



Learn English Through Stories

A Series

A43

**Adapted and modified by
Kulwant Singh Sandhu**

<https://learn-by-reading.co.uk>

Contents

- 1. Jane Eyre**
Chapters 7, 8 and 9

Jane Eyre

Chapter 7: A Terrible Night

Some hours later, I woke up. A terrible cry had woken me. The moon was bright. Its light was shining through my window. I listened. Then I heard somebody shouting.

‘Help! Help! Rochester, help me!’

The voice came from the top corridor.

‘Help! Help!’

I got out of bed and I put on a dress and some shoes. I opened my door. All the guests were in the corridor outside the bedrooms. They were all asking questions.

‘What happened?’ they asked. ‘Is there a fire? Who is hurt? Where is Mr Rochester?’

‘I am here!’ Mr Rochester said. He was walking down the stairs from the top corridor.

‘What is wrong, Mr Rochester?’ Miss Ingram asked. ‘What has happened?’

‘Nothing is wrong, Mr Rochester replied. ‘One of the servants has had a bad dream. Go back to bed!’

I went back to my room. But something was wrong. I did not get into my bed. I waited. Soon, somebody knocked on my door. I opened the door. Mr Rochester was standing in the corridor.

‘Jane, follow me. Do not make a sound,’ Mr Rochester said.

We went up to the top corridor. Mr Rochester unlocked a door and we went inside a room.

Mr Mason was sitting on a chair in the room. His face was pale. And his shirt was covered with blood! Then I heard a terrible laugh. The sound came from the next room.

‘Grace Poole is a madwoman,’ I thought. ‘Why does Mr Rochester have a mad servant?’

Mr Rochester spoke quietly to Mr Mason.

‘I am going to bring a doctor, Richard,’ he said.

Then he spoke to me. 'Stay here, Jane. Wash Mr Mason's arm. But do not speak to him.'

Mr Rochester left the room. I washed Mr Mason's arm. We waited for Mr Rochester and the doctor. Mr Mason did not speak to me and I did not speak to him.

After two hours, Mr Rochester returned. The doctor was with him. The doctor looked at Mr Mason's arm.

'She bit me,' Mr Mason said. 'I came up here. I wanted to see her. I wanted to help her. But she bit me!'

'Be quiet now, Richard,' Mr Rochester said quickly.

The doctor put a bandage on Mr Mason's arm. Mr Rochester put Mr Mason's coat round the injured man's shoulders. Then he spoke to me again.

'Run downstairs, Jane. Unlock the small door at the side of the house,' he said. 'We will follow you.'

I went quickly downstairs and I opened the door. Outside the door, a servant was waiting with a carriage. Mr Mason and the doctor came out of the house. They got into the carriage. Then Mr Rochester came out of the house too. Mr Mason spoke to him through the window of the carriage.

'Help her. Be kind to her, Rochester,' he said.

'Yes, I will, Mason,' Mr Rochester said.

The servant drove the carriage away.

'Will you walk in the garden with me, Jane?' Mr Rochester asked. 'I do not want to sleep now.'

'Yes, I will, sir,' I said.

Soon, it was morning. The birds were beginning to sing. The flowers had a sweet smell.

'It has been a strange night, Jane,' Mr Rochester said. 'Were you frightened?'

'I am frightened of Grace Poole,' I said. 'She will hurt you, one day.'

'I am stronger than she is. She will not hurt me,' Mr Rochester said. He looked at me for a few moments. 'Are you my friend, Jane?' he asked me.

'Yes, sir. I will be your friend forever!' I replied.

'Thank you, my dear,' Mr Rochester said. 'I have made mistakes. Now, I want to be happy. That is not wrong, is it, Jane?'

He stopped speaking for a minute. Then he said, 'Go into the house. I'll talk to you tomorrow.'

But the next day, I had a letter from Gateshead Hall, my Aunt Reed's house. The letter was from my Cousin Eliza.

I started the journey to my Aunt Reed's house immediately. I arrived there the next day. My Aunt Reed was very, very ill. She could not move. And she did not speak to me. I wanted to return to Thornfield Hall. I wanted to see Mr Rochester. But Eliza wanted me to stay at Gateshead Hall.

After three weeks, my aunt spoke to me at last. She spoke very slowly.

'Are you Jane Eyre?' she asked.

'Yes, Aunt Reed. I am Jane Eyre,' I replied.

'There is a letter for you,' Aunt Reed said. 'It is in my desk. Call Eliza, please. She will get the letter.'

Eliza came into the room. She opened the desk and she gave me a letter.

'Read the letter, Jane,' my aunt said. The letter had come from Madeira. But it was three years old.

'I answered that letter,' Aunt Reed said. 'I hated you, Jane. I did not want you to have your uncle's money. I wrote to John Eyre. I wrote, "Jane Eyre is dead. She died at Lowood School." I am sorry, Jane, I was wrong.'

Mrs Reed died that night. I left Gateshead Hall a few days later. I took my uncle's letter with me.

