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Classics Illustrated: Jane Eyre

Charlotte Brontë

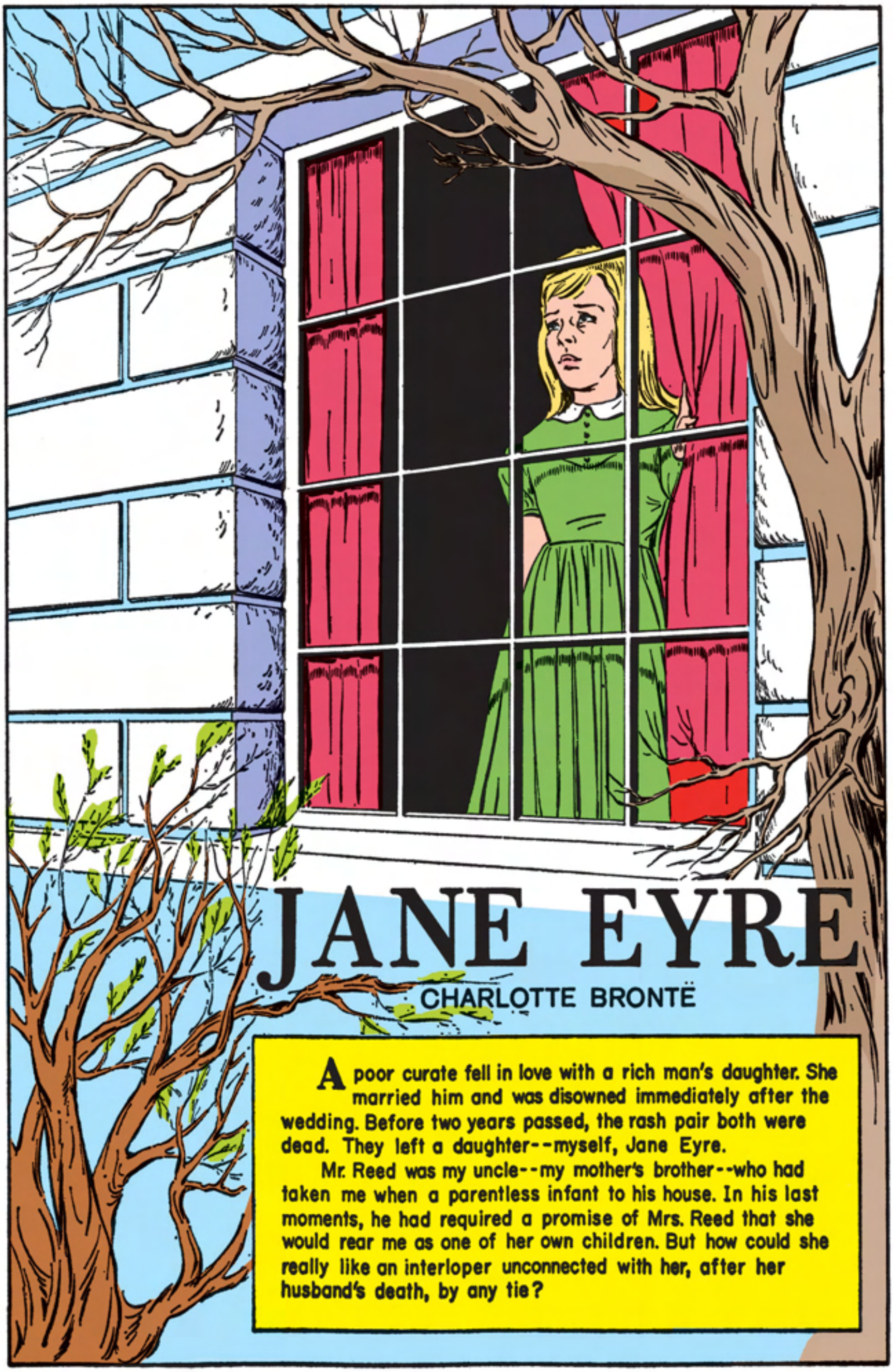
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Extract

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JANE EYRE
CHARLOTTE BRONTË
A poor curate fell in love with a rich man's daughter. She married him and was disowned immediately after the wedding. Before two years passed, the rash pair both were dead. They left a daughter--myself, Jane Eyre.
Mr. Reed was my uncle--my mother's brother--who had taken me when a parentless infant to his house. In his last moments, he had required a promise of Mrs. Reed that she would rear me as one of her own children. But how could she really like an interloper unconnected with her, after her husband's death, by any tie?

I did so, not at first aware what was his intention. The volume was flung. It hit me and I fell, striking my head against the door.

Wicked and cruel boy!

What! Did you say that to me? Won't I tell mama? But first - -

He ran headlong at me. I felt him grasp my hair and my shoulder. He had closed with a desperate thing. I don't know what I did with my hands.

He bellowed out aloud. We were parted by Bessie and another of the servants.

What a fury to fly at Master John!

Take her away to the red room, and lock her in there.