

ЛЕГКО ЧИТАЕМ ПО-АНГЛИЙСКИ

Эмили Бронте  
ГРОЗОВОЙ ПЕРЕВАЛ

Emily Brontë  
WUTHERING HEIGHTS

Адаптация текста Д. А. Демидовой

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На вересковых пустошах Йоркшира, открытых всем ветрам, стоит старый уединенный дом, Грозовой перевал, который скрывает мрачные тайны. Какие же страшные события произошли в нем? Почему таинственный Хитклиф, владелец Грозового перевала, ведет столь уединенный образ жизни? И что за неземная девушка бродит ночью по равнинам?

Книга содержит комментарии и словарь, облегчающие чтение. Предназначается для продолжающих изучать английский язык (уровень 4 — Upper-Intermediate).

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## CHAPTER I

1801. I have just returned from a visit to my landlord—the only neighbour that I shall be troubled with. This is certainly a beautiful country! And Mr. Heathcliff and I are such a suitable pair to divide the desolation between us. A capital fellow! We met yesterday.

‘Mr. Heathcliff? I’m Mr. Lockwood, your new tenant, sir. I hope that I have not inconvenienced you by my perseverance occupying Thrushcross Grange: I heard yesterday you had had some thoughts—’

‘Thrushcross Grange is my own, sir,’ he interrupted, wincing. ‘I should not allow anyone to inconvenience me, but walk in!’

The ‘walk in’ was uttered with closed teeth, and in fact he seemed to say ‘Go to Hell’. But eventually he opened the gate and invited me to enter, calling, as we entered the court,—‘Joseph, take Mr. Lockwood’s horse; and bring up some wine.’

Joseph was an old man. 'The Lord help us!' he said in an undertone, when helping me from my horse.

Wuthering Heights is the name of Mr. Heathcliff's house, 'Wuthering' being a significant provincial adjective, descriptive of the stormy weather in this region. Above the door, I detected the date '1500,' and the name 'Hareton Earnshaw.'

We came into the family sitting-room, without any lobby or passage: they call it here 'the house'. Above the chimney there were some old guns, and a couple of horse-pistols. The floor was of smooth, white stone; the chairs were high-backed, primitive structures.

The apartment and furniture would have been nothing extraordinary if they belonged to a homely, northern farmer. But Mr. Heathcliff forms a singular contrast to his style of living. He is a dark-skinned gipsy in appearance, in dress and manners a gentleman. He has an erect and handsome figure; and is rather morose. Possibly, some people might suspect him of a degree of under-bred pride; but I think it is nothing of the sort: I know, by instinct, he is so reserved because of an aversion to showy displays of feeling.

When he left me to go to the cellar with Joseph and bring some wine, however, I was attacked by several large dogs, who ran into the kitchen. Happily, a woman came in to save me: she had bare arms and fire-flushed cheeks, and she rushed into the midst of us with a frying-pan: and used that weapon, and her tongue, to

such purpose, that the storm subsided magically.

‘What the devil is the matter?’ asked Heathcliff, eyeing me in a manner that I did not like, after this inhospitable treatment.

‘What the devil, indeed!’ I muttered. ‘Those animals of yours, sir. You might as well leave a stranger with tigers!’

‘They won’t touch the persons who touch nothing,’ he remarked, putting the bottle before me. ‘The dogs do right to be vigilant. Take a glass of wine?’

‘No, thank you.’

‘Come, come,’ he said, ‘you are flurried, Mr. Lockwood. Here, take a little wine. Guests are so exceedingly rare in this house that I and my dogs hardly know how to receive them. Your health, sir?’

## CHAPTER II

Yesterday I went to see Heathcliff again, but nobody answered when I knocked for admittance. Only the dogs howled inside. It was snowing hard. Suddenly, when a young man without coat, and shouldering a pitchfork, appeared in the yard behind. He hailed me to follow him, and at length we arrived in the huge, warm, cheerful apartment where I was formerly received. The fire was burning; and near the table, laid for an evening meal, I was pleased to observe a lady whose existence I had never previously suspected. I bowed and waited, thinking she would ask me to take a seat. She looked at me, leaning back in her chair, and remained motionless and silent.

