

## Before you read



### 1 Listening

Listen to the beginning of Part Ten. You will hear about Jane's first days away from Thornfield. For questions 1-5 choose the best answer – A, B or C.

- Jane could not buy any food because she had
  - left her bag at Thornfield.
  - left her money on the cart.
  - spent it all to travel on the cart.
- That first night, Jane slept
  - by the road.
  - out on the moor.
  - near the village.
- Jane asked God to
  - bring Mr Rochester to her.
  - help Mr Rochester feel better.
  - keep Mr Rochester far away.
- Jane looked up at the sky and thought that
  - God was far away from her.
  - God looked down at her from the stars.
  - God's existence was evident in the sky and stars.
- At first, Jane was too proud to
  - work as a servant in a small village.
  - ask people for a place to stay.
  - ask people for something to eat.



## PART TEN

# Despair

Two days later, the driver let me off at Whitcross, a lonely place where four roads met in the middle of the Yorkshire moors. As soon as he had gone, I realised that I'd left my bag on the cart. I now had no money, no possessions and no friends. Instead of following one of the four roads, I walked across the moor. It was a warm summer evening. I walked for hours, until I was far away from any road or village. When the sun went down, I sat down on the ground. It was dry and still warm from the sun. I looked up at the clear sky. A single star shone high above me. I decided to sleep there, on the rough grass. I had one piece of bread left. On the bushes around me I saw berries. I picked them and ate them with the piece of bread. Then I prayed to God to comfort Mr Rochester and to help me, and I lay down and looked up at the night sky, now full of stars. We know that God is everywhere, but we see him most clearly in the night sky. I knew that God had created all those stars. I knew that he was omnipotent<sup>1</sup> and that he would protect his creatures. I closed my eyes and went to sleep.

1. **omnipotent** : all-powerful.

The next morning, when I woke up, the sun was shining. I started walking, knowing that I must find a village where someone might help me or at least give me something to eat. When I had been walking a while, I heard a church bell ringing, so I turned in the direction of that sound. At about two in the afternoon, I entered a village and passed a shop with bread in the window. I was very hungry, but I had no money, and I couldn't bear the humiliation of begging for bread. I walked into the shop and asked the woman there, 'Do you know if I can find any work in this village? Does anyone need a servant?'

'No,' she said. I wanted to ask her for a piece of bread, but I couldn't bring myself to do it. I left the shop and walked around the village all afternoon. Finally I saw the church and thought, 'There at least I have a right to ask for help.' But, when I knocked at the door of the house beside the church, an old woman answered and told me that the vicar was away from home and would not be back for two weeks.

Reader, it is painful to tell you these things. When I remember that terrible combination of humiliation and hunger, I feel the pain of it again. I continued to walk around the village. A little before dark, I passed a farm-house. The farmer was sitting outside, eating some bread and cheese. I stopped and said, 'Will you give me a piece of bread?'

He looked at me with surprise then cut a large piece of bread and gave it to me.

That night I slept in a wood not far from the village. The air was cold and the ground was damp. The next day, when I woke up, it was raining. Don't ask me to describe that day, reader! Once more I looked for work; once more I was refused; once more I felt

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hunger pains. In the evening, as I was passing by a cottage, I saw a little girl with a bowl of food left over from the family dinner. She was about to give it to a pig in the yard behind the cottage.

'Will you give me that?' I asked.

'Mother!' cried the little girl. 'There's a woman here who wants me to give her the pig's food!'

A woman's voice replied from inside the cottage, 'Well, give it to her. The pig doesn't need it.'

The girl put the pig's food in my hand, and I ate it ravenously.<sup>1</sup>

As darkness came, I walked over the moor, thinking that I would probably die during the night if it continued to rain, and I would prefer to die on the moor than in the village street. I saw a light some distance ahead and walked towards it, trembling with exhaustion. The rain was falling heavily now and a cold wind was blowing. My shoes and clothes were wet. I fell twice but forced myself to get up again and walk on towards the light. I approached a house. The light was shining from a window. I went to the window and looked in.

Inside was a clean kitchen. A candle stood on a table, and beside it sat an old woman, sewing. Two young ladies dressed in black sat near the fire, reading. They looked like sisters. A large dog and a black cat were asleep at their feet.

