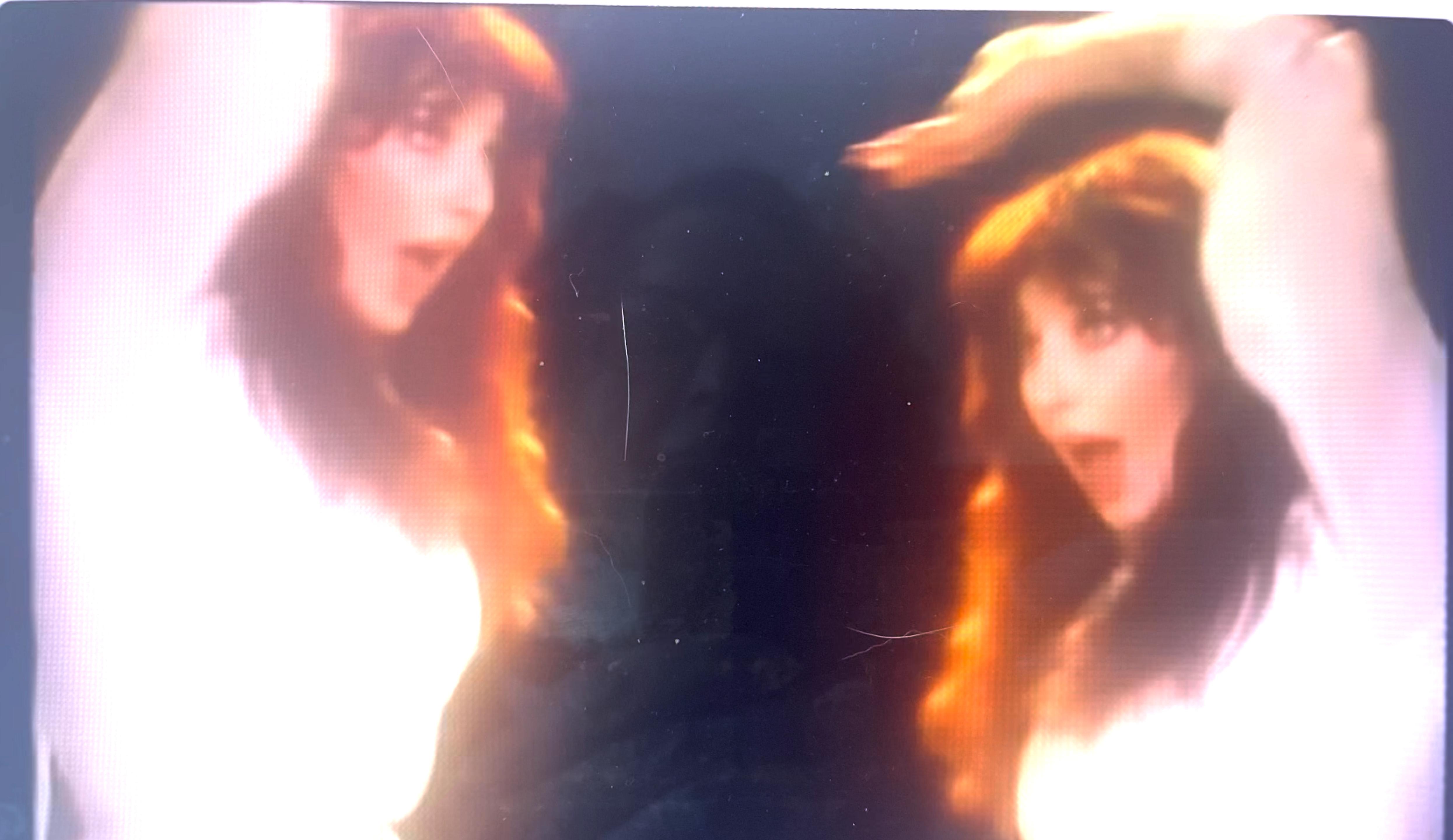


WUTHERING



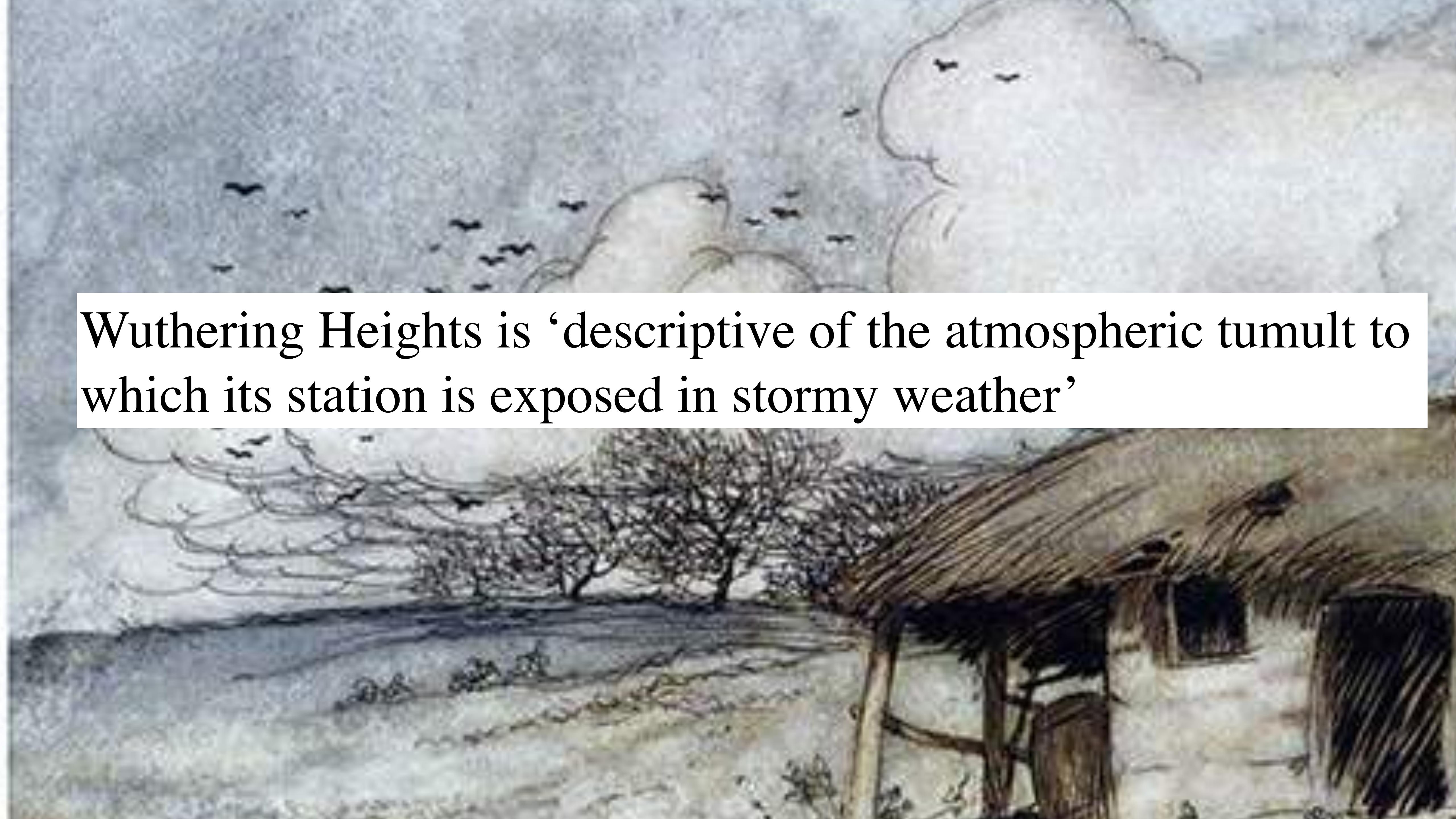