‘Rough weather!’ I remarked.

She never opened her mouth. I stared—she stared also: at any rate, she kept her eyes on me in a cool, regardless manner, exceedingly embarrassing and disagreeable.

‘Sit down,’ said the young man, gruffly. ‘He’ll be in soon.’

She was not very amiable with me—in fact, quite the opposite. But I noticed that she was slender and beautiful, with curly blond hair. I could not remember when I had last seen such a beauty; but our conversation did not go far.

Meanwhile, the shabby young man, standing in front of the fireplace, looked down on me from the corner of his eyes, for all the world as if there were some mortal feud between us. I began to doubt whether he were a servant or not: his dress and speech were both rude; his thick brown curls and whiskers were rough and uncultivated, and his hands were brown like those of a common worker. Five minutes afterwards the entrance of Heathcliff relieved me, in some measure, from my uncomfortable thoughts.

‘You see, sir, I have come, according to promise!’ I exclaimed; ‘and I fear I shall be weather-bound for half an hour, if you can afford me shelter during that space.’

‘Half an hour?’ he said, shaking the white flakes from his clothes; ‘I wonder you should select the thick of a snow-storm to go out. Do you know that you run a risk of being lost in the marshes?’

‘Perhaps I can get a guide among your lads, and he might stay at the Grange till morning—could you spare me one?’

‘No, I could not.’

‘Oh, indeed! Well, then, I must trust to my own luck.’

‘Umph!’

‘Are you going to make the tea?’ demanded he of the shabby coat, shifting his ferocious gaze from me to the young lady.

‘Is *he* to have any?’ she asked, appealing to Heathcliff.

‘Get it ready, will you?’ was the answer, uttered so savagely that I started. The tone in which the words were said revealed a genuine bad nature. I no longer felt inclined to call Heathcliff a capital fellow. When the preparations were finished, he invited me with—‘Now, sir, bring forward your chair.’ And we all, including the rustic youth, drew round the table in silence.

I thought, if I had caused the cloud, it was my duty to make an effort to dispel it. They could not sit so grim every day!

But I was soon to know that Mrs. Heathcliff wasn’t Heathcliff’s wife, but his daughter-in-law, and this clown next to me wasn’t his son—or, indeed, her husband, either.

‘My name is Hareton Earnshaw,’ the youth growled; ‘and I’d advise you to respect it!’

‘I’ve shown no disrespect,’ was my reply, laughing internally at the dignity with which he announced himself.

I began to feel out of place in that pleasant family circle.

‘I don’t think it possible for me to get home now without a guide,’ I could not help exclaiming. ‘The roads will be buried already; and, if they were bare, I could scarcely distinguish a foot in advance.’

‘Hareton, drive those dozen sheep into the barn porch,’ said Heathcliff.

‘How must I do?’ I continued, with rising irritation.

There was no reply to my question; and on looking round I saw only Joseph bringing in a pail of porridge for the dogs, and Mrs. Heathcliff leaning over the fire. Hearing Joseph’s contemplating, she promised to show him how advanced she was in Black Magic.

‘Oh, wicked, wicked!’ gasped he; ‘may the Lord deliver us from evil!’

‘Go away, or I’ll hurt you seriously! I’ll have you all modelled in wax and clay! and the first who passes the limits I fix shall—I’ll not say what he shall be done to—but, you’ll see! Go, I’m looking at you!’

The little witch put a mock malignity into her beautiful eyes, and Joseph, trembling with sincere horror, hurried out, praying, and ejaculating ‘wicked’ as he went. I thought her conduct must be prompted by a species of dreary fun; and, now that we were alone, I tried to interest her in my distress.