'Do you know when St John's coming home, Mary?' one of the young ladies asked the other.

'He should be home soon,' her sister replied. 'It's ten o'clock.'

'When he comes, we'll go into the drawing room and have some supper.<sup>2</sup> Hannah, will you please put more wood on the fire in the drawing room?'

1. **ravenously** : very hungrily.

2. **supper** : a light meal eaten late at night.

'Yes, Miss Diana,' said the old woman. She left the kitchen and returned after a minute. 'It's so sad to see your father's chair empty!' she said, wiping a tear from her eye.

'Poor Father!' said Diana, sadly.

'Well,' said Hannah, 'he's in a better place now, and he had a very peaceful death. You go into the drawing room now, and I'll be there soon with your supper.'

When the young ladies had left the kitchen, I knocked on the door and waited. The door opened and Hannah looked at me in surprise.

'May I speak to the young ladies?' I asked.

'What do you want?'

'I need somewhere to sleep and something to eat.'

Hannah looked at me with suspicion. 'I'll give you a piece of bread, but I can't let a stranger sleep here.'

'Please let me speak to the young ladies.'

'No. Here's some bread and a penny. Now go.'

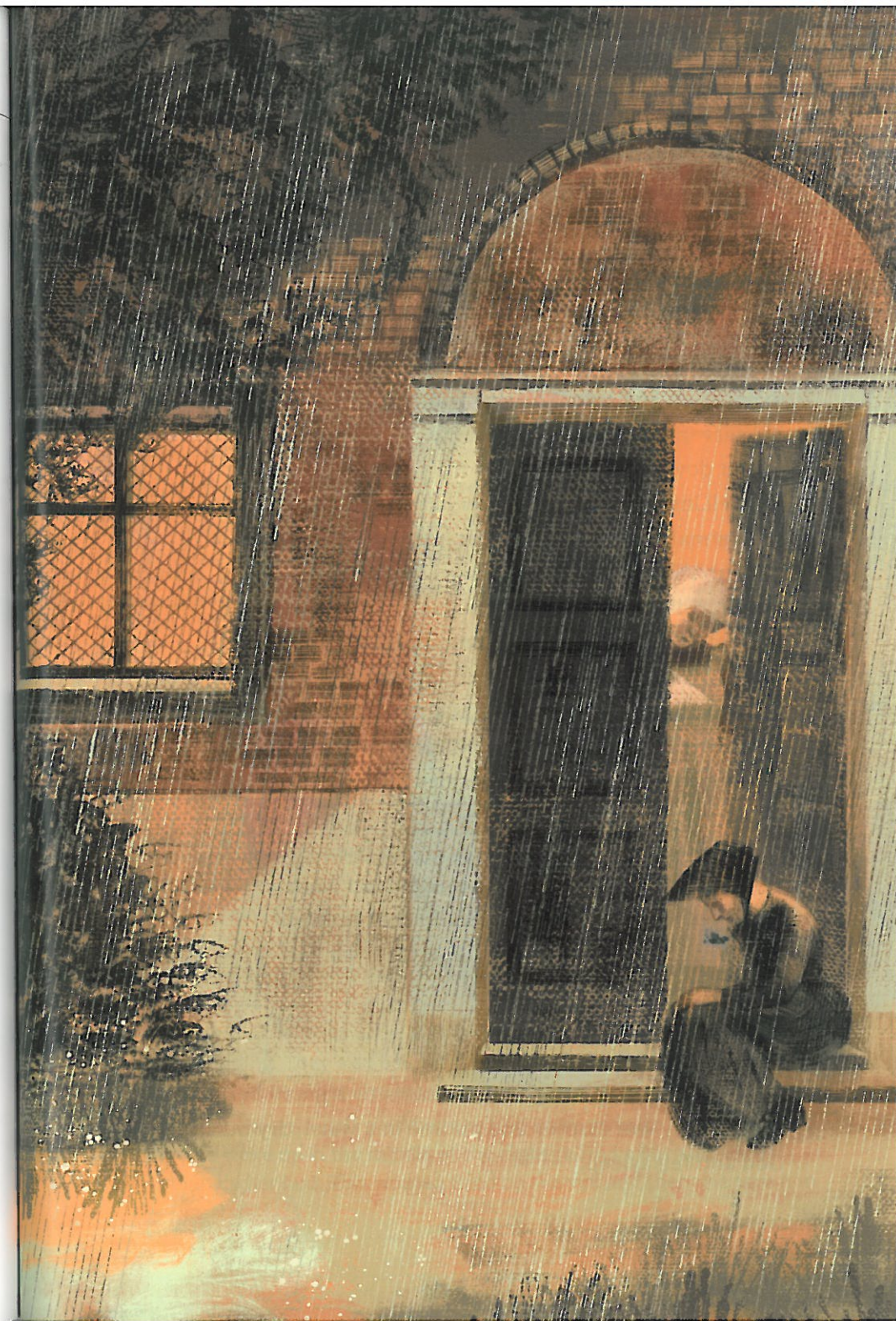
'I don't have the strength to walk any further in this rain. Please don't shut the door!'