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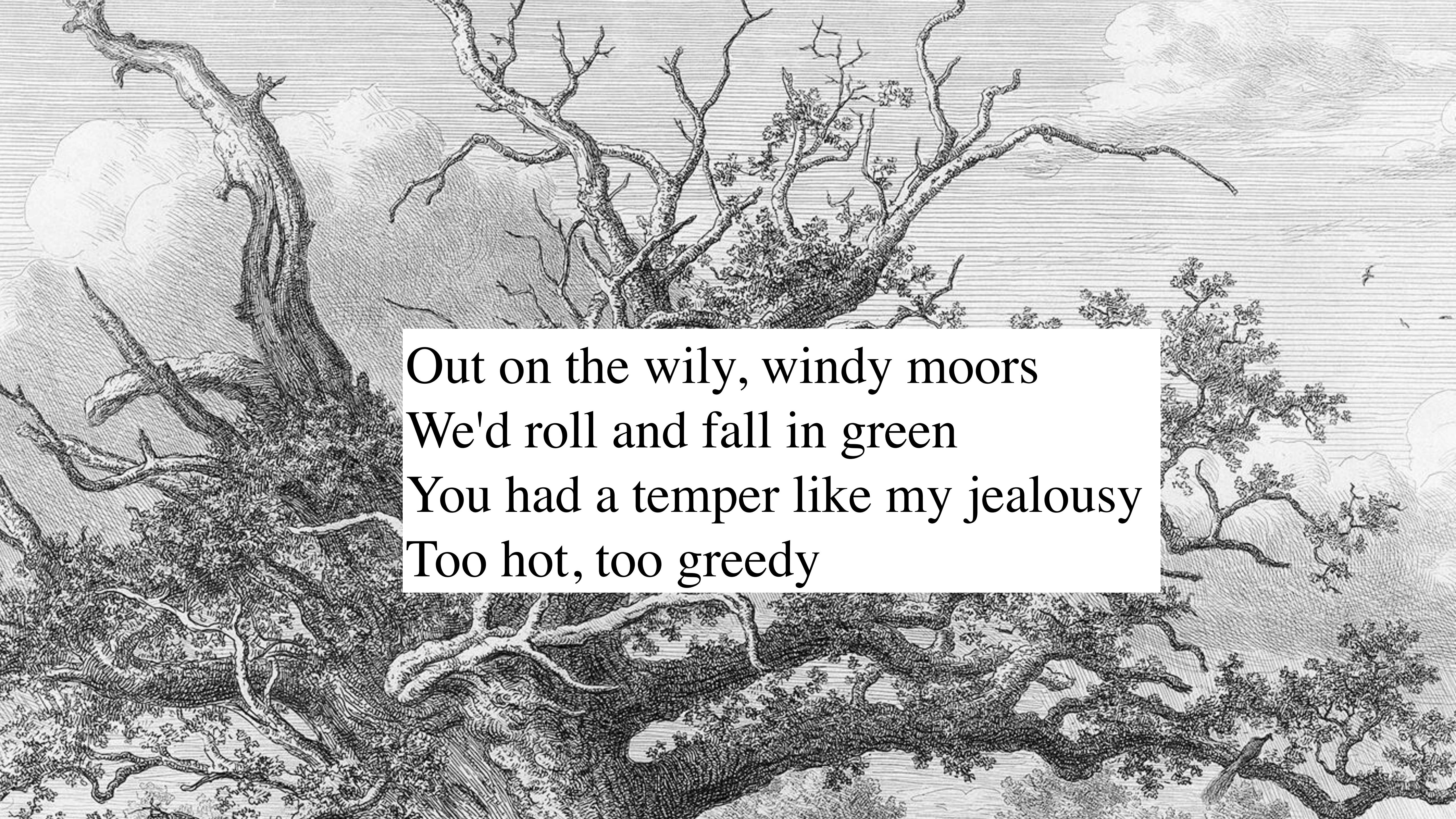




