ‘but some of the rooms are locked. Do not try to go into these rooms.’

When the Count came back in the evening, he wanted to know all about his new house in England.

‘Well,’ I began, ‘it’s a very big house, old and dark, with a high wall all round it. There are trees everywhere. That’s why the house is dark. It has a little church too.’ And I showed him some pictures of it.

He was pleased about the church. ‘Ah,’ he said, ‘so I shall be near the dead.’

We talked for a long time and once I fell asleep. I woke up suddenly and found the Count’s face near me. The smell which came from him was terrible. It was the smell of death.

‘You’re tired,’ the Count said. ‘Go to bed now.’ And when he smiled, his face was the face of a wolf.

Our business was now finished. The Count had all the papers for his new house, and there was nothing to keep me in Transylvania or in Castle Dracula, but the Count did not want me to leave. I was alone with him in the castle, but I never saw him in the daytime. I only saw him at night when he came and sat with me.

We always talked until the morning and he asked me many questions about England. ‘I have plans to go there myself soon,’ he said. ‘Tell me about sending things to England by ship.’ So we talked about ships and the sea, and I thought about Mina, and her friend Lucy. Lucy and her mother were staying by the sea,

and Mina was planning to visit them there some time. Stupidly, I told the Count about them.

There was no mirror in my bedroom, but I had one with me, a present from Mina. One morning I was standing in front of it and I was shaving. Suddenly a hand touched me and a voice said, ‘Good morning.’ The Count was standing next to me. He was standing next to me, but I could not see him in the mirror!

My hand shook and I cut myself. Blood began to run down my face and I saw that Count Dracula was watching it hungrily. Suddenly he put out his hand. He had a wild look in his eyes, and I was afraid. But his hand touched the gold cross at my neck and his face changed. He took the mirror from me, went to the window, and a minute later the mirror was lying in a thousand pieces far below. He did not speak, but left the room quickly. And I stood there, and asked myself why I could not see this man in the mirror.

I went over to the window and looked out. I was high above the ground. Many of the doors in the castle were locked. Suddenly, I understood. I was a prisoner!

AFTER READING

I. Comprehension check

Who said these words, and to whom?

“The count is rich, and perhaps he will give you more work.”

“Don’t go there.”

“There is danger at Castle Dracula.”

“It’s a very big house, old and dark, with a high wall all round it.” “I have plans to go there myself soon.”

II. Match the right variant of the end of the following sentences:

1. The action takes place in ...	1870, 1875, the last century
2. The main characters of the story are ...	Mina, Nick, Mr. Harker, Count Dracula, Cinderella
3. Jonathan Harker is ...	one who delivers mail, one who sells fruit, one who buys and sells houses

4. Mina is ...	Mr. Harker's niece, Count's Dracula's bride, Mr. Harker's bride
5. Count Dracula is ...	a ghost, a vampire, a monster, a rich merchant
6. Castle Dracula is ...	new and modern, clean but old fashioned, big and full of servants, old and dirty

III. Give full answers to the following questions:

1. What made Jonathan Harker leave Mina and go to Transilvania?
2. Was he pleased about it? Why?
3. What did the people in the hotel warn him about?
4. Whom was Mr. Harker met by on his way to Castle Dracula? Did anything seem strange to him?
5. What did Count Dracula look like?
6. What was Count Dracula told about his new house? Was he pleased about it?
7. Did Mr. Harker leave at once? Why?
8. What was Count Dracula especially interested in while speaking to Jonathan?
9. How and when did Mr. Harker realize he was a prisoner?

IV. Retell the chapter close to the text using your plan-questions.

V. Reproduce the conversation between Mr. Harker and Count Dracula about his new house.

VI. Translate into English:

1. Він був незадоволений своєю новою роботою.
2. Вони збираються одружитись.
3. Мій друг днями прибув до Англії.
4. Граф виходив з карети, коли почув дивний шум.
5. Ми були у дорозі до замку, коли сонце несподівано заховалось за хмари.
6. Він мав дивний вигляд, вили вовки, ми відчували себе наляканими.
7. Він протягнув мені свою руку та дико розсміявся.
8. Водій був одягнений в усе чорне з голови до ніг, а на голові у нього був чорний капелюх, насунутий на обличчя.

CHAPTER 2

I am in danger

BEFORE READING

I. Learn the meanings of the given words

a prisoner a person who is kept in prison as punishment; someone who is under the control of someone else and not physically free

cloak a big loose coat, with no sleeves for the arms

to shiver , *as* to shiver with cold; to tremble (to shake) with fear, anger

to escape to get free from something, or to avoid something

to post to send a letter or parcel by post

stairs a set of steps that lead from one level of a building to another

coffin a box in which a dead person lies

to drop to fall or to allow something to fall

a workman a man who uses physical skill and especially his hands in his job or trade

hammer a tool consisting of a piece of metal with a flat end that is fixed onto the end of a long, thin, usually wooden handle, used for hitting things

cart a kind of ‘car’ pulled by horses, usually for carrying things

helpful willing to help, or useful

II. Explain the meaning and learn the following vocabulary:

to be in danger

to go cold

in the soft yellow light of the moon

“my blood ran cold”

to lay down

to be excited by smth.

to turn red with wild anger

to burn with all the fires of the hell

to hold (held, held) on/onto smth.

to find oneself

to shake with fear

to be alive

to bring it down hard on

door to the outside

with a crash

III. Make up either a situation or sentences of your own using the vocabulary above.

WHILE READING

I. Put questions of different types to each paragraph of the chapter.

II. Find sentences in the text that can serve as captions for the pictures.

Grammar Work

I. Pick out from the text

- Conditional sentences;
- sentences with Complex Object.

Translate them into Ukrainian, give your own examples of similar sentences.

II. Pay attention to the sentence:

I knew that I wanted those soft red mouths to touch me.

Explain Grammar rules used in this sentence

III. Reread the chapter for the purpose of coming across Modal Verbs and their equivalents used there. Translate these sentences into Ukrainian, give your own similar examples.

READING THE TEXT

One evening the Count said, 'You must write to your London office and tell Mr Hawkin that you'll be here for another month.'

When I heard this, I went cold. Another month! But what could I do? I worked for Mr Hawkin, and the Count's business was important to him, so if the Count needed me, then I had to stay. I wrote my letter, but I knew that the Count planned to read it. I could not tell Mr Hawkin that I was a prisoner in Castle Dracula!

That evening the Count did not stay and talk with me, but before he left the room, he turned to me and said, 'My young friend, sleep only in this room or your bedroom. You must never fall asleep in any other room in the castle. You will be in danger if you do.'

When he left, I went to my room, but I could not rest and began to walk round the castle. Many of the doors were locked, but I found one which was open. I pushed back the door and saw that there was a window in the room. It was a beautiful night and the mountains looked wonderful in the soft yellow light of the moon. Suddenly, something moved below me. It was the Count. Slowly, he came out of the window – first those hands, like the hands of an animal, and then his head. He began to move down the wall, head first. With his black cloak around him, he looked like a horrible black bird – and my blood ran cold. What was Count Dracula?

I shivered, and sat down for a minute. The room was warm and friendly. I think that many years ago it was a room for the ladies of the castle, and I decided not to go back to my cold, dark room, but to sleep in this room. So I lay down and closed my eyes.

Suddenly I felt that I was not alone. In the moonlight from the window I saw three beautiful young women. They were watching me, and talking quietly. ‘He is young and strong,’ one of them said.

‘Yes. There are kisses for all of us,’ another answered.

I was excited and afraid. I knew that I wanted those soft red mouths to touch me.

One of the women came nearer. Her strong white teeth touched my neck. I closed my eyes and waited. ‘Kiss me! Kiss me!’ I thought.

Suddenly there was a cry of anger. It was the Count! He pulled the woman away from me, and her bright blue eyes turned red with a wild anger. I looked at the Count and his eyes were burning with all the fires of hell.



‘Get off him!’ he cried. ‘He’s not for you! Stay away from him.’ A second later, the women were no longer there. They did not leave by the door, but they were no longer there!

I remember no more of that night. When I woke, I was in bed in my room. My gold cross lay on the table next to me, bright in the morning sun.

I knew then that those women were vampires, and that they wanted my blood.

Two nights later, the Count came to me. ‘Write to Mina,’ he said. ‘Tell her that your work in Transylvania is finished and that you are coming home.’

How pleased I was when I heard this! But then the Count said, ‘Say that you are at Bistritz, and put June 29th on the letter.’

I shivered when he said this. I knew then that the Count planned to kill me on that day. What could I do? There was nothing. I could only wait and try to escape.

But the Count took away all my other clothes and my travel papers, and he locked the door of my room.

A week or two later, I heard noises in the castle, the sound of men working. 'Perhaps one of them will take a letter out of the castle for me,' I thought.

But it was too late! It was already June 29th, and that evening from my window I saw the Count leave the castle, with my letter to Mina in his hand. He was going to post it! I knew that I must do something before it was too late.

Vampires can only come out at night, so I knew that there was no danger during the day. The next morning I decided to visit the Count's room to see what I could find. To do this I had to get into it by the window. This was possible because his room was just below my bedroom, and there were little holes in the wall between the stones. I could put my feet in these, and I could use the heavy curtains from my window to hold onto. It was dangerous, but I had to try.

Slowly I moved down the wall. Once or twice I almost fell, but at last I found myself in the Count's bedroom.

The room was empty. The Count was not there. I looked for the castle keys, but I could not find them. Over in one corner of the room there was some gold, and on the other side of the room there was a big wooden door. It was open and I saw that there were some stairs going down. I went down them, and I came to another door. This was open too, and I found myself in a room with a stone floor. Slowly, I looked around me. There were about fifty wooden boxes in the room. They were coffins, and they were full of earth. In one of them lay the Count! I could not say if he was dead or asleep. His eyes were open and looked cold and stony, but his face did not look like the face of a dead man. His lips were still very red, but he did not move. Slowly I went nearer. I thought perhaps that he had the castle keys on him. But when I looked at those cold, stony eyes, my blood ran cold. Afraid, I turned and ran back to the window. I did not stop to think until I was back in my room.

That night the Count came to me again. 'Tomorrow you will return to England,' he said – and I knew that tomorrow was the day of my death.



I lay down on my bed, but I did not sleep very well. During the night I heard women's voices outside my door, and then the Count, saying, 'Wait. Your time has not yet come. Tomorrow night – you can have him then.' The women laughed, a low, sweet sound, and I shook with fear.

Morning came at last, and I was still alive. 'I must escape,' I thought. But first I had to get the keys.

Once again, I went down the wall and into the Count's room. I ran down the stairs, to the room with the coffins.

The Count was there, in his coffin, but he looked younger and his hair was no longer white. There was blood on his mouth, which ran down across his neck. My hands were shaking, but I had to touch him, to look for the keys. I felt all over his body, but they weren't there. Suddenly I wanted to kill Count Dracula. I took a workman's hammer, and began to bring it down hard on to that horrible, smiling face. But just then the head turned and the Count's burning eyes looked at me. His bloody mouth smiled more horribly than ever. I dropped the hammer and stood there,



shaking. What could I do now?

Just then I heard the sound of voices. The workmen were coming back. I hurried back up the stairs to the Count's room. Below, I heard the noise of a key. The workmen were opening a door. So there was another door to the outside down there! I listened carefully, and heard the sound of hammers. They were getting the coffins ready for a journey – perhaps to England! I remembered the Count's words about his plans to visit my country.

I turned to run back downstairs, to find this open door. But I was too late. A cold wind ran through the castle and, with a crash, the door at the top of the stairs closed and locked itself. I could not get back down the stairs.

Soon I saw from the window the heavy carts full of coffins, and the workmen drove away. I was alone in the castle with those terrible vampire women.

While I was writing these words in my diary, I decided what to do. I must try to escape. I shall try to get down the wall outside. The window is high above the ground, but I have to try. I shall take some of the gold with me - if I escape, perhaps it will be helpful later.

If I die, it will be better than the death that waits for me here. Goodbye, Mina! Will I ever see you again?

AFTER READING

I. Comprehension check

Say if these sentences are true or false:

1. Three beautiful women tried to kiss Jonathan.
2. Jonathan found the keys to the castle in Dracula's pocket.
3. Jonathan killed count Dracula with a hammer.
4. Jonathan fell in love with one of the vampire women.

II. Imagine that you are Jonathan and you were told by Dracula to write a letter to Mr. Hawkin. Mind the information that can and can't be written in the letter because of some reasons.

III. You are Jonathan, who disobeyed Count Dracula and is exploring his castle. Share your impressions about what you see and feel.

IV. Explain what June 29th meant for Jonathan and what happened on that day.

V. Pretend you are describing in your diary your attempt to kill Count Dracula. (as if you were Jonathan)

VI. Translate into English:

1. Всі були у небезпеці.
2. Я був схвилюваний такою жахливою сценою.
3. Він тремтів від страху, коли опинився в одній з пустих кімнатзамку.
4. Граф почервонів від дикої люті та вдарив молотком по дерев'яному ящику.

5. Він повинен був відправити лист.
6. Якщо я буду триматись за штори, це буде небезпечно, але я спробую вибратись через вікно та втекти.
7. У мене кров застигла, коли я побачив його, який стояв у ніжно чистому світлі луни у чорному плащі.
8. Хтось упустив щось важке і воно упало з сильним гуркотом.

MINA'S STORY

CHAPTER 3

Lucy in danger

BEFORE READING

I. Learn the meanings of some of the given words:

wonderful extremely good

immediately now or without waiting or thinking; close to something or someone in distance or time

terrible very unpleasant or serious or of low quality

a beach an area of sand or small stones near the sea or another area of water such as a lake

a servant a person who is employed in another person's house, doing jobs such as cooking and cleaning, especially in the past

mystery something strange or not known that has not yet been explained or understood

a churchyard an area of land around a church, where dead bodies are buried

horrible very bad, unpleasant, or disgusting

asleep sleeping or not awake

lovely pleasant or enjoyable

II. Explain the meaning and learn the following vocabulary:

to be full of life

“that’s the strange thing about it”either

dead or alive

“there were no answers to the mystery”to be
afraid for smb.

to give a cry /a scream/drops
of blood

for the rest of ... /the journey/to get

worse

to go white /about the face/

III. Make up either your own sentences or situation using this vocabulary.

WHILE READING

I. Pay attention to the sentences:

“I felt better when, at last, I did get a letter from him.”

How would you translate it? Go on translating the paragraph (Mind the Sequence of Tenses).

II. 1. Match synonyms from the text to the following:

... I knew that *smth had happened*

... I was *glad* to hear ...

... to go *at once*

... face *turned pale*

2. Give antonyms and paraphrase the following:

I was very *happy*.

... *everything was all right*

alive

I fell asleep

I found her ...

Lucy was *better*

She can't *get in*

Grammar work

I. Reread the text again and pick out from the text (Chapter 3) at least 3 cases of the Passive Voice, translate them into your native language and give your own examples using new words.

II. Change Direct Speech of the text into Indirect (Mind the Sequence of Tenses).

III. Put questions of different types to the pictures and ask your groupmates to answer them in class.

READING THE TEXT

While Jonathan was away, I was very unhappy. He did not write to me often, and when he did, his letters were strange and very short. I knew that something was wrong. But what? Was Jonathan in danger? I thought about him all the time. Why didn't he come back to England and to me?

I felt better when, at last, I did get a letter from him. Jonathan said that he was coming home and was at Bistritz. But again it was a short, strange letter. 'Perhaps he's ill,' I thought.

My friend, Lucy, also wrote to me. 'I know that you will be happy for me,' she wrote. 'Arthur has asked me to marry him! Isn't it wonderful? I love him very much. He's away just now, and you know that Mother and I are staying at Whitby, by the sea. Please come and stay with us, and I can tell you all about it.'

Arthur Holmwood loved Lucy very much. I was really pleased to hear her news; and I decided to go immediately. And it would help me not to think about Jonathan all the time.

Lucy met me at the station, and it was wonderful to see her again. She was full of life and talked happily of her plans. 'Oh, Mina,' she said to me. 'I am really happy. I love Arthur very much.'

But sometimes it was hard for me, because when Lucy talked of Arthur, I thought of Jonathan again.

The weather was good and Lucy and I walked a lot, sometimes by the sea, but we often went up to the old church on the hill.

At night, Lucy and I slept in one room, but sometimes she walked in her

sleep. She began to sleep badly, and her mother and I decided to lock the bedroom door at night.

Then one day the weather changed. The sky was black and heavy, and that night there was a terrible storm. Lucy was very excited by it, and she sat by the window all night and watched the sea.

The next morning there was a ship on the beach.

‘It’s a Russian ship, from Varna on the Black Sea,’ Lucy’s servant told us. ‘There are coffins on it, and they’re full of earth. And a big black dog jumped off the ship and ran up the hill!’

‘And is everyone on the ship alive?’ Lucy asked.

‘That’s the strange thing about it,’ the servant replied. ‘There was no one on the ship, either dead or alive.’

Everybody in the town was very excited by this strange ship, but there were no answers to the mystery. And nobody saw the big black dog again.

That night I woke up and found that the bedroom door was open and Lucy was not there. I looked for her everywhere in the house, but I could not find her. ‘I’m afraid for her, I don’t know why,’ I said to her mother.

I knew that Lucy sometimes liked to go and sit quietly in the churchyard, so I hurried out into the night to look for her. And I found her. She was sitting in the churchyard, white in the moonlight, and I thought I saw something dark behind her - something dark and horrible. Slowly, its head moved nearer to Lucy. Afraid, I called out, ‘Lucy! Lucy!’ A white face and burning red eyes looked up at me – and then, nothing! Lucy was alone, asleep in the moonlight. I woke her, and she gave a little cry. She put her hands to her neck, and I saw that there were two little drops of blood there.

After that night Lucy was worse. She left her bed every night and her lovely face was white. I was afraid for her and locked the door at night. And I still did not hear from Jonathan. I was unhappy and did not sleep well myself, so one night I went for a walk alone. ‘Lucy will be all right,’ I thought. ‘The door is locked. She can’t get out, and no one can get in.’ But when I came back, I found Lucy by the open window. ‘Lucy!’ I cried. But she did not reply. She was asleep, and near her, just

outside the open window, there was something black, like a big bird.

A day or two later, I had a letter. Jonathan was ill and in hospital in Budapest. ‘Of course, I must go to him immediately,’ I said to Lucy. I did not want to leave her, but Jonathan was everything to me. ‘He needs me,’ I said.

And when at last I arrived in Budapest and held Jonathan in my arms, I felt happy. Jonathan was very ill but he was getting better every day. He did not want to talk about his time in Castle Dracula, but he gave me his diary to read. And so I learnt about Count Dracula and Jonathan's terrible adventure in the castle. But he escaped! And when he fell ill in the mountains, some workmen found him and took him to the hospital. Poor Jonathan! His face was white and thin, and he was still very afraid, but now we were together again and everything was all right.

Jonathan and I were married on September 1st, and then we began our journey home. We arrived back in England on September 18th, and it was wonderful to be home again. Everyone looked happy on that warm autumn evening, when we drove through the streets of London. Jonathan smiled and said softly, ‘Oh Mina, I love you.’

‘I love you, too, Jonathan,’ I replied. I was truly happy.

And then, suddenly, Jonathan's face went white, and he cried out. He was looking at a carriage, outside a shop. In it there was a pretty girl with dark hair. She was waiting for someone. And near the carriage, watching the pretty girl, there was a man - a tall, thin man, with long white teeth and a very red mouth. ‘It's the Count!’ Jonathan cried. ‘Here in London!’

Jonathan put his head in his hands and said nothing for the rest of the journey. I was very afraid for him. Was it really true – that this horrible Count Dracula was here in London?

When we arrived home, there was a letter from Arthur Holmwood. Lucy was dead! My dearest Lucy, dead! it could not be true!

Later we read the letter again.

‘Soon after you left,’ Arthur wrote, ‘Lucy began to get worse. I did not know what to do. I knew only that I must do something quickly, so I asked our old friend, Jack Seward, to come and see her. “He's a doctor,” I thought. “Perhaps he can do

something to help Lucy.” He came at once, but in the end nobody could help poor Lucy, and she died yesterday.’

AFTER READING

I. Comprehension check.

Who or what in this chapter ...

1. ... invited Mina to Whitby?
2. ... was on the Russian ship from Varna?
3. ... did Mina see on Lucy’s neck in the Churchyard?
4. ... did Jonathan give Mina to read?
5. ... did Jonathan see in London street?
6. ... was the news in Arthur Holmwood’s letter?

II. Make up the plan of Mina’s story and retell it according to this plan. (as if you were Mina).

JACK SEWARD’S STORY

CHAPTER 4

Lucy’s death

BEFORE READING

I. Learn the meanings of the given words:

wound (n) a place on the body where something has cut or hurt you

garlic a plant with white flowers and a strong taste and smell, which is used **to**

wear to have (something) on one's body as clothing, decoration, or protection.

a note a short piece of writing

a sitting-room a room in a house where people sit and relax

to bring (smb) to take or go with (someone or something) to a place.

to pull back to move backwards or away from someone

hard (face) not pleasant or gentle; severe

a tomb a small stone building under or above the ground for a dead person

a lid a cover on a container, that can be lifted up or removed

the Un-Dead (a fictional being, such as a vampire) technically dead but reanimated

smelly having an unpleasant smell

scream a loud, high sound you make when very frightened, excited, or angry

II. Explain the meaning and learn the following vocabulary:

as white as a ghost

to send for smb.

to the last drop

to get better

to be sure

to watch over smb

a look of terrible fear

to show some life

from time to time

/not/ to fight to stay alive

a true friend

to put one's head in one's hands

to go inside

to be just in time

now and then

to hold out smth

to bring down hard

in silence

III. Make up your own sentences using these words. It is possible to make up a situation instead.

WHILE READING

I. Paraphrase the following using all possible synonyms and antonyms (from the text):

pale faces

shivering hands

strong

alive

disappeared (about wounds)

angry

a terrible place

empty

lovely eyes

immediately

to get better

to observe smth. or smb.

quiet

calm

II. Pay attention to the translation of the sentences with Modal Verbs. Find them in the text and be ready to give literary translation of them. (Mind the equivalents of Modal Verbs).

READING THE TEXT

When I heard from Arthur the terrible news of Lucy's strange illness, I went to her immediately. I could see that she was very ill. She lay in bed all day and did not move. She was as white as a ghost and she was very thin. When night came, she was afraid to sleep, and in the morning, on her neck there were two strange little wounds.

I did not know what was wrong with Lucy. She was losing blood. But how?

Was it through these two little wounds in her neck?

I decided to send for my old teacher Professor Van Helsing from Holland.

Perhaps he could help.

He came immediately, and when he saw how ill Lucy was, he said, 'We must give her blood at once.'

'She can have my blood!' cried Arthur. 'All of it-to the last drop!'

Van Helsing was right. With Arthur's blood in her, Lucy began to get better

immediately. But before he left, Van Helsing did one more thing. He brought some flowers with a very strong smell, and he put a circle of them round Lucy's neck. 'My dear,' he said, 'these are garlic flowers. Do not take them from your neck tonight, and do not open your window.'

Van Helsing had to return to Holland for a few days and before he left, he told us: 'You must watch Lucy every night, and be sure that she wears the garlic flowers.'

Lucy's mother was ill herself - her heart was not strong - and Arthur had to go back home because his father was dying. So for a week I watched over Lucy myself at night, and sometimes, when I sat by her bed, I heard strange noises at the window. Perhaps it was a tree, or the wind, I thought.

I was working at my hospital during the day, and after a week I was very tired, so one night I did not go to Lucy's house. I needed to sleep, and I knew that Lucy's mother and the servants were there. Also, Van Helsing sent new garlic flowers every day, for Lucy to wear at night.

The next morning at the hospital I had a note from Van Helsing. 'Watch Lucy carefully tonight,' he wrote. 'I shall be with you tomorrow.' But that was now today! The note was too late!

I did not wait for breakfast, but hurried to the house immediately. I knocked on the door, but there was no answer. Just then Van Helsing arrived.

'What happened?' he cried. 'Did you not get my note? Quick! Perhaps we are already too late!'

We knocked again, but there was still no answer. We went round to the back of the house and Van Helsing broke the kitchen window and we went in.

It was dark in the kitchen, but we could see the bodies of the four servants on the floor. They were not dead, but asleep. 'Someone put something in their drinks,' said Van Helsing. 'Come! We must find Lucy. If we are not too late!'

We ran up to Lucy's room, and stopped outside it. With white faces and shaking hands, we opened the door softly and went into the room.



How can I describe what we saw? The bodies of two women – Lucy and her mother – lay on the bed. The faces of both women were white, and on the mother's face there was a look of terrible fear, in her hand she held the flowers from Lucy's neck, and on the floor there was glass from the broken window.

at the two women. 'The poor mother is dead,' he said. 'But for Lucy it is not too late! Go and wake the servants!'

I ran downstairs to wake them. 'Put her in a hot bath,' Van Helsing said.

After a time, Lucy began to show some life, and they took her and put her in a warm bed. From time to time she slept, but she did not fight to stay alive. She could not eat anything, and she was very weak. We sent for Arthur, and when he came, he was very unhappy. His father was now dead, and he could see that Lucy was very, very ill. One of us sat with Lucy all the time, and that night Arthur and Van Helsing slept in the sitting-room, while I watched over Lucy.

When Van Helsing came back up to me at six o'clock, Arthur was still asleep downstairs. Van Helsing went over to Lucy and looked at her. 'The wounds on her neck have gone,' he said. 'She will soon be dead. Bring Arthur.'

When Arthur and I came back, Lucy opened her lovely eyes. 'Oh, Arthur,' she said softly. 'Kiss me, my love.'

He moved his head nearer to her, but Van Helsing pulled him back. 'No!' he cried. For a minute, Lucy's face was hard and angry. She opened her mouth, and her teeth looked very long and sharp. Then her eyes closed and she slept. Soon she woke again, took Van Helsing's hand and said softly, 'My true friend.' And then, quietly, Lucy died.