'I must. The rain's coming in. I know what you want. You want to get inside the house so that later, when we're all asleep, you can open the door to your friends who will rob us! Well, you can tell them that we're not alone here! We have a gentleman and dogs and guns to protect us!'

With that the honest but stern servant closed the door. Overcome by despair, I lay down on the ground and cried out aloud, 'Dear God! Let me die soon!'

Suddenly, out of the darkness close by, I heard a voice: 'Everyone must die,' it said, 'but not when they are as young as you are.'

A shadow passed close by me and knocked on the door.



'Is that you, Mr St John?' cried Hannah, opening the door. 'You must be wet through! Come in! It's an awful night — so cold and wet — and I believe there are bad people about. A beggar woman just knocked at the door. Ah, there she is!'

'Don't worry, Hannah. I want to speak to this woman. Let us in.'

In a moment I was by the fire in the kitchen, trembling with exhaustion and cold. The two young ladies, their brother and the old servant were all looking at me.

'Sit down,' said St John.

I fell into the chair. I felt very ill and couldn't speak.

'Hannah!' cried St John. 'Get her some bread and milk!'

Diana knelt beside my chair. She took a bowl of milk from Hannah, dipped some bread in it, and offered it to me. Mary took my wet hat off my head and smoothed my hair.

I ate the bread with difficulty at first but then eagerly.

'Enough,' said St John. 'You shouldn't eat too much at first. What is your name?'

'Jane Elliot,' I said. I had decided to use a false name because I didn't want anyone to find me.

'Where do you live? Where are your friends?'

'Sir, I am too weak to talk tonight. If I were a wounded dog, I know you wouldn't leave me out in the rain.'

'Of course not,' said Diana. Her face was full of sympathy and goodness. 'You must stay here.'

'Yes,' said Mary.

'All right,' said St John.

Mary and Diana took me upstairs to a small bedroom. They took off my wet clothes and put me in a warm dry bed. I thanked God and fell asleep.

## The text and beyond

### 1 Comprehension check

Answer the following questions.

- 1 Where did Jane spend her first night away from Thornfield?
- 2 Why didn't Jane ask the shopkeeper for some bread?
- 3 Why did the woman say that Jane could have the pig's food?
- 4 Who was Hannah? What was she like?
- 5 Who were Mary and Diana? What were they like?
- 6 Where was their father?
- 7 Who did Hannah think that Jane was?
- 8 Why shouldn't Jane die yet according to St John?
- 9 Why did Jane not say her real surname?
- 10 What did Jane say so that they would not send her back out in the rain?

### 2 Summary

Fill in the gaps with a phrase to make a summary of Parts 6-10. There is an example at the beginning (0).

Jane was terribly sad. She would soon have to leave Thornfield because (0) Mr Rochester was going to marry Miss Ingram.....

One evening when she was in the rose garden she smelled (1) ..... The two began to talk about Jane's future.

He concluded by saying that she should stay at Thornfield. Jane thought he was being incredibly cruel, but he was actually about to ask her to marry him. Strangely, though, after he had asked her, he asked God (2) .....

The next day, Mr Rochester and Jane went to buy a white dress for their wedding. They also bought (3) ..... — a simple one and a more expensive lace one.

The night before Jane's wedding she had some strange dreams, and she also woke up in the middle of the night to find a horrible-looking woman by her bed. This woman tried on the veil and then she tore it in

two. Jane was so shocked that (4) ..... The next morning Mr Rochester told her that the woman was probably just Grace Poole. Jane let herself be convinced.