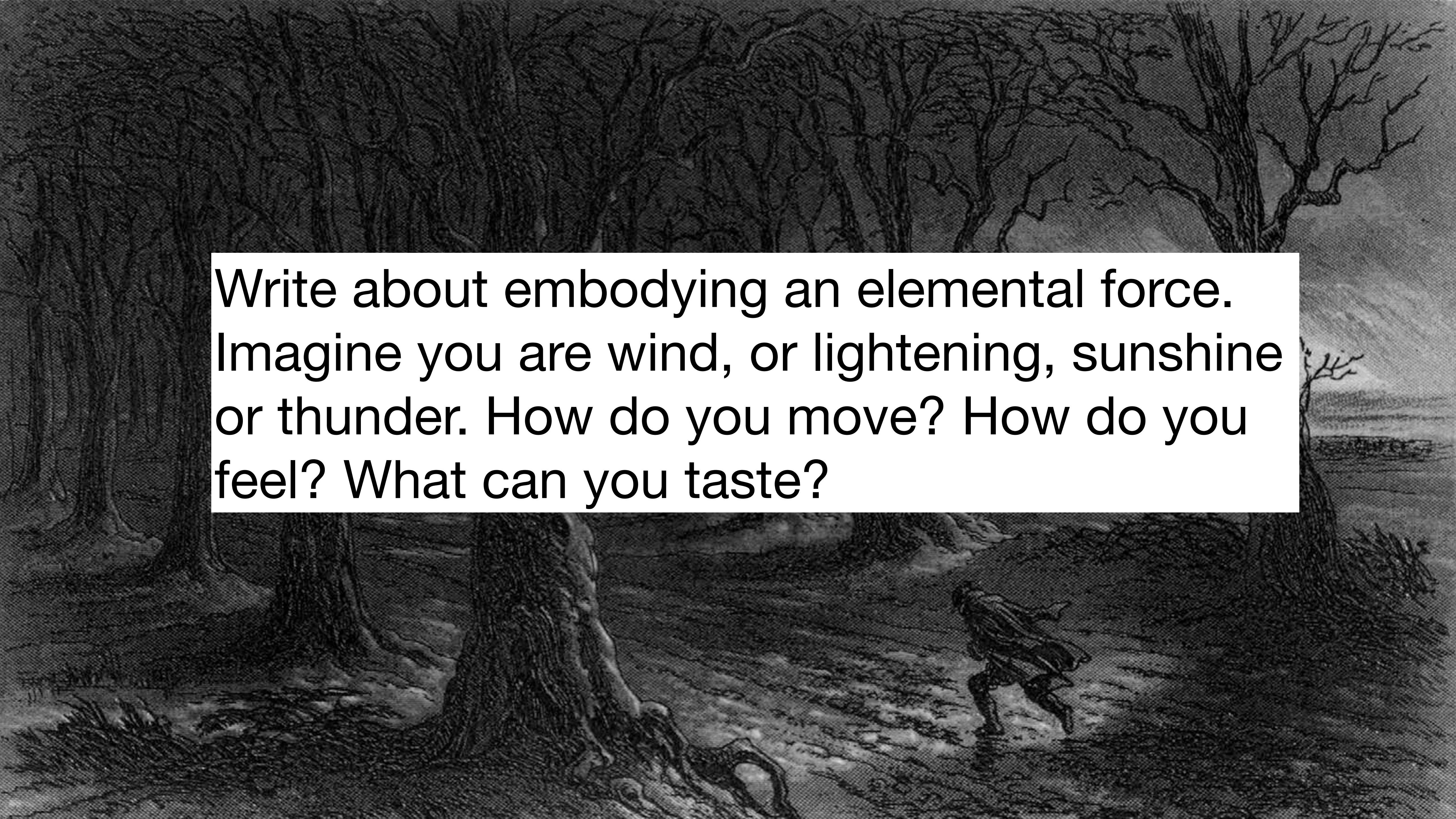


A painting depicting a dark, stormy landscape. In the foreground, a thatched cottage with a dark doorway is visible. To the left, a large, gnarled tree stands on a rocky outcrop. The sky is filled with dark, swirling clouds and numerous small black birds, likely crows or ravens, flying across the scene.

Wuthering Heights is ‘descriptive of the atmospheric tumult to which its station is exposed in stormy weather’



Out on the wily, windy moors
We'd roll and fall in green
You had a temper like my jealousy
Too hot, too greedy



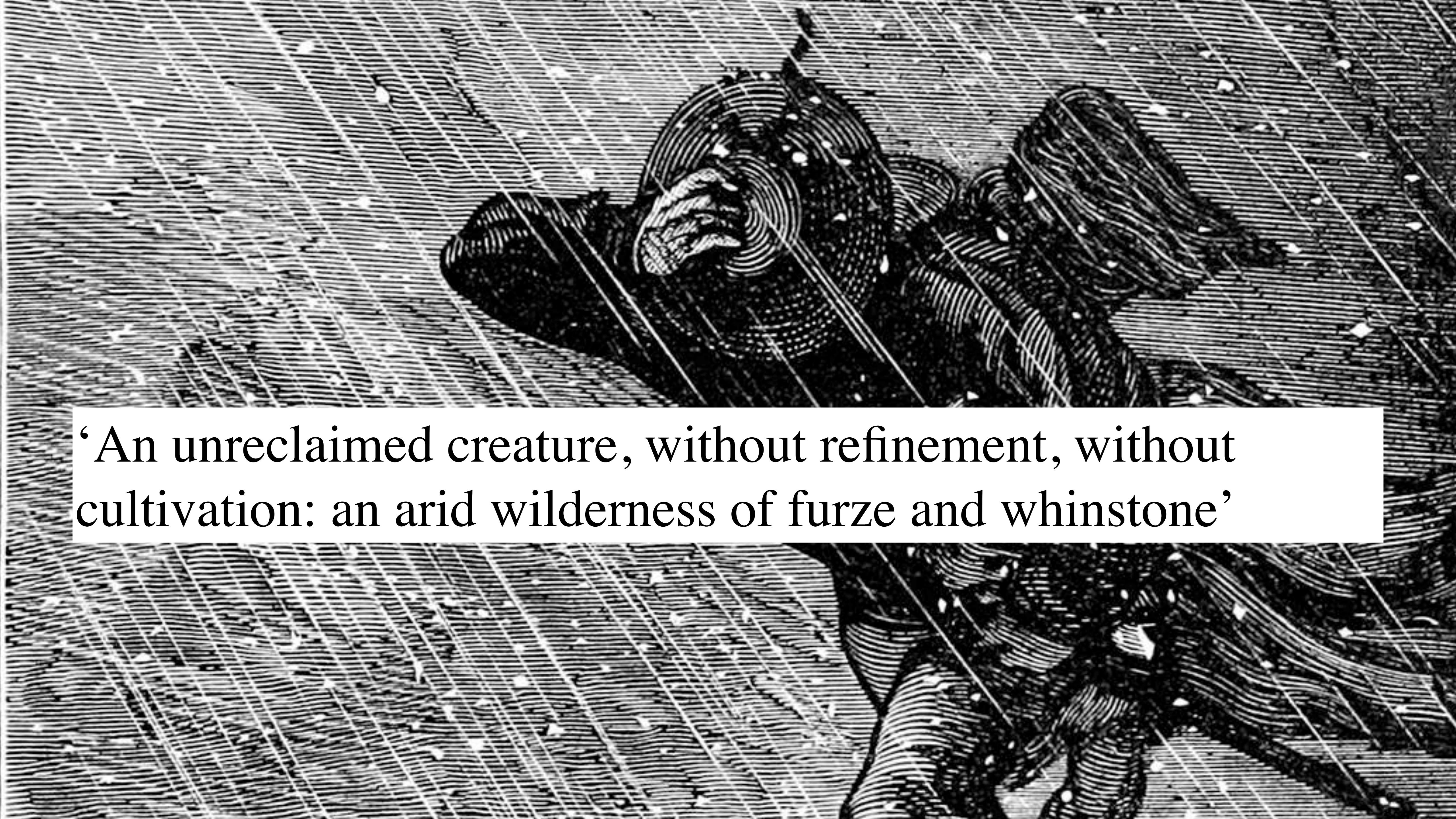
Write about embodying an elemental force.
Imagine you are wind, or lightning, sunshine
or thunder. How do you move? How do you
feel? What can you taste?