‘Mrs. Heathcliff,’ I said earnestly, ‘you must excuse me for troubling you. I presume, because, with that face, I’m sure you cannot help being good-hearted. Do point out some landmarks by which I may know my way home: I have no more idea how to get there than you would have how to get to London!’

‘Take the road you came,’ she answered. ‘It is brief advice, but as sound as I can give.’

‘Then, if you hear of me being discovered dead in a bog or a pit full of snow, your conscience won’t whisper that it is partly your fault?’

‘How so? I cannot escort you. They wouldn’t let me go to the end of the garden wall.’

‘*You!* I should be sorry to ask you to cross the threshold on such a night. I want you to tell me my way, not to *show* it: or else to persuade Mr. Heathcliff to give me a guide.’

‘Who? There is himself, Earnshaw, Zillah, Joseph and I. Which would you have?’

‘Are there no boys at the farm?’

‘No; those are all.’

‘Then, it follows that I am compelled to stay.’

‘That you may settle with your host. I have nothing to do with it.’

‘I hope it will be a lesson to you to make no more rash journeys on these hills,’ cried Heathcliff’s stern voice from the kitchen entrance. ‘As to staying here, I don’t keep accommodations for visitors: you must share a bed with Hareton or Joseph, if you do.’

‘I can sleep on a chair in this room,’ I replied.

‘No, no! A stranger is a stranger, be he rich or poor: it will not suit me to permit any one the range of the place while I am off guard!’ said the unmannerly wretch.

With this insult my patience was at an end. I uttered an expression of disgust, and pushed past him into the yard, running against Earnshaw in my haste. It was so dark that I could not see the means of exit; and, as I wandered round, I heard another specimen of their civil behaviour amongst each other. At first the young man appeared about to befriend me.

‘I’ll go with him as far as the park,’ he said.

‘You’ll go with him to hell!’ exclaimed his master. ‘And who is to look after the horses, eh?’

‘A man’s life is of more importance: somebody must go,’ murmured Mrs. Heathcliff, more kindly than I expected.

‘Not at your command!’ retorted Hareton.

‘Then I hope his ghost will haunt you; and I hope Mr. Heathcliff will never get another tenant till the Grange is a ruin,’ she answered, sharply.

‘Hearken, hearken, shoo’s cursing on ’em!’ muttered Joseph, towards whom I had been steering.

He sat within earshot, milking the cows by the light of a lantern, which I seized unceremoniously, and, calling out that I would send it back on the morrow, rushed to the nearest postern.

‘Maister, maister, he’s staling t’ lantern!’ shouted the ancient, pursuing my retreat. ‘Hey, Gnasher! Hey, dog! Hey Wolf, hold him, hold him!’

On opening the little door, two hairy monsters flew at my throat, bearing me down, and extinguishing the light; while a mingled guffaw from Heathcliff and Hareton put the copestone on my rage and humiliation. Fortunately, the beasts seemed more bent on stretching their paws, and yawning, and flourishing their tails, than devouring me alive; but they would suffer no resurrection, and I was forced to lie till their malignant masters pleased to deliver me: then, hatless and trembling with wrath, I ordered the miscreants to let me out—on their peril to keep me one minute longer—with several incoherent

threats of retaliation that, in their indefinite depth of virulency, smacked of King Lear.

The vehemence of my agitation brought on a copious bleeding at the nose, and still Heathcliff laughed, and still I scolded. I don't know what would have concluded the scene, had there not been one person at hand rather more rational than myself, and more benevolent than my entertainer. This was Zillah, the stout housewife; who at length issued forth to inquire into the nature of the uproar. She thought that some of them had been laying violent hands on me; and, not daring to attack her master, she turned her vocal artillery against the younger scoundrel.

'Well, Mr. Earnshaw,' she cried, 'I wonder what you'll start next? Are we going to murder folk on our very door-stones? I see this house will never do for me—look at t' poor lad, he's fair choking! Wisht, wisht; you mun'n't go on so. Come in, and I'll cure that: there now, hold ye still.'