Later they rode to the local church and the ceremony began. The clergyman, Mr Wood, asked, as was usual in all weddings, whether there was any reason why (5) ..... Everybody was shocked when a man said he had a reason. It was Mr Briggs, a lawyer. He had a document that said that Mr Rochester (6) ..... Mr Rochester admitted this but he asked for proof that Bertha Mason was still living. Just then, Richard Mason appeared. Rochester could no longer deny that Bertha Mason was alive and lived on the third floor of Thornfield. He then led them all to his house to (7) .....

That afternoon Jane told Mr Rochester that she had to leave Thornfield. He tried every way to convince her to stay. He even threatened her (8) ..... Jane refused to change her mind, and left Thornfield around midnight. She travelled for some time in a cart into the middle of (9) ..... After the car and driver were gone she realized that she had left her bag on the cart. She was now (10) ..... She walked to a village and asked for work, but found none. The next day she had to (11) ..... When it got dark, it started to rain. Jane decided to walk out into the moors to die. Luckily, she came upon a house. (12) ..... lived there. At first a servant refused to let Jane inside. But then the ladies' brother saw her in front of the house and brought her in. Jane was saved.

**3 Speaking**

Hannah thinks that Jane is a poor beggar and does not trust her. She thinks that Jane has friends who want to rob her master's home. Discuss these questions with your partner and report your ideas to the class.

- 1 How do you feel when you see a beggar? Do you have the feeling that beggars are dangerous?
- 2 Do you usually give some money?

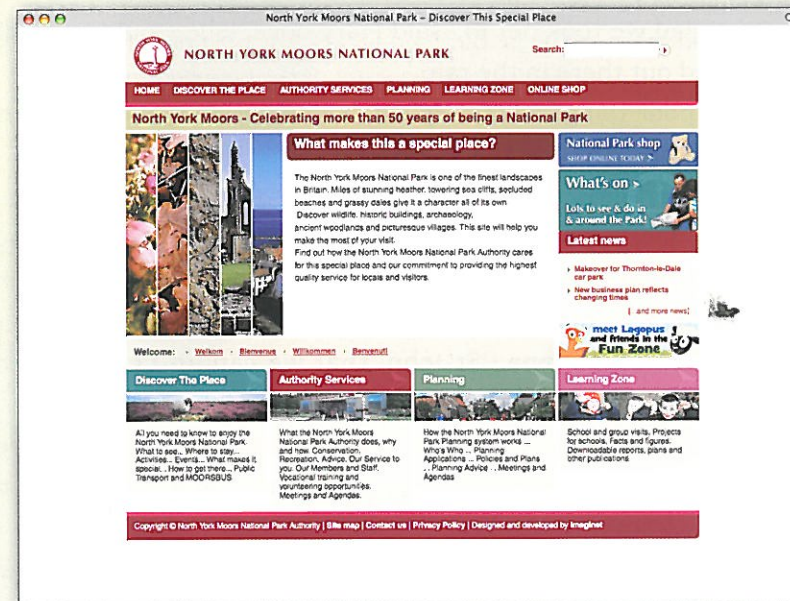
**INTERNET PROJECT**

*Jane Eyre* gives prominence to the wild country of northern England known as the moors. Emily Brontë gave the moors an even more prominent role in her novel *Wuthering Heights*, where they are practically a character in the novel.

Fortunately, a large portion of the northern moors is protected in a national park. To find out more about the North York Moors National Park connect to the Internet and go to [www.blackcat-cideb.com](http://www.blackcat-cideb.com) or [www.cideb.it](http://www.cideb.it). Insert the title or part of the title of the book into our search engine. Open the page for *Jane Eyre*. Click on the Internet project link. Go down the page until you find the title of this book and click on the relevant link for this project.

Make a short presentation to the class. Say:


- ▶ where exactly it is located
- ▶ what animals live in the park
- ▶ when the heather blooms
- ▶ what interesting things you can see.





PART ELEVEN

## Moor House

 [www.blackcat-cideb.com](http://www.blackcat-cideb.com)

My memory of the next few days is unclear. I stayed in bed. Sometimes Diana or Mary came in and spoke to me, but I couldn't answer. When they came into my room together, I was comforted by the things they said to each other.