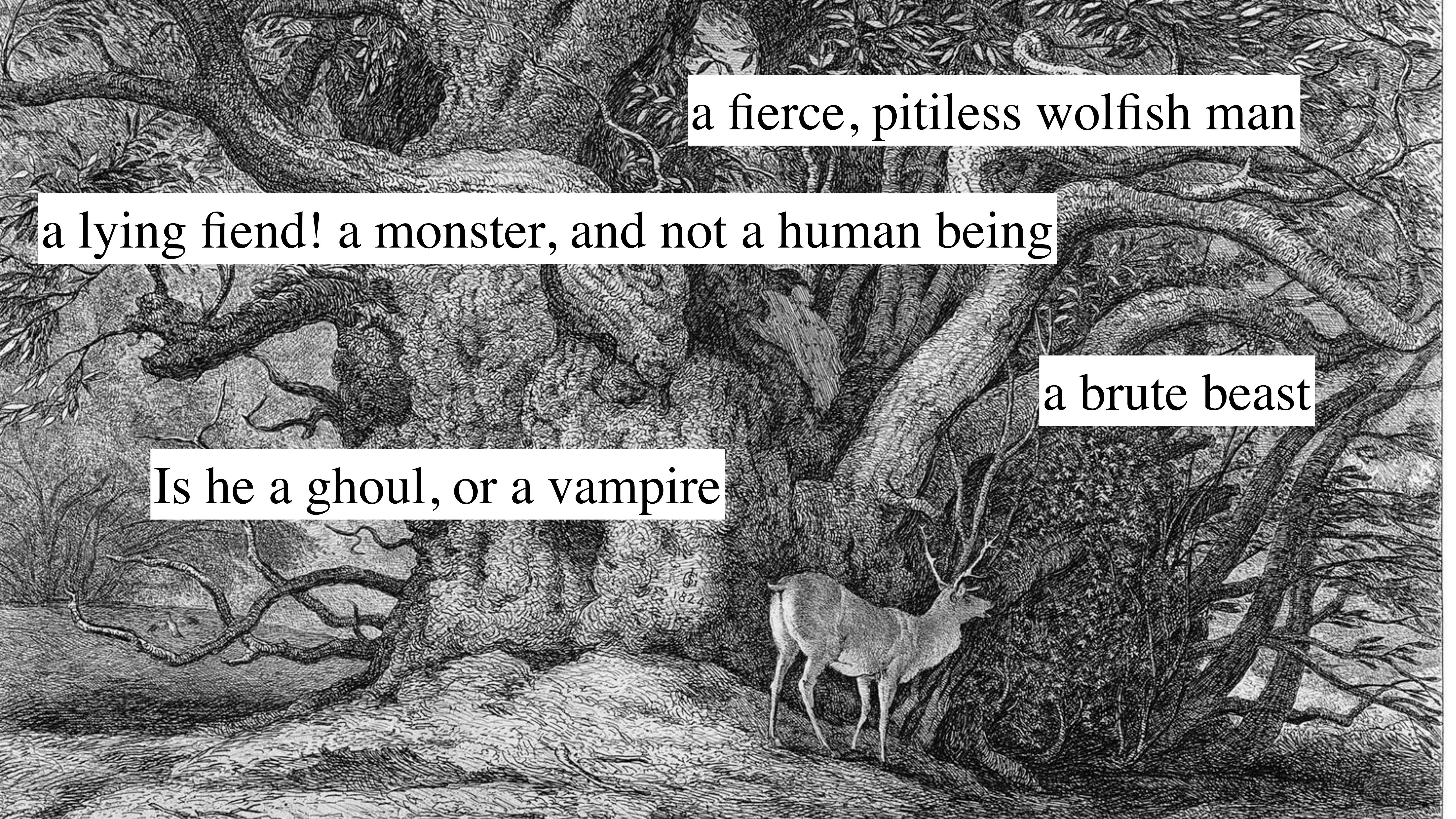
Art prompt:

Make a weather map of an emotion. Rip up magazine, doodle, scribble with charcoal. How would you represent an emotion as weather?