'She's gone,' said Van Helsing, and Arthur put his head in his hands and cried.

Later, I went back into Lucy's room, and Van Helsing and I looked down together at her beautiful face.

'Poor girl,' I said. 'It is the end.'

‘No,’ he replied. ‘This is only the beginning.’

Some days later there were strange stories in the newspapers, stories about young children who went out at night and did not go home until the next morning. And when they did go home, they talked about a ‘beautiful lady’. All these children had drops of blood and two little wounds on their necks.

Van Helsing read these stories, and he brought the paper round to me. ‘What do you think of that?’ he asked.

‘I don't know,’ I said. ‘These two little wounds sound like poor Lucy's wounds, but how can that be?’

Then Van Helsing explained. At first I could not believe it, and we talked for a long time. At last I said, ‘Are you saying that poor Lucy was killed by a vampire, and that now the vampire is taking blood from these children too?’

‘No,’ Van Helsing replied. ‘You haven't understood. The vampire which is taking blood from these children is . . . Lucy herself.’

I was very angry. ‘That's not true!’ I cried.

‘Then come with me,’ he said. ‘And I will show you.’

So that night he took me to Lucy's tomb. He had the key and we went inside. I was very afraid. In the dark, with the dead flowers lying on Lucy's coffin, the tomb was a terrible place. Slowly, Van Helsing began to open the coffin. Then he turned to me, and said, ‘Look.’

I came nearer and looked. The coffin was empty.

For me, it was a terrible surprise, but Van Helsing only shook his head. ‘Now we must wait outside,’ he said.

We waited all night. I was cold and afraid, and angry with myself and with Van Helsing. Then, suddenly, something white moved in the trees near the tomb. We went nearer, and we found a little child on the ground, by the tomb. Van Helsing held it out to me, and I looked at its neck. ‘There are no wounds on the child's neck,’ I said.

‘No,’ Van Helsing replied. ‘We are just in time.’

The next day, Van Helsing and I went back into the tomb again and opened the

lid of the coffin. This time Lucy's body lay there. She died more than a week ago – but she did not look dead. Her mouth was red and her face was more beautiful than ever. Then Van Helsing pulled back her mouth and showed me her long, sharp teeth. ‘Now do you believe me?’ he said.



‘Lucy is now one of the Un-Dead, and with these teeth she will soon kill one of these poor little children. We must stop her before she does.’ He stopped for a minute and thought. ‘But we must send for Arthur. He, too, must see – and believe this.’

Arthur was very unhappy, and also angry. He could not believe that Lucy was now one of the Un-Dead, but in the end he agreed to come with us to the tomb.

It was just before midnight when we got to the churchyard. The night was dark, but now and then, a little moonlight came through the clouds. Van Helsing opened the door of the tomb and we all went in.

‘Now, Jack,’ he said to me, ‘you were with me yesterday afternoon. Was Miss Lucy's body in that coffin then?’

‘It was,’ I replied.

Slowly, Van Helsing opened the coffin. Arthur's face was white when he moved nearer. We all looked down. The coffin was empty!

For a minute, no one spoke. Then Van Helsing said, ‘Now we must go outside and wait.’

It was good to be outside again, away from the dark, smelly tomb. We stood and waited in silence. Then, through the trees, we saw something white. It was moving nearer to us. Its face was white, its mouth was red, and drops of blood fell from it. Suddenly it saw us and stopped. It gave us a look of terrible anger, and Arthur gave a little cry. ‘It's Lucy!’

She smiled. ‘Oh, Arthur, come to me. Leave those others, and come to me, my

love,' she said sweetly.

Arthur took his hands from his face and opened his arms to her. She was moving nearer to him when Van Helsing ran between them, and held out his little gold cross. Lucy stopped and stood back from it. Then, with a look of terrible anger on her face, she went to the tomb and through the door. The door was closed, but she went through it!

'Now, Arthur, my friend,' Van Helsing said, 'do you understand?'

Arthur put his face in his hands and cried, 'I do! Oh, I do!'

The next day, Arthur, Van Helsing, and I went back to the tomb. Van Helsing had a bag with him, and when we were in the tomb, he again opened Lucy's coffin. The body lay there, horribly beautiful. Arthur was white and he was shaking. 'Is this really Lucy?' he asked.

'It is, and it is not. But wait, and you will see the real Lucy again,' Van Helsing replied.

He took from his bag a long piece of wood and a hammer.



Arthur and I stood silent and watched. Then Van Helsing said to Arthur, 'You loved Lucy. You must bring her back to us. You must take this piece of wood in your left hand, and the hammer in your right hand. Then you must drive the wood through Lucy's heart. It isn't easy for you, but it will soon be done. Can you do this for her?'

'I can,' Arthur replied strongly.

His face was very pale, but he held the piece of wood over Lucy's heart, and brought the hammer down hard.

The body turned from side to side and a horrible scream came from the open red mouth. Arthur did not stop. Harder and harder he hit the wood with the hammer, until, at last, the body stopped moving and lay quiet.

The hammer fell from Arthur's hand, and he stood there, white and shaking. Van Helsing went over to him. 'And now you may kiss her,' he said. 'See! The

vampire is dead, and the real Lucy has come back.’

It was true. Lucy's face was pale and still, but it was now quiet and restful. Arthur kissed her softly on the mouth, and then Van Helsing closed the coffin again, this time, for ever.

‘Now, my friends,’ Van Helsing said, ‘we have only just begun. We must find the vampire that killed Miss Lucy. It will be difficult and dangerous. Will you help me?’

‘Yes,’ we said. ‘We will.’

AFTER READING

I. Match the right variant of the end of the following sentences

1. Lucy is	Count Dracula's niece, Jonathan's sister, Mina's friend
2. Van Helsing is	Count Dracula's servant, just a stranger, a professor, a teacher
3. Van Helsing is from	Switzerland, Holland, Poland
4. Arthur is	Professor's assistant, Jonathan's brother, Lucy's friend

II. Be ready to give full answers to the following questions:

1. What did Van Helsing give Lucy to wear round her neck at night?
2. How did Van Helsing know that Lucy was dying?
3. What did Van Helsing and Jack Servard find at the tomb for the first time?
4. What did they find on the next visit during the day?
5. Why did Arthur hammer a piece of wood through Lucy's heart?
6. What did the four men agree to do next?

III. Get ready to describe pictures using all the necessary vocabulary from the given Chapter, certain grammar and the following phrases:

“In the foreground (background) of the picture one can see ...”

“It is shown (depicted) how smb. was doing smth.”

“In this picture (illustration) one can see smb. doing smth.

“The artist managed to render the atmosphere of ..., due to ... colours, the vivid depicting of ...”

IV. Dramatize the conversation between Arthur and Van Helsing concerning strange stories in the newspapers.

V. Translate into English (Mind the active vocabulary):

1. У повітрі стояв чесночний запах
2. Він повернувся і побачив в її очах погляд, сповнений жахливим страхом.
3. Мені передали записку, щоб я був впевнений, що все гаразд.
4. Він так хотів пити, що випив все, що йому дали, до останньої краплі.
5. Завдяки нашим зусиллям, вона почала виявляти ознаки життя.
6. Він навіть не намагався вижити.
7. Вона була спокійна, хоч і біла, немов привід.

JONATHAN HARKER'S DIARY

CHAPTER 5

Mina in danger

BEFORE READING

I. Explain and learn the following vocabulary:

to find out = to learn = to get to know

daytime hiding-places

holy bread

to take a long time (to do smth.)

to give a cry

to look up from

to burn like red fires (about eyes)

to hold up one's hand (held, held)

in the moonlight

to be holding smb to smb

to be wild with fear and anger

to give a long (terrible) cream

WHILE READING

1. Find answers to the questions:

- What did Van Helsing learn from Jonathan Harker's diary?
- Why wasn't Jonathan Harker afraid of Count Dracula?
- Who were the four men who went to the Count's house?
- What did they put in the coffins, and why?
- What did they see when they broke into Mina's room?

Grammar Work

1. Pay attention to the usage of articles in the sentence:

So, *the* Professor came to see us at our house, and we learnt *the* full story of poor Lucy's terrible death.

Explain the peculiarities of using articles in this sentence.

2. Pay attention to the usage of tenses in Complex Sentences. Find sentences with Sequence of tenses. Translate them into Ukrainian.

3. Pay attention to the usage of Phrasal Verbs in the text. Find sentences with Phrasal Verbs. Translate them into Ukrainian. Explain the change in meaning of verbs with prepositions in postposition.

READING THE TEXT

Some days after Mina got the letter from Arthur, with the news of Lucy's death, she had another letter. This was from Professor Van Helsing, a friend of Arthur's. In it he wrote, 'I know, from your letters to Lucy, that you were her dearest friend. I would very much like to meet you, to talk about the time when you werewith Lucy at Whitby.'

So the Professor came to see us at our house, and we learnt the full story of poor Lucy's terrible death. Then Mina gave Van Helsing my diary to read, and he learnt about my time at Castle Dracula. He was very excited.

'Ah!' he cried. 'Now I begin to understand so many things! This Count Dracula – he was the vampire that killed poor Miss Lucy. Will you help us to find

him?’

Of course, Mina and I agreed to help. When I saw Count Dracula in London, I was very afraid, but now I felt stronger because I had work to do.

We began at once. Mina went to stay with Jack Seward at his house, to tell him and Arthur all about the Count, and I went to Whitby. I wanted to find out about the coffins that were in the ship on the night of the storm –the ship that brought Count Dracula to England. After many questions, I learnt that the coffins were now in the Count’s house in London.

I hurried back to London and to Jack Seward’s house. When I told Van Helsing this news, he called us all together, and said, ‘Now the danger begins. I have learnt much about vampires from old books, and I know that they can come out only at night. During the day they are like dead bodies and must have a place to hide. I think that Count Dracula uses his coffins for his daytime hiding-places. If we can find him in a coffin, we can kill him. But let’s go to his house tonight. We’ll put holy bread in the coffins, and then the Count cannot get back into them. He’ll then have no place to hide during the day, and he will be weaker, and easier to fight when we find him.’

So that night Van Helsing, Jack, Arthur, and I went out together to the Count’s house. Mina, of course, did not come with us. I was afraid to leave her alone, but she said that there was more danger for us than for her.

Jack had some old keys with him, and with one of these we got into the house. It was old and dirty, and the smell of blood was everywhere. We walked through the cold, empty rooms and at last we found the coffins.

From his bag Van Helsing took some holy bread. ‘We must put a piece of this in each coffin,’ he said.

We worked hard. It took a long time to break open each coffin and put holy bread inside. We were just opening the last coffin when Van Helsing gave a cry. ‘We are too late! The Count is coming!’

We looked up from our work and saw Count Dracula. He came through the dark room like a black cloud. His angry face was white and his eyes burned like red

fires. Van Helsing held out his gold cross, and the Count stopped. Afraid for our lives, we ran from the house.

‘Quick!’ cried Van Helsing. ‘We must get back! Now he has seen us, Mina may be in danger!’

My heart nearly stopped when I heard this. ‘Oh, Mina!’ I cried silently. ‘I cannot lose Mina!’

But when we got back to Jack’s house, everything was quiet. I ran upstairs.

The bedroom door was locked. I called out to my friends. ‘Help me! Oh, help me!’

Together we broke down the door - and then my blood ran cold. A tall dark man was standing in the moonlight, by the window. In his arms he held my wife, my Mina! Her white nightdress had blood on it, and her face lay against Count Dracula. Blood dropped from his mouth, and he was holding Mina to him while she drank his blood!

I ran to her and tried to pull him away from her. Van Helsing ran at the Count and held up his gold cross.

When he saw the cross, Count Dracula moved back and dropped Mina’s body. She gave a terrible cry and fell across the bed. A cloud moved across the moon, and when the moon came from behind it, Count Dracula was not there.

‘Oh, Mina, my love!’ I cried. I took her in my arms. ‘What has happened? Tell us!’ I was wild with fear.

Mina shivered. ‘Don’t leave me!’ she cried. ‘Oh, please don’t leave me!’ Her face was pale, and we could see two little wounds on her neck. She put her head in her hands and gave a long, terrible scream. ‘Stay with me!’ she cried.

And I held her in my arms until the first light of day showed in the east.

AFTER READING

I. Comprehension check. Who said these words, and to whom?

- ‘Now I begin to understand so many things!’
- We’ll put holy bread in the coffins

- ‘Help me! Oh, help me!’
- ‘What has happened? Tell us!’
- ‘Oh, please don’t leave me!’

II. Are these sentences true (T) or false (F)?

- Arthur wrote Mina a letter with the news of Lucy’s death.
- Professor Van Helsing was a friend of Jonathan’s.
- Mina wanted Van Helsing to read Jonathan’s diary.
- Only Van Helsing could help Mina and Arthur.
- Two friends went to find Count Dracula.
- Mina was afraid to stay at home alone.
- Van Helsing took some holy bread from his bag.
- Van Helsing stopped the Count with his gold cross.
- Count Dracula wanted Mina to become a vampire.

III. Retell what Van Helsing told about the vampires.

IV. What were the four friends’ plans and prevented them from being fulfilled?

CHAPTER 6

Dracula must die

BEFORE READING

I. Explain and learn the following vocabulary:

for ever

to move through the water

to sail for ...

at the last minute

burning eyes

to make one’s plans

to go by (about time)

to be white *with* fear (about face)

to change into smb. = to turn into smb.
 to live through smth.
 to be in great danger
 to break one's heart
 to ride (rode, ridden) like the wind through the night
 to look at smb. *in* hate
 to go straight/right through ...

II. Imagine you are a story-teller or a writer of bloody thrillers. Make up your own story using the vocabulary above.

WHILE READING

I. Make up the plan-questions to the chapter (all types of questions should be used).

Grammar work

II. Find in the text sentences with modal verbs, translate them into Ukrainian.

III. Determine the function of the verb to have in the following sentences:

We knew that we *had* to kill Dracula before Mina died.

And he *had* with him a long box!

I *have* been back to the Count's house this morning, and the last coffin *has* gone.

IV. Are there any sentences with inversion in the text? If there are any, write them out from the text and explain the need of using inversion.

READING THE TEXT

The next day Van Helsing, Jack Seward, Arthur, and I made our plans. Mina was there too. She was very pale, but she wanted to help us. We knew that we had to kill Dracula before Mina died.

'If we don't,' Van Helsing said, 'Mina will die and will be a vampire for ever. I have been back to the Count's house this morning, and the last coffin has gone. We must find it. Count Dracula will be in it during the day. If we can find

him before dark, we can kill him.’

‘But where is it now?’ I asked wildly.

Of course, we did not know the answer. But then Mina spoke. ‘I feel that I am half a vampire already, and sometimes strange thoughts come into my head. I think that these thoughts are Count Dracula’s. Just now, when you were speaking, I thought that I could hear the sound of a ship moving through water.’

‘Of course!’ cried Van Helsing. ‘Dracula has decided to leave England! He knows now that we are his enemies and that it is dangerous for him here. So he is going back to Transylvania - by ship! We must find out which ships left for the Black Sea last night.’

At the London shipping office we learnt that one ship sailed for Varna in the Black Sea the night before. We also learnt of a passenger who arrived at the last minute - a tall thin man in black. He had a pale face, burning eyes, and a very red mouth. And he had with him a long box!

‘So,’ said Van Helsing. ‘The ship will take about three weeks to sail to Varna, but we will take the train across Europe and get there much faster. We leave tomorrow!’

We left London on a cold October day and four days later we were in Varna. We made our plans, and waited for the ship to arrive. Every day Mina told us that she could still hear the sound of water. But three weeks went by, and the ship did not arrive. Then, at last, we had news - the ship was not coming to Varna, and was already at Galatz!

We took the first train to Galatz, but we were too late. The box was no longer on the ship. ‘Someone came and took it this morning,’ one of the sailors told us.

We hurried back to our hotel to tell my dear Mina the news, but we saw that she knew it already, and her face was white with fear. ‘He has gone,’ she said quietly, ‘and he is taking me with him. Oh my dear friends! Before I change into a vampire, you must kill me! Then you must do what you did to poor Lucy, to give me rest. Tell me that you will do this for me!’

I held her hands, but I could not speak. If that day ever comes, I don't know how I shall live through it.

Later, while Mina slept, we tried to make new plans. 'She is right,' said Van Helsing unhappily. 'Our poor Mina is in great danger. She is already beginning to change - her teeth are getting longer and sharper, and when the Count reads her thoughts, her eyes are hard and cold. We must find him and kill him - before it is too late!'

I can remember little of the next few days. I was wild with fear and anger. We learnt that the Count's coffin was travelling by boat up the river, and Jack Seward, Arthur, and I began to follow in another boat. Van Helsing took my Mina with him in a carriage, and they began to drive across the mountains to Castle Dracula. When I said goodbye to her, my heart was breaking. Perhaps I shall never see her again.

We followed the Count's boat for five days, but we could not catch it. Then we learnt from some villagers that he was now travelling by road, so we bought horses and rode like the wind through the night.

By late afternoon on the next day, we were getting near to Castle Dracula. 'We must ride faster!' I cried to the others. The sun was beginning to go down and then, suddenly, we saw on the road in front of us some men with a cart. And on the back of the cart was the coffin.

I had only one thought in my head - to kill the vampire, to finish him for ever. Arthur and Jack were right behind me when I got to the cart. I jumped from my horse onto the cart, and while Jack and Arthur fought the driver and the other men, I pushed the coffin to the ground. It fell and broke open. Count Dracula lay there, and the last light from the sun fell on his terrible face. His eyes burned red and they looked at me in hate. In a few seconds, when the sun went down, he would be free to move. I jumped down to the ground, held my knife high over his heart, and brought it down as hard as I could. It went straight through the vampire's heart. Count Dracula gave a horrible scream, and then lay quiet. In the same second the sun went down, and when we looked into the

coffin again, it was empty . . .

Above us on the hill was Castle Dracula, and soon we saw Van Helsing. He hurried down the hill to us, and my dear Mina was with him. I ran to her and took her in my arms. Her lovely face was bright and happy again. ‘It’s all right, my love,’ she said softly. ‘We found the tombs of the three vampire women. They cannot hurt us now, and Dracula is dead at last! We can begin to live again.’

AFTER READING

I. Give full answers to the following questions:

1. How did Mina and the four men get to Varna before the Count?
2. Why did Mina ask Jonathan and the others to kill her?
3. Who killed Count Dracula, and how?

II. Retell Chapter 6 close to the text according to your plan, using the active vocabulary.

III. Translate into English:

1. Коли їй завдавали болю, моє серце розривалось, але я нічого не міг зробити.
2. Воїни неслись на конях, немов вітер, що рвався крізь ніч.
3. Він подивився на мене з ненавистю і я перетворився на маленьку людинку.
4. У дитинстві я завжди боялась його палаючих очей.
5. Кожний повинен пережити це, щоб зрозуміти мене.
6. Ніж пройшов якраз крізь його серце.
7. Багато часу ушло на те, щоб спланувати наше майбутнє.
8. В останню хвилину ми вирішили відправитись під парусами до Феодосії.
9. Час спливав швидко, і ми зрозуміли, що багато з нашого дитинства забуте назавжди.
10. Ми зрозуміли, що знаходимось у небезпеці і спробували сховатись у священній печері.

ROUND-UP LESSON ON “DRACULA”

To prepare for this lesson properly you will have to look through Chapters 1-6 for the purpose of :

- refreshing your memory;
- brushing up your grammar and vocabulary.

WORKING WITH LANGUAGE

1 Use these conjunctions to join the sentences together.

and if before but while

- 1 The Count was standing next to me. I could not see him in the mirror.
- 2 I knew that I must do something. It was too late.
- 3 Morning came at last. I was still alive.
- 4 I was writing these words in my diary. I decided what to do.
- 5 I die. It will be better than the death that waits for me here.

2 Complete these sentences with information from the story.

- 1 Jonathan did not want to talk to Mina about Dracula, but. . .
- 2 When Jonathan fell ill in the mountains after his escape, . . .
- 3 Arthur had to leave Lucy and go back home because . . .
- 4 Van Helsing wanted to stop the vampire Lucy before she . . .
- 5 During the day vampires are like dead bodies and they . . .

ACTIVITIES

1. Contest “The Best Narrator”:

- You are Mina, staying with Lucy at Whitby. Write a letter to Arthur, telling him about Lucy and why you are afraid of her.
- Summarize all the information about the vampire’s way of life you’ve obtained having read the whole story. Write a short essay.
- Did you like this story? Write a letter to the author and say why, or why not.

Your work should be written and handed in some days before this lesson to be checked by the teacher.

2. *Make up a dialogue on the situation and be ready to dramatize it with your partner in class.*

Van Helsing, Jack Seward, Arthur, and Jonathan break into the Count's London house and put holy bread into the coffins. While they are doing this, imagine that a policeman finds them. What does he say to the four men, and what do they say to him? Write down their conversation.

3. *Be ready to give the description of Count Dracula and his castle (pretend you are a journalist writing an article after collecting the information mentioned above).*

4. *Get ready to share your impressions about the story you have read. For this discussion in pairs you should remember the following:*

- What do you think of/about ...? – Well, in my opinion...How do you find (one's behavior/attempt to do smth./description of...etc.) – As far as I am concerned..... ; If you want my opinion

- What's your opinion of (one's character, actions, deeds, way of living, manners, way of treating people) – As I see it ...; In my view ...

- What would you do if you were ... – To my mind ...

- Would you dare ... (do smth.)? – Honestly ...

- What makes you feel -sorry for smb (excited about smth., angry with smb., surprised (astonished) about smth., shocked (struck, puzzled) by smth., nervous about smth., sympathy with/for smb.) – I suppose ...; If I were ... I should ...; To tell you the truth ...; I doubt if ...; Nevertheless ...; Despite (in spite of the fact that...)

- What would you like to change about the plot of the story, its characters? – Although ...; It's quite natural ...

- What do you especially like/dislike about ...

- ***ADDITIONAL VOCABULARY FOR DISCUSSING A BOOK***
- the story deals with ...
- to arouse emotions in smb. (hatred, adoration, grief, fear, anger, anxiety, joy)
- to depict characters convincingly, vividly, ...
- to portray ... truthfully
- to appeal to smb.
- to be in great appeal
- the most powerful episode from the chapter ...
- to be full of humour
- to possess a talent for writing ...
- an ability to amuse the readers
- an ability to arouse a feeling of admiration
- to make people laugh or cry
- rich and vivid imagination
- to reveal the character's personality/human nature
- to take one's fancy
- to keep smb. in suspense from the very beginning to the end
- to be pretty much impressed by ...
- to leave smb. indifferent.

Glossa

- rybelieve** to think that something is true
- carriage** a kind of 'car' pulled by horses, for carrying people
- cart** a kind of 'car' pulled by horses, usually for carrying things
- castle** a big strong building that can keep enemies out
- churchyard** a place by a church where dead people lie under the ground
- cloak** a big loose coat, with no sleeves for the arms
- coach** a large kind of 'car' pulled by horses, for carrying people
- coffin** a box in which a dead person lies
- Count** a title for a nobleman in some countries
- curtain** a piece of cloth that covers a window
- earth** dirt from the ground
- fear** (n) you feel this when you are afraid
- garlic** a plant with white flowers and a strong taste and smell, which is used in cooking
- hammer** (n) a heavy tool used for hitting things (e.g. nails into a wall)
- hate** (n) very strong dislike; opposite of 'love'
- heart** the thing inside your chest, that pushes the blood round the body
- hell** the place where bad people go after they are dead
- holy** special because it is from the church
- horrible** very bad, terrible; making you very afraid or unhappy
- howl** (v) to make a long, loud crying sound
- ice** water that is hard because it is very cold
- kiss** (v) to touch someone with your mouth to show love
- lovely** nice, beautiful
- mirror** a piece of glass where you can see yourself
- pale** with little colour in the face
- professor** an important teacher at a university
- servant** someone who works in another person's house
- sharp** with an edge that cuts easily (e.g. a sharp knife)
- shave** to cut the hair off the face ,
- shiver** to shake with cold or fear
- thought** (n) something that you think
- tomb** a small stone building under or above the ground for a dead person
- vampire** the body of a dead person that comes alive at night and drinks the blood of living people
- weak** not strong
- wolf** a wild animal that looks like a dog
- wound** (n) a place on the body where something has cut or hurt you

EMILY BRONTË
WUTHERING HEIGHTS

Retold by Clare West

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Emily Jane Brontë was born in 1818 in Yorkshire, in the north of England – one of six children of an Irish clergyman, Patrick Brontë, and his wife Maria. By 1825 her mother and two eldest sisters were dead, leaving Emily, her sisters Charlotte and Anne, and their brother Branwell. They were now living in Haworth, a quiet village on the Yorkshire moors, where Emily spent most of her brief life, studying with her sisters, writing stories and poems, and walking on the moors. She had no close friends, wrote few letters, and was never happy away from her home or the wild open moorland she loved so deeply.

In 1846 the three sisters published a book of their poems, using the male pen-names of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell. The poems did not sell well, but in 1847 three novels appeared – Emily's *Wuthering Heights*, Charlotte's *Jane Eyre*, and Anne's *Agnes Grey* – and these had much greater success. Meanwhile, at Haworth there were more sad times for the family. Branwell, an alcoholic, died in 1848. In the same year, Emily also died, aged only thirty, and Anne's death followed in July 1849. Only Charlotte was left, to care for her ageing father.

Nineteenth-century readers of *Wuthering Heights*, Emily's only novel, were

shocked by the violence of the characters' feelings and actions. Even her sister Charlotte wrote of 'the horror of great darkness' that hangs over the novel. But since then it has become a classic, adapted for the cinema and television; and Emily's writing, both in her novel and her poems, has been described as Shakespearian in its depth and imaginative power.

WUTHERING HEIGHTS

Love is not always a happy experience. Nor do people who love each other always treat each other gently. We are all familiar with stories where two lovers are kept apart by outside forces – sometimes by their families, sometimes by the customs of their society.