'I'm glad we took her in,' said Mary once. 'She would certainly have died out there in the rain.'

'Yes, poor thing!' Diana replied. 'I wonder what she was doing out there all alone.'

Once St John came to visit me with his sisters. 'She has a strange face,' he said. 'It's not a pretty face — not at all, in fact it's quite plain — but there's nothing vulgar or degraded about it. It's not the face of a beggar.'

'Oh, no!' said Diana. 'St John, that we can let her stay here when she is better.'

'She's probably some young lady who has quarrelled with her friends and left them,' said St John. 'We should persuade her to go home to them.'

On the fourth day, I could speak and move. Someone had cleaned my clothes and left them on the chair beside my bed. I got



dressed and washed myself, and then went down to the kitchen.

It was full of the smell of new bread and the warmth of a big fire. Hannah smiled at me. 'Are you feeling better?' she said. 'Sit down and make yourself comfortable. Mr St John and his sisters have gone for a walk, but they'll be back soon.'

I sat down. Hannah went back to her work, but looked at me from time to time with interest. After a while she said, 'Did you ever go begging before you came here?'

'I'm not a beggar,' I said quietly.

'Well, you have no home and no money.'

'That's true, but it doesn't mean that I'm a beggar.'

'Your voice sounds educated!'

'I spent eight years in a boarding school.'

'Well, why can't you earn enough money to get yourself food and a place to live?'

'I did earn money and I hope to again,' I said. 'Tell me about Mr St John and his sisters.'

'Mr St John Rivers is the vicar of Morton, a few miles from here, but he says that in a year he will go to India to work as a missionary.<sup>1</sup> His sisters, Diana and Mary, used to live here in Moor House with their father. Old Mr Rivers was from a good family, but he lost all his money in business, so Mary and Diana went to work as governesses in London. Old Mr Rivers died a few weeks ago, and his daughters came home for the funeral. They can only stay here for about a month, then they must go back to work.'

Just then the door opened, and Diana came in, followed by her sister and brother. 'Hello! Are you well enough to come downstairs?' She held out her hand to me and smiled. 'Come and sit down.'

1. **missionary** : someone who goes to non-Christian countries to convert the natives to Christianity.

In the drawing room, she said, 'You wait here. Mary and I will go and make tea, then we'll be back.' Diana left, and St John came in, sat by the fire, and began reading his newspaper.

I looked at him with interest. He was about thirty years old, tall with blond hair and blue eyes. His face was handsome and still, like the face of a Greek statue, but there was nothing relaxed about his expression. Something about his face told me that he was either restless or hard. He didn't speak to me or even look at me until his sisters returned with the tea.

Mary poured the tea and Diana handed around the sandwiches and cakes. St John looked at me closely as I ate.

'You're very hungry,' he said. 'When you have had your tea, perhaps you will tell us where your friends are. We can write to them, and they'll come to take you home.'

'I'm afraid that's impossible,' I said, 'because I have no home and no friends.'

Diana and Mary looked at me with sympathy and curiosity. St John looked at my hands then said, 'You aren't married?'

'No,' I said. I felt my face go hot as I spoke. The reference to marriage had brought back all my miserable memories. The young ladies saw my embarrassment and turned away so as not to embarrass me further, but their brother continued to look at me until tears came into my eyes.

'Where did you live before you came here?'

'Don't ask her so many questions, St John,' whispered Mary.

'Where I lived is my secret,' I said.

'But if I know nothing about you,' said St John, 'I can't help you, and you need help, don't you?'

'Yes, I need help to find work,' I replied.

'Good. What work have you done in the past?'

'Mr Rivers,' I said. 'You and your sisters have been very kind and I will tell you all I can without putting myself in danger. I am an orphan, the daughter of a vicar. I spent eight years in Lowood School. A year ago, I left Lowood to work as a governess. Four days before I came here, I had to leave the place where I worked. I can't tell you why. All I can tell you is that I did nothing wrong. I spent all the money I had to get away. I lost my bag on the journey here. I spent two nights sleeping on the moors. I had very little to eat. And that is why I knocked on your door and asked for help. You and your sisters have been very kind to me. I thank you.'