‘An unreclaimed creature, without refinement, without cultivation: an arid wilderness of furze and whinstone’



a fierce, pitiless wolfish man

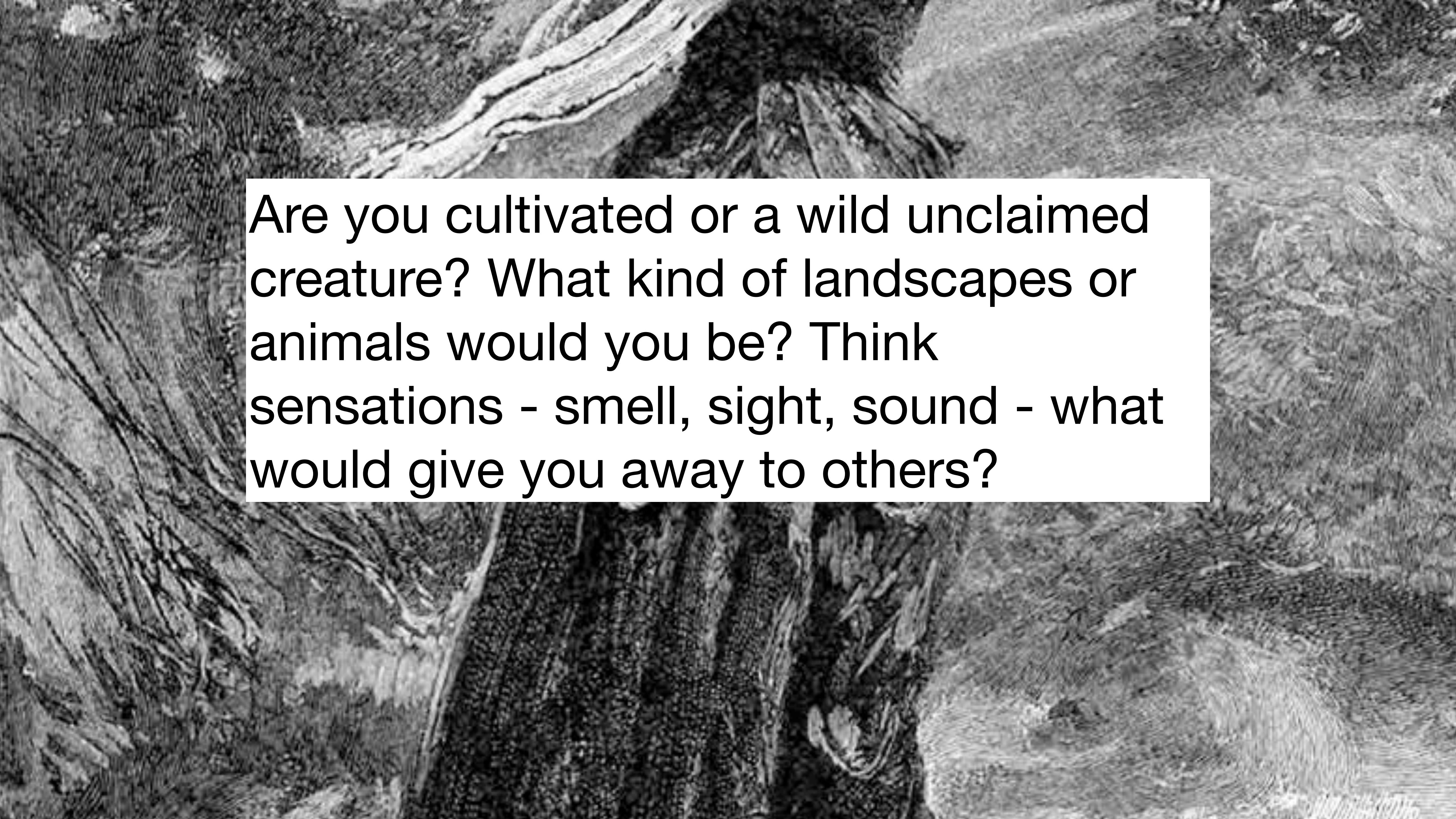
a lying fiend! a monster, and not a human being