In *Wuthering Heights* the main force that keeps the lovers apart is themselves. The characters in this story, just like real people, have weaknesses – and their weaknesses lead them into unhappiness. They are proud and selfish; they often have mixed feelings and are unable to make up their minds. For these reasons love often fails, but rarely as passionately and dramatically as in this story.

CHAPTERS 1-2
BEFORE READING

IV. Explain the meaning and learn the following vocabulary:

Chapter 1

to be delighted with smth
That suits me perfectly
to catch hold of smth (caught; –)
to be similar to
to encourage smb
A sour expression on one's face
a windswept house
over the moors
shadowy corner
to feel offended
to bang on the door
front door
back door
to be eager
to share smth with smb
to chase after smb rescued

Chapter 2

to be angry with
the most frightening dreams
tiny wrist
pile of books
in horror
to point to smth or smb
to recover from smth
to stare at smb
to feel lonely
to lend smb smth
to be shocked by one's
unpleasantness

V. Explain the meaning of the given words:

Chapter 1

to beg
to rent
scenery
to frown
bruised
exhausted
cellar
muttered
gipsy
to dive
fierce-looking; fiercely
growling
a stranger
misty
bitterly
proper
ghost
scornfully

Chapter 2

sleeper
to inherit
wicked
tightly
terror
to rub
desperately
to remark
madness
suffering (n)
to annoy smb
previous
meanwhile
rough
to mean
to judge
to hit

VI. Use the given words and expressions in sentences of your own.

WHILE READING

1. Try to find in the text words with similar meanings (synonyms), learn them:

- ✓ luckily
- ✓ foggy and very cold
- ✓ curly
- ✓ irritated
- ✓ joyfully; merrily
- ✓ saved
- ✓ finds out; learns
- ✓ worried
- ✓ firm
- ✓ fast; quick
- ✓ to wait for

2. Pay attention to derived and compound words. Write out of the text examples of such words and explain their structure.

3. Pay attention to the sentences. Give their literary translation.

- ✓ It could have been any Yorkshire farmhouse kitchen, except that there was no sign of cooking, and no farmer sitting at the table.
- ✓ My landlord and his servant were in no hurry to help, and could not have climbed the cellar steps more slowly, but luckily a woman, who I supposed was the housekeeper, rushed into the room to calm the dogs.
- ✓ I was so angry with them all that I could not stay there a moment longer, and rushed out into the darkness.
- ✓ I knew I could not hide from him, so I opened the curtains wide.
- ✓ How could my dream have produced such madness?
- ✓ He could live here at Thrushcross Grange, but he would rather receive rent than live comfortably.

Grammar Work

1. Reread Chapters I-II once again for the purpose of picking out from the text sentences with Participle I and Gerund. Be ready to prove your choice (to explain your answer).

2. Compare two sentences:

“You shouldn’t leave ...” “You shouldn’t have come ...”

Give necessary comments concerning the modal verb. Make up your own sentences on this rule.

3. Paraphrase sentences taken from the text using proper modal verbs:

“I’m sorry, evidently I had a bad dream and screamed in my sleep.”

“She thought I probably died in the previous night’s snowstorm.”

“Perhaps it was any Yorkshire farmhouse kitchen ...”

4. Compare the next sentences:

✓ Neither I nor my dogs are used to receiving them.

✓ It was used for the first time here.

Pay attention to their translation. Explain the difference.

CHAPTER 1

Mr Lockwood visits Wuthering Heights

1801

I have just returned from a visit to my landlord, Mr Heathcliff. I am delighted with the house I am renting from him. Thrushcross Grange is miles away from any town or village. That suits me perfectly. And the scenery here in Yorkshire is so beautiful!

Mr Heathcliff, in fact, is my only neighbour, and I think his character is similar to mine. He does not like people either.

'My name is Lockwood', I said, when I met him at the gate to his house. 'I'm renting Thrushcross Grange from you. I just wanted to come and introduce myself.'

He said nothing, but frowned, and did not encourage me to enter. After a while, however, he decided to invite me in.

'Joseph, take Mr Lockwood's horse!' he called. 'And bring up some wine from the cellar!' Joseph was a very old servant, with a sour expression on his face. He looked crossly up at me as he took my horse.

'God help us! A visitor!' he muttered to himself. Perhaps there were no other

servants, I thought. And it seemed that Mr Heathcliff hardly ever received guests.

His house is called Wuthering Heights. The name means 'a windswept house on a hill', and it is a very good description. The trees around the house do not grow straight, but are bent by the north wind, which blows over the moors every day of the year. Fortunately, the house is strongly built, and is not damaged even by the worst winter storms. The name 'Earnshaw' is cut into a stone over the front door.

Mr Heathcliff and I entered the huge main room. It could have been any Yorkshire farmhouse kitchen, except that there was no sign of cooking, and no farmer sitting at the table. Mr Heathcliff certainly does not look like a farmer. His hair and skin are dark, like a gipsy's, but he has the manners of a gentleman. He could perhaps take more care with his appearance, but he is handsome. I think he is proud, and also unhappy.

We sat down by the fire, in silence.

'Joseph!' shouted Mr Heathcliff. No answer came from the cellar, so he dived down there, leaving me alone with several rather fierce-looking dogs. Suddenly one of them jumped angrily up at me, and in a moment all the others were attacking me. From every shadowy corner in the great room appeared a growling animal, ready to kill me, it seemed.

'Help! Mr Heathcliff! Help!' I shouted, trying to keep the dogs back. My landlord and his servant were in no hurry to help, and could not have climbed the cellar steps more slowly, but luckily a woman, who I supposed was the housekeeper, rushed into the room to calm the dogs.

'What the devil is the matter?' Mr Heathcliff asked me rudely, when he finally entered the room.

'Your dogs, sir!' I replied. 'You shouldn't leave a stranger with them. They're dangerous'.

'Come, come, Mr Lockwood. Have some wine. We don't often have strangers here, and I'm afraid neither I nor my dogs are used to receiving them.'

I could not feel offended after this, and accepted the wine. We sat drinking and talking together for a while. I suggested visiting him tomorrow. He did not seem eager

to see me again, but I shall go anyway. I am interested in him, even if he isn't interested in me.

Two days later

Yesterday afternoon was misty and bitterly cold, but I walked the four miles to Wuthering Heights and arrived just as it was beginning to snow. I banged on the front door for ten minutes, getting colder and colder. Finally Joseph's head appeared at a window of one of the farm buildings.

'What do you want?' he growled.

'Could you let me in?' I asked desperately.

He shook his head. 'There's only Mrs Heathcliff indoors, and she won't open the door to you.'

Just then a young man appeared and called me to follow him. We went through the back door and into the big room where I had been before. I was delighted to see a warm fire and a table full of food. And this time there was a woman sitting by the fire. She must be Mrs Heathcliff, I thought. I had not imagined my landlord was married. She looked at me coldly without saying anything.

'Terrible weather!' I remarked. There was silence.

'What a beautiful animal!' I tried again, pointing to one of the dogs that had attacked me. She still said nothing, but got up to make the tea. She was only about seventeen, with the most beautiful little face I had ever seen. Her golden wavy hair fell around her shoulders.

'Have you been invited to tea?' she asked me crossly.

'No, but you are the proper person to invite me', I smiled.

For some reason this really annoyed her. She stopped making the tea, and threw herself angrily back in her chair. Meanwhile the young man was staring aggressively at me. He looked like a farm worker, but seemed to be part of the family. I did not feel at all comfortable. At last Heathcliff came in.

'Here I am, sir, as I promised!' I said cheerfully.

'You shouldn't have come,' he answered, shaking the snow off his clothes.

'You'll never find your way back in the dark.'

'Perhaps you could lend me a servant to guide me back to the Grange?' I asked.

'No, I couldn't. There aren't any servants here except Joseph and the housekeeper. Get the tea ready, will you?' he added fiercely to the young woman. I was shocked by his unpleasantness.

We sat down to eat. I tried to make conversation with the three silent people round the table.

How happy you must be, Mr Heathcliff,' I began, 'in this quiet place, with your wife and –'

'My wife! My wife's ghost, you mean?'

I suddenly realized I had made a serious mistake. So his wife was dead! Of course he was too old to be married to that young girl. She must be married to the young man next to me, who was drinking his tea out of a bowl and eating his bread with unwashed hands. Perhaps the poor girl had found no one better to marry in this uninhabited area. I turned politely to the young man.

'Ah, so you are this lady's husband!' This was worse than before. His face went red, and he seemed only just able to stop himself hitting me. He muttered something I could not hear.

'Wrong again, Mr Lockwood,' said Mr Heathcliff. 'No, her husband, my son, is dead. This,' he added, looking scornfully at the young man, 'is certainly not my son.'

'My name is Hareton Earnshaw,' growled the young man.

We finished our meal in silence, and when I looked out of the window, all I could see was darkness and snow.

'I don't think I can get home without a guide,' I said politely. No one answered me. I turned to the woman.

'Mrs Heathcliff,' I begged, 'What can I do? Please help me!'

'Take the road you came on,' she replied without interest, opening a book. That's the best advice I can give.'

'Mr Heathcliff, I'll have to stay here for the night!' I told him.

'I hope that will teach you not to walk over the moors in bad weather,' he

answered. 'I don't keep guest bedrooms. You can share a bed with Hareton or Joseph.'

I was so angry with them all that I could not stay there a moment longer, and rushed out into the darkness. I saw Joseph by the back door, caught hold of the lamp he was carrying, and ran with it to the gate. But the dogs chased after me and attacked me, and I was soon knocked to the ground. Heathcliff and Hareton stood at the door, laughing, as I shouted at the dogs and tried to get up. In the end I was again rescued by the housekeeper, Zillah, who ordered away the dogs and helped me to my feet.

I was so bruised and exhausted that I did not feel strong enough to walk home, and although I did not want to, I had to spend the night at Wuthering Heights. Nobody wished me goodnight, as Zillah took me upstairs to find a bed for me.

CHAPTER 2

Catherine Earnshaw's room

1801

'Quietly, sir,' whispered the housekeeper, as we climbed up the dark stairs. 'My master will be angry if he discovers which bedroom you're sleeping in. For some reason he doesn't want anyone to sleep there, I don't know why. They're strange people in this house, you know. Here's the room, sir.'

But I was too tired to listen. 'Thank you, Zillah,' I said, and, taking the candle, I entered the room and closed the door.

The only piece of furniture in the large, dusty bedroom was a bed, placed next to the window. There were heavy curtains which could be pulled around it, to hide the sleeper from anyone else in the room. Looking inside the curtains I saw a little shelf full of books, just under the window. I put my candle down on the shelf, and dropped thankfully on to the bed. I closed the curtains around the bed, and felt safe from Heathcliff and everyone else at Wuthering Heights.

I noticed that there were names written on the wall in childish handwriting - Catherine Earnshaw, Catherine Heathcliff and Catherine Linton. Then I fell asleep, but I was woken very suddenly by a smell of burning. My candle had fallen on to a Bible on the shelf and was burning it. When I opened the Bible to see if it was damaged, I

found that wherever there was an empty page, or half a page, someone had written on it, and on the first page was written 'Catherine Earnshaw's diary, 1776'. Who was the girl who had slept in this bed, written her name on the wall, and then written her diary in the Bible, twenty-five years ago? I read it with interest.

'How I hate my brother Hindley!' it began. 'He is so cruel to poor Heathcliff. If only my father hadn't died! While he was alive, Heathcliff was like a brother to Hindley and me. But now Hindley and his wife Frances have inherited the house and the money, and they hate Heathcliff. That horrible old servant Joseph is always angry with Heathcliff and me because we don't pray or study the Bible, and when he tells his master, Hindley always punishes us. I can't stop crying. Poor Heathcliff! Hindley says he is wicked, and can't play with me or eat with me any more.'

My eyes were beginning to close again and I fell asleep. Never before had I passed such a terrible night, disturbed by the most frightening dreams. Suddenly I was woken by a gentle knocking on the window. It must be the branch of a tree, I thought, and tried to sleep again. Outside I could hear the wind driving the snow against the window.

But I could not sleep. The knocking annoyed me so much that I tried to open the window. When it did not open, I broke the glass angrily and stretched out my hand towards the branch. But instead, my fingers closed around a small, ice-cold hand! It held my hand tightly, and a voice cried sadly, 'Let me in! Let me in!'

'Who are you?' I asked, trying to pull my hand away.

'Catherine Linton,' it replied. 'I've come home. I lost my way!' There seemed to be a child's face looking in at the window.

Terror made me cruel. I rubbed the creature's tiny wrist against the broken glass so that blood poured down on to the bed. As soon as the cold fingers let go for a moment, I pulled my hand quickly back, put a pile of books in front of the broken window, and tried not to listen to the desperate cries outside.

'Go away!' I called. 'I'll never let you in, not if you go on crying for twenty years!'

'It is almost twenty years!' replied the sad little voice. 'I've been out here in the

dark for nearly twenty years!' The hand started pushing through the window at the pile of books, and I knew it would find me and catch hold of me again. Unable to move, I stared in horror at the shape behind the glass, and screamed.

There were rapid footsteps outside my bedroom door, and then I saw the light of a candle in the room.

'Is anyone here?' whispered Heathcliff. He could not see me behind the curtains, and clearly did not expect an answer. I knew I could not hide from him, so I opened the curtains wide.

I was surprised by the effect of my action. Heathcliff dropped his candle and stood without moving, his face as white as the wall behind him. He did not seem to recognize me.

'It's only your guest, Lockwood,' I said. 'I'm sorry, I must have had a bad dream and screamed in my sleep.'

'To the devil with you, Mr Lockwood!' growled my landlord. 'Who allowed you to sleep in this room? Who was it?'

'It was your housekeeper, Mr Heathcliff,' I said, quickly putting my clothes on. 'And I'm angry with her myself! No one can sleep in a room full of ghosts!'

'What do you mean?' asked Heathcliff, looking suddenly very interested. 'Ghosts, you say?'

'That little girl, Catherine Linton, or Earnshaw, or whatever her name was, must have been wicked! She told me she had been a ghost for nearly twenty years. It was probably a punishment for her wickedness!'

'How dare you speak of her to me,' cried Heathcliff wildly. But as I described my dream, he became calmer, and sat down on the bed, trembling as he tried to control his feelings.

'Mr Lockwood,' he said finally, brushing a tear from his eye, 'you can go into my bedroom to sleep for the rest of the night. I'll stay here for a while.'

'No more sleep for me tonight,' I replied. 'I'll wait in the kitchen until it's daylight, and then I'll leave. You needn't worry about my visiting you again either. I've had enough company for a long time.'

But as I turned to go downstairs, my landlord, thinking he was alone, threw himself on the bed, pushed open the window and called into the darkness. 'Come in! Come in!' he cried, tears rolling down his face. 'Catherine, do come! My darling, hear me this time!'

But only the snow and wind blew into the room.

How could my dream have produced such madness? I could not watch his suffering any more, and went downstairs.

I waited in the kitchen until it was light enough outside for me to find my way through the deep snow back to Thrushcross Grange. The housekeeper there, Ellen Dean, rushed out to welcome me home. She thought I must have died in the previous night's snowstorm. With a warm fire, and a hot meal, I began to recover from my unpleasant experiences.

After my stay at Wuthering Heights, I thought I would never want to speak to any human being again, but by the end of the next day I was beginning to feel lonely. I decided to ask Mrs Dean to sit with me after supper.

'How long have you lived in this house?' I asked her.

'Eighteen years, sir. I came here early in 1783 when my mistress was married, to look after her. And when she died, I stayed here as housekeeper.'

'Who was your mistress?' I asked.

'Her name was Catherine Earnshaw,' she replied.

'Ah, my ghostly Catherine,' I muttered quietly to myself.

'She married Mr Edgar Linton, a neighbour,' added Mrs Dean, 'and they had a daughter, Cathy, who married Mr Heathcliff's son.'

'Ah, so that must be the widow, young Mrs Heathcliff at Wuthering Heights!'

That's right, sir. Did you see her? I looked after her as a baby, you know. How is she? I do want to know.'

'She looked very well, and very beautiful. But I don't think she's happy.'

'Oh, poor thing! And what did you think of Mr Heathcliff?'

'He's a rough, hard man, Mrs Dean. But I'm very interested in him. Tell me more about him.'

'Well, he's very rich, of course, and mean at the same time. He could live here at Thrushcross Grange, which is a finer house than Wuthering Heights, but he would rather receive rent than live comfortably. But I'll tell you the whole story of his life, as much as I know, that is, and then you can judge for yourself.'

After Reading

1. Match the right variant of the end of the following sentences.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. Thrushcross Grange is | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - the name of the public school; - the name of the hospital; - the name of one's estate; - Mr. Lockwood's house; |
| 2. Wuthering Heights is | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Mr. Heathcliff's house; - Joseph's private residence; - Mr. Heathcliff's friend; |
| 3. Mr. Lockwood is | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Joseph's nephew; - Mr. Heathcliff's neighbour; - friendly & kind, polite; |
| 4. Mr. Heathcliff seems to be | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - rough, mean and wicked; - hospitable & decent; - Mr. Heathcliff's son; |
| 5. Joseph is | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Mr. Heathcliff's brother; - Mr. Heathcliff's servant; - Mr. Heathcliff's wife; |
| 6. Zillah is | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Mr. Heathcliff's sister; - Mr. Heathcliff's housekeeper; - Mr. Heathcliff's servant; |
| 7. Mrs. Dean is | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Mr. Linton's housekeeper; - Mr. Linton's mother; - Mr. Heathcliff's wife; |
| 8. Catherine Earnshaw's | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Mr. Edgar Linton's wife; - Mr. Lockwood's wife; - Mr. E. Linton & C. Earnshaw's daughter; |
| 9. Cathy is | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Hindley & Frances's daughter - Mr. & Mrs. Lintons' daughter; |

2. What did you find out about these people? Choose Y (Yes) or N (No) for each sentence.

- Heathcliff had been in love with Catherine Earnshaw. Y/N
- Heathcliff wanted to marry Catherine, but she refused him. Y/N
- Edgar Linton, Catherine's husband, had treated her badly. Y/N
- Heathcliff had loved his son very much. Y/N
- Cathy and Hareton Earnshaw were cousins. Y/N

3. Put 10 questions of different types to both chapters to keep the narration in order.

4. Be ready to give a detailed description of:

- ✓ Wuthering Heights
- ✓ Thrushcross Grange
- ✓ Mr. Heathcliff (both appearance & character)
- ✓ Cathy
- ✓ Hareton Earnshaw
- ✓ Catherine Earnshaw's room
- ✓ Hindley & Frances's attitude to Heathcliff

5. Dramatize the conversation between Mr. Lockwood & his housekeeper Mrs. Dean.

6. Render both chapters using your questions as the plan.

CHAPTERS 3-4
BEFORE READING

I. Explain the meaning and learn the following vocabulary:

<i>Chapter 3</i>	<i>Chapter 4</i>
unwrap	burial
to rush	frequent
eagerly	cough
to disappoint	fierce
to insist	robber
to scream	to swear
to fetch	occasionally
	to bleed
	to warn
	hatless
	to bother
	to delight
	to scold
	scorn
	revenge

II. Explain the meaning and learn the following expressions:

<i>Chapter 3</i>	<i>Chapter 4</i>
to share the room	to keep out of smb's way
little by little	to be afraid for smb
to become accepted by ...	to be missing at bedtime
to be jealous of...	to be about to run away
to be sent away to study	to keep smb separate from smb
to play tricks on smb	to inherit a fortune
to cause trouble	to be patient with smb
to find peace	in a while

III. Make up either your own sentences or a situation with the given words and expressions. Use your imagination!

WHILE READING

1. Pick out from the text words which are similar in meaning to the following:

- gifts
- often
- to be pleased to do smth
- at once
- to bring
- out of danger
- to get acquainted with smb
- to be out (away)
- to be struck
- to be going to do smth
- accidentally
- despite smth
- unhappily
- cleverness
- to irritate smb

Grammar work

2. Mind the differences, translating the following sentences:

- I am used to Edgar and Isabella.
- Heathcliff was used to being outside all day, and had not bothered to wash or change his clothes.
- And did you hear the bad language he used just now?

3. Pay special attention to the translation of such sentences as:

- And as I listened, ... I could not help wishing we were all there safe together.
- We were about to run ...
- I wish I had blue eyes...
- Get out ..., until we've finished eating!
- The others seemed to forget ...

Give explanations to your translations from the grammatical point of view.

4. Reread Chapters 3-4 once again for the purpose of coming across and copying out from the text:

- *all the verbs used in the Passive voice; translate them into Ukrainian;*
- *all the sentences with Gerund;*
- *conditional sentences.*

Chapter 3

Ellen Dean's story – Catherine and Heathcliff as children

1770

When I was a child, I was always at Wuthering Heights, because my mother was a servant with the Earnshaw family. They are a very old family who have lived in that house for centuries, as you can see from their name on the stone over the front door. I grew up with Catherine and Hindley Earnshaw, and we three played together as children.

One day, their father Mr Earnshaw came back from a long journey. He had travelled sixty miles to Liverpool and back on business, and was very tired.

'Look what I've brought you!' he told us all, unwrapping something he was holding carefully in his arms. Catherine and Hindley were expecting presents, and they rushed eagerly to see what it was. They were very disappointed to see only a dirty, black-haired gipsy child.

'I found him all alone in the busy streets of Liverpool,' Mr Earnshaw explained to them, 'and I couldn't leave him to die. He can sleep in your room.' But Hindley and Catherine were angry because they had not received any presents, and refused to let the strange child share their room. However Mr Earnshaw insisted, and little by little the boy became accepted by the family. He was called Heathcliff, as a first and last name. No one ever discovered who his parents had been.

Catherine and he became great friends, but Hindley hated him, and was often cruel to him. Old Mr Earnshaw was strangely fond of this gipsy child, and frequently punished his son for behaving badly to Heathcliff. Hindley began to be jealous of his father's feelings for Heathcliff, and saw them both as enemies.

This situation could not last. As Mr Earnshaw grew old and ill, Heathcliff became even more his favourite, and Hindley often quarrelled with his father. When Hindley was sent away to study, I hoped that we would have peace in the house. But then it was that old servant Joseph who caused trouble. He tried to persuade his master to be stricter with the children, and was always complaining that Heathcliff and Catherine did not spend enough time studying the Bible or attending church services.

Catherine was a wild, wicked girl in those days. We had to watch her every moment of the day, to stop her playing her tricks on us. She was proud, and liked giving orders. But she had the prettiest face and the sweetest smile you've ever seen. I could forgive her anything when she came to say she was sorry.

She was much too fond of Heathcliff, and the worst punishment we could invent was to keep her separate from him. Her father could no longer understand her or her behaviour, and Catherine did not realize that his illness made him less patient with her.

At last Mr Earnshaw found peace. He died quietly in his chair by the fire one October evening in 1775. The night was wild and stormy, and we were all sitting together in the big kitchen. Joseph was reading his Bible at the table, while Catherine had her head on her father's knee. He was pleased to see her so gentle for once, and she was singing him to sleep. I was glad the old gentleman was sleeping so well. But when it was time to go to bed, Catherine put her arms round her father's neck to say goodnight, and immediately screamed, 'Oh, he's dead, Heathcliff! He's dead!'

Heathcliff and I started crying loudly and bitterly too. Joseph told me to fetch the doctor, so I ran to the village, although I knew it was too late. When I came back, I went to the children's room, to see if they needed me, and I listened for a moment at their door. They were imagining the dead man in a beautiful distant place, far from the troubles of this world. And as I listened, crying silently, I could not help wishing we were all there safe together.

Chapter 4

Catherine Earnshaw gets to know the Lintons

1775

Hindley came home for his father's burial. What was more surprising was that he brought a wife with him. She was called Frances, a thin, pale woman with a frequent cough. Now that Hindley was the master of the house, he ordered Joseph and me to spend our evenings in the small back-kitchen, as we were only servants, while he, his wife and Catherine sat in the main room. Catherine and Heathcliff were treated very differently. Catherine received presents, and could continue her lessons, but

Heathcliff was made to work on the farm with the men, and, as a farm worker, was only allowed to eat with us in the back-kitchen. They grew up like two wild animals. Hindley did not care what they did, as long as they kept out of his way, and they did not care even if he punished them. They often ran away on to the moors in the morning and stayed out all day, just to make Hindley angry. I was the only one who cared what happened to the two poor creatures, and I was afraid for them.

One Sunday evening they were missing at bedtime, and Hindley ordered me angrily to lock the front door. But I did not want them to stay out in the cold all night, so I kept my window open to look out for them. In a while I saw Heathcliff walking through the gate. I was shocked to see him alone.

'Where's Catherine?' I cried sharply.

'At Thrushcross Grange, with our neighbours the Lintons,' he replied. 'Let me in, Ellen, and I'll explain what happened.' I went down to unlock the door, and we came upstairs very quietly.

'Don't wake the master up!' I whispered. 'Now tell me!'

'Well, Catherine and I thought we'd just walk to the Lintons' house. We wanted to see if Isabella and Edgar Linton are punished all the time by their parents, as we are.'

'Probably not,' I answered. 'I expect they are good children and don't need to be punished.'

'Nonsense, Ellen! Guess what we saw when we looked in at their sitting-room window? A very pretty room, with soft carpets and white walls. Catherine and I would love to have a room like that! But in the middle of this beautiful room, Isabella and Edgar Linton were screaming and fighting over a little dog! How stupid they are, Ellen! If Catherine wanted something, I would give it to her, and she would do the same for me. I would rather be here at Wuthering Heights with her, even if I'm punished by Joseph and that wicked Hindley, than at Thrushcross Grange with those two fools!'

'Not so loud, Heathcliff! But you still haven't told me why Catherine isn't with you?' 'Well, as we were looking in, we started laughing at them so loudly that they

heard us, and sent the dogs after us. We were about to run away, when a great fierce dog caught Catherine's in its teeth. I attacked it, and made it let go of her leg, but the Lintons' servants appeared and caught hold of me. They must have thought we were robbers. Catherine was carried unconscious into the house, and they pulled me inside too. All the time I was shouting and swearing at them.