With these words she suddenly splashed a pint of icy water down my neck, and pulled me into the kitchen. Mr. Heathcliff followed, his accidental merriment expiring quickly in his habitual moroseness.

I was sick exceedingly, and dizzy, and faint; and thus compelled perforce to accept lodgings under his roof. He told Zillah to give me a glass of brandy, and then passed on to the inner room; while she condoled with me on my sorry predicament, and having obeyed his orders, whereby I was somewhat revived, ushered me to bed.

### CHAPTER III

While leading me upstairs, she recommended that I should hide the candle, and not make a noise; for her master had odd ideas about the room she would put me in. I asked the reason. She did not know, she answered: she had only lived there a year or two; and they had many strange goings on.

So I fastened my door and glanced round for the bed. The whole furniture consisted of a chair, a clothes-press, and a large oak case, with squares cut out near the top resembling coach windows. I put my candle on the shelf and felt secure against the vigilance of Heathcliff, and every one else.

The shelf had a few books on it; and it was covered with writing scratched on the paint. This writing, however, was nothing but a name repeated in all kinds of characters, large and small—*Catherine Earnshaw*, here and there varied to *Catherine Heathcliff*, and then again to *Catherine Linton*.

Catherine's library was select, and have been well used, though not altogether for a legitimate

purpose: scarcely one chapter had escaped a pen-and-ink commentary. Some were detached sentences; other parts took the form of a regular diary, scrawled in an unformed, childish hand. At the top of an extra page (quite a treasure, probably, when first lighted on) I was greatly amused to behold an excellent caricature of my friend Joseph,—rudely, yet powerfully sketched. An immediate interest aroused in me, and I began to decipher her faded hieroglyphics.

‘An awful Sunday. I wish my father were back again. Hindley is a detestable creature—his conduct to Heathcliff is horrible—H. and I are going to rebel—we took our initiatory step this evening.

‘All day had been flooding with rain; we could not go to church, so we had to pray in the barn! On Sunday evenings we used to be permitted to play, if we did not make much noise; now a mere titter is sufficient to send us into corners.

“You forget you have a master here,” says the tyrant. “I’ll crash the first who puts me out of temper! I insist on perfect sobriety and silence. Oh, boy! was that you? Frances darling, pull his hair as you go by: I heard him snap his fingers.” Frances pulled his hair heartily, and then went and seated herself on her husband’s knee, and there they were, like two babies, kissing and talking nonsense —foolish behaviour that we should be ashamed of. But they did not like the way we behaved, so soon we both were thrown into the back-kitchen, where we had to await our punishment. My companion suggested using the dairywoman’s cloak, and have a scamper on the moors, under its

shelter. A pleasant suggestion—we cannot be damper, or colder, in the rain than we are here.’

\* \* \*

I suppose Catherine fulfilled her project, for the next sentence took up another subject: she waxed lachrymose.

‘How little did I dream that Hindley would ever make me cry so!’ she wrote. ‘Poor Heathcliff! Hindley calls him a vagabond, and won’t let him sit with us, nor eat with us any more; and, he says, he and I must not play together, and threatens to turn him out of the house if we break his orders. He has been blaming our father (how dared he?) for treating H. too liberally; and swears he will reduce him to his right place—’

\* \* \*

I began to nod drowsily over the dim page, so I sank in bed, and fell asleep.

I began to dream, I thought it was morning; and I had set out on my way home, with Joseph for a guide. The snow lay yards deep in our road; and somehow we got to the church, then to the forest. I touched a three-branch — and cold little fingers clutched my hand! The intense horror of nightmare came over me: I tried to draw back my arm, but the hand clung to it, and a most melancholy voice sobbed, ‘Let me in—let me in!’ ‘Who are you?’ ‘Catherine Linton. I’ve come home: I’d lost my way on the moor!’ As it spoke, I saw a child’s face looking through the window. ‘Begone!’ I shouted. ‘I’ll