a brute beast

Is he a ghoul, or a vampire

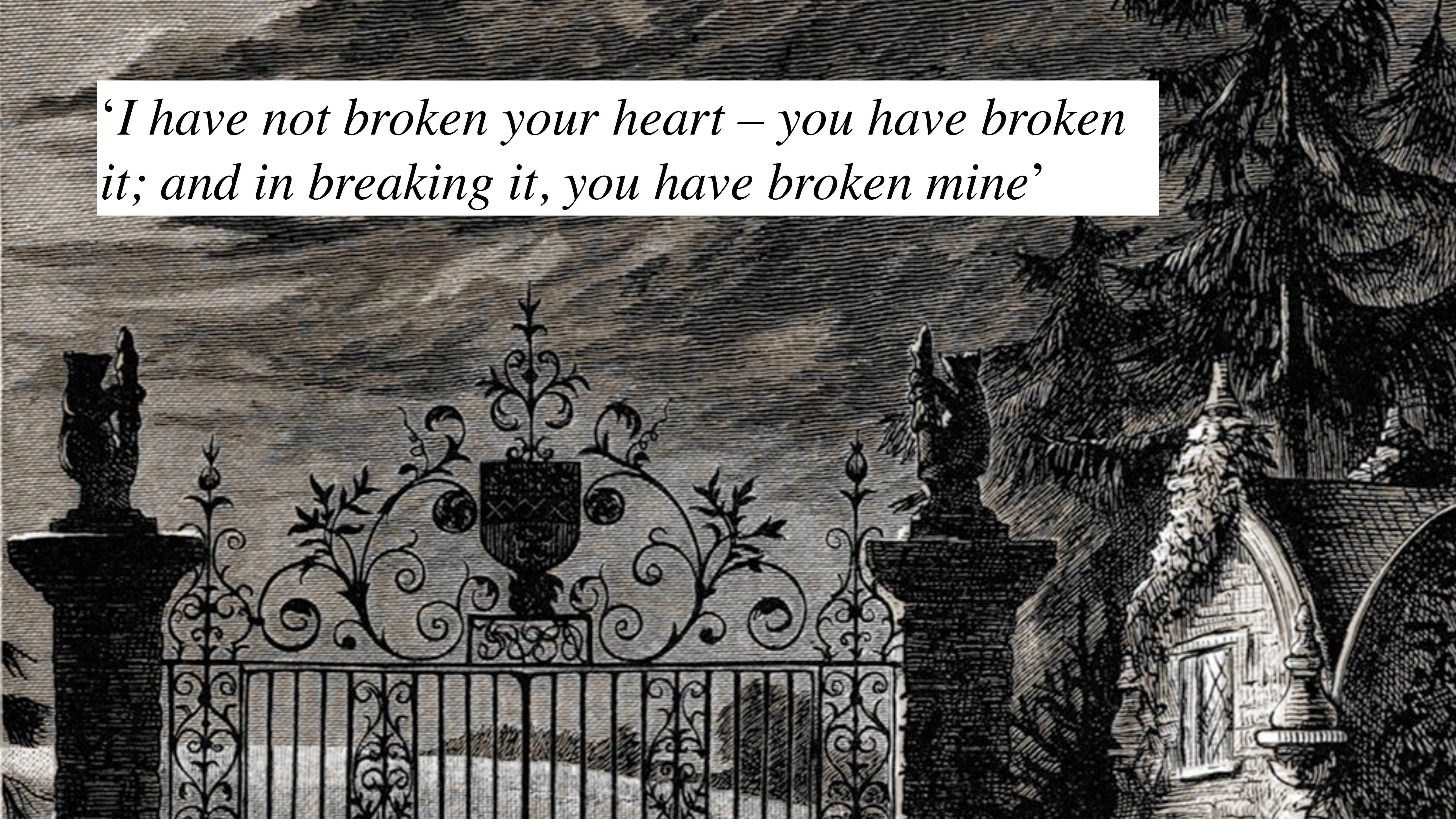


‘a wild, wicked slip of a girl [...] too bright for this world’



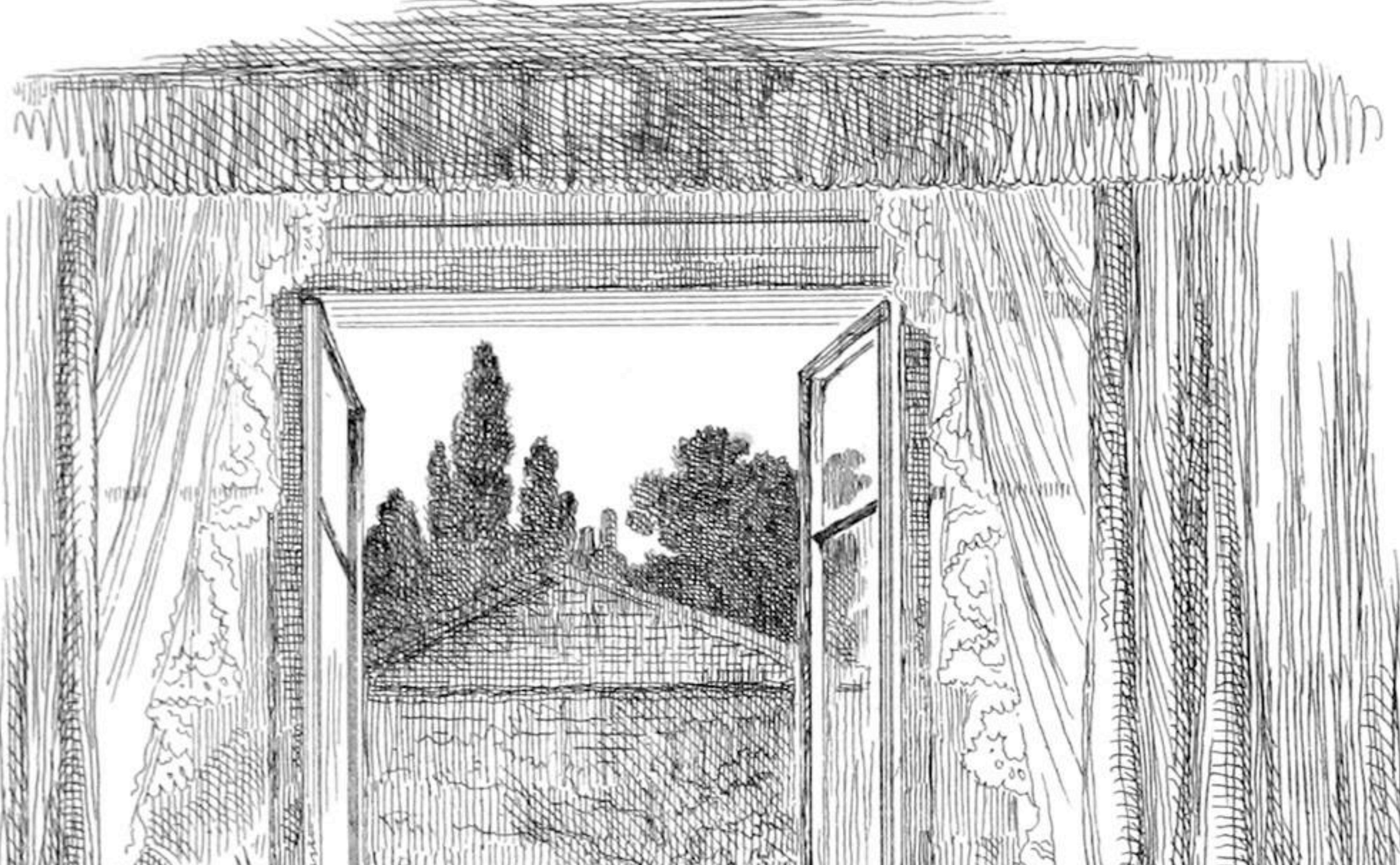
Are you cultivated or a wild unclaimed creature? What kind of landscapes or animals would you be? Think sensations - smell, sight, sound - what would give you away to others?