"What a wicked pair of thieves!" said old Mr Linton. "The boy must be a gipsy, he's as dark as the devil!" Mrs Linton raised her hands in horror at the sight of me. Catherine opened her eyes, and Edgar looked closely at her.

"Mother," he whispered, "the young lady is Miss Earnshaw, of Wuthering Heights. I've seen her in church occasionally. And look what our dog has done to her leg! It's bleeding badly!"

"Miss Earnshaw with a gipsy!" cried Mrs Linton. "Surely not! But I think you must be right, Edgar. This girl is wearing black, and Mr Earnshaw died recently. It must be her. I'd better put a bandage on her leg at once."

"Why does her brother Hindley let her run around with such a companion?" wondered Mr Linton. "I remember now, he's the gipsy child Mr Earnshaw brought home from Liverpool a few years ago."

"He's a wicked boy, you can see that," said Mrs Linton. "And did you hear the bad language he used just now? I'm shocked that my children heard it."

I was pushed out into the garden, but I stayed to watch through the window. They put Catherine on a comfortable sofa, cleaned her wound and fed her with cakes and wine. I only left the house when I was sure she was well taken care of. She's a breath of fresh air for those stupid Lintons. I'm not surprised they like her. Everybody who sees her must love her, mustn't they, Ellen?"

'I'm afraid you'll be punished for this, Heathcliff,' I said sadly.

And I was right. Hindley warned Heathcliff that he must never speak to Catherine again, or he would be sent away from Wuthering Heights, and it was decided that Catherine would be taught to behave like a young lady.

She stayed with the Linton family at Thrushcross Grange for five weeks, until Christmas. By that time her leg was fine, and her manners were much better than

before. Frances Earnshaw visited her often, bringing her pretty dresses to wear, and persuading her to take care of her appearance, so that when she finally came home after her long absence, she almost seemed a different person. Instead of a wild, hatless girl, we saw a beautiful, carefully dressed young lady.

When she had greeted all of us, she asked for Heathcliff.

'Come forward, Heathcliff!' called Hindley. 'You may welcome Miss Catherine home, like the other servants.'

Heathcliff was used to being outside all day, and had not bothered to wash or change his clothes. His face and hands were black with dirt. In spite of this, Catherine was very glad to see him and rushed up to kiss him. Then she laughed.

'How funny and black and cross you look! But that's because I'm used to Edgar and Isabella, who are always so clean and tidy. Well, Heathcliff, have you forgotten me?'

But, ashamed and proud, the boy said nothing, until suddenly his feelings were too much for him.

'I won't stay to be laughed at!' he cried, and was about to run away, when Catherine caught hold of his hand.

'Why are you angry, Heathcliff? You ... you just look a bit strange, that's all. You're so dirty!'

She looked worriedly at her hands, and her new dress. 'You needn't have touched me!' he said, pulling away his hand. 'I like being dirty, and I'm going to be dirty!'

As he ran miserably out of the room, Hindley and his wife laughed loudly, delighted that their plan to separate the two young people seemed to be succeeding.

The next day was Christmas Day. Edgar and Isabella Linton had been invited to lunch, and their mother had agreed, on condition that her darlings were kept carefully apart from 'that wicked boy'. I felt sorry for poor Heathcliff, and while the Earnshaws were at church, I helped him wash and dress in clean clothes.

'You're too proud,' I scolded him as I brushed his black hair. 'You should think how sad Catherine is when you can't be together. And don't be jealous of Edgar Linton!'

'I wish I had blue eyes and fair hair like him! I wish I behaved well, and was going to inherit a fortune!'

'He has none of your intelligence or character! And if you have a good heart, you'll have a handsome face. Who knows who your parents were? Perhaps a king and queen, far more important than the Lintons!'

In this way I encouraged Heathcliff to have more confidence in himself. But when the Earnshaws and the Lintons arrived back from church, the first thing Hindley did was shout at Heathcliff.

'Get out of my sight, until we've finished eating! I'll pull that long hair of yours if you don't obey me at once!'

'It is long,' said Edgar. 'I'm surprised he can see anything.'

This was too much for Heathcliff. He looked desperately around for a weapon, picked up a bowl of hot soup and threw it at Edgar, who started screaming. Hindley immediately took hold of Heathcliff and pushed him upstairs.

'I'm sure Hindley's going to hit him!' cried Catherine. 'I hate it when Heathcliff is punished! It's your fault, Edgar, you annoyed him! Why did you speak to him?'

'I didn't,' replied Edgar, tears in his eyes. 'I promised Mother I wouldn't. I spoke about him, not to him.'

'Well, don't cry,' said Catherine with scorn. 'You've made enough trouble already. Here comes my brother.'

Hindley returned, hot and breathless.

'That'll teach him!' he said. 'And now let's have lunch!'

The others seemed to forget Heathcliff, but I noticed Catherine could not eat much, and I knew she was sorry for her friend. In the evening there was music from a travelling band, and dancing in the main room. Catherine said the music sounded sweeter from high up, and so she went to sit in the dark the stairs. When I went to find her, however, I discovered she had gone right to the top of the house to talk to Heathcliff through his locked bedroom door, and had then climbed out on to the roof and in through his window. I persuaded them both to come out of the room the same way, as I had no key to the door, and took Heathcliff down into the warm servants'

kitchen with me, while Catherine returned to her guests and the dancing.

'You must be hungry, Heathcliff,' I said. 'You haven't eaten all day. Have some Christmas cake, do.'

'I can't eat anything,' he growled, putting his head in his hands. 'I've got to think how I can have my revenge on Hindley. I only hope he doesn't die first! He'll be sorry he's treated me like this, Ellen!'

AFTER READING

1. Match the right variant of the end of the following sentences:

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. Mr. Earnshaw was | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> – Mr. Lockwood's father – Hindley and Catherine's father – Ellen's father |
| 2. Hindley was | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> – Catherine's cousin – Catherine's brother – Catherine's friend |
| 3. Heathcliff was | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> – The Earnshaws' puppy – a strange gipsy child – one of the Earnshaws' relatives |
| 4. Frances turned out to be | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> – Hindley's friend – Hindley's wife – Hindley's servant |
| 5. Edgar and Isabella
Linton were | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> – The Earnshaws' cousins – The Earnshaws' neighbours – The Earnshaws' grandparents |

2. Check your understanding. Say if these sentences are true or false. Give your reasons.

- ✓ Catherine and Hindley were delighted with their father's presents he had brought from a long journey.
- ✓ Catherine and Hindley made friends with Heathcliff very quickly.
- ✓ Hindley disliked Heathcliff as he was jealous of his father's feelings for him.
- ✓ Joseph caused trouble complaining that Heathcliff and Catherine quarrelled all the time.

✓ Mr. Earnshaw's sudden death made everyone unhappy.

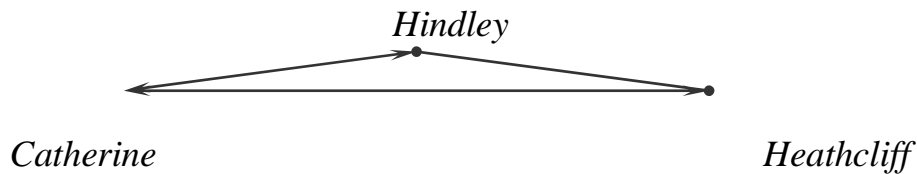
3. Who said this, and to whom? What or who were they talking about?

- ✓ "Look what I've brought you!"
- ✓ "I expect they are good children and don't need to be punished."
- ✓ "How funny and black and cross you look!"
- ✓ "He'll be sorry he's treated me like this!"

4. Be ready to give detailed descriptions of:

- ✓ Catherine as a young girl before and after staying with the Lintons;
- ✓ Frances as Hindley's wife;
- ✓ Heathcliff (after Catherine's coming back from the Lintons)

5. Clear up the mystery of this triangle.



6. Summarize and render the accident happened to Catherine at the Lintons.

7. Be ready to dramatize the conversation between old Mrs. Linton and her son Edgar about Catherine.

8. Render the episodes showing that Heathcliff had a determined character.

CHAPTERS 5-6

BEFORE READING

I. Explain the meaning and learn the following vocabulary:

Chapter 5

To have room in one's heart
to be in despair
except for
warnings from the Bible
after all
quick-tempered
to lead a double life
under one's influence
express fondness for smb in
words
to arrange one's hair
by now
take up
crossly
to scratch one's arm
lying creature
to sob
a selfish child

Chapter 6

either by accident or on purpose
to keep out of the way
to swallow
to stare at smb
to gasp in horror
to set the house on fire
to pour
to keep a secret
rude
violent
to accept
chest
to have nothing in common with smb
to be separated
to dare
whistling down the chimney
crash of thunder
in case
to catch a fever (caught; caught)
to recover
to blame
the cause of one's illness
to behave badly to smb

1. Make up either your own sentences or a situation based on the words given above. Use your imagination!

WHILE READING

1. Paraphrase the following using either synonyms or antonyms from the text:

to do her hair	(syn.)
answered Catherine	(syn.)
impolitely	(ant.)

angrily	(syn.)
appears	(ant.)
scared	(syn.)
to breath	(syn.)
won't kill	(syn.)
separately from ...	(syn.)

Grammar work

2. Pay special attention to the translation of the sentences:

- ✓ He seemed to want people to dislike him.
- ✓ But you should be at work by now ...
- ✓ Nothing would keep him away from her now.
- ✓ “What would his mother say if she were alive?”
- ✓ “I won't murder ..., unless ... set ...”
- ✓ Perhaps you should have refused him. But should I have done so?
- ✓ He'll have no friends at all when you leave him.
- ✓ “Didn't you ever think, ... if Heathcliff and I married, we would be...” “I think I should go to bed ...”

Give necessary explanations concerning the grammar of the suggested sentences. Make up similar sentences of your own to illustrate these rules.

Chapter 5

Catherine and Edgar

1778

In the summer of this year Hindley's wife Frances had her first, and last, baby. They called the boy Hareton. But the poor woman had been ill for a long time, although we had not realized it, and died soon after Hareton was born.

Hindley only had room in his heart for two people, himself and his wife, so when she died, he was in despair. He neither cried nor prayed. Instead he swore at God and man, and drank himself to sleep every night. The servants all left him, except Joseph and me. Joseph enjoyed being able to scold his wicked employer, with warnings from the Bible, and I could not leave Miss Catherine. After all, I had grown

up with her and Hindley.

But the master's behaviour was a bad example for Catherine and Heathcliff. At fifteen, Catherine was the most beautiful for miles around, but she was proud and quick-tempered. She led what was almost a double life. At Wuthering Heights, under Heathcliff's influence, she annoyed Hindley, laughed at Joseph and was rude to me. But at Thrushcross Grange, which she often visited, she showed a different, calmer side of her character, and was polite, intelligent and amusing. The Lintons all liked her and poor Edgar had fallen in love with her.

Heathcliff was sixteen at this time. He did not have time to study any more, and the long hours of work on the farm made him tired and dull. There was always an angry expression on his face, and he did not even try to keep himself clean and tidy. He seemed to want people to dislike him. Catherine and he still spent time together, when he was not working in the fields, but he no longer expressed his fondness for her in words, and he looked angry if she touched or kissed him.

One afternoon, when Hindley had gone into town, Heathcliff came into the main room after lunch. I was helping Catherine to arrange her hair, as she had invited Edgar Linton to visit her while Hindley was absent.

'Catherine, are you going anywhere this afternoon?' asked Heathcliff. 'Why have you got that silk dress on? Nobody's visiting you, I hope.'

'No-o, I don't think so,' replied Catherine, looking quickly at me. 'But you should be at work by now, Heathcliff.'

'That devil Hindley isn't away very often. I'm taking a holiday - I won't work any more today. I'm staying with you this afternoon. He'll never know.'

Catherine thought for a moment. Somehow she had to prepare him for Edgar's visit. 'Isabella and Edgar said they might call here this afternoon. If they come, you'll be scolded for not working.'

'Tell Ellen to say you're busy and can't see them,' he said. 'Those friends of yours take up all your time. You spend most of your evenings with them, not with me.'

'Well, why should I always spend my time with you?' she asked crossly.

'What can you talk about? How can you amuse me?'

'You never told me before that you didn't like my company, Catherine!' cried Heathcliff.

Just then we heard a horse outside, and there was a light knock on the door. Edgar Linton entered, his handsome face full of delight at receiving Catherine's unexpected invitation. I wondered if Catherine was comparing her two friends, as Edgar came in and Heathcliff ran out.

'I haven't come too soon, have I?' asked Edgar politely. 'No,' answered Catherine. 'Leave us alone, Ellen.'

'I'm just doing my work, miss,' I replied, pretending to dust the furniture. Hindley had told me to be present if Edgar Linton came to visit Catherine.

She came up to me, and whispered crossly, 'Go away, Ellen!' Keeping her back to Edgar, she cruelly scratched my arm.

'Oh!' I screamed, to show Edgar what had happened. 'What a wicked thing to do, miss! You have no right to hurt me!'

'I didn't touch you, you lying creature!' she cried angrily, and, unable to control herself, hit me hard on the face.

'Catherine, love! Catherine!' cried Edgar, shocked.

The baby, Hareton, who followed me everywhere immediately started sobbing and saying, 'Wicked aunt Catherine!'

She picked him up and shook the poor child until screamed. Edgar rushed up to her and tried to stop her. At once she turned and hit him over the ear as hard as she could.

The young man looked very pale and went straight to the door.

'Where are you going, Edgar Linton?' she asked. 'Don't leave me! I shall be miserable all night!'

'Can I stay after you have hit me?' he replied. 'You've made me afraid and ashamed of you. I won't come here again!'

'Well, go then, if you want to!' she cried. 'I'm going to until I'm ill!' and she dropped on to the floor, her shoulders shaking and the tears rolling down her face.

Edgar managed to get as far as the door. But here he hesitated and I called out to him to encourage him to leave.

'Miss is just a selfish child, sir! You'd better ride home and forget her!'

But as he could not stop looking at her, I knew there was hope for him. Nothing would keep him away from her now. And sure enough, he came back into the room and shut the door. This time I left them alone, and stayed in the kitchen with little Hareton, but when I came to warn them that Hindley had returned, I realized that their quarrel had only brought them closer together.

Chapter 6
Heathcliff disappears
1778-9

Hindley came into the kitchen, swearing terribly, just as I was about to hide little Hareton in a cupboard. I was always afraid that Hindley would hurt his small son either by accident or on purpose, when he was drunk, so I tried to keep Hareton out of the way. But this time Hindley discovered my plan.

'Ah, you keep my son in a cupboard, do you!' he cried angrily, picking up a sharp kitchen knife. 'With the devil's help I'll make you swallow this, Ellen!' And he pushed the knife between my teeth.

I was never afraid he would hurt me, and calmly took the knife out of my mouth. 'But that can't be my son, can it?' he continued aggressively, staring at the frightened

little boy. 'If it is, he should be punished for not running to greet his father. Perhaps I'll cut his ears off!' And then suddenly his manner changed. 'No, Hareton, darling, don't cry! Kiss me, kiss your father! What? You won't? Then I'll break your neck!'

Poor Hareton, screaming wildly, was carried upstairs by his father. Suddenly Hindley stopped on the stairs to listen, almost forgetting what he was holding. Heathcliff had come into the house and stood at the bottom of the stairs, looking up. Just then the child jumped out of Hindley's arms and fell. I only had time to gasp in

horror, before I saw that Heathcliff had caught him.

Heathcliff stared down at the child he was holding. He must have felt sorry he had

saved life of his enemy's son. I rushed to take the poor little boy in my arms, and Hindley came slowly downstairs.

'Look what you've done, Mr Hindley!' I cried. 'You nearly killed your own son! What would his mother say if she were alive?'

'Take him away, Ellen. And you, Heathcliff, go away too. I won't murder you tonight, unless perhaps I set the house on fire. But that depends how I feel.' And he poured himself a drink.

'Don't drink any more, Mr Hindley!' I begged.

'What difference does it make?' he growled. 'Get out, both of you! To the devil with you!'

We left him swearing at us, and went back into the kitchen.

'It's a pity he can't kill himself with drink,' muttered Heathcliff. 'Dr Kenneth says he'll live longer than any of us, he's so strong.'

He walked out of the door and, I thought, into the fields. In fact I discovered later that he was sitting just under the window, and could hear everything that was said in the kitchen.

I was singing little Hareton to sleep when Catherine came in. 'Are you alone, Ellen?' she whispered. 'Where's Heathcliff?' 'He's out on the farm,' I answered.

She looked sad and worried, and I even saw a tear or two on her face. But I had not forgotten how she had lied, and behaved so badly to me as well as to Edgar Linton, so I did not feel sorry for her, or encourage her to talk.

'Ellen, will you keep a secret for me?' she asked in the end, giving me her sweetest smile. 'I must tell you! I need your advice. Today Edgar Linton has asked me to marry him, and I gave him an answer. Now, before I tell you if it was yes or no, you tell me which I should have said.'

'Really, Miss Catherine, how can I know? Perhaps you should have refused him. He must be a fool to ask you, after you were so rude and violent this afternoon.'

'Well, I accepted him, Ellen!' she said crossly. 'But should I have done so? Should I?'

'What do you think?'

'First, do you love him?' I asked. 'Of course I do,' she replied.

'Why do you love him, Miss Catherine?'

'Well, I do, that's enough. Well, because he's handsome, and pleasant companion.' 'Oh, that's bad,' I said, shaking my head.

'And because he loves me.' 'That's worse.'

'And because he'll be rich, and I shall be the most important woman for miles around.'

'Worst of all. But there are several other handsome, rich young men in the world.'

'Why don't you marry one of them?'

'I don't know any of them. I only know Edgar.'

'Well, I don't know why you're unhappy, Miss Catherine. Your brother will be pleased, and Mr Edgar's parents will, too. You love Edgar, and Edgar loves you. What's the problem?'

'Here! And here!' replied Catherine, beating her head and her chest. 'In my heart and soul I know I'm wrong! Ellen, I can't live apart from Heathcliff! He is more myself than I am. Our souls are the same! I have nothing in common with Edgar. But I can't marry Heathcliff now! Hindley has made him become a poor, dull farm worker. He'll never know how I love him.'

I suddenly heard a movement outside the window, and saw Heathcliff stand up and walk away. I realized he had been listening until he heard Catherine say she could not marry him. Then he stayed to hear no more.

'Quiet, Miss Catherine!' I said. 'Just imagine how hard it will be for Heathcliff when you marry Mr Edgar! He'll have no friends at all when you leave him.'

'Leave him? Why should we be separated?' she asked angrily. 'Who will separate us? Nobody will dare! Edgar must learn to accept him as my friend. Didn't you ever think, Ellen, that if Heathcliff and I married, we would be very poor? But if

I marry Edgar, I can help Heathcliff with my husband's money.'

'That's the worst reason you've given so far for marrying Mr Edgar,' I replied, shocked.

'It isn't! Heathcliff is more important to me than myself. My love for Edgar is like the leaves on the trees - I'm sure time will change it. But my love for Heathcliff is like the rocks in the ground - not beautiful, but necessary and unchanging. He's always, always in my heart.

Just then Joseph entered the kitchen. I whispered to Catherine that I was sure Heathcliff had heard some of what she said. She jumped up, frightened, and rushed outside. But although we all looked everywhere for Heathcliff, there was no sign of him that night, or for many nights in the future.

At about midnight, while we were still waiting for him to come home, we noticed the wind was getting stronger. We could hear it whistling down the chimney, and howling all around the house. Suddenly there was a terrible crash of thunder, and the branch of a tree fell on to the roof. We were not hurt, but Joseph immediately dropped on to his knees to pray. The rain was beating down on the windows, but Catherine stayed outside, although by now her hair and clothes were completely wet. In the end we all went to bed. I managed to persuade Catherine to come in, but she insisted on sleeping in the kitchen, in case Heathcliff returned during the night. In the morning we discovered that she had caught a fever, as a result of getting wet. She became seriously ill, and it was several weeks before Dr Kenneth would allow her out of bed.

When she recovered, she was invited to stay for a while at Thrushcross Grange. Unfortunately old Mr and Mrs Linton caught the fever too, and died within a few days of each other. Catherine returned to us, prouder and quicker-tempered than ever, but not as strong as before.

'If she gets ill again, it could be fatal,' Dr Kenneth warned. 'My advice to you is to do whatever she wants, and don't make her angry!' So we had to obey all her orders, and Joseph and I were not allowed to scold her any more.

Edgar Linton was still in love with her, and thought himself the happiest man

on earth when he married her three years after his parents' death. She insisted on having me with her, so moved together to Thrushcross Grange, although I was very sad to leave little Hareton with his father.

It's very late, Mr Lockwood. I think you should go to bed, you'll be ill tomorrow. I can tell you the rest of the story another time.

Four weeks later

In fact I was ill the next day, and have been ill since then. The terrible night I spent at Wuthering Heights was the cause of my illness, and I blame Mr Heathcliff for it. Dr Kenneth has warned me I won't be able to go out until the spring. All I can do is lie in bed, listening to the howling wind and staring at the grey northern sky. So I've decided to ask Mrs Dean to come upstairs and finish telling me her story. She tells me she's happy to continue.

AFTER READING

1. Be ready to answer the questions:

1. Hindley had room in his heart only for two people, didn't he? What were they?
2. What life did Catherine lead being a girl of fifteen?
3. Heathcliff led quite an opposite way of living, didn't he? How did they differ?
4. How did Catherine treat Edgar Linton? How does it characterize her?
5. What were her feelings towards Heathcliff like in comparison with those for Edgar Linton?
6. What made Ellen keep Hareton out of his father's way?
7. Heathcliff saved Hareton's life, didn't he? In what way?
8. What secret was Ellen asked to keep for Catherine? Did she approve of her choice?
9. What made Heathcliff disappear?
10. Did Catherine marry Edgar Linton because of love for him or with any other intention?

2. Who said this, and to whom? What or who were they talking about?

- ✓ "What can you talk about? How can you amuse me?"

- ✓ “You’ve made me afraid and ashamed of you.”
- ✓ “You nearly killed your own son!”
- ✓ “He’ll never know how I love him.”

3. *Imagine one of you is Catherine, your partner is Ellen Dean. Dramatize their conversation about Catherine’s secret.*

4. *“Two’s a company, three’s a crowd”. What in this chapter can be explained by this proverb?*

5. *Give a detailed and colourful description of the weather at midnight when Heathcliff disappeared. Is there any connection between the description of such weather and any of the characters’ feelings and emotional state? Prove your point of view.*

6. *Which of the episodes from both chapters struck you most of all? Why?*

CHAPTERS 7 – 8

BEFORE READING

I. Explain the meaning and learn the following vocabulary:

Chapter 7

to be surprised by smth
 disobey
 to be depressed
 to blame smth on smth (he blamed it on the illness)
 to be sympathetic
 to share a deep and growing love for each other
 Don't make me suffer like this!
 to deliver one's message
 to be upset
 to get excited
 to wear confident expression on one's face
 to take one's eyes off smb
 to keep silent
 to survive
 to be thirsty
 to love smb dearly
 to inherit fortune
 to hide true wickedness under gentlemanly appearance
 like lost sheep

Chapter 8

to treat smb badly
 to have revenge
 to throw out
 that'll teach you to scold me!
 to get hold of smth
 to go pale
 to hit smb hard on smth
 to get breath back
 over-excited
 to be wild with anger
 to be in danger of + *Gerund*
 to upset smb badly
 to break one's heart
 to feel sympathetic towards...
 to be feverish
 to force smb
 to be unconscious

Make up either your own sentences or a situation using as many words given above as possible.

WHILE READING

1. Paraphrase the following using synonyms or antonyms from the text.

- to obey (ant.)
- luckily (ant.)
- usual (ant.)
- patiently (ant.)
- upper class (ant.)

- found out (syn.)
- decisive (syn.)
- subject (syn.)
- by accident (syn.)
- to scare (syn.)
- agreed (to speak) (ant.)
- to make (her back...)(syn.)

Grammar work

2. Pay attention to the translation of the following sentences:

✓ We discovered that he had been invited to stay at Wuthering Heights, by Hindley.

✓ He knew that if he and Cathrine had no sons, Isabella would inherit the considerable Linton fortune.

✓ I thought I heard the sound of horses in the distance...

Explain what grammar rules these sentences are based on.

3. Pick out from the text sentences used in Subjunctive Mood (Conditional sentences of 3 types, "I wish...").

Define the type of condition, translate into Ukrainian, give your own examples of similar sentences.

4. Reread Chapters 7-8 once again for the purpose of coming across and copying out all the modal verbs and their equivalents available. Suggest your literary translation of the sentences.

Chapter 7

Heathcliff returns

1789

Well, sir, when Miss Catherine became Mrs Linton, and we went to live at Thrushcross Grange, I must say I was surprised and pleased by her behaviour. She showed great fondness for her husband, and for his sister, Isabella. He, of course, was very anxious that no one should disobey her, or make her angry. If she was depressed for a time, he blamed it on the illness she had had, and was sympathetic. But for most of the time, I believe they shared a deep and growing love for each other.

Unfortunately this happiness did not last. One evening I was bringing in a basket of apples from the garden, when a voice behind me said, 'Ellen, is that you?'

It was a deep, rather unusual voice. I turned, to see a tall, dark man in the shadow near the kitchen door.

'Don't you know me?' he asked. 'Look, I'm not a stranger!'

'What!' I cried in surprise, for it had been four years since he disappeared. 'Heathcliff! Is it really you?'

'Yes,' he replied, looking up at the windows of the house. 'Are they at home? Where is she? Tell me, Ellen! I must speak to her!'

'I'm not sure if you should see her,' I hesitated. 'Will the shock be too much for her?' 'Go and tell her I'm here, Ellen!' he said impatiently. 'Don't make me suffer like this!'

