



Saddleback's
Illustrated Classics

Jane Eyre

CHARLOTTE
BRONTË



Charlotte Brontë

Jane Eyre



Bessie



Mr. Rochester



Jane Eyre



Mrs. Fairfax



St. John Rivers

This is my story. As a child I was left an orphan in the care of my mother's brother. All was well until he died. He left a widow and three children who had room in their house, but not in their hearts, for me.



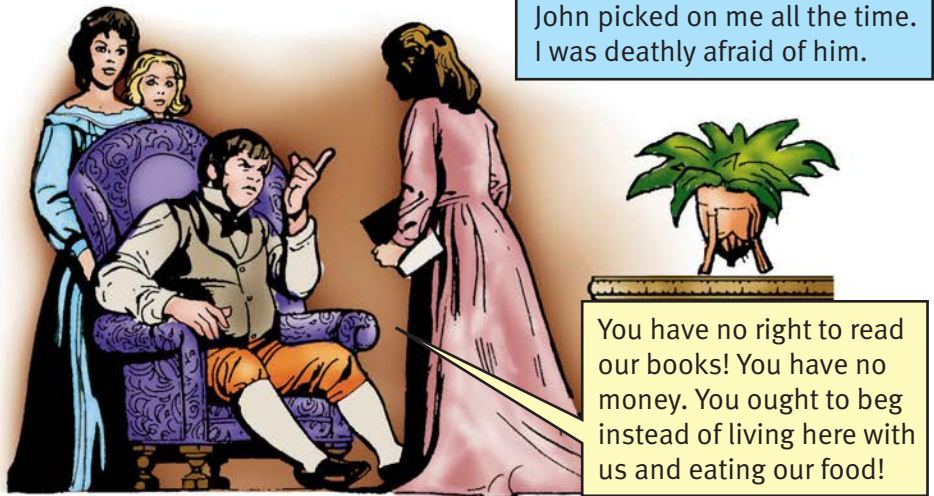
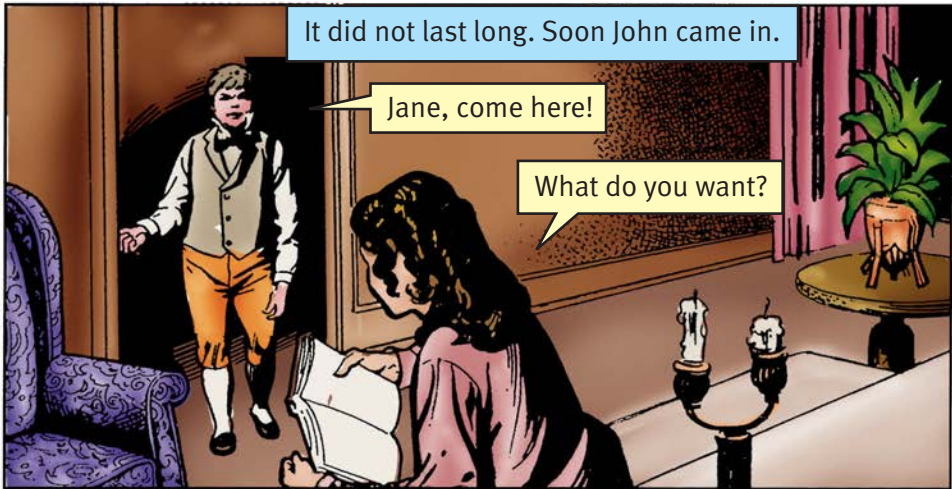
It was a rainy winter day at Gateshead Hall. My cousins Eliza, John, and Georgiana gathered around their mother in the drawing room.

See, Mama? He can sit up!

Yes, dear.







Then, picking up the book, John threw it at me.

And that is
for reading
my books!

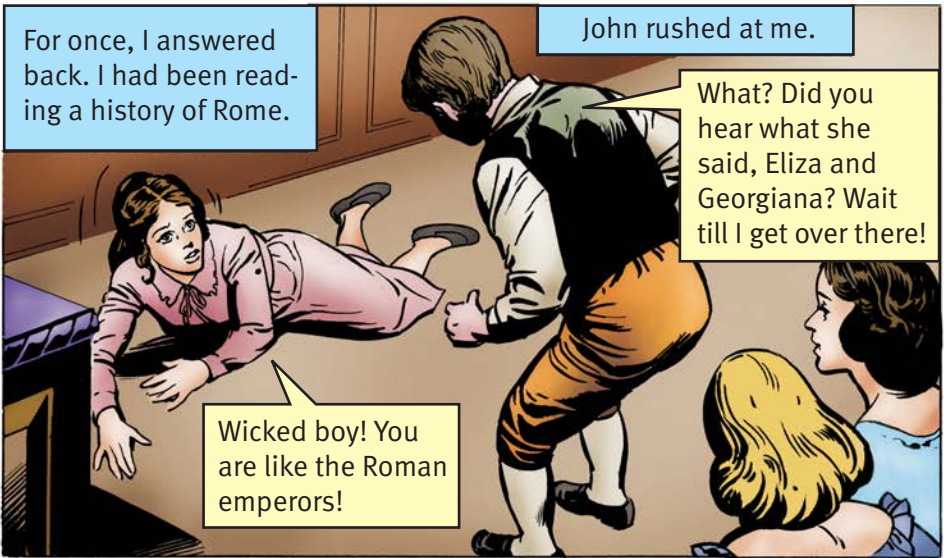


For once, I answered
back. I had been read-
ing a history of Rome.

