



Learn English Through Stories

A Series

A44

**Adapted and modified by
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Chapters 10 and 11

Jane Eyre

Chapter 10: Moor House

The next morning, I woke late. I walked along the road for many miles. It started to rain. Soon my clothes were wet. I saw no one. I walked on the moor all day. In the evening, I was very tired again.

‘I must sleep soon,’ I thought. ‘Where shall I sleep?’

Then I saw a light. I walked slowly towards it. The rain was falling heavily. But I saw a house near the road. I walked up to the house. I knocked on the door. I waited, but nobody opened the door. I stood outside the house. I was very cold and very tired. I could not move.

‘I am going to die here,’ I said.

Then I heard a young man’s voice. The man was standing behind me.

‘No, you will not die at Moor House,’ the man said. Then he unlocked the door of the house.

He took me into the house. He took me into a warm sitting-room.

‘Please sit down,’ he said.

Two pretty young women came into the room.

‘Give this poor woman some food, Diana,’ the young man said. ‘Give her some dry clothes, Mary.’

Then he spoke to me again.

‘My name is St John Rivers,’ he said. ‘These are my sisters, Diana and Mary. What is your name, young woman?’

‘My name is Jane — Elliot,’ I said. I closed my eyes. ‘Jane is very tired,’ Diana said. ‘She must go to bed now.’

I stayed in bed at Moor House for three days.

Diana and Mary Rivers were governesses. They were staying at Moor House for a few days. St John, their brother, was a clergyman. They were very kind to me. Soon, we were good friends.

One day, St John asked me about my life.

‘I was a governess too,’ I told him. And I told him about Lowood School. But I did not tell him about Thornfield Hall. I did not tell him about Mr Rochester.

‘I want to work, St John,’ I said. ‘Will you help me?’

‘I have a plan,’ St John said. ‘A few miles from here, there is a village. Many of the girls in the village cannot read or write. I am going to pay for a girls’ school in the village. But I must find a teacher for these girls.’

‘I will teach them, St John,’ I said.

‘Good!’ he said. ‘There will be a small house next to the school. You will live there.’

Three days later, a letter arrived for St John.

‘Diana, Mary – our Uncle John is dead,’ he told his sisters. ‘But we will not have any of his money.’

He gave the letter to his sisters. They read it.

‘Uncle John was our mother’s brother,’ Diana told me. ‘He was very rich. But he has given all his money to another niece. We do not know her.’

Soon, I went to live in the village. I lived in the house next to the school. Every day, I taught the girls. My pupils worked hard. But I was not happy. Every day, I thought about Edward Rochester.

‘Does he think about me?’ I asked myself.

Four months passed.

One day, St John Rivers came to my house. He was holding a letter. He was worried.

‘What is wrong?’ I asked.

‘I want to ask you three questions, Jane,’ he replied. ‘Is your name Jane Elliot? Do you have another name? Do you know Jane Eyre?’

I looked at him for a moment. I did not speak.

‘I have some news for Jane Eyre,’ St John said. ‘Jane Eyre was a pupil at Lowood School. And she was a teacher there. Then she was a governess at Thornfield Hall – the home of Mr Edward Rochester.’

‘How do you know this?’ I asked. ‘What do you know about Mr Rochester? How is he?’

‘I don’t know,’ St John said. ‘This letter is from a lawyer. The lawyer tells a story about Mr Rochester. Mr Rochester had a mad wife. But he tried to

marry Jane Eyre. She left Thornfield. Now this lawyer, Mr Briggs, is trying to find her.'

'I will tell you the truth, St John,' I said. 'My name is not Jane Elliot. My name is Jane Eyre. And I was a governess at Thornfield Hall. I know Mr Rochester. Did Mr Briggs write anything about Mr Rochester?'

'No. The letter is about you, Jane,' St John said. 'Your uncle, John Eyre is dead. John Eyre has given you twenty thousand pounds. You are rich, Jane.'

'But why did Mr Briggs write to you?' I asked.

'My mother's name was Eyre,' St John said. 'She was your father's sister, Jane.'

'Then you, Diana and Mary are my cousins!' I said.

I thought carefully for a moment.

'Write to Diana and Mary,' I said. 'They must come home. I will give all of you some of Uncle John's money.'

The next day, I wrote to Mr Briggs. I gave St John, Diana and Mary five thousand pounds each. I wrote to Mrs Fairfax too, but she did not reply.

Six months passed. I heard nothing from Thornfield Hall. I heard nothing about Mr Rochester.

Then, one day, I was walking on the moor. Suddenly, I heard a voice. There was nobody on the moor. But the voice was calling my name – 'Jane! Jane! Jane!'

'That is Mr Rochester's voice,' I said to myself. Then I shouted, 'I am coming, Edward. I am coming!'

I ran to Moor House. I spoke to my cousins.

'I am going to Thornfield Hall tomorrow,' I told them. I began my journey the next day.

Chapter 11: My Story Ends

Two days later, I got out of a coach. I was standing on the road near Thornfield Hall. I ran across the fields. Was Mr Rochester at Thornfield? Was he ill?

And then I saw the house. The house had no roof. Its walls were burnt and black. Nobody was living there.

I looked at the burnt, black house. I had seen this before. I had seen it in a dream! I was frightened. Where was Edward Rochester?

I went to the village of Hay. I asked about Thornfield Hall. I asked about Mr Rochester.

‘Three months ago, there was a fire at Thornfield Hall,’ a man told me. ‘The madwoman burnt the house. She was Mr Rochester’s wife.’

‘Was Mr Rochester in the house?’ I asked.

‘Yes, he was there,’ the man replied. ‘He tried to save his wife’s life. He went into the burning house. But the madwoman jumped from the roof. She died.’

‘Was Mr Rochester hurt?’ I asked quickly.

‘Yes, he was badly hurt,’ the man said. ‘He is blind — he can’t see. And he has only one hand.’

‘Where is he?’ I asked. ‘Where is he?’

‘He is living at Ferndean. It is an old house, about thirty miles away,’ the man said.

‘Do you have a carriage?’ I asked. ‘I must go to Ferndean immediately.’

I got out of the carriage near Ferndean. I walked to the house. I knocked on the door. A servant opened it. I knew her.

‘Oh, Miss Eyre! You have come,’ she said. ‘Mr Rochester has been calling your name.’

A bell rang in another room.

‘That is Mr Rochester’s bell,’ the woman said. ‘He wants some candles.’

There were two candles on a table near the door. The woman lit them and she picked them up.

'Mr Rochester is blind, but he always burns candles in his room in the evenings,' she said.

'Give the candles to me.' I said. 'I'll take them to him.'

I opened the door of Mr Rochester's room. His black-and-white dog was sitting by the fire. The dog jumped up and ran towards me.

'Who is there?' Mr Rochester said.

'Don't you know me, Edward?' I asked. 'Your dog knows me.'

I put the candles on a table. I held Mr Rochester's hand.

'I know that voice. And I know this little hand,' Mr Rochester said. 'Is that you, Jane?'

'Yes, sir, I have found you at last,' I said. 'I will never leave you again.' Then I told Mr Rochester my story.

'Why did you leave your cousins, Jane?' Mr Rochester asked. 'Why did you come back to me? I am blind. I have only one hand.' 'I will take care of you, Edward,' I said.

'But I don't want a servant,' Mr Rochester replied. 'I want a wife.'

'You will have a wife, Edward,' I said. 'I will be your wife. I will marry you. I loved you very much at Thornfield Hall. Now I love you more.'

Mr Rochester and I got married. After a time, his eyes were better. He could see a little. He saw the face of our first child! My dear Edward and I are very happy.

- The End -