I left him at the door, and went upstairs to find Mr and Mrs Linton. They were sitting quietly together, looking out over the peaceful valley. The room, and the view, and the two people seemed so calm that I did not want to disturb them. But I had to deliver my message.

'A man wants to see you, madam,' I muttered.

'I'll go downstairs and see him then,' replied Catherine. 'Bring the tea up, Ellen, while I'm away.' She left the room.

'Who is it, Ellen?' asked Mr Edgar.

'It's that Heathcliff, sir. You remember, he used to live Wuthering Heights.' 'What! The gipsy, who worked on the farm?' he cried.

'Mrs Linton would be angry if she heard you talking about him like that, sir. She was very upset when he ran away. She's very fond of him, you know.'

Mr Edgar put his head out of the window and called to wife, 'Don't stand there in the cold, love! Bring the person in, if it's anyone special.'

Catherine rushed upstairs and into the room, wild and breathless. She threw her arms round her husband's neck.

'Oh Edgar darling! Heathcliff's come back!'

'Well, well,' said Mr Edgar crossly, 'there's no need to get excited.'

'I know you didn't like him,' she said, 'but please, I beg you to be friends with him'

now. Shall I ask him to come up?'

'You're suggesting inviting him up here, into our sitting-room? Don't you think the kitchen is more suitable for him?'

Catherine looked at her husband, half angry and half laughing. 'No,' she said, 'I can't sit in the kitchen. Ellen, bring two tables, one for your master and Miss Isabella, the other for Heathcliff and myself. We'll sit apart from them, as we're of a lower class! Will that please you, Edgar darling? Decide quickly! I must have him near me!'

'Ellen, you go and bring him up,' said Mr Edgar. 'And Catherine, try not to behave foolishly. Remember, he's only a servant! When Heathcliff entered the sitting-room, I was surprised to how much he had changed. He wore a confident, intelligent expression on his face, and his manner was no longer rough. Although I recognized the same black fire in his eyes, the farm boy had become a gentleman.'

Mr Edgar was as surprised as I was, but welcomed Heathcliff as politely as he could. However, he grew more and more annoyed as he watched his wife's delighted face. She could not take her eyes off Heathcliff.

'Tomorrow I won't be able to believe that I've seen and touched you, Heathcliff!' she cried, catching hold of his hands. 'But how cruel of you to run away and keep silent for four years, and never think of me!'

'I've thought of you more than you've thought of me,' he replied quietly. 'I heard you had married, Catherine, and I came, just to see you once, and then take my revenge on your brother Hindley. Your welcome may change my plans. You know, I've had a bitter, hard life since I last heard your voice, and if I've survived, it's all because of you!'

'Catherine,' said Mr Edgar, trying to remain polite, 'please pour out the tea, or it will be cold. Mr Heathcliff will have a long walk to wherever he's staying tonight, and I'm thirsty.'

But Catherine was too excited, and Mr Edgar too angry, to drink any tea. After a while their guest left. We discovered that he had been invited to stay at Wuthering Heights, by Hindley. I could not understand why Hindley, who hated him, would want his company, and I felt sure it would have been better for all of us if Heathcliff had never come back.

Catherine could not keep her happiness to herself. In the middle of the night she woke me to talk about Heathcliff.

'I just can't sleep, Ellen!' she said. 'And Edgar won't listen when I tell him how happy I am! He's so selfish!'

'He never liked Heathcliff,' I replied, 'and he'll be angry if you go on talking about him. You think he's weak, but he could be as determined as you, about something he thinks is important.'

'No!' she laughed. 'I have such confidence in Edgar's love that I think I could kill him, and he wouldn't blame me for it. He will have to learn to accept Heathcliff as my friend.'

'Do you know why Heathcliff is staying at Wuthering Heights?'

'Oh, yes. He explained that he went there to look for me. Hindley asked him to play cards, and when he discovered Heathcliff had a lot of money, invited him to stay there. You know how greedy my brother is. He'll make Heathcliff pay rent, and hope to win money from him at cards. Heathcliff wants to stay there to be near me. I'm so happy, Ellen! And I want everyone around me to be happy too!'

Catherine behaved so sweetly to her husband in the next few days that Thrushcross Grange seemed full of sunshine, and in spite of his doubts, Mr Edgar allowed Heathcliff to visit her, regularly. However, Heathcliff's visits produced a result which none of us had expected. Isabella, Mr Edgar's sister, a pretty girl of eighteen, suddenly declared that she was in love with Heathcliff. Mr Edgar, who loved her dearly, was shocked. He knew that if he and Catherine had no sons, Isabella would inherit the considerable Linton fortune. He did not like the idea of the fortune passing to Heathcliff, as Isabella's husband. But more importantly, he suspected that Heathcliff was hiding his true wickedness under his gentlemanly appearance.

Catherine tried hard to persuade Isabella that Heathcliff was not worth loving, but poor Isabella was jealous of Catherine's relationship with Heathcliff and would not listen. Finally, Catherine told Heathcliff himself that Isabella was in love with him. She thought she knew what his answer would be.

'How could I ever love that stupid girl?' he asked. 'She has a miserable pale face,

and weak blue eyes, just like your husband! But... she will inherit the family wealth from him, won't she?'

'That's true,' replied Catherine. 'But don't think about that, Heathcliff. I hope Edgar and I will have several sons, and then they will inherit it.'

Catherine did not speak of this matter again, but I am sure Heathcliff often thought about it. I watched him carefully in the next few days. I hoped he would do nothing to hurt Mr Edgar, who was a kind master to me. I was worried, too, about what was happening at Wuthering Heights. Hindley and his son Hareton seemed like lost sheep to me, and I knew there was a wicked wolf just waiting for the chance to attack them.

Chapter 8

Catherine is ill

1783

The next time Heathcliff came to Thrushcross Grange, he met Isabella by chance in front of the house. I was watching from the kitchen window, as he went up to her, and, supposing that no one else could see him, kissed her.

'Look, madam!' I cried to Catherine, who was passing through the kitchen. 'That devil Heathcliff told you he could never love Miss Isabella! And now he's kissing her!'

So when Heathcliff entered the house, Catherine was ready to scold him. 'Leave Isabella alone, Heathcliff!' she ordered. 'You'll make Edgar angry!'

'You think I'm afraid of that weak little creature?' he growled. 'Anyway, what difference does it make to you? I can kiss her if she likes it. I'm not your husband, you needn't be jealous of me!'

'I'm not jealous of you!' replied Catherine. 'If you like Isabella, you can marry her. But do you like her?'

'It's you I want to talk about, Catherine. You know you've treated me badly. And I'm going to have my revenge! Thank you for telling me Isabella's secret. I swear I'll make good use of it!'

At this point I went to look for my master, and told him that Catherine and Heathcliff were quarrelling in the kitchen.

'How can my wife call that man a friend?' he cried angrily. 'I've been too weak with her. I can't allow him to visit her any more. Call two servants, Ellen.' He went to the kitchen. I followed him, telling the servants to wait in the hall.

'Catherine!' said Mr Edgar to his wife as he entered. 'Do you think it's right to listen to this wicked man's talk?'

'Have you been listening at the door, Edgar?' asked Catherine coldly. Heathcliff laughed, which made Mr Edgar even angrier.

'You, sir,' he said to Heathcliff, 'are poisoning our family life. I should never have accepted you as Catherine's friend. I must inform you that you will never be allowed to enter this house again, and that if you don't leave within three minutes, you will be thrown out.'

'Well, well!' replied Heathcliff, looking scornfully at Mr Edgar's small figure. 'So, you're going to throw me out yourself, are you?'

My master looked towards the door. I realized he wanted to call the servants, as he knew he was not strong enough to fight Heathcliff alone. But Catherine must have guessed his plan. She hurried to the door and locked it. Mr Edgar looked at her in angry surprise.

'You must fight him like a gentleman, without anyone to help you!' she told her husband. 'That'll teach you to scold me!'

Mr Edgar tried to get hold of the key, but she threw it quickly into the hottest part of the fire. He went very pale, and could not stop his whole body trembling.

'Oh Edgar!' cried his wife. 'You've lost the fight already! You aren't a man, you're a mouse!'

'So that,' said Heathcliff, pointing at Mr Edgar, 'is the thing you preferred to me, Catherine. Is he crying, or is he going to die of fear?'

He went up to look more closely at Mr Edgar, who suddenly recovered and hit Heathcliff hard on the neck. While Heathcliff was getting his breath back, Mr Edgar walked out of the other kitchen door into the garden.

'Now you'll never be able to come here again,' said Catherine Heathcliff. 'Go away quickly! He'll return with men and guns.'

Heathcliff was sensible enough to take her advice. He broke down the locked door and escaped, just as the master and his men returned.

Catherine, who was over-excited, ordered me to go upstairs with her. I hoped she would not discover that I had told Mr Edgar about her quarrel with Heathcliff.

'I'm wild with anger, Ellen!' she said, when we reached the sitting-room. 'All this trouble is because of Isabella! Tell Edgar I'm in danger of becoming seriously ill. I hope it's true, I want to frighten him. He's upset me badly. Why did he listen to us talking in the kitchen? Heathcliff says wicked things, but I know I can control him. Well, if I can't have Heathcliff as my friend, if Edgar is going to be mean and jealous, I'll try to break both their hearts by breaking my own. You must remind Edgar how quicktempered I am, and what Dr Kenneth said about my health. Edgar must let me do what I want!'

I did not feel sympathetic towards Catherine, and certainly did not want to frighten my poor master by telling him she was ill. As I was leaving the room, however, he entered.

'Catherine,' he said, 'you must tell me one thing. You must choose between me and Heathcliff. Which do you intend to have?'

'Leave me alone!' she cried wildly. 'I'm ill, can't you see, I can't even stand! Edgar, leave me!'

She fell, stiff and pale, on to the floor. Mr Edgar looked very frightened.

'Don't worry, sir,' I whispered to him. 'She told me she would try to make you afraid by pretending to be ill.'

Unfortunately she heard me. She jumped up, her hair and her eyes staring, and rushed to her bedroom. We heard key turn in the lock.

For the next few days she refused to speak to anyone, even me. I took her food up to her room, but she would not eat. Edgar spent his time in the library, and did not ask about wife. He hoped, I suppose, that she would come and ask him forgive her. But I knew she was too proud to do that.

On the third day she unlocked her door and called me. She ate and drank eagerly, then lay down again.

'Oh, why don't I die, since no one cares about me!' she muttered. 'Edgar doesn't

love me at all! What is he doing all this time, Ellen?'

'He's reading books in the library, madam,' I answered.

'Reading books!' she cried, shocked. 'And I'm dying up here? My God! Does he know how I've changed, how ill I am? Can't you tell him I'm seriously ill, Ellen?'

'You forget, Mrs Linton, that you've eaten tonight. I'm sure you'll feel better tomorrow morning.' I still wanted to make her realize how selfish she was being, although I was a little worried by her pale, almost ghostly face.

'I begin to see that you don't like me, Ellen. How strange! I always thought everybody loved me! Now they are all my enemies - Isabella and Edgar and you! I'll die with cold faces around me! I've had terrible dreams these past few nights, you know. Open the window, Ellen! I'm so hot!'

I refused, as it was the middle of winter. She was feverish.

'Who is that over there?' she asked, staring at her own face in a mirror opposite her bed. I could not make her understand it was herself, and I began to be afraid that her illness was real.

'Stay with me, Ellen,' she cried, holding my hand. 'I'm frightened of that face! I'm frightened of being alone! I wish I were in my bed at Wuthering Heights, with the wind howling through the trees. Do let me feel a breath of air from the moors, just one breath!'

I opened the window for a moment, then closed it. The cold air seemed to calm her. 'I wish I were a young girl again, wild and free, out on the moors with Heathcliff! Open the window again, wider this time! Why won't you?'

'Because I don't want you to die of cold,' I replied.

'But it's my only chance of life!' she cried, jumping out of bed and going to the window. I tried to force her back to bed, but her fever made her surprisingly strong. We looked out together into the icy darkness. There was no moon, and no lights were visible anywhere. But Catherine was sure she could see Wuthering Heights.

'Look!' she said. 'There's my old home, and the churchyard near it. I won't lie there alone, Heathcliff! I won't rest until you're in the grave with me!'

I was still holding her back from the window, and wondering what to do next, when Mr Edgar entered.

'Please help, sir,' I called, 'Mrs Linton is ill.'

'Catherine's ill?' he gasped. 'Shut the window, Ellen! Catherine! Why –'

When he saw his wife's face, he was so shocked that he stopped speaking and stared at her in horror. She was almost unconscious and did not recognize him at first.

'Ah, it's you, is it, Edgar Linton?' she said after a few moments. 'You don't come when you're wanted, and now you come when you're not wanted! But whatever you say, nothing can keep me from my home, my place of rest, out there in the open air, with a gravestone at my head!'

'She's feverish, sir, and doesn't know what she's saying,' whispered. 'If she has food and rest, she'll recover.'

'I want no further advice from you, Ellen Dean,' said Edgar coldly. 'You knew how ill she was, and you didn't tell me!'

I ran downstairs and out of the kitchen door to fetch doctor. I thought I heard the sound of horses in the distance, which seemed strange at two o'clock in the morning. And when I found Dr Kenneth, he told me someone had seen Isabella and Heathcliff meeting secretly in the garden earlier that evening.

That night none of us slept. We all sat together and waited while the doctor stayed with his patient. He told us he hoped that Catherine would recover, if we kept her very quiet. In the morning we discovered that Isabella's room was empty. She had run away with Heathcliff! When Mr Edgar heard the news, he just said, 'She chose to go with him. Don't speak to me of her again. I no longer think of her as my sister.'

AFTER READING

1. Summarize both chapters you've read in order to make up a plan—questions (at least 10 questions of all types)

2. Check yourself. Agree or disagree with the following statements; give your reasons:

- Edgar and Catherine had never been really happy together since their wedding.
- It was Heathcliff's mother who returned one day.
- Heathcliff fell in love with Isabella.

- Heathcliff planned to take his revenge on Hindley.
- Mr Edgar Linton encouraged his wife receiving Heathcliff as a guest in their house.
- Catherine's illness was more serious than Ellen thought at first.
- Isabella's escape with Heathcliff made her brother awfully angry with her and upset.

3. Characterize Heathcliff as quite a different man upon his return after 4 years of his being away.

4. Put pointers to each of the names in the necessary logical order (according to their personal relations):

Catherine
Edgar
Heathcliff
Isabella

Be ready to explain your point of view.

5. Read aloud your plan-questions of both chapters and ask your groupmates to answer the questions and give comments on them.

CHAPTERS 9-10

BEFORE READING

1. Learn the following words and expressions. Be ready to explain the meaning of some of them in English.

Chapter 9

to be dangerously ill with brain fever
 to take an interest in smb (smth)
 to expect a baby
 to get on with smb
 to support smb
 maid
 to lock in
 to take everything from smb
 in the end
 to smile sourly
 to be soft with smb
 to have revenge on smb
 to carry out one's plan
 to speak to smb in private

 just like an insect under smb's foot
 to be wrong of smb

Chapter 10

to sew
 staring into distance
 to look confused
 to bend (bent, bent) forward
 to look eagerly
 It gave him great pain
 to pity smb
 to be beyond all
 Fierce
 to roll down the face
 to go pale with anger
 to be in the depths of despair
 To find a home with God
 Murdered people do hound their
 murderers
 to drive smb mad
 to one's surprise

2. Make up either your own sentences or a situation using as many words and expressions given above as possible.

WHILE READING

1. Paraphrase the following, picking up synonyms from the text:

- ✓ I'm so unhappy
- ✓ to organize a meeting
- ✓ to escape with me
- ✓ to be tender with her
- ✓ Aren't you sorry for her?
- ✓ he made me agree

2. Give a literary translation of the sentences:

"However she did seem to get better, ..." "Oh, I do hate him..."

Grammar work

1. Pay special attention to the translation of the following sentences:

✓ When I arrived at Wuthering Heights that afternoon, I was shocked to see how much worse the house looked than when I used to live there.

✓ She did not read or sew any more, but used to sit there silently, staring into the distance.

Mind the pronunciation:

– used in “used to” → [ju:st]

– the verb “to use ” in the Past Indefinite, Past Participle : used → [ju:zd]

Make up similar sentences (with “used to”), make them negative and interrogative.

2. Suggest your translation of the sentence:

✓ “We both heard someone coming through the hall.”

What grammar rule is the sentence based on?

Compare the translation of the sentence given above with the following:

✓ “We both heard someone come through the hall.”

Try to find in the text another sentence based on this rule. Give your translation of it. Make up your own sentences based on this rule (2–3).

Chapter 9

Isabella's story

1784

For two months we heard nothing of Isabella or Heathcliff. During that time Catherine was dangerously ill with brain fever, and Dr Kenneth warned us that even if she recovered, her brain would never return to normal. However she did seem to get better, and no one could have been happier than my master, when he saw her sitting up in bed for the first time, and beginning to take an interest in the people and things around her. He loved her so much, and took such good care of her, that I really thought she would recover. There was another reason for her to live. She was expecting a baby, and we all hoped she would have a son, who would inherit the Linton fortune.

Then Mr Edgar received a letter from Isabella, telling him that she and Heathcliff were married. With it was a long letter for me, which said:

Wuthering Heights

Dear Ellen,

I arrived here last night and heard that Catherine is ill. My brother refuses to write to me, so you are the only one I can write to. Tell Edgar I still love him and Catherine, and want to return to Thrushcross Grange, but I can't!

The rest of this letter is for you alone, Ellen. Two questions - how did you manage to get on with the people in this house? They don't seem human! And (this interests me very much) what is Mr Heathcliff? A man? A madman? A devil? When you come to visit me, you must explain to me what sort of creature I've married. And you must come very soon, with a message from Edgar.

Heathcliff brought me here last night. This house is going to be my home, he says. He disappeared as soon as we arrived, so I entered the kitchen alone. What a miserable, depressing place it is now, Ellen! By the fire stood a dirty child. I realized he must be Catherine's nephew, Hareton, and tried to shake his hand. But he greeted me by swearing at me, so I went into the hall to find somebody else. When I knocked at another door, it was opened by a tall, thin man, with long, dirty hair hanging down to his shoulders. I knew this must be Hindley Earnshaw, Catherine's brother and Hareton's father. His eyes, and Hareton's, reminded me of Catherine.

'What do you want?' he asked roughly.

'My name was Isabella Linton,' I replied. 'Now I'm married to Mr Heathcliff.' 'Ah, so that devil has returned! Good!' he growled.

You can imagine, Ellen, how unhappy I felt in that unpleasant house. I knew that only four miles away was my real home, Thrushcross Grange, containing the only people I loved in the world. But those four miles were like an ocean, which I could not cross! Don't tell Edgar or Catherine this, but I had hoped to find a friend at Wuthering Heights, someone to support me against Heathcliff. Now I realized that no one here would help me.

After a long silence I said, 'Please ask a maid to show me my bedroom. I'm tired after my journey.'

'We have no maids here,' he answered. 'Joseph will show you Heathcliff's room, if you like. And - and - you'd better lock the bedroom door tonight!'

'Why, Mr Earnshaw?' I asked. I did not want to lock myself in with Heathcliff. He brought out a gun, which had a knife attached to it.

'Look at this,' he said. 'Every night I try to open his bedroom door. Up to now he's locked it. But one night he'll forget, and then I'll kill him!'

'Why do you hate him so much?' I asked.

'Because he's taken everything from me!' he shouted angrily. 'There's nothing left for Hareton to inherit! But I'm going to get it all back and his money too, and then his blood. Then the devil can have his soul!'

He seemed mad to me, Ellen. I left him, and went to find the old servant, Joseph. It seemed that Heathcliff's room was locked, and there were no guest bedrooms, so in the end I slept on a chair in the child's room. What a welcome to my new home!

I know Heathcliff blames Edgar for Catherine's illness. He has warned me he'll make me suffer for it. Oh, I do hate him - I'm so miserable - I've been such a fool! Don't tell anyone at Thrushcross Grange about this, Ellen. Come quickly - don't disappoint me!

Isabella

As soon as I had read this, I asked Mr Edgar if I could take a message from him to his sister.

'You may visit her this afternoon, Ellen, if you like. Tell her I'm not angry, just sorry to have lost her. I can't imagine she will ever be happy. I shall never visit her or write to her.'

When I arrived at Wuthering Heights that afternoon, I was shocked to see how much worse the house looked than when I used to live there. I realized that Hindley did not care what conditions he lived in, and Joseph clearly spent more time praying than cleaning. Heathcliff and Isabella were both in the main room. Heathcliff looked more

like a gentleman than I had ever seen him, but his wife had not bothered to brush her hair or change her dress. I had to explain to poor Isabella that Mr Edgar had refused to write to her. She cried a little when she heard that. Then Heathcliff asked me question after question about Catherine's illness.

'If you really love her,' I told him, 'you'll keep away from her now. She mustn't be over-excited. Her health will always be weak. And her loving husband is a very good nurse to her!'

'Her loving husband!' repeated Heathcliff scornfully. 'Don't compare my feeling for her with his! No, Ellen, before you leave this house, I'll make you promise to arrange a meeting for me with Catherine. I must see her!'

'I'll never agree to that,' I said. 'She's just beginning to recover. She's almost forgotten you, and now you want to upset her again!'

'Ellen, you know as well as I do that she can never forget me! If she thinks once of Edgar Linton, she thinks a thousand times of me! He can't love her as I can! And Catherine has a heart as deep as mine!'

'Catherine and Edgar are very, fond of each other!' said Isabella suddenly. 'Don't speak of my brother like that!'

'Your dear brother doesn't care enough about you to write to you,' replied Heathcliff, smiling sourly.

'That's because he doesn't know how much I've suffered,' she answered quietly, turning away to hide the tears on her face.

'Sir,' I said, 'it seems to me that Miss Isabella, Mrs Heathcliff, I should say, is unhappy. You must treat her kindly. Try to look after her. Let her have a maid, for example.' 'I'm not going to be soft with her,' he replied with a laugh. 'She was stupid enough to run away with me. I never pretended to love her. Now I think she's beginning to realize that I scorn her. She's an even weaker fool than her brother, but she's going to be useful to me. That's why I'm keeping her with me.'

'Ellen, he says he married me to have his revenge on Edgar! But I won't let him carry out his plan, whatever it is. I'll die, or I'll see him dead first!'

'You're getting violent, Isabella!' said Heathcliff. 'Go upstairs now. I want to speak

to Ellen Dean in private. Go on!' And he pushed her roughly out of the door.

'Don't you feel pity for her?' I asked, when we were alone. 'Have you ever felt pity for anybody in your life?'

'Why should I? She's just like an insect under my foot. The more she cries, the more I enjoy hurting her. Now, Ellen, listen. I'll wait every day and every evening in the Grange garden, until I find a chance to see Catherine. If I meet Edgar Linton or his servants, I'll shoot them. But don't you think it'd be better to avoid a fight? You could tell me when she'll be alone. Then there'll be no violence.'

I argued and complained, and refused fifty times, but in the end he forced me to agree. I promised to let him know when Edgar Linton was away from home. I suppose it was wrong of me, but I hoped it would be Heathcliff's last meeting with Catherine.

Chapter 10

Heathcliff visits Catherine for the last time

1784

Heathcliff had given me a letter for Catherine, but I decided not to show it to her until Mr Edgar was out of the house. My chance came four days after my visit to Wuthering Heights. As it was Sunday, Mr Edgar and all the servants went to church, leaving me alone to look after Catherine.

She was sitting downstairs, by an open window, enjoying the spring sunshine. Her appearance had changed since her illness, but there was a strange beauty in her pale face. She did not read or sew any more, but used to sit there silently, staring into the distance. Her eyes seemed fixed on something far away, something beyond normal sight.

I showed her the letter, but she looked confused and could not seem to understand it, so I had to explain.

'It's from Mr Heathdiff,' I said gently. 'He's in the garden, and wants to see you. What shall I tell him?'

She said nothing, but bent forward in her chair to listen. We both heard someone coming through the hall. Heathcliff had realized the house was almost empty, and had

found an open door. Catherine looked eagerly towards the entrance to the room. He appeared, and in two steps was by her side. For five whole minutes he held her in his arms and kissed her again and again. It gave him great pain to look at her face. He could see, as I could, that she would never recover, that she was certain to die.

'Oh, Catherine! Oh, my life! How can I bear it!' he cried.

'You and Edgar have broken my heart,' said Catherine. 'And you both want me to pity you! How strong you are, Heathcliff! You'll live for years after my death! Will you forget me, and be happy with others, when I'm in my grave?'

'It's wicked of you to say that, Catherine. You know your words will burn forever in my memory after you've left me. You know I could never forget you!'

'I don't want you to suffer more than I do, Heathcliff. I only want us to be together, always.'

Heathcliff turned away, his shoulders shaking.

'That isn't my Heathcliff,' Catherine said to me. 'I'll always love my Heathcliff, and take him with me. He's in my soul, you see. Oh, Ellen, I do want to escape from this prison. There's a beautiful world waiting for me out there. You feel sorry for me now because I'm ill. Well, very soon I'll feel sorry for you, because I'll be beyond you all!'

Heathcliff turned towards her, his fierce eyes wet. For a moment they looked at each other, and then they were in each other's arms again. No one could have separated them.

'How cruel you've been to me, Catherine!' he cried wildly. 'You loved me, so why did you marry Edgar Linton? It's all your fault! I haven't broken your heart, you've broken it! And you've broken mine too! Do you think I want to live after you are dead?'

'If I've done wrong, I'm dying for it!' sobbed Catherine. 'It's your fault too, Heathcliff!'

'You left me, remember? But I forgive you. Now forgive me!' 'It's hard to forgive, when I look at your sad eyes, and feel your thin hands. Kiss me again, Catherine! I forgive you for making me suffer, but how can I forgive you for dying?'

Catherine sobbed quietly, hiding her face in his shoulder, and tears rolled down Heathcliff's dark face.