John rushed at me.

What? Did you
hear what she
said, Eliza and
Georgiana? Wait
till I get over there!

Wicked boy! You
are like the Roman
emperors!



He grasped
me by the hair.
Angrily I fought
back.



Mrs. Reed arrived, followed by her maid, Abbot, and Bessie the nurse. We were quickly separated.

What a fury, to fly at Master John!

Did anybody ever see such a thing?



Take her away to the red room, and lock her in!



I was carried upstairs, struggling all the way.

She never did so before.

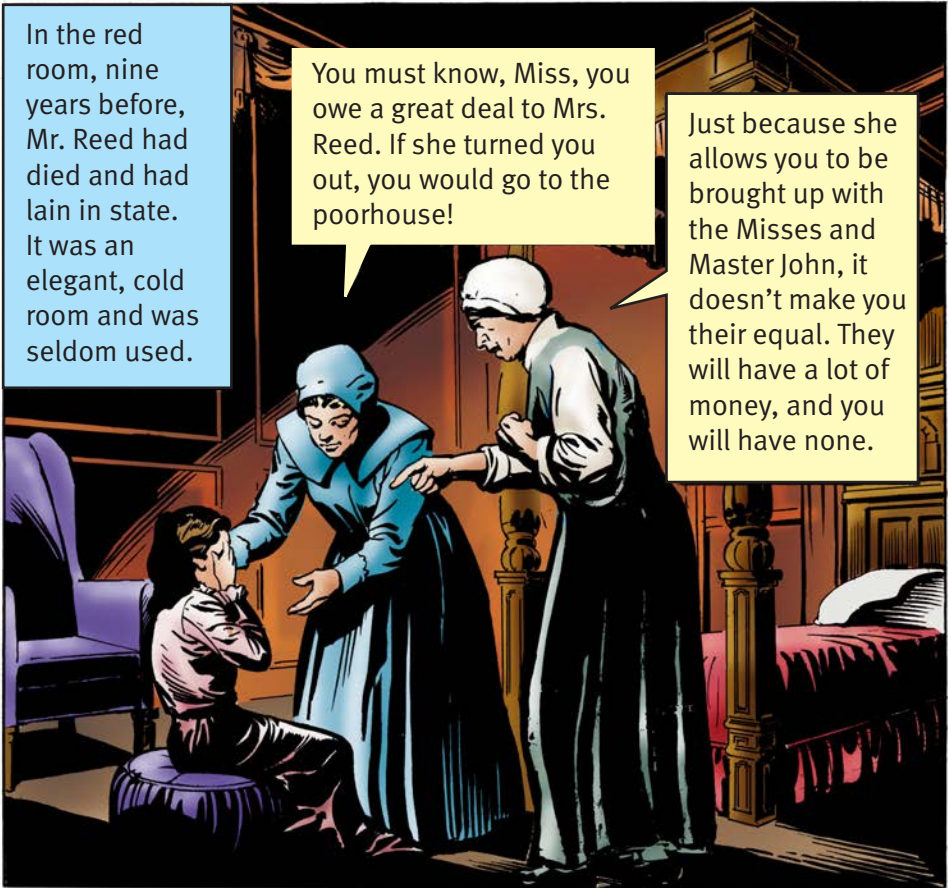


It was always in her! She's an under-handed little thing!

In the red room, nine years before, Mr. Reed had died and had lain in state. It was an elegant, cold room and was seldom used.

You must know, Miss, you owe a great deal to Mrs. Reed. If she turned you out, you would go to the poorhouse!

Just because she allows you to be brought up with the Misses and Master John, it doesn't make you their equal. They will have a lot of money, and you will have none.



It is your place to be humble!

It's for your own good!



Say your prayers! If you aren't sorry, something bad might come down the chimney and take you away!



They left, locking the door. My head ached and bled. I sat trying to think.

Eliza and Georgiana are selfish and spoiled; John is cruel to me and to everyone! But they are loved and praised and never punished!



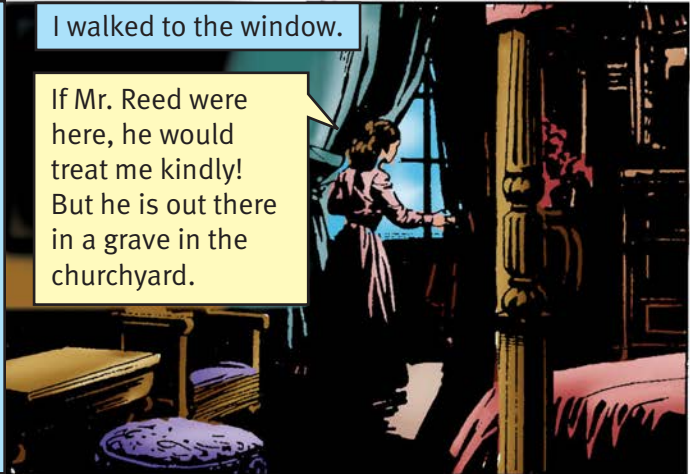
I try to be good, but I am always punished. It's just not right!



Mr. Reed had been my uncle; my mother's brother. When my parents died soon after my birth, he took me into his own home. And at his death, he had made Mrs. Reed promise to bring me up as one of her own children.

I walked to the window.

If Mr. Reed were here, he would treat me kindly! But he is out there in a grave in the churchyard.



He died in that very bed. If he were here he would be a ghost! No! No! I don't want to see him!