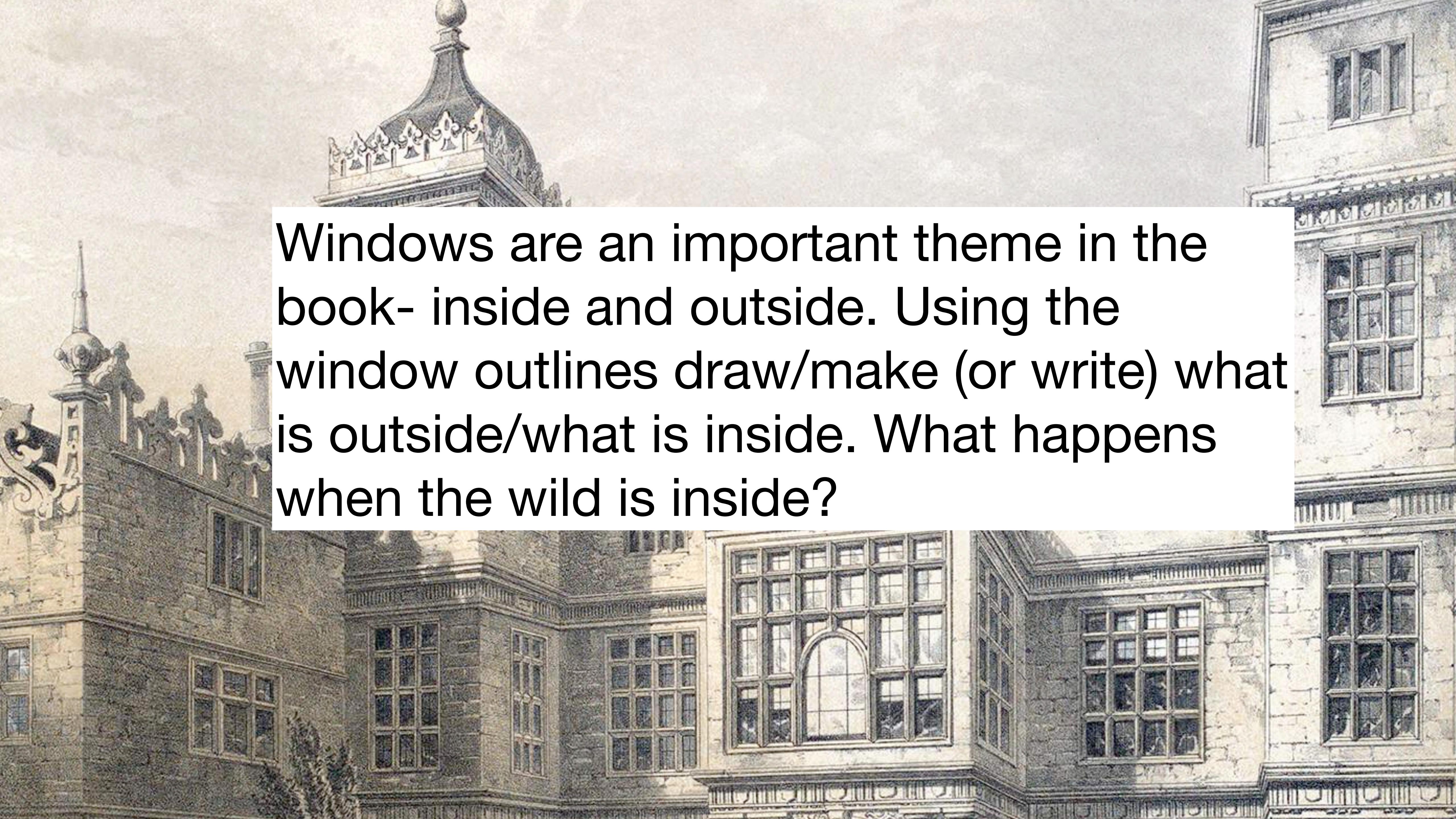
‘I have not broken your heart – you have broken it; and in breaking it, you have broken mine’