Suddenly I noticed, through the window, the servants coming back from church. I was afraid Mr Edgar would find Heathcliff with Catherine.

'My master will be here in a moment,' I warned them. 'I must go, Catherine,' said Heathcliff.

'No, no!' she screamed. 'Don't go! It's the last time! Edgar won't hurt us! Heathcliff, I'll die if you go!'

'All right, my darling, I'll stay. If he shot me in your arms, I'd die happy.

At that moment my master appeared at the door. When he saw Heathcliff holding his wife, he went pale with anger.

'Here, take care of her first,' said Heathcliff, putting Catherine in her husband's arms, 'then speak to me later if you wish.' He walked out of the house.

Catherine seemed to be unconscious, and Mr Edgar was so worried about her that he forgot about Heathcliff for moment. She recovered a little, but did not recognize any of us and was clearly very ill. We put her to bed immediately, and twelve o'clock that night her daughter, Cathy, was born, two months early. That's the young lady you saw at Wuthering Heights, Mr Lockwood. Two hours later, Catherine died, without calling for Heathcliff, or recognizing Edgar. My poor master was in the depths of despair. I thought it was very unfortunate that Catherine had only given him a daughter, not a son. Now the Linton fortune would pass to Isabella and her husband after Mr Edgar's death.

Catherine's dead body lay peacefully on her bed. In death she looked more beautiful than in life. I wondered if she was now 'beyond us all', as she had said, and hoped that her soul had found a home with God.

In the morning I went to look for Heathcliff. I found him in the Grange garden, where he had been waiting for news all night.

'She's dead, I know!' he called to me as I came closer. 'Don't cry, she doesn't need your tears! Tell me - tell me, how did - ?' He tried to say her name, but could not manage it.

'How did she die?' he said at last, staring fiercely at me. 'Don't be sorry for me, I don't want your pity!'

'Poor creature!' I thought. 'You have a heart just like other men, but you are too proud to show it!'

Aloud I said, 'She died quietly, in her sleep. Her life finished in a gentle dream. I hope she wakes as calmly in the other world!'

'Where are you, Catherine?' he cried in despair. 'Don't leave me here, where I can't find you! I pray that you will never rest while I'm alive. You said I killed you - haunt me then! Murdered people do haunt their murderers, I believe. Come back as a ghost - drive me mad - I don't care! Oh, God! I can't bear it! I cannot live without you, my soul!'

He howled like a wild animal, and hit his forehead several times against a tree, until the wood was covered in blood. I knew I could no longer help him, so I left him.

Catherine was buried the following Friday. Her brother Hindley, although invited, did not come, and Isabella was not invited, so it was only Mr Edgar and the servants who attended the ceremony. To our surprise, she was not buried in the church with the Lintons, nor with the Earnshaws. She lies in an open corner of the churchyard, where she can breathe the air from the moors. Her husband's grave is next to hers.

AFTER READING

1. Put the events in correct order:

- 1) Ellen was shocked when she arrived at Wuthering Heights.
- 2) Catherine did seem to get better... .
- 3) Mr. Edgar received a letter from Isabella.
- 4) Ellen promised Heathcliff to let him know when Edgar L. was away from home.
- 5) Catherine was buried the following Friday.
- 6) For five whole minutes he held her in his arms and kissed her again and again.
- 7) ... and at twelve o'clock that night her daughter, Cathy, was born... .
- 8) At that moment my master appeared at the door.

2. Find evidence in the text that:

- ✓ Edgar Linton treated his wife so passionately and tenderly.

- ✓ Hindley seemed mad to Isabella.
- ✓ Heathcliff couldn't help thinking of Catherine and was eager to see her.
- ✓ Catherine shared Heathcliff's feelings.

1. Choose the correct ending of the sentences:

1. There was another reason	a) for Catherine's illness
2. I know Heathcliff blames Edgar	b) that Mr. Edgar had refused to write to her
3. I had to explain to poor Isabella	c) when she'll be alone
4. You could tell me	d) for her to live
5. Her appearance had changed	e) I'd die happy
6. I knew I could no longer help him,	f) while I'm alive
7. If he shot me in your arms	g) since her illness
8. I pray that you will never rest	h) so I left him

2. Sum up.

1. Comment on Edgar's attitude to Catherine.
2. Tell what you got to know from Isabella's letter.
3. Reproduce the conversation between Isabella, Ellen and Heathcliff.
4. Speak about Heathcliff's wish to see Catherine.
5. What emotions and feelings did Heathcliff and Catherine's last meeting arouse in you?
6. Describe Heathcliff's state of mind on hearing about Catherine's death.

CHAPTERS 11-12
BEFORE READING

I. Explain the meaning and learn the following vocabulary:

Chapter 11

loose hair
scratched and bruised
gasping for breath
to put a bandage on the wound
to cry bitterly
to be desperately sad
wedding – ring (n)
to beg for help
to escape from smb.
to feel pity for smb,
catch hold of...
to force
to tell smb to his/her face
to make one's new home
a changed man
to go for lonely walks
to drink oneself to death
it appeared that
to win house... from smb

Chapter 12

to bring sunshine into smb's life
the road passed close to...
to die of a fever
to visit smb for the first and last time
(not) to cause smb (any) trouble
"There was no sign of her..."
to ride on towards the hills
across the moors
Breathless
Housekeeper
to go red (about one's face)
What the devil do you mean?
to fetch the pony
to stare horrified at smb
to be annoyed with smb
on one's way home
to keep smth a secret from smb
to be wild with excitement
to bang smth with one's hand

Use as many of these words and expressions as possible either in your own sentences or in your situation.

3. Choose the synonyms:

- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. to go back | a) angry |
| 2. light | b) to bring |
| 3. to beg for one's help | c) scared |
| 4. to destroy | d) to make |
| 5. to murder | e) to beat |
| 6. to hit | f) to be struck |
| 7. to be shocked | g) to ask for one's help |
| 8. to force | h) fair |
| 9. it appeared | i) to return |
| 10. to request | j) to break |

- | | |
|----------------|------------------|
| 11. frightened | k) to kill |
| 12. eagerly | l) it turned out |
| 13. cross | m) to ask |
| 14. to fetch | n) irritated |
| 15. annoyed | o) willingly |

3. Choose the opposites

- | | |
|-------------------|------------------|
| 1. to take off | a) dry |
| 2. occasionally | b) light |
| 3. dark | c) regularly |
| 4. quick-tempered | d) to put on |
| 5. weak | e) unfortunately |
| 6. fortunately | f) good-tempered |
| 7. wet | g) strong |
| 8. to forbid | h) to allow |

WHILE READING

Find the sentence:

“ She was so exhausted ... ”

Don't mix up: exhausting, exhausted, exhaustive. Explain the difference:

Exhausting work, job, etc.

Exhaustive report, account, etc.

Exhausted man, look.

Grammar Work

1. Copy out from Chapters 11-12 sentences with verbs used in the Passive Voice. Translate these sentences.

2. Try to find in the text sentences with Complex Object. Suggest their literary translations.

3. Define the type of the sentences. Translate them into Ukrainian:

- ✓ I wish he would die.
- ✓ And I told Heathcliff to his face that he could never made Catherine happy, if she had been his wife.
- ✓ ... if her father discovered she had visited Wuthering Heights, ... he would

send me away.

- ✓ If he doesn't arrive early in the morning, Heathcliff will come for him!

4. Paraphrase the following sentences using Perfect Modal Constructions.

E.g. Perhaps he decided to have his revenge on Heathcliff = He may have decided to have his revenge on Heathcliff.

1. How was it possible that Catherine liked him ...?
2. I don't believe that he ever made Catherine happy
3. Probably Heathcliff discovered this from the servants.
4. Possibly she tried, to climb the hills, and fallen.

CHAPTER 11

Isabella escapes

1784

That Friday evening the wind changed, and brought first rain, then snow. Next morning the spring flowers were all hidden under deep snow. Mr Edgar stayed in his room. I was in the sitting-room with the baby, when I was surprised to hear a girl's voice behind me. I turned round, and saw it was Isabella Heathcliff. I was quite shocked by her appearance. Her hair was loose, and wet with snow and rain. She wore a light silk dress and thin shoes, which did not seem at all suitable for a long walk in the snow. Under her ear was a deep wound, which was bleeding. Her face was scratched and bruised, and she looked very tired. I could see that she was expecting a baby.

'I've run all the way here from Wuthering Heights,' she said, gasping for breath. 'I couldn't count how many times I've fallen down! Ellen, please ask a maid to find some dry clothes for me, and then I'll go on to the village. I'm not staying here.'

'First, my dear young lady,' I told her, 'you'll get warm and dry, and I'll put a bandage on that wound. Then we'll have some tea.' She was so exhausted that she let me help her without protesting, and finally we sat down together near the fire with our cups of tea.

'Oh, Ellen,' she said, 'I cried bitterly when I heard of Catherine's death, you know.'

And Heathcliff is desperately sad! But I can't feel sorry for him. This is the last thing of his I've got,' and she took off her gold wedding-ring and threw it in the fire. 'I'll never go back to him. But I can't stay here, in case he comes to find me. And anyway I don't want to beg for Edgar's help, or make trouble for him. To escape from Heathcliff I must go a long way away. How could Catherine have liked him, Ellen? I wish he would die, and then I could forget him completely!'

'Don't say that,' I protested, 'he's a human being. There are worse men than him in the world!'

'He isn't human,' she replied. 'I gave him my heart, and he destroyed it, so I can't feel pity for him. But I must tell you how I managed to escape. Hindley Earnshaw should have been at Catherine's burial yesterday, but he had been drinking so much that he couldn't go. Last night he and I were sitting silently in the kitchen at about midnight, when Heathcliff came home. Hindley decided to lock the doors so that Heathcliff could not get in. He told me his plan was to murder his hated guest that night, with the weapon he had shown me. I hate Heathcliff too, but I could not agree to murder, so I called out a warning from the kitchen window. Heathcliff swore horribly at me and broke one of the windows. Hindley put his right arm out through the hole, with the gun in it, and aimed it at his enemy. But before he could fire, Heathcliff caught hold of the gun and pulled it away from Hindley. The knife cut into Hindley's wrist, and blood poured out. Heathcliff jumped into the kitchen through the window, and started kicking and hitting Hindley, who was lying unconscious on the kitchen floor.'

I ran off to find Joseph. When we came back, Heathcliff was putting a bandage on Hindley's wrist. Joseph was shocked at the sight of his master, and would have gone to the police, if Heathcliff hadn't forced me to describe what happened. I had to agree that Hindley had certainly attacked Heathcliff first.

'The next day, I decided to have my revenge on Heathcliff, by telling Hindley that 'that devil' had hit and kicked him when he was unconscious. And I told Heathcliff to his face that he could never have made Catherine happy, if she had been his wife.'

This made him so angry that he threw a knife at me, which cut my neck, and then he rushed towards me, swearing violently. I knew I had to get away quickly, and as I ran out of the kitchen, I saw Hindley attack Heathcliff. Both of them were rolling on the floor, fighting. I came over the moors through the snow to the Grange. At last I'm free! And I shall never, never spend another night at Wuthering Heights.'

After drinking her tea, Isabella left the Grange. From our village she travelled by coach to the south, where she made her new home near London. There, a few months later, she had a son. She called him Linton.

Heathcliff must have discovered this from the servants. One day when I saw him in the village, he said, 'I hear I've got a son, Ellen, whose name's Linton! I suppose Isabella wants me to hate him! She can keep him for the moment. But tell Edgar Linton I'll have the boy one day! He's mine!'

After Catherine's death my poor master, Mr Edgar, was a changed man. He no longer went to church, or saw any friends. He occasionally went for lonely walks on the moors, and regularly visited his wife's grave. But fortunately Catherine had left him something of herself, her daughter Cathy. This tiny child soon won his heart.

It's strange, Mr Lockwood, to compare Hindley and Edgar. They both lost their wives, and were left with a child. Hindley did not believe in God, and showed no interest in his son Hareton. But Edgar believed, and loved his daughter Cathy deeply.

Hindley himself died six months after his sister Catherine. We never discovered exactly what happened, but Heathcliff said he had drunk himself to death. It appeared that Heathcliff had won Hindley's house, land and money from him when playing cards, so he was now the master of Wuthering Heights. Hareton inherited nothing from his father, and could only stay on at Wuthering Heights as a servant, working for the man who had been his father's enemy.

CHAPTER 12

Bringing up Cathy

1797

During the next twelve years I was happier than had ever been before. All my

time was spent looking after little Cathy, who brought sunshine into our lives.

She was a real beauty, with the Earnshaws' dark eyes and the Lintons' fair skin. She wasn't as proud and quick-tempered as her mother, but she was used to getting what she wanted. Her father loved her so much that he gave her everything, and never scolded her.

Until she was thirteen she had never been outside the Grange garden alone. She knew nothing of Wuthering Heights or Heathcliff. She often asked me about the hills in the distance, beyond the moors, and wanted to ride her pony there. I knew the master would not let her leave the safety of the Grange to go so far, especially as the road to the hills passed close to Wuthering Heights. So I always told her she would be able to go there when she was older. I did not know what she was planning.

Mr Edgar received a letter from his sister Isabella. She wrote that she was dying of a fever, and asked him to visit her for the first and last time. She also wanted him to take care of her son Linton after her death. Although my master hated travelling, he did not hesitate to do as she requested. He told me to look after Cathy carefully, and left at once.

He was away for three weeks. Cathy did not cause me any trouble at first. She spent her days walking her dogs and riding her pony in the large garden. But one day she asked if she could stay out the whole day, and away she went on her little pony, with her two dogs running behind.

There was no sign of her at tea-time, and I began to be seriously worried. I went outside to look for her. At the gate I found a workman, who had seen her jump the low wall separating the garden from the road, and then ride on towards the hills and Wuthering Heights.

I was very frightened now. She could be lost on the moors! She could have tried to climb the hills, and fallen! I walked across the moors as fast as I could, and arrived breathless at Wuthering Heights. How glad I was to see one of her dogs lying outside the kitchen door! I knocked loudly, and Zillah let me in. I knew she had been the housekeeper there since Hindley's death.

'Ah,' she said, 'you've come for your little mistress! She's here, quite safe! The

master, Mr Heathcliff, isn't here. He won't be back for a while.'

Cathy was sitting comfortably in the kitchen, talking eagerly to Hareton. He was now a big, strong young man of eighteen, who was staring rather stupidly at her. I was delighted to find her again, but I pretended to be angry to punish her.

'Well, miss! You are wicked, going such a long way all alone! I've been all over the moors looking for you! Your father will be angry!'

'What have I done?' she sobbed, suddenly frightened. 'Father didn't forbid me to leave the Grange garden! He won't scold me, Ellen. He's never cross, like you! And I've been to the hills, Ellen! This - man - showed me, because I didn't know the way.'

I made her put on her hat and prepare to leave.

'Whose house is this?' she asked suddenly. 'It's your father's, isn't it?' she added, turning to Hareton.

'No,' he replied, looking down. His face went very red.

'Whose then - your master's?' she asked.

He swore, and turned away.

'Ellen, he didn't say "miss" to me. Servants should always say "miss", shouldn't they?' Hareton frowned and looked very angry, but said nothing.

'You, get my horse,' she ordered him. 'Hurry!'

'What the devil do you mean? I'm not your servant!' he growled.

'You see, Miss Cathy? Nice words to be used to a young lady! Now come along, let's fetch the pony and leave,' I said.

'But Ellen,' she cried, staring horrified at him, 'how dare he speak to me like that! He must do as I tell him!'

'He's not your servant, miss,' said Zillah, who had been listening to the conversation. 'He's your cousin.'

'He can't be my cousin!' cried Cathy, with a scornful laugh. 'Father has gone to fetch my cousin from London. He's a gentleman's son, not – not a farm worker like him!' She pointed at poor Hareton, whose clothes were old and dirty.

I was very annoyed with her and Zillah. Now Heathcliff would hear about his son's arrival, which we had hoped to keep secret from him. And Cathy would certainly

ask her father whether she had a cousin at Wuthering Heights. On our way home I explained to her that if her father discovered she had visited Wuthering Heights, he would perhaps be so angry with me that he would send me away. She could not bear to think of that, so she promised to keep her visit a secret from him.

We heard from Mr Edgar that his sister had died, and that he was returning soon with his young nephew. Cathy was wild with excitement. She would see her dear father again, and have a cousin of the same age to play with.

But when the coach arrived, young Linton had to be carried into the house. He was a pale, thin boy, who looked very like Mr Edgar. He seemed so weak that I wondered how long he would live. I thought he would have no chance of life if his father Heathcliff took him to live at Wuthering Heights.

In fact Linton only stayed one night with us. Later that evening Heathcliff's servant Joseph arrived and asked to speak to the master. Although it was late and Mr Edgar was tired after his journey, Joseph insisted, so I took him to the master's room.

'Heathcliff has sent me for his son, and I can't go back without him,' he said. Mr Edgar was silent for a moment. On his face was an expression of deep sadness. He had hoped to keep Linton with him, as Isabella had wished. But he could not refuse the boy's father.

'Tell Mr Heathcliff,' he said calmly, 'that Ellen will take his son to Wuthering Heights tomorrow. He's asleep at the moment, and I won't disturb him.'

'No!' said Joseph, banging the table with his hand. 'I must take him back now!'

'Not tonight!' answered Mr Edgar. 'Leave the house now, and tell your master what I said!'

'Very well!' shouted Joseph, as he walked out. 'If he doesn't arrive early in the morning, Heathcliff will come for him!'

AFTER READING

1. *Complete these sentences filling in missing words from the text.*
2. I turned round, and saw it was ...
3. I was quite shocked by ...
4. And anyway I don't want to beg for ...

5. Hindley Earnshaw should have been at Catherine's burial yesterday, but ...
6. After drinking her tea, Isabella ...
7. Heathcliff must have discovered this from ...
8. Hindley himself died six months ...
9. Until she was thirteen she had never been outside ...
10. I knew she had been the housekeeper there since ...
11. But when the coach arrived, young Linton had to be ...

2. Think over the situation:

Hindly and Edgar both lost their wives, and were left with a child.

What was different in their behavior and why?

3. Sum up.

- ✓ Describe Isabella's appearance, her state of mind on getting back home.
- ✓ Reproduce the conversation between Isabella and Ellen.
- ✓ Dwell on the accident that took place in Wuthering Heights.
- ✓ Compare Hindley and Edgar. What, in your opinion, unites and what differs them?
- ✓ Characterize Cathy in comparison with her mother.

Are the proverbs suitable here?

“As the tree – so the fruit”

“Like father, like son”

- ✓ What news did Edgar find out from his sister?
- ✓ Comment on Cathy's behaviour while her father was away.
- ✓ What impression did Hareton produce on Cathy, in your opinion?
- ✓ Describe young Linton (Cathy's cousin). What feelings and emotions did his description arouse in you?

CHAPTERS 13-14
BEFORE READING

I. Explain the meaning and learn the following vocabulary:

Chapter 13

to keep asking questions
to inspect smb
creature
to help off the horse and into the house
to be bitterly disappointed
to be left in smb's care
selfish
on this particular day
to catch up with...
to be halfway to...
to blame
smb's only other relation
to rediscover
coarse way of speaking
to dislike smb rather than pity

Chapter 14

to catch a cold
to stay indoors
to have years more of life ahead
cheerful
to play a trick on smb
love letters
to persuade
to tell the truth
to be upset
to be determined
to look feverish
to have a bad cough
to be one's fault
to give smth a violent push
to die of love for smb

Make up your own sentences or a situation with this vocabulary.

3. Choose the synonyms:

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. to inspect | a) to associate with |
| 2. trembling | b) clever |
| 3. roughly | c) to take place |
| 4. to educate | d) to ask |
| 5. violently | e) decisive |
| 6. intelligent | f) merry, joyful |
| 7. rich | g) to be terrified |
| 8. to communicate | h) sad |
| 9. to scorn | i) fiercely |
| 10. to be horrified | j) rudely |
| 11. cheerful | k) wealthy |
| 12. to trouble | l) to teach, to bring up |
| 13. determined | m) to prohibit |
| 14. to beg | n) shivering |
| 15. to forbid | o) to examine |

16. to happen

p) to worry

17. upset

q) to neglect

Choose the opposites

- | | |
|-----------------|------------------|
| 1. weak | a) to get better |
| 2. stupid | b) upset, sad |
| 3. rich | c) to disobey |
| 4. to send | d) to allow |
| 5. cheerful | e) poor |
| 6. to get worse | f) intelligent |
| 7. to obey | g) strong |
| 8. to forbid | h) to receive |

WHILE READING**Grammar Work**

1. Pick out from the text and copy out into two columns sentences with Gerund and Participle I,

e.g.

Gerund**Participle I**

he kept **asking** me questions about I helped the **trembling** child off the
his new home horse and into the house

Suggest a literary translation of these sentences.

2. Pay special attention to the translation of the following:

“She did not seem to hear me”

- What grammar rule is the sentence based on?
- Try to find in the text similar sentences (based on this rule)

3. Comment on the grammar of the sentence:

“... I could hear the two younger ones laughing at ...”

Find in the text other sentences based on this rule

4. Find in the text sentences used in the Subjunctive Mood (Conditional Sentences, “I wish ...”) Suggest your translation of them.

CHAPTER 13

Heathcliff's son at Wuthering Heights

1797

Linton was very surprised to be woken so early and told that he had another journey to make, before breakfast. As we rode the four miles to Wuthering Heights, he kept asking me questions about his new home, the father he had never seen. When we arrived, Heathcliff, Hareton, and Joseph all came out of the house to inspect the child.

'Master, that's not a boy,' said Joseph after a while. 'Look that white skin and fair hair!

Mr Edgar's sent you his daughter instead!'

'God! What a beautiful creature!' laughed Heathcliff scornfully. 'That's worse than I expected!'

I helped the trembling child off the horse and into the houses Heathcliff took him roughly by the arm.

'I hope you'll be kind to him, Mr Heathcliff,' I said. 'He's weak, and ill. And he's all the family you've got!'

'Don't worry, Ellen,' replied Heathcliff with a smile. 'As Isabella's son he'll inherit Thrushcross Grange one day, and I don't want him to die before that. He'll be educated as a gentleman. But I'm bitterly disappointed at having such a weak, crying baby for a son!'

So poor Linton was left in his father's care. At first Cathy was miserable, because she would not now have anyone to play with, but she soon forgot him. Whenever I met Zillah, the housekeeper, in the village, I used to ask her about Linton.

'He's often ill,' she told me. 'And so selfish! He has to have a fire even in summer! He calls for cakes and hot drinks all the time. He only ever thinks of himself. Mr Heathcliff can't bear being in the same room as him!'

Several years passed without any more news of Linton. In 1800 Cathy reached the age of sixteen. We never celebrated her birthday, because it was also the day her mother died. On this particular day she came downstairs, dressed for going out, and

suggested a walk on the moors with me. Her father gave permission.

It was a lovely spring morning, and I was very happy walking in the sunshine, watching Cathy running ahead of me. But we had walked further than I had realized, and I called to her to come back. She did not seem to hear me. We were on the moors, close to Wuthering Heights, when I caught sight of two men talking to her. I recognized Heathcliff and Hareton at once. I hurried to catch up with her.

'Miss Cathy,' I said breathlessly, 'we must go home. Your father will be getting worried.'

'No, he won't, Ellen. This gentleman wants me to go to his house and meet his son. He says we've already met, but I don't remember, do you? Let's go, Ellen!'

Although I protested, she and Hareton were already halfway to Wuthering Heights. Heathcliff and I followed behind.

'It's very bad of you, Mr Heathcliff,' I scolded him. 'Mr Edgar will blame me for letting her go to your house.'

'I want her to see Linton, Ellen,' he replied. 'Listen to my plan. It's really a very generous one. I want the two cousins to fall in love and marry. You know Cathy won't inherit anything from her father. My son Linton will inherit all the Linton fortune when Edgar dies. If she marries Linton, she'll be wealthy. Of course, if Linton dies, then the money comes to me, as his only other relation.'

I was still angry with Heathcliff, but it was too late to stop Cathy entering Wuthering Heights. She was delighted to rediscover her cousin Linton, who was keeping warm by the fire.

'If he is my cousin, and you are his father,' she said to Heathcliff, smiling, 'then you must be my uncle! Why don't you ever visit us at the Grange?'

'I visited it once or twice too often before you were born,' he said. 'I must tell you that I quarrelled violently with your father once. He hates me, and if you tell him you want to come here, he'll forbid it.'

'Well, if I can't come here, Linton can come to visit me at the Grange,' suggested Cathy happily.

'It'll be too far for me,' said her cousin weakly. 'It would kill me to walk four

miles.' Heathcliff looked scornfully at his son.

'I don't think my plan will ever succeed, Ellen!' he whispered to me. 'Who would fall in love with a selfish baby like that?' He went to the kitchen door and called, 'Hareton! Come and take Miss Cathy round the farm.' Cathy was eager to see the animals, and she and Hareton went out.

As we watched them through the kitchen window, Heathcliff seemed to be thinking aloud.

'I've taken my revenge on his father, by making Hareton work for me. I treat him badly, as they used to do to me, and he suffers, as I used to. He's intelligent, and strong, and handsome, but I've taught him to scorn those qualities. So now he's just an uneducated farm worker, and knows nothing of the world. That's how he'll always be. And my son? He's stupid, and weak, and ill. But he's a gentleman, and he'll marry Cathy, and he'll be rich!'

Meanwhile Linton had got up from his armchair and gone out to join Cathy and Hareton. Through the open window I could hear the two younger ones laughing at Hareton's coarse way of speaking. I began to dislike Linton rather than pity him.

When we arrived back at the Grange, Cathy told her father about the visit. He did not want to frighten her, and, in my opinion, did not explain clearly enough why she should never communicate with Linton again. At the time she seemed to accept her father's wish.

