My cry was answered by Heathcliff, who flung open the chamber door.

'Who put you in here?' he demanded. 'I've a good mind to turn them out of the house!'

'Your servant, Zillah,' I said, 'and I shouldn't care if you did turn her out. I suppose that she wanted to get proof that the place is haunted. You may tell her from me that it is!'

'Lie down and finish your sleep,' said Heathcliff, 'and don't repeat that horrid yell. Nothing could excuse it, unless you were having your throat cut.'

'If that little fiend had got in at the window, she would probably have strangled me,' I returned.

For a moment, he was silent, then, 'Get out,' he said. His voice was quieter, but its tone frightened me.