I've come home, I'm so cold
Let me in your window

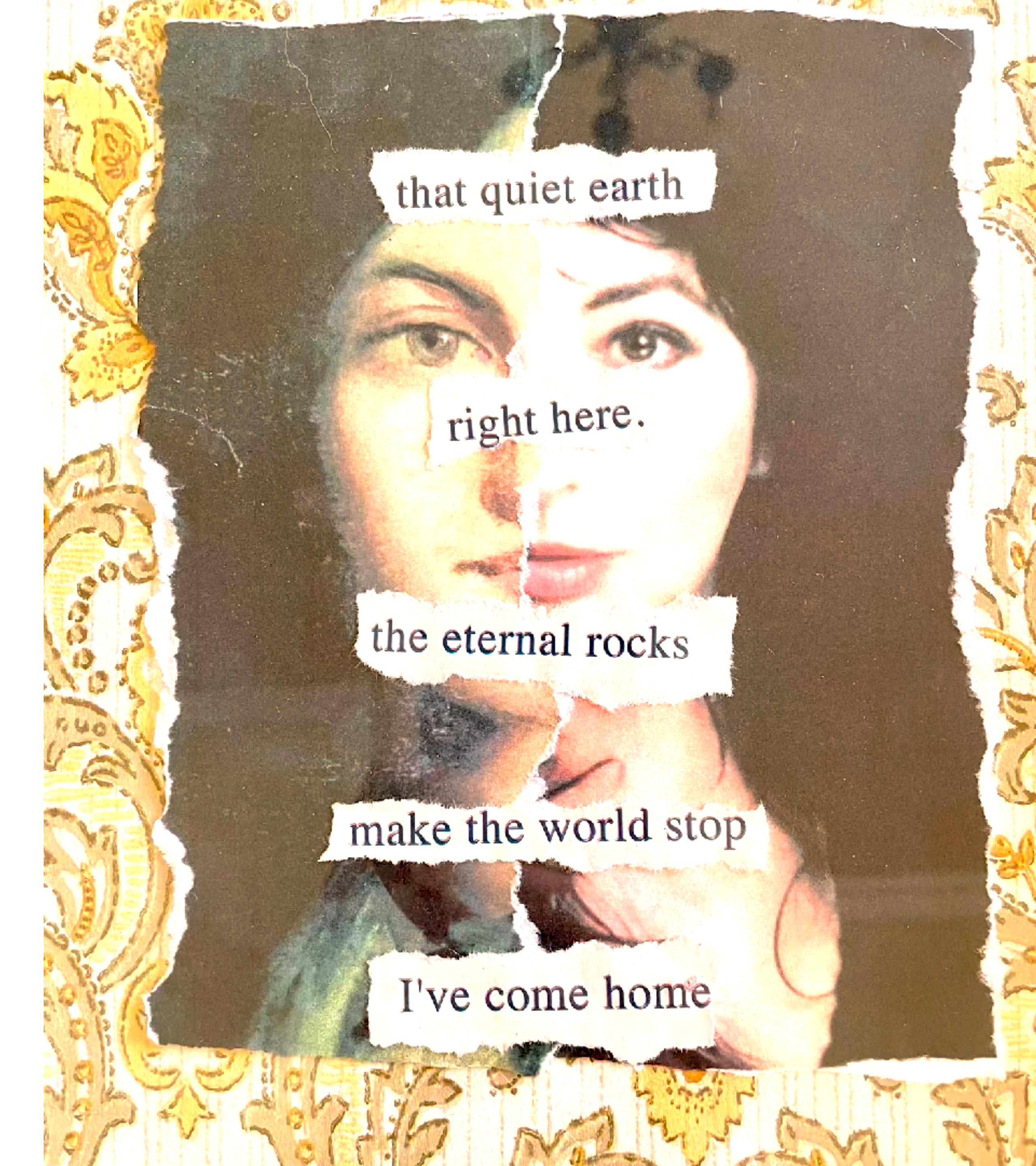




Windows are an important theme in the book- inside and outside. Using the window outlines draw/make (or write) what is outside/what is inside. What happens when the wild is inside?







that quiet earth

right here.

the eternal rocks

make the world stop

I've come home



that quiet earth

all there safe together

really with it, and in it

On the other side

imagine

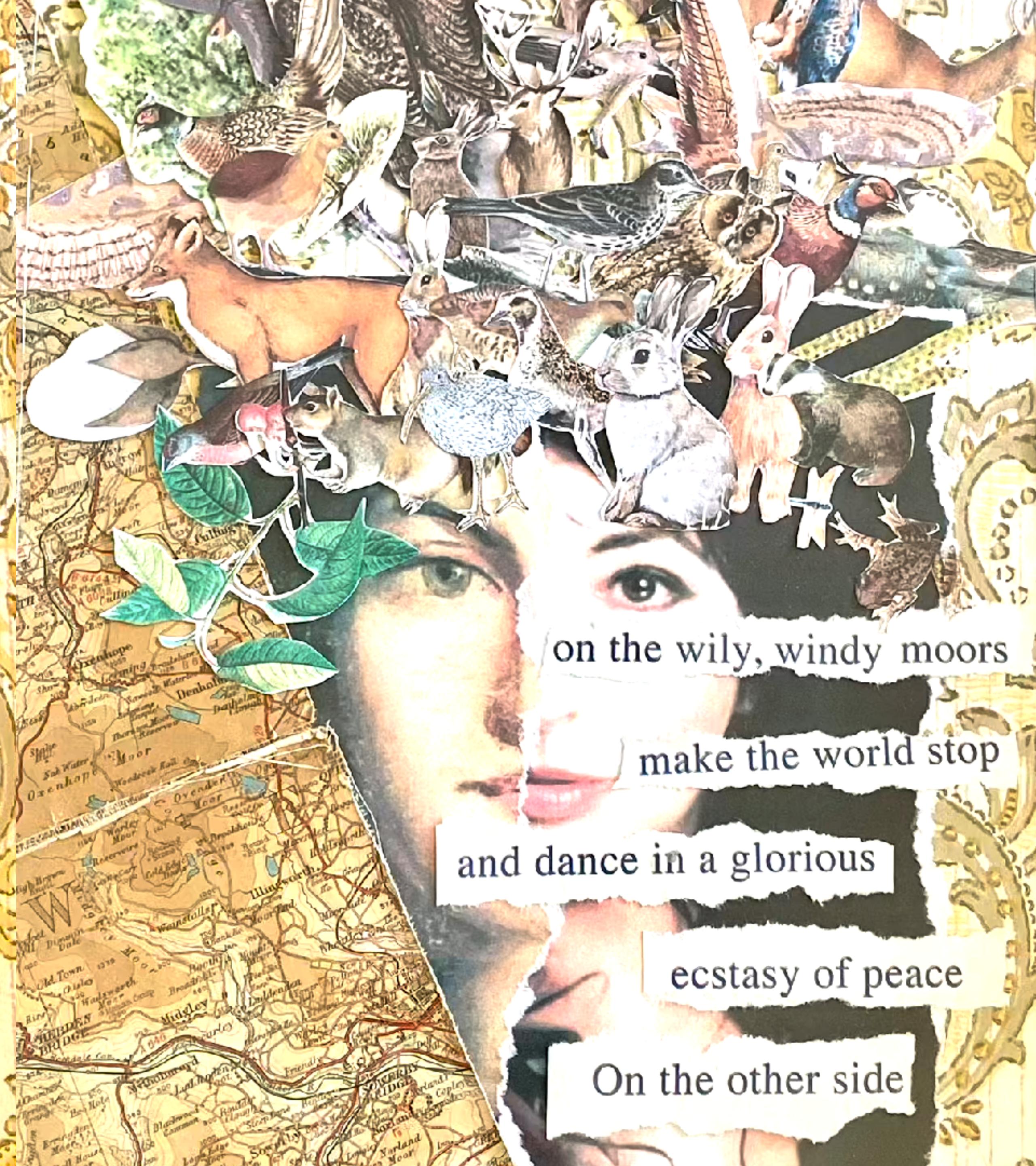
Let me in your window

with a strange smile

Make everything stop

for the sleepers

I knew the best way!



on the wily, windy moors

make the world stop

and dance in a glorious

ecstasy of peace

On the other side



<https://lucy-barker.co.uk/wondering-heights-dance-videos/>



<https://www.oldbookillustrations.com>