During the next few weeks, however, I noticed Cathy's behaviour change. She was always writing on little pieces of paper, which she kept in a locked drawer in her room, and every morning she got up surprisingly early to go down to the kitchen. I suspected something, and one day I decided to break open the drawer. In it I was horrified to find a whole pile of love letters from Linton. The two cousins had been writing to each other in secret for several weeks, and Cathy had used the milkman as a messenger. I told her at once that I knew her secret, and made her promise not to send or receive any more letters. We burnt Linton's letters together.

CHAPTER XIV

*Secret visits**1800*

The months passed, and soon it was autumn. Mr Edgar caught a bad cold, which seemed to get worse and worse. He stayed indoors the whole winter, so Cathy only had me as a companion on her walks. She had become very quiet and sad since her relationship with Linton had ended, and was very worried about her father's illness. One day when we were walking in the Grange garden, I noticed her crying.

'Cathy, what's the matter, love?' I asked.

'Oh, Ellen,' she sobbed, 'what shall I do if Father dies? And if you die? I'll be left alone!'

'I hope he and I have years more of life ahead of us. All you need do is look after your father, and let him see you're cheerful.'

But I think he would be really ill if he thought you loved Linton, whose father would like to see Mr Edgar dead.'

'I'll never, never do anything to worry or annoy Father,' she promised. 'I only want him to recover. I love him more than anyone else in the world, more than myself!'

Just then we reached the gate, and I saw a gentleman on a horse looking over it. It was Heathcliff.

'Miss Linton!' he called. 'There's something I must tell you!'

'I won't listen,' answered Cathy. 'Father and Ellen both say you're a wicked man.'

'But this is about my son Linton, not me. What a trick you played on him! You wrote him all those love letters, and then I suppose you got tired of it, and stopped! Well, you've broken poor Linton's heart. I swear, he's dying of love for you, and he'll be in the grave by next summer unless you help him! Be generous, come and visit him. I'll be away all next week, so your father won't be angry if you come.'

He rode away. Although I tried to persuade Cathy that Heathcliff could not be telling the truth, my young mistress was very upset, and determined to discover how Linton was.

The next morning we rode to Wuthering Heights. We found Linton alone, lying on a sofa. He looked feverish and ill, and had a bad cough.

'Will you shut the door?' he said crossly, as we entered. 'It's so cold! No, Cathy, I can't breathe if you kiss me! I want a drink.'

Cathy poured him a glass of water.

'And are you glad to see me, Linton?' she asked hopefully.

'Yes, I am,' he replied. 'But you should have come before! My father swore at me, and said it was my fault you didn't come. Will you come and visit me again?'

'Yes, Linton,' Cathy said gently, holding his hand. 'If Father agreed, I'd spend half my time with you. I wish you were my brother, then we could spend all our time together!'

'But my father says you would love me best if you were my wife, so that would be better.'

'I'd never love anybody more than Father,' she replied seriously. 'Sometimes men hate their wives, like your father. He hated your mother, my aunt Isabella. That's why she left him.'

'That's not true!' cried the boy. 'Anyway, your mother hated your father! And she loved mine!'

'You're lying! I hate you!' she shouted angrily, and gave the sofa a violent push. He fell back, and started coughing so badly that even I was frightened. At last he recovered. Cathy was crying in a corner, afraid that she had really hurt him.

'How do you feel now, Linton?' she asked after a while. 'I'm sorry, I didn't mean to hurt you.' 'I wish you felt as ill as I do, you cruel thing! And I was better today, before you came!' His voice was full of pity for himself.

'We must go,' I said. 'You can see, Miss Cathy, that he isn't dying of love for you! It's not your fault that he's ill. Come along!' But I could not stop Cathy whispering something in Linton's ear, before we left the room.

On the way home I told her I would not allow her to visit him again.

'He's a selfish child, Miss Cathy, and I don't think he'll live till he's twenty. I'm glad you're not going to marry him.'

Cathy looked sad. 'I'm sure he'd recover if I looked after him. And I don't think we'd quarrel if we knew each other better.'

'Well, miss, if you try to go there again, with or without me, I'll tell your father.'

But the next day I fell ill, and had to stay in bed for three weeks, which was very unusual for me. My little mistress went from her father's bedroom to mine, and back again, and looked after us both with the greatest care. But I never wondered what she did in the evenings, when Mr Edgar had gone to bed, and I no longer needed her.

I only discovered the truth on the first day I was able to get up. In the evening I asked her to read to me, and was surprised how sleepy she seemed. She went to bed early. I felt rather worried about her health, and went to her room an hour later to see if she needed anything. Her bedroom was empty. I sat there in the dark, waiting for her to return.

When she arrived, shaking the snow off her shoes, she was shocked to find me there. I guessed where she had been, but I made her tell me the whole story. Every night since I had been ill, she had ridden to Wuthering Heights and spent the evening with her cousin. Sometimes she was happy with Linton, when he was cheerful and less selfish, but most of the time she was miserable. However, she insisted that the visits should continue, because Linton needed her, and she wanted to see him.

Although she begged me to say nothing to her father, I went straight to the master and told him. He forbade her to visit Wuthering Heights again. She had to obey her father, although it made her very sad.

Well, Mr Lockwood, all this happened only about a year ago. I never thought I would be telling a stranger this story! But who knows how long you'll be a stranger? You're too young to live alone for long, and no one could see Cathy and not love her. Anyway, I'll continue my story.

AFTER READING

- 1. Put 10 questions of different types to both chapters to keep the narration***

inorder.

2. Find evidence in the text that:

1. Heathcliff was disappointed at seeing his son.
2. Cathy was a warm-hearted, good-natured girl.
3. Heathcliff had, in his opinion, a generous plan.
4. Heathcliff succeed in taking his revenge on Hindley.
5. Cathy fell in love with her cousin.

3. Put the events in correct order.

1. ... my young mistress was ... determined to discover how Linton was.
2. Mr. Edgar seemed to get worse and worse.
3. Mr. Edgar forbade her to visit Wuthering Heights again.
4. When Cathy arrived, ..., she was shocked to find Ellen there.
5. The next morning we rode to Wuthering Heights.
6. He fell back, and started coughing so badly that even I was frightened.

4. Sum up.

- *Speak about the first meeting between Heathcliff and his son and the impression he produced on his father.*
- *Dwell on Heathcliff's generous plan.*
- *Describe Ellen's reaction to her discovery in Cathy's room.*
- *Explain what worried Cathy when her father was ill and seemed to get worse.*
- *Comment on Cathy's behaviour after Heathcliff told her about Linton, dying of love for her.*
- *Reproduce the conversation between Linton and Cathy.*
- *How can you characterize Cathy's attitude to her cousin?*

CHAPTERS 15-16**BEFORE READING****I. Explain the meaning and learn the following vocabulary:****Chapter 15**

trap
 to ask smb's opinion of smth/smb
 plenty of time
 to have got much/little time left
 to mind
 to meet in either house
 to post a letter
 family home
 to have no idea
 to treat smb cruelly and wickedly
 to cry out in pain
 to look round in terror
 to roll down
 to seem terrified
 dare (not) explain
 to be mad with fear
 to take hold
 closed hand
 to hurry round
 to trick smb into doing smth
 to keep promise
 to be soft with smb
 to receive a wellcome
 to bribe

Chapter 16

burial
 to work for smb's food
 to be all smb have got to love in the world
 the lid of the coffin
 to disturb
 to haunt
 the ghost of a hope

Use as many of these words as possible in the sentences of your own or in a situation.

WHILE READING**1. Paraphrase the following using the synonyms from the text:**

- was seen
- any
- to be cruel to smb

- to find out
- breathed hard
- to run away
- I'm pleased
- continue
- quietly
- I can't stand it!
- save
- to worry
- swore
- ill
- allow
- organize

2. Choose the opposites:

- | | |
|--------------|-----------------|
| 1. impatient | a) to manage |
| 2. to appear | b) downstairs |
| 3. to fail | c) to leave |
| 4. upstairs | d) found |
| 5. lost | e) to prohibit |
| 6. to arrive | f) patient |
| 7. to permit | g) to disappear |

Grammar Work

3. Pay attention to the sentence "Neither did I".

➤ *Translate it into Ukrainian.*

➤ *Give some sentences of your own to which the following answers will be*

suitable:

- Neither did we.
- So did I.
- Neither does my friend.
- So does she.
- Neither am I.
- So were we.

4. Turn the sentences, used in Direct Speech into Indirect ones (accordingly to the rules of the Sequence of Tenses)

5. Summarizing what you've read put at least 10 questions of different types to make up the plan.

CHAPTER 15

A trap

1800

A few days after the master had forbidden Cathy to visit Linton, he asked my opinion of the boy. 'Tell me honestly, Ellen, what do you think of his character?'

'Well, sir, I don't think he's wicked, like his father. But you'll have plenty of time to get to know him, sir. He's too young to marry yet.'

Mr Edgar walked to the window and looked out. It was a misty February evening, but the churchyard was just visible.

'I've often prayed for death, Ellen. I've been very happy with my little Cathy. But I've been just as happy lying, through the long June evenings, on her mother's grave, and looking forward to the moment when I can join Catherine there! I haven't got much time left, Ellen. What can I do for Cathy before I die? Should she marry Linton? I wouldn't mind him being Heathcliff's son, if only he loved her and could be a good husband to her.'

'God will show us what to do, sir,' I replied.

In the spring Mr Edgar was still ill, and he continued to worry about Cathy's future. One day he wrote to Linton inviting him to visit the Grange. Linton wrote a long letter back, explaining that his father would not allow him to do that. He begged his uncle to let him meet Cathy for a walk or a ride on the moors between the Grange and Wuthering Heights, as they could not meet in either house. Mr Edgar refused at first, and Linton sent him several more letters. I am sure they had all been carefully checked by Heathcliff before they were posted.

Finally Mr Edgar agreed. He hoped that, if Cathy married Linton, who would inherit the Linton fortune, she would at least be able to remain in her family home. He had no idea that Linton was seriously ill. Neither did I. I never imagined that a father could treat a dying child as cruelly and wickedly as we later discovered Heathcliff had done.

It was a hot, sunny day in summer when Cathy and I rode out to meet her cousin. We were both shocked to discover that he could neither ride nor walk, and was lying on

the grass, waiting for us. He looked even paler and weaker than the last time I had seen him. During our meeting he did not seem interested in Cathy or her news. Cathy noticed this immediately.

'Well, Linton,' she said after a while, 'you don't want to talk to me, so I think I'll go home.'

'No, no!' he cried, getting quite excited. 'Not yet! Stay - at least another half-hour! My father will be angry with me if you leave early!'

'I suppose we can stay a few minutes longer,' said Cathy.

We waited, talking to each other quietly while Linton slept a little. Sometimes he cried out in pain.

'Do you think his health is better now than before?' whispered Cathy. 'I'm sorry, Miss Cathy, I think it's much worse,' I answered.

Cathy called her pony, and the sound woke Linton up.

'If you see my father,' he said, hesitating, 'could you tell him I've been cheerful? He'll be here soon!' And he looked round in terror.

'I'll be here next Thursday!' cried Cathy, as she jumped on her pony. 'Come on, Ellen!'

In the week that followed, Mr Edgar's illness grew worse every day. Cathy could not avoid realizing how serious it was, and sat by his bedside day and night, looking sad and pale. Her father's room had become her whole world. On Thursday I thought a ride in the fresh air would be good for her, and Mr Edgar gladly gave her permission to see Linton. He was hoping that she would not be left alone after his death. I did not want to worry him in his last moments, so I did not tell him that Linton was also dying.

We rode on to the moors and found Linton lying in the same place as before. He was looking very frightened.

'I thought you weren't going to come!' he said.

'Why won't you be honest?' cried Cathy at once. 'Why have you brought me here again, if you don't want to see me? My father's very ill and I should be with him.'

Tears rolled down Linton's face. He seemed terrified.

'Oh, I can't bear it!' he sobbed. 'Cathy, I daren't explain! But if you leave me, he'll kill me! Dear Cathy, my life is in your hands! Kind, sweet Cathy, perhaps you will agree, and then he won't hurt me!'

Cathy was no longer impatient. 'Agree to what, Linton?' she asked gently. 'Tell me everything! You wouldn't do anything to hurt me, would you, Linton? I'm your best friend.'

'I daren't tell you! My father – ' the boy gasped. Just then Heathcliff appeared. He did not look at Cathy and Linton, who continued talking to each other, but he spoke quietly to me.

'Ellen, how is Edgar? Is he dying, as the villagers say?'

'It's true, the master is dying,' I answered.

'That boy over there is dying too. I only hope Edgar dies before him. If Linton dies first, my plan will fail.' He shouted angrily to his son, 'Get up, Linton!' and then said politely to Cathy, 'Miss Cathy, would you help him back to the house. He can't walk far alone.'

'Father has forbidden me to enter your house,' said Cathy.

'Well, come along, Linton. I'll have to take you home then,' said Heathcliff.

'No! No! No! Please, Cathy! You must come with me!' screamed Linton wildly. He held desperately on to her arm.

Cathy could not refuse the boy, who seemed almost mad with fear. So we all walked the few steps to Wuthering Heights. When we had entered the house, however, I was horrified to see Heathcliff lock the front door. The key was in his hand.

'Hareton, Joseph and Zillah are all out of the house,' he said calmly, 'so we are quite alone.'

'Give me that key!' cried Cathy angrily. 'I'm not afraid of you!' She took hold of his closed hand and bit it. He hit her violently several times, on both sides of the head, and she fell into a chair, trembling. I rushed at him, but he pushed me away. 'Cry as much as you like, Miss Cathy,' he said. 'In a few days I'll be your father, and I'll punish you just like that, as often as necessary!'

When Heathcliff went out to look for our horses, Cathy and I hurried round the

kitchen looking for a way to escape. But all the doors and windows were locked. Linton was sitting calmly in a chair near the fire, happy that he was not being punished this time. We persuaded him to explain his father's plan to us.

'Father is afraid I'll die soon, you see, so he wants us to be married tomorrow morning. You'll have to stay here all night, Cathy. Then perhaps he'll let you go home in the morning.'

'You marry this beautiful, healthy young lady?' I cried. 'You must be mad! And wicked too! You and your father have tricked us into coming here!' And I shook him until he started coughing.

'I must go home now. Father will be worried already,' said Cathy. 'I love Father better than you, Linton!'

Heathcliff returned and sent his son upstairs to bed.

'Mr Heathcliff,' begged Cathy, 'Father will be miserable if I'll don't go home. Please let me go. I promise to marry Linton. Father would like it, and I love him. Why do you force me to do something I'll want to do?'

'He can't force you!' I cried. 'I'll go to the police!'

'To the devil with you, Ellen! Miss Cathy, I'm delighted that' your father will be miserable. In that case you will certainly stay here for twenty-four hours. You won't leave here until you've kept your promise to marry Linton.'

'Please send Ellen to let Father know I'm safe!' sobbed Cathy bitterly. 'Poor Father! He'll think we're lost!'

'Your father must have hated you when you came into the world (I did, at least), and he'll hate you as he leaves it. Go on crying. That's what you'll be doing when you're Linton's wife. He'll make a cruel, selfish husband, I think.'

Heathcliff took us upstairs to Zillah's room, where we spent the night, locked in. Neither of us could sleep. At seven the following morning he came to fetch Cathy, and took her away. From that moment I saw nobody except Hareton, who brought me food, for four whole days and nights.

On the fifth morning Zillah came into the room. She was surprised and pleased to see me, and told me the villagers all thought Cathy and I had got lost on the moors, and

died, four days ago. I ran out of the room to look for Cathy.

The big kitchen was full of sunshine, and the door was open, but the only person there was Linton.

'Where is she? Where is Miss Cathy?' I cried wildly.

'Upstairs, in a locked room,' he replied calmly, eating a piece of sugar. 'We won't let her go yet. Father says I shouldn't be soft with Cathy. We've had the wedding ceremony, so she's my wife now, and must stay with me. I don't care if she cries, or is ill!'

'Have you forgotten her kindness to you last winter, when you wrote that you loved her, and she used to come through wind and snow to see you? Now you believe your father's lies about her! And you leave her alone, ill and crying in a strange house! You pity yourself, but you won't pity her! What a heartless, selfish boy you are!'

'I can't stay with her! She cries so much I can't bear it! I can't sleep with all that noise. She promised that if I gave her the key to our room, she'd give me all her nice books, and her pony, but I told her she had nothing to give. They're all mine, or they'll belong to me very soon. And then she cried, and took a little gold case from around her neck. Inside were two pictures, one of her mother and one of her father. I wanted to take them both from her, but she wouldn't let me, so I screamed for help. My father came, and ordered her to give him the pictures and the case. When she refused, he – he hit her on the face and knocked her down, and broke the gold case under his foot. He took away the picture of her mother.'

'And were you pleased to see Miss Cathy hurt?' I asked.

'My father was right to punish her. But I didn't like seeing her mouth full of blood. She can't speak because of the pain. Now you've made me tired with all this talking! You won't find the key to the room! Go away!'

As there seemed to be no chance of persuading him to help her escape, I decided to go back to the Grange as quickly as possible, and rescue her later.

What a welcome I received from the servants at the Grange, who thought I was dead! But I did not have time to tell them my story. I went straight to my master's room. He was lying in bed, very weak and close to death. I told him how Heathcliff had

trapped us, and that Cathy was probably married to Linton by now. Mr Edgar realized that his enemy wanted to get hold of the Linton fortune, through his son. He asked me to send for his lawyer, to make arrangements so that Cathy would not lose all her inheritance.

I did as he asked, but the lawyer sent a message, saying that he could not come until the next day. I also sent four strong men with weapons to Wuthering Heights, to demand my young lady's freedom. I was very angry when they returned without her, because Heathcliff had sent them away.

But I needn't have worried. In the middle of the night, as I was taking some water to the master, I heard a knock on the front door, and went to open it. It was my little mistress!

'Ellen, Ellen!' she sobbed. 'Is Father still alive?' 'Yes,' I cried, 'and thank God you're safe with us again!'

'I managed to make Linton help me escape from the room! Now I must see Father!'

I could not bear to be present at their meeting. I waited outside the bedroom door. But they were both calm. Cathy's despair was as silent as her father's happiness. He died in perfect peace, Mr Lockwood. Kissing her, he whispered, 'I'm going to join her, and you, dear child, will join us!' He did not move or speak again.

Cathy did not cry, but sat silently by his dead body all morning. At lunch-time the lawyer arrived, too late to help Cathy. Heathcliff had bribed him to stay away. He gave us Heathcliff's orders. All the servants except me had to leave. Cathy, Mrs Heathcliff now, was only allowed to stay at the Grange until her father was buried.

CHAPTER 16

Cathy becomes a widow

1800-1801

On the evening after the burial, Heathcliff came to fetch Cathy. 'Why not let her stay here with me?' I begged.

'I'm looking for someone to rent the Grange from me,' he answered. 'You'll stay on

here as housekeeper, Ellen, but Cathy must come to Wuthering Heights. From now on she'll have to work for her food.'

'I shall work,' replied Cathy. 'And I'll look after Linton. He's all I've got to love in the world. I'm just sorry for you, Mr Heathcliff. You have nobody to love you! You are as lonely and miserable as the devil! Nobody will cry for you when you die! I'm glad I'm not you!'

'Go and get your clothes, you wicked girl,' he said. 'We'll be leaving in a few minutes.' When she had gone, he walked across the room to look at the picture of Cathy's mother, Catherine, which was hanging on the wall.

'Do you know what I did yesterday, Ellen?' he said, turning quickly away from the picture. 'I went to the churchyard, and asked the man who was digging Edgar's grave to open the lid of Catherine's coffin for me. Her face looked just the same! I could not stop looking at her. When the man closed the lid, I broke open one side of her coffin, the side away from Edgar's grave, and covered it up with earth. And I bribed the man to bury me there when I die, next to her, and to take the side of my coffin away too, so that I shall have her in my arms, not Edgar!'

'You were very wicked, Mr Heathcliff, to disturb the dead!'

'I disturbed nobody, Ellen, and I feel much happier now. She is the one who has disturbed me. For eighteen years she has haunted me. You know I was wild, almost mad, after she died. For days I prayed for her ghost to return to me. On the day of her burial, I went to her grave in the evening. There was a bitter wind, and snow on the ground. I wanted so much to have her in my arms again! So I dug down through the loose earth to her coffin, and was about to pull the lid off, when I felt a warm breath on my face. She seemed to be with me, not in the earth, but close to me. I was so happy that she was with me again! I filled in the grave, and ran eagerly home to the Heights. I looked impatiently round for her. I could feel her but I could not see her! And since then, she has played plenty of tricks on me like that. When I sleep in her bedroom, I can hear her outside the window, or entering the room, or even breathing close to me, but when I open my eyes, I'm always disappointed. Slowly, slowly, she's killing me, with the ghost of a hope that's lasted eighteen years!'

He was talking almost to himself, so I did not answer. When Cathy came in, he stood up, ready to go.

'Goodbye, Ellen!' whispered my dear little mistress. 'Come and visit me!' As she kissed me, her face felt as cold as ice.

'Oh, no you won't, Ellen!' said Heathcliff. 'I'll send for you if I want you!' and together they left the Grange.

I haven't seen Cathy since then. Once I went to the Heights to visit her, but I was not allowed to see her. About six weeks ago I had a long conversation with Zillah, the housekeeper, who gave me news of Cathy. It appeared that, when she arrived at the Heights, she did her best to look after her sick husband. He was obviously dying, although Heathcliff refused to call the doctor. Only a few weeks after her arrival, Linton died in the night, with only Cathy by his bedside. Heathcliff inherited all of Linton's, and what had been Cathy's, fortune, so Cathy is now very poor.

She must be very miserable, and very lonely, in that dark, unpleasant house. Heathcliff hates her, and Joseph and Zillah don't speak to her, because they think she's too proud. Poor Hareton would like to be friendly with her, but she scorns him because he's uneducated. I would like to leave my job here, rent a little cottage and ask Cathy to come and live with me, but Mr Heathcliff will never permit that. Of course, if she married again, she could leave that house, but I can't arrange that.

AFTER READING

1. Are these sentences true or false?

- ✓ Mr. Edgar didn't approve of Catherine's choice.
- ✓ Mr. Edgar knew that Linton was seriously ill.
- ✓ Linton did not seem interested in Cathy during their meeting.
- ✓ Linton was looking happy and delighted.
- ✓ Linton and his father kindly invited Cathy to have tea with them.
- ✓ The villagers thought Cathy and Ellen died four days ago.
- ✓ Linton was indifferent to Cathy and didn't pay any attention to her being in their house.

- ✓ Heathcliff trapped Cathy and Ellen as he wanted to get hold of the Linton fortune through his son.
- ✓ Heathcliff freed Cathy next morning.
- ✓ Mr. Edgar had died before Cathy returned.
- ✓ Cathy had to obey Heathcliff's orders as soon as her father died.

2. Find proofs in Chapter 16 saying that:

1. Cathy hated and despised Heathcliff.
2. Heathcliff was really very wicked.
3. Heathcliff's feeling to dead Catherine turned into obsession, troubling his mind.

3. Sum up.

4. Explain what Mr. Edgar worried about being still ill.
5. Describe Linton (his appearance, state of mind and health) say what impression he produced on Cathy.
6. Dwell on the episode Heathcliff trapped Cathy and Ellen. Dramatize the conversation between Cathy and Heathcliff.
7. Reproduce the talk between Ellen and Linton speaking about Cathy and her troubles in Heathcliff's house.
8. Comment on Cathy's feelings and emotions on returning home.
9. What have you learnt from the talk between Cathy and Heathcliff (after her father's death)? What new traits of character revealed in Cathy for you?)
10. Characterize the atmosphere in the house Cathy had to live in and her new way of living she had to lead.

CHAPTERS 17-18**BEFORE READING****I. Explain the meaning and learn the following vocabulary:****Chapter 17**

did not bother to greet

Cleverly

couldn't bare to make smb sad

to read eagerly

to manage without smth

to destroy books

to prevent a quarrel

after a moment's shocked silence

to throw smth down at smb's feet

curious to hear

as sweet as a silver bell

to shine with pleasure

Chapter 18

to be restless

to complain of loneliness

to want smb as a friend

to apologize

to win one's heart

to be aware of smth

to shake with anger

a bit of garden

to get near smb

as darkness fell

to have a full view of smb

to lift smb's eyes

at a sign from smb

take final revenge

Use all these words and expressions either in your own sentences or in the situation.

WHILE READING**Grammar work**

1. Pick out from the text and copy out Gerunds and Participles filling in the table:

<i>Gerund</i>	<i>Participle I</i>

2. Try to find in the text sentences with Complex Object and Complex Subject.

Suggest your translation of them.

CHAPTER 17***Mr Lockwood visits Wuthering Heights again***

1802

After hearing the end of Mrs Dean's story, I made my plans for the future. I

decided I did not want to spend another winter at the Grange, and told her I would ride to the Heights to inform my landlord. She handed me a letter to give to Cathy Heathcliff.

When I arrived at the gate, Hareton met me and took me into the house. Cathy was there, preparing vegetables for lunch. She did not bother to greet me.

'She may be beautiful,' I thought, 'but she's not very polite.' I passed by her chair, and cleverly dropped Mrs Dean's note in front of her, so that Hareton wouldn't see it. She, however, just said aloud, 'What's that?'

'A letter from the housekeeper at the Grange,' I said, annoyed with her. She gasped, and tried to pick it up, but Hareton got there first.

'Mr Heathcliff will want to look at this,' he said, putting it in his pocket. But when Cathy pretended to cry, Hareton could not bear to make her sad, and he threw the letter down on the table. She eagerly read every word, and asked me several questions about the people at the Grange.

'Mrs Dean will want an answer to her letter,' I reminded her.

'You must tell her that I have no paper or pens to write with. I haven't even any books!' she answered sadly.

'No books!' I cried. 'How can you manage without them in this lonely place?'

'I always used to read so much that Mr Heathcliff decided to take away my only pleasure and destroy my books. I've looked all over the house for them. Joseph only reads the Bible, but some of my books are in Hareton's room! Why did you take them, Hareton? Just because you enjoy stealing? They can't be any use to you!'