Mr Rochester met me at Thornfield Hall.

'Welcome back to my house,' he said. 'This is your home, Jane.' 'Thank you, sir,' I said. 'I am very happy here.'

Mr Rochester's guests had left. No other visitors came to Thornfield Hall. Every day, Mr Rochester and I talked together. And every day, I loved him more.

Chapter 8: In the Garden

In June, the weather was hot. One evening, I walked into the garden, Mr Rochester was there too.

'Do you like this house, Jane?' he asked.

'Yes, sir,' I replied.

'Soon, Adele will go to live at a school, Jane,' he said. 'Then, I will not want a governess here. Will you be sad then, Jane? Will you leave Thornfield Hall?'

'Leave?' I said quickly. 'Must I leave Thornfield?'

'My dear —' Mr Rochester stopped. He was silent for a moment. Then he said, 'I am going to be married soon.'

'Oh, sir,' I said. 'Then I must go far away. Far away from Thornfield. Far away from you, sir.' I started to cry.

'I will always remember you, Jane,' Mr Rochester said. 'Will you forget me?'

'No, sir,' I replied. 'I will never forget you. I don't want to leave Thornfield, sir. I don't want to leave you.'

'Don't leave, Jane,' Mr Rochester said. 'Stay here.' He smiled at me.

'I must not stay here, sir,' I said. 'You are going to marry Miss Ingram. I am poor. I do not have a pretty face. But I have a heart. It is a loving heart, sir!'

'Jane — I am not going to marry Miss Ingram,' Mr Rochester said. 'She is rich. She is beautiful. You are poor. You are not beautiful. But I want to marry you! Will you marry me, Jane?'

For a moment, I could not speak.

At last, I asked, 'Do you love me, sir?'

'I do,' he replied.

'Then, sir, I will marry you,' I said.

And Mr Rochester kissed me.

'My dearest Jane,' he said. 'Nothing can stop our marriage now. We will be married in a month, Jane!'

We kissed again. Then I said goodnight and I went into the house. I went upstairs to my room.

Later, I remembered my Uncle John Eyre's letter.

'I will write to him in Madeira,' I said to myself. 'I will tell him about my marriage to Mr Rochester. I am very happy. My uncle will be happy too.'

Four weeks passed. Mr Rochester was going to buy me many beautiful things. He was going to give me many presents. But I did not want these things.

'No, Edward,' I said. 'I am not beautiful. I don't want beautiful things. I want you, Edward.'

It was the month of July. Two days before our wedding-day, Mr Rochester went away.

'I will return tomorrow,' he said. 'I love you, Jane.'

That night, I went to my bedroom early. My wedding dress and my wedding veil were in my room. I looked at them.

'In two days, I will be Jane Rochester,' I said to myself. Then I went to bed. But I did not sleep well.

The next day, Mr Rochester returned. He looked at me carefully.

'What is wrong, Jane?' he asked. 'Your face is pale. Are you frightened?'

'I had a very strange dream last night,' I said. 'It was a dream about this house. But in my dream, Thornfield Hall had no roof. The walls were burnt. They were black. In my dream, I tried to find you. But you were not in the house.'

'Are you afraid of a dream, Jane?' Mr Rochester asked.

'No, Edward,' I replied. 'But I woke up from my dream. There was a woman in my room. She was tall and heavy. She had long, black hair.'

'The woman was holding a candle,' I said. 'She put the candle by my mirror. She put my wedding veil over her head and she looked in the mirror. Then I saw her face!'

'It was a strange, terrible face, Edward,' I said. 'Suddenly, the woman tore my veil into two pieces. She threw the pieces on the floor!'

'What happened next?' Mr Rochester asked.

'The woman held her candle near my face,' I replied. 'She looked at me and she laughed. Then she went away.'

'This happened in your dream, Jane,' Mr Rochester said.

'It did not happen in my dream, Edward,' I said. 'This morning, my wedding veil was on the floor of my room. It was torn. It was in two pieces!'

'But the woman did not hurt you, Jane,' Mr Rochester said. 'Sleep in Adele's room tonight, my dear. You will have no more bad dreams.'

Chapter 9: Mr Rochester's Wife

It was our wedding day. We were going to be married in a church near Thornfield Hall. After the marriage, we were going to travel to London.

I got up early. I put on my wedding dress and I went downstairs. Mr Rochester was waiting for me. At eight o'clock, we walked together to the church. The clergyman was standing by the door of the church.

There were two other people inside the church — two men. They were sitting in a dark corner. I could not see them very well.

The clergyman started to speak. At every marriage, the clergyman asks an important question. He asks the people in the church, 'Is there a problem about this marriage?'

The clergyman spoke loudly. He asked this question and he waited. There was silence for a moment. And then one of the men in the dark corner stood up. He spoke loudly.

'There is a problem. These two people must not be married!' he said.

'There is not a problem!' Mr Rochester said to the clergyman. 'Please go on with the marriage.'