'I think Mr Hareton wants to learn,' I said, hoping to prevent a quarrel between them. 'No doubt he took them away to study them.'

'Yes,' replied Cathy, laughing. 'I hear him trying to read to himself sometimes and it's extremely funny! He makes some terrible mistakes!'

After a moment's shocked silence Hareton left the room. He returned almost immediately with his arms full of books, and threw them angrily down at Cathy's feet.

'Take them!' he shouted. 'I never want to see them again!'

'I won't have them now,' she said. 'I'll hate them because they'll make me think of you.'

Hareton picked up the books and threw them on the fire, then walked quickly out of the house.

Mr Heathcliff came in as Hareton went out. He had a restless, anxious expression on his face.

'Mr Heathcliff,' I said, 'I must tell you I'm leaving for London next week, for six months, and I shan't want to rent the Grange any more after October.'

'So, Mr Lockwood, you've got tired of the moors already, have you? Well, have your lunch with Hareton and me, anyway. Cathy, take your lunch in the kitchen with Joseph and Zillah.'

I did not enjoy lunch with my two silent companions, and left the Heights straight afterwards.

'What a pity,' I thought, 'that Cathy Heathcliff and I didn't fall in love, as Mrs Dean would have liked! Then I could have taken her away from this miserable place for ever!'

Several months later, in September, I was travelling to visit friends in Yorkshire. I found myself near Thrushcross Grange, and decided to spend a night there. After all, I was still paying rent for it. When I arrived, I was surprised to find a different housekeeper, who told me Mrs Dean had become housekeeper at the Heights. I wanted to have a walk after travelling all day, so I left orders for the woman to cook my supper and prepare a bedroom for me, and I walked the four miles to Wuthering Heights.

As I came close to the old house, I noticed that there were flowers in the garden, and the doors and windows stood open. I could see two people inside, and I stopped for a moment, curious to hear a little of their conversation.

'Read it again, stupid!' said a voice as sweet as a silver bell. 'Read it correctly this time, or I'll pull your hair!'

'You must kiss me if I get it right,' answered a deep voice. The man was sitting at a table, reading from a book. His handsome face shone with pleasure, and his eyes often left the book to look at the small white hand that lay on his shoulder. The girl stood behind him, bending over to help him. Her face - it was fortunate he could not see her face, or he would never have been able to concentrate on his studies. I could see it,

and I was bitterly sorry that I had thrown away my chance of seeing that beauty every day of my life.

I did not want to disturb their happiness, so I went round to the back door, where I discovered my old friend Ellen Dean.

'Oh, Mr Lockwood, welcome back!' she cried. 'Are you staying at the Grange again?'

'Yes, Mrs Dean, just for one night. But tell me, why are you housekeeper here now and not at the Grange?'

'Zillah left, you see, and Mr Heathcliff wanted me here.' 'I have a little business with him, about the rent.'

'Oh! Mr Heathcliff is dead, sir. He died three months ago. I manage all Mrs Heathcliff's business for her. She hasn't learnt to do it herself yet, you see.'

'Heathcliff is dead!' I repeated, surprised. 'Well! Tell me how it happened, Mrs Dean!' 'Sit down, sir, and drink some beer. I'll gladly tell you. His life ended very strangely.'

CHAPTER 18

Heathcliff's end

1801-2

I was delighted to come back to the Heights, and hoped I could make Cathy's life more comfortable. But she was restless, and complained of loneliness. At first she continued to annoy Hareton, by laughing at him, but after a while she decided she really wanted him as a friend. She apologized for being rude to him, and offered to teach him everything she knew. From that moment on, the two cousins have always been together, studying. Hareton has a lot to learn, and Cathy is not the most patient of teachers. But what they have in common is their love for each other. You see, Mr Lockwood, it was easy enough to win Cathy's heart. But now I'm glad you didn't try. I'll be the happiest woman in England when those two marry!

Heathcliff noticed little of what was happening around him, and would never have been aware of the cousins' feelings, if it hadn't been for Joseph. In the middle of

our lunch one day, the old man rushed into the room, shaking with anger.

'I'll have to leave! I wanted to die here, where I've been a servant for sixty years! But now she's taken my garden from me! She's stolen the boy's soul, master! I can't bear it!'

'Is the fool drunk?' asked Heathcliff. 'Can you explain this, Hareton?'

'I've pulled up two or three of his fruit-trees,' confessed Hareton, 'but I'll put them back again.'

'It was my fault,' added Cathy bravely. 'I asked him to do it. We wanted to plant some flowers there.' 'Who the devil gave you permission?' growled Heathcliff.

'You should let me have a bit of garden, as you've taken all my land!' replied Cathy sharply. 'And you've taken Hareton's land too! He and I are friends now! I'll tell him about you!'

The master stood up, staring at her fiercely.

'Out of the room, wicked girl!' he shouted. 'I'll kill you if I get near you!'

'If you hit me, Hareton will hit you. He won't obey you any more, and soon he'll hate you as much as I do!'

'You'd better leave, Cathy,' whispered Hareton urgently. 'I won't quarrel with Mr Heathcliff.'

But it was too late. I was sure Heathcliff was going to hit her. He took hold of her, one strong hand in her hair and the other raised over her head. But when he looked into her face, his anger suddenly disappeared, and he let his arm fall to his side. He sat heavily down in his chair and put his hand over his eyes for moment. We all stared at him.

'You must learn not to make me angry,' he said, trying to be calm. 'Go away, all of you! Leave me alone!' A little later he went out, saying he would return in the evening.

As darkness fell, Cathy and Hareton were busy at their studies in the kitchen. I was sitting with them, happy to see them helping each other so well. I feel they're almost my children, Mr Lockwood, and I'm very proud of them. As the master entered the house, he had a full view of us three. They lifted their eyes to meet his. Perhaps

you haven't noticed it, but their eyes are very similar, and they are exactly like those of Catherine Earnshaw. Mr Heathcliff stopped and stared, then looked away. At a sign from me, Cathy and Hareton went quietly out into the garden, leaving me alone with Mr Heathcliff.

'It's silly, isn't it, Ellen,' he muttered, 'that I have worked all my life to destroy these two families, the Earnshaws and the Lintons. I've got their money and their land. Now I can take my final revenge on the last Earnshaw and the last Linton, I no longer want to! There's a strange change coming in my life. I'm in its shadow. I'm so little interested in daily events that I even forget to eat and drink. I don't want to see those two, that's why I don't care if they spend time together. She only makes me angry. And he looks so like Catherine! But everything reminds me of Catherine! In every cloud, in every tree I see her face! The whole world reminds me that she was here once, and I have lost her!'

'You don't feel ill, sir, do you? Are you afraid of death?'

'I'm not ill, Ellen, and I'm not afraid to die. But I can't continue like this! I have to remind myself to breathe - almost to remind my heart to beat! I have a single wish, for something my whole body and heart and brain have wanted for so long! Oh God! It's a long fight! I wish it were finished!'

For some days after that, Mr Heathcliff avoided meeting us at meals. He ate less and less. Late one night I heard him leave the house. He did not return until the morning. When he came in, I noticed a change in his expression. There was a strange, wild happiness in his face, although he was pale and trembling.

'Will you have some breakfast, sir?' I asked. 'No, I'm not hungry,' he answered.

'I don't think you should stay outside at night, sir. You'll catch a bad cold or a fever!' 'Leave me alone, Ellen,' he replied.

I began to worry about him. He was strong and healthy, but a man must eat in order to live. For the next three days he ate nothing. At every meal the food lay untouched on the plate in front of him. He did not look at the food, or at us. He seemed to be looking at something quite close to him, something we could not see. His fierce black eyes followed it with such eager interest that he sometimes stopped

breathing for as much as half a minute.

He did not sleep either. For three days he had spent the night in Catherine Earnshaw's old bedroom, and I could hear him walking up and down, and talking, calling, crying all night.

One morning I managed to speak to him, and make him listen to me. 'Mr Heathcliff, you must have some food and sleep. Look at yourself in the mirror! You look ill and tired.'

'It's not my fault that I can't eat or rest. You wouldn't tell a drowning man to rest when he can see the shore! I'm close to what I've wanted for eighteen years, very close! But my soul's happiness is killing my body!'

'It's a strange kind of happiness, master. Take my advice, pray to God to forgive you for what you've done wrong in past, if you think you're going to die.'

'Thank you, Ellen, you've reminded me of something. It's the way I want to be buried. My coffin will be carried to churchyard in the evening. You and Hareton will be present, nobody else. And make sure my orders about the two coffins; obeyed! I want no ceremony, or words from the Bible - I don't believe in any of that.'

He spent the next night, and the next day, in Catherine's room, muttering and sobbing all the time. I sent for Dr Kenneth, but the door was locked, so the doctor could not see him. The following night was very wet, and in the morning as I walked in the garden, I noticed that the bedroom window was wide open.

'He must be very wet if he's in bed,' I thought, 'the bed is so close to the window. I'll go and look.' I found another key which fitted the lock, and opened the door. Mr Heathcliff was there in bed, lying on his back. His eyes were staring at me, so eagerly and fiercely, and he seemed to be smiling! His face and clothes were wet from the rain, and he did not move. I realized he was dead!

I closed the window. I combed his long, black hair from his forehead. I tried to close his eyes, but they would not shut. Suddenly frightened, I called for Joseph. The old servant came at once, but refused to touch the body.

'Ah, the devil's taken his soul! I warned him that would happen!' he cried. 'You see how wicked he is, smiling at death! But thank God Hareton Earnshaw will have

the house and land now, that he should have inherited from his father!' And he went down on his knees to pray.

Hareton was, in fact, the only one who was sad at Heathcliff's death. He and I were present at the burial. Heathcliff was buried next to Catherine's grave, as he had wished. As we were not sure of his age or anything else about him, there is only one word on his gravestone - Heathcliff. The villagers are very frightened of his ghost. They say he often haunts the churchyard and the moors.

Hareton and Cathy will be married on New Year's Day, and they'll move to the Grange. I'll be their housekeeper. Joseph will take care of Wuthering Heights, but most of the rooms here won't be used again.

You'll pass the churchyard, Mr Lockwood, on your way back to the Grange, and you'll see the three gravestones close to the moor. Catherine's, the middle one, is old now, and half buried in plants which have grown over it. On one side is Edgar Linton's, and on the other is Heathcliff's new one. If you stay there a moment, and watch the insects flying in the warm summer air, and listen to the soft wind breathing through the grass, you'll understand how quietly they rest, the sleepers in that quiet earth.

AFTER READING

1. Find evidence in the text that:

1. Cathy didn't seem to treat Mr. Lockwood hospitably.
2. Heathcliff used every opportunity to make Cathy suffer.
3. Hareton wasn't indifferent to Cathy.
4. Mr. Lockwood felt such a pity that he had thrown his chance of falling in love with Cathy earlier.

2. Complete these sentences filling in missing words from the text:

1. She handed me a letter to give to ...
2. She (Cathy) did not bother to ...
3. He (Hareton) returned almost immediately with his arms full of...
4. "... I must tell you I'm leaving for ... next ..., for ... months, and I shan't want to rent the Grange any more after..."

5. "Read it again, stupid!" said a voice as sweet as ...
6. I could see it, and I was bitterly sorry that I had thrown away my chance of ...
7. He (Heathcliff) died ... ago.

3. Put the events in correct order (Chapter 18):

1. ... Mr. Heathcliff avoided meeting us at meals.
2. Hareton and Ellen were present at the burial.
3. Cathy apologized for being rude to him, and offered to teach him everything she knew.
4. Ellen realized he was dead.
5. ... Cathy and Hareton were busy at their studies in the kitchen.
6. I was sure Heathcliff was going to hit her.

4. Sum up.

- ✓ Speak about the meeting between Mr. Lockwood & Cathy and the impression she produced on him.
- ✓ Reproduce the talk between Mr. Lockwood and Cathy.
- ✓ Characterize Cathy's relations with Hareton (before and after Heathcliff's death).
- ✓ Describe Heathcliff's state of mind (what you got to know from his talk with Ellen).
- ✓ Dwell on Heathcliff's death, his burial, his last wish. Explain how all this characterizes him as a person
- ✓ Comment on the happy end of the novel. Share your impressions about such a happy end with your groupmates.
- ✓ Use your imagination and suggest your own variant of a happy or unhappy (sad) end of the novel.

ROUND – UP LESSON

on the novel

“Wuthering Heights”

by Emily Bronte

I. Activities for Refreshing your Memory

1. Chapters 1-6. Do you remember?

- ✓ Who was the ghost Mr. Lockwood saw at Wuthering Heights?
- ✓ Which family had owned Wuthering Heights for centuries?
- ✓ What are the names of two housekeepers in the story?
- ✓ Where did Mr. Earnshaw find the gipsy boy?
- ✓ What did Mr. and Mrs. Linton die of?
- ✓ Who were Hareton’s parents?

2. Chapter 7. Can you say?

1. Was Edgar and Catherine’s marriage a happy one?
2. What happened to Hindley and his son Hareton?
3. When did Heathcliff return, and what did he do then?
4. If you were Heathcliff, what would you do then?

3. Chapters 7 - 11. Are these sentences true (T) or false (F)? Rewrite the false sentences with the correct information.

1. Edgar and Catherine lived happily together for four years.
2. Edgar was delighted to accept Heathcliff as Catherine’s friend.
3. Heathcliff fell in love with Isabella.
4. Isabella would never inherit the Linton fortune.
5. Catherine quarrelled with Heathcliff about Isabella.
6. Edgar told Catherine to choose between him and Heathcliff.
7. Catherine was just pretending to be ill.
8. Isabella was happy with her husband.
9. Hindley Earnshaw was planning to kill Heathcliff.
10. Heathcliff forced Ellen to arrange a meeting with Catherine.

11. Catherine was looking forward to dying.
12. Catherine died in Heathcliff's arms.
13. Heathcliff sent Isabella to London to have her baby.
14. Hindley was murdered by Heathcliff.

4. Chapter 12. Can you guess the answers to these questions?

1. Will Heathcliff find his son, Linton, and bring him back to Wuthering Heights?
2. Will Heathcliff force Isabella to return to him?
3. Will Edgar remarry?
4. How will Catherine's death affect Heathcliff?
5. Will Cathy grow up to be like her mother?
6. Will the three cousins, Cathy, Linton, and Hareton, ever meet? What will happen if they do?
7. Will Heathcliff be punished for his cruel treatment of Isabella and his violence towards Hindley? If so, how?

5. Chapters 12 - 16. Choose the best question-word for these questions, and then answer them.

What/Why

1. did Isabella ask Edgar to visit her in London?
2. was Cathy surprised to learn that Hareton was her cousin?
3. was Heathcliff's opinion of his son when he met him?
4. did Heathcliff treat Hareton so badly?
5. did Cathy do while Ellen was ill in bed?
6. did Heathcliff want Cathy to marry Linton?
7. did Heathcliff do to make sure the marriage happened?
8. was Cathy so desperate to get back to the Grange?
9. did Heathcliff do in the churchyard?

6. Chapter 17. Can you remember what will happen in the end? Choose Y (Yes) or N (No) for each of these ideas.

1. Cathy will escape, and run away to London. Y/N
2. In his despair, Heathcliff will kill himself, and then Wuthering Heights will belong

to Hareton. Y/N

3. Cathy will marry again. Y/N

7. Chapters 17 - 18. Answer these questions.

1. Why did Hareton give Ellen Dean's letter back to Cathy?
2. Why was Cathy scornful of Hareton?
3. What did Mr Lockwood see through the window at Wuthering Heights when he returned to Yorkshire some months later?
4. Why did Hareton pull up some of Joseph's fruit-trees?
5. Why didn't Heathcliff take his final revenge?
6. What was Heathcliff's last single wish?
7. How did Heathcliff die?

II. Activities after Reading

1. Draw the family trees in this story.

2. There were five weddings and ten deaths in the story. Write the names, in the order in which the marriages or deaths happened.

At the end of the story, only two characters were still alive. Who were they?

3. Here are some passages from different letters. Who wrote each one, and to whom? At what point in the story were they written?

1. My darling, I cannot bear living without you in this cold, empty world. I know you think of me as often as I think of you. I must see you again! I shall be waiting in the garden...
2. I am sorry to have to ask this of you, but I beg you to come to see me as soon as possible. It will be for the last time, as I know that I do not have much longer to live. There is some family business I must discuss with you before the end comes ...
- 3 and I know you are lonely and miserable there. Stay out of the master's way, if you can. Remember - you are free to marry again now, and if you did, you could leave that house for ever.
4. Were you pleased to see me the other day, at your house? I've been thinking of you ever since we met. I hope you're getting stronger. Write to me soon – give your

letter to the milkman to bring here!

4. Do you agree (A) or disagree (D) with these statements about the characters?

Explain why.

1. Heathcliff was truly wicked, with no good qualities.
2. Although Heathcliff is often violent and terrifying, we still feel sympathy for him.
3. Catherine married Edgar for all the right reasons.
4. Hindley was just as bad a person as Heathcliff.
5. Ellen Dean was the nicest person in the story.

5. What would have happened if Catherine had married Heathcliff? Decide which of these ideas you agree with, and explain why.

1. It would have been a very happy marriage.
2. They would have had a large family of loving children.
3. They would never have had much money.
4. They would have quarrelled all the time, and their marriage would have ended in violence.

6. When Isabella fell in love with Heathcliff, Catherine tried to persuade her that he was not worth loving (chapter 7). Complete Isabella's part of the conversation.

1. CATHERINE: Isabella, I must talk to you about Heathcliff. ISABELLA:
2. CATHERINE: Well, he's always been strong, yes, but handsome? No,
3. I wouldn't call him that.
4. ISABELLA:
5. CATHERINE: That's what I wanted to talk to you about.
6. You shouldn't love him. He isn't worth it!
7. ISABELLA:
8. CATHERINE: Well, he can be very violent, and fierce, and even cruel.

9. There's a certain wildness in him – ISABELLA:

10. CATHERINE: Me? In love with him? No, no, I'm not, although I'm very close to him. He's almost part of me. But he'd be a bad husband for you, Isabella!

11. ISABELLA:

12. CATHERINE: Well, yes, it's true that Edgar and I don't want you to marry Heathcliff. You wouldn't be happy with him.

13. ISABELLA:

14. CATHERINE: I'm sure because - because you and he are so different.

15. You're quiet and gentle and weak, while he — ISABELLA:

16. CATHERINE: Selfish? Why do you say that? ISABELLA:

17. CATHERINE: That simply isn't true! It doesn't matter to me whether Heathcliff gets married or not. But I know he won't

18. make you happy.

7. After Catherine's death, Heathcliff thinks about her more and more as the years pass. Here are his thoughts in the last week of his life. Choose one suitable word to fill each gap.

What is happening to me? Today, ___ Cathy spoke sharply to me, I ___ my hand to hit her, but ___ prevented me. I looked into her ___ and I saw her eyes — Catherine's eyes! They seem to enter my ___. And Hareton's are the same. I ___ be angry with those two. They ___ me so much of Catherine! But ___ around me tells me that she ___ here once, and that I have ___ her! I'm in darkness, in her ___, and there is nothing, nothing on ___ to live for.

But recently I've ___ there has been some sort of ___ in me. I feel hot and ___ at the same time. I sometimes ___ to eat or sleep or even ___. I'm closer to Catherine than ever! There is just one thing I ___, with all my heart and soul, ___ I've wanted for so long! Catherine, ___ my heartfelt cry of pain! My ___, come back to me! Can't you ___ me with you this time? I'm afraid of death. Our bodies will ___ together in the soft, dark, warm ___, and our souls fly over the ___, together again at last!

8. The story ends with the two young lovers finding happiness together. Did you like

this ending, or would you have preferred a darker ending, such as the ones below? Explain why.

1. Heathcliff does take his final revenge, and makes sure that neither Hareton nor Cathy will inherit their parents' houses.

2. Cathy and Hareton do not fall in love, but continue on the cruel, destructive path that Heathcliff followed for so long.

III. Activities for Discussion

1. Get ready to discuss the following:

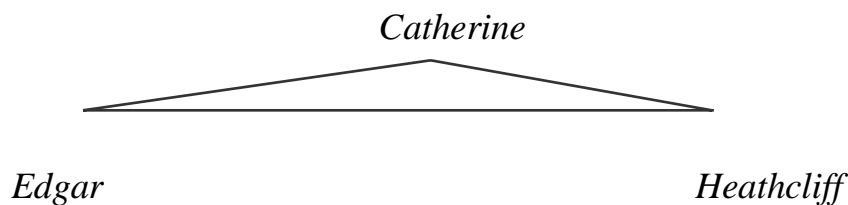
- a) The subject matter of the book
- b) Personal qualities of the characters, find in the tables based on comparison.

Brothers and a sister when children

<i>Hindley</i>	<i>Catherine</i>	<i>Heathcliff</i>

Edgar Linton and Heathcliff as young men

<i>Edgar</i>	<i>Heathcliff</i>



- *Comment on the relations of this triangle.*
- *How would you act if you were Catherine?*

Catherine and her daughter Cathy

<i>Catherine</i>	<i>Cathy</i>

Hindley and Edgar after the death of their wives

<i>Hindley</i>	<i>Edgar</i>

c) What feelings did each character arouse in you?

Example:

<i>N. aroused</i>	<i>admiration</i>	<i>in me (in my soul)</i>
	<i>grief</i>	
	<i>sadness</i>	
	<i>sympathy</i>	
	<i>joy</i>	

d) Who of the characters appealed to you most of all? Give explanations.

2. Write an essay “My Impressions of the Novel”, be ready to reproduce it in the classroom.

Note: While writing an essay mind the style of the narration, the structure: 3 paragraphs – 3 logical parts of the essay, such as:

I Introduction. (4 – 5 sent.)

II Consideration. (6 – 8 sent)

III Conclusion, your opinion, thoughts, impressions. (3 – 4 sent.)

Mind your grammar as well – your sentences should be simple though full of Active Vocabulary from the novel.

GLOSSARY

bear (v) to suffer pain or unhappiness

Bible the holy book of the Christian religion

brain the part of our head that thinks, remembers and feels

brain fever a serious illness of the brain

candle a round stick of wax which burns to give light

churchyard ground near a church where dead people are buried

coffin a long box in which a dead body is placed before burial

cough (v and n) to push out air violently and noisily through the throat

darling a friendly or loving word for someone who is dear to you

despair (v) to lose all hope; (n) a feeling of hopelessness

devil a wicked person, or the opposite of God;

what the devil...? a rude or angry way of asking a question

feeling an emotion (e.g. love, hate, fear)

fever an illness which makes the body very hot

gentleman a man of good family, usually wealthy

gipsy a member of a race of travelling people

growl (v) to make a low, threatening sound (such as a dog makes), usually expressing anger

haunt (v) (of a ghost) to revisit people or places the person knew when alive

housekeeper a person employed to manage a house

howl (v) (of a wind) to blow loudly; (of a person) to give a long, sad

cry **landlord** a man who owns a house, where other people pay to live

library a room in a house used for reading

maid a girl or woman servant

master a man who employs servants

moors a wide, open, often high area of land, covered with rough grass

mutter (v) to speak in a low voice that is hard to hear

pale with a white face

pity (v) to feel sorry for someone; (n) a sympathetic understanding of another person's unhappiness

pony a small horse usually ridden by a child or young person

pray to speak to God

quarrel (v and n) to disagree and argue strongly with someone

quick-tempered of someone who gets angry very quickly

recover to get better after an illness

relationship the feelings (e.g. loving) or connection (e.g. master-servant) between two people

scold (v) to speak angrily to someone because they have done something wrong

scorn (v) to feel or show that you think someone is worthless

servant a person who is paid to do housework

sob (v) to cry loudly and very unhappily

soul the part of us which some people believe does not die

sour (adj) bitter, unpleasant

suffer to feel pain or sadness; (n) **suffering**

swear to promise something very seriously; or to use bad language

treat (v) to act or behave towards a person

wicked evil; of bad character

windswept (of a place) exposed to frequent strong winds

APPENDIX

A. Some patterns to speak about a book or story you have read

I'm going to say a few words about a book (a story) I've recently read.

The book(story) is written by the well-known	English American Russian Ukrainian French etc.	writer
----------------------------------------------	---------------------------------------------------------------	--------

of the ...th century ... (name of the writer)

The title of the book (story) is:

It's	a historical novel an adventure story a science fiction story a novel of everyday life etc.
------	---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

The scene is laid in (place) in the (time).

The plot of the book (story) is interesting.

The characters are well drawn.

The book tells us about ..., who ... (here the contents of the book (story) must be given very briefly).

There are some	humorous funny sad tragic	episodes in the book (story)
I could not help	smiling laughing feeling sad crying	when I read about (how)...

To cut a long story short, ... (here the end of the book must be given).

My account is very incomplete, I haven't mentioned, for instance, the ... and the ..., but (because)

...

On the whole, the book (story) is good.

It is worth reading.

If you read	historical novels adventure books science fiction stories novels of everyday life etc.	I advise you to read it.
-------------	-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	--------------------------

B. The scheme of the literary analysis of the text

The Title of the Story

Symbolical (tells the reader the idea of the story)	Suggestive (tells about the atmosphere of event in the story)
--------------------------------------------------------	------------------------------------------------------------------

Narration

From the 1-st person	From the 3-d person
----------------------	---------------------

Characters

Main characters	Supporting characters (the 2nd in importance)
-----------------	--------------------------------------------------

The Tone of the Story

Unemotional (only facts dry)	Emotional Humorous Lyrical Dramatic
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Conflict in the Story

Internal	External
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Lexical Level

Synonyms	Antonyms	Metaphor	Simile	Epithets
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Climax

Main (author's) Idea

Навчальне видання

Навчально-методичний посібник
з домашнього читання англійською мовою
за романами Брема Стокера «Дракула» та
Емілі Бронте «Буремний перевал»

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