'No, I cannot go on with the marriage,' the clergyman replied. He spoke to the man in the corner.

'What is the problem, sir?' he asked.

Mr Rochester turned and looked at the man. 'Who are you? What do you know about me?' he asked angrily.

'My name is Briggs, sir. I am a lawyer,' the man replied. 'I know many things about you. Fifteen years ago, you were married in the West Indies. Your wife's name is Bertha Mason. She is alive. She lives at Thornfield Hall.'

'How do you know that?' Mr Rochester shouted.

The other man in the dark corner stood up. He walked towards us. It was Richard Mason.

'Bertha Mason is my sister,' he said. 'I saw her at Thornfield Hall in April.'

Mr Rochester's face was pale. For a minute he was silent. Then he spoke quietly.

'It is true,' he said. 'My wife is living at Thornfield Hall. She is mad. Come to the house – all of you! Come and see Mrs Rochester! Come and see the madwoman!'

We all left the church. Nobody spoke.

At Thornfield, Mrs Fairfax and Adele were waiting for us. They were smiling happily.

'Nobody will be happy today!' Mr Rochester said. 'We are not married!'

Briggs, Mr Mason, the clergyman and I followed Mr Rochester. We followed him up the stairs. He took us to the top corridor. He unlocked a door and we went into a small room. I had seen this room before!

We walked through the room to another door. Mr Rochester unlocked this door and we saw a larger room.

Grace Poole was sitting in the room. But another woman was there too. She was tall and heavy. Her dark hair was in front of her face. The woman turned and looked at us. I knew that terrible, mad face. I had seen it in my bedroom, two nights before.

The madwoman saw Mr Rochester. She screamed and she ran towards him.

'Be careful, sir!' Grace Poole said.

The madwoman was very strong. She screamed and she hit Mr Rochester. But Mr Rochester held her arms.

'This woman is my wife!' Mr Rochester said angrily. 'I wanted to forget about her. I wanted to marry this young girl, Jane Eyre. Was I wrong?'

He was silent for a few moments. Then he spoke quietly.

'Yes. I was wrong,' he said. 'I love Jane Eyre. But I was wrong. Now, go, all of you. I must take care of my mad wife!'

I went slowly downstairs. Mr Briggs, the lawyer, spoke to me.

'I am sorry for you, Miss Eyre,' he said. 'You did nothing wrong. Your uncle, John Eyre, is sorry for you too. He read your letter. And then he met Richard Mason in Madeira. Your uncle is dying, Miss Eyre. He could not come to England. He sent me here. He wanted me to stop this marriage.'

I did not answer. I went to my room and I locked the door. I took off my wedding dress. I put on a plain black dress. I lay down on my bed.

'I am Jane Eyre today,' I thought. 'I will be Jane Eyre tomorrow. I will never be Jane Rochester. I must leave Thornfield Hall. I must never see Mr Rochester again. My life here is finished.'

Many hours later, I got off the bed. I unlocked my door. Mr Rochester was waiting outside my room.

'You are unhappy, Jane,' he said. 'I am very, very sorry. Jane, we will leave Thornfield, We will go to another country. We will be happy again.'

'I cannot be your wife. I cannot live with you,' I said. 'I must leave you, Edward.'

'Listen, Jane,' Mr Rochester said. 'My father wanted me to marry Bertha Mason. Her family was very rich. I married her. My father was happy. But I was not happy. Bertha was mad, and she was a bad woman. Nobody told me about her. She was married to me, but she met other men. She was drunk every day. She tried to kill me many times.'

'After four years, I brought Bertha here to Thornfield Hall,' Mr Rochester said. 'Then I went away. Grace Poole took care of Bertha. I met other women. One of them was a French singer. She was Adele's mother. Adele is my daughter, Jane. But I did not love the French singer. I did not love anybody. I came home to Thornfield Hall. Then you came here and I loved you. I will always love you. Please stay with me, Jane.'

'No, Edward,' I said. 'I am going away. We will be unhappy. But we must not be together. Goodbye, Edward.'

'Oh, Jane! Jane, my love!' Mr Rochester said. 'Don't leave me!'

I kissed Mr Rochester. 'God will help you, Edward,' I said.

Quickly, I went into my room. I put some clothes into a bag. Later, I heard Mr Rochester go into his room. Very quietly, I went downstairs. I opened the small door at the side of the house. I left Thornfield Hall and I walked to the road. It was dark.

Soon, a coach came along the road. I gave all my money to the driver of the coach. I got into the coach.

Many hours later, the coach stopped. It was ten o'clock in the morning.

'You must give me more money now,' the driver said.

'I have no more money,' I said.

'You have no more money? Then you must get out of the coach,' the driver said,

I got down onto the road. The coach moved away quickly. But I had left my bag in the coach.

I looked around me. I was on a cold, empty moor. I was tired and hungry. I walked and walked. I had no money. I had no food. I walked until the evening came. At last, I lay down on the ground. I fell asleep immediately.