'Don't make her talk anymore now, St John,' said Diana. 'Come to the sofa and sit down, Miss Elliot.'

I was surprised by the name for a moment. I'd forgotten that I'd given them a false name. Diana didn't notice my surprise, but her brother did.

'Your name is Jane Elliot, isn't it?'

'That's the name I'm using now. It isn't my real name.'

'Won't you tell us your real name?'

'No. I don't want anyone to find me here. I want to find work as soon as possible, but until I do, please let me stay here.'

'Of course you must stay here,' said Diana.

'Yes, of course,' said Mary.

'You see my sisters want to keep you here, but I prefer to help you to keep yourself, and I'll try my best to do so.'

'Thank you,' I said.

I spent a month at Moor House and I became very close to Diana and Mary. St John remained a mystery to me. I went with his sisters to hear him preach in his church at Morton. His sermon was very powerful but strangely depressing: he was a man full of

ideas and enthusiasm about his religion, but his religion was stern and hard. One day, I asked him if he had found any work for me.

'Yes. My sisters will soon be returning to their work in London. After that, I will close this house. Hannah will come with me to my house in Morton. I have opened a school for boys there and plan to open one for girls. If you like, you can be the teacher at the girls' school. You will have a small house next to the school.'

'Thank you. I gladly accept,' I said.

'I'll only be staying in Morton for one more year, then I will go to India to be a missionary. I suppose you too will leave Morton soon. You aren't the kind of person to spend her life teaching farmers' daughters.' Just then Diana and Mary came in. 'There's a letter for you, St John,' said Diana. He opened the letter and began to read. 'Ah!' he said after a minute. 'Uncle John's dead.'

'Does the letter say anything else?' asked Diana.

'No. Read it yourself.'

She and Mary read the letter then looked up at their brother. 'Ah, well! At least we are no worse off than we were before,' said Mary.

St John went out for a walk, and Diana turned to me. 'You must think it strange that we aren't sad about our uncle's death, but we never knew him. He was our mother's brother, but he and our father quarrelled over business many years ago and never spoke to each other again. Later on, he made a lot of money — twenty thousand pounds. We all hoped that, since Uncle John had no children of his own, he would leave his money to us when he died. The letter says that he died and left all his money to a cousin of ours — a cousin we've never met.'

After this explanation, we never discussed the matter again. Two days later, Diana and Mary went to London. St John, Hannah, and I went to Morton.



### The text and beyond

#### FCE 1 Comprehension check

For questions 1-7, choose the best answer – A, B, C or D.

- Jane did not talk to Diana and Mary the first few days because
  - she felt embarrassed about her situation as a beggar.
  - she was afraid they would ask questions about her past.
  - she was too weak from her time alone out on the moors.
  - she was emotionally tired.
- Which of the following adjectives does NOT describe St John?
  - humorous
  - severe
  - handsome
  - kind
- When Jane was feeling better, Hannah's main curiosity was to discover
  - why Jane was alone out on the moor.
  - where Jane came from.
  - how Jane had arrived out on the moor.
  - why Jane was a beggar.
- Jane wanted Hannah to know that
  - she was not married or engaged to marry.
  - she had studied and worked before.
  - she had travelled across the moors alone.
  - she had never had a lot of money.
- When Diana, Mary and St John asked Jane about her past she
  - told them mostly the truth.
  - told them mostly lies.
  - said very little in order not to lie.
  - only told them about her childhood.
- St John did not want Jane to stay with him and his sisters because
  - he thought it would be better if she could look after herself.
  - he was afraid that she would take advantage of his sisters' generosity.
  - he thought she might really be some kind of a beggar.
  - he did not particularly like having her at his house.

- Mary and Diana's main interest when they learned of their uncle's death was to know
  - if he had suffered greatly.
  - where he would be buried.
  - who he had left his money to.
  - when exactly he had died.

#### 2 Word square

Complete the following words, then find them in the square.

##### Doctor

\_\_eed  
w\_\_\_\_  
b\_\_\_\_d

##### Religion

H\_\_\_\_n  
G\_\_  
s\_\_l  
c\_\_r\_\_  
\_\_i\_\_st  
\_i\_\_\_\_na\_y

##### Parts of a house

\_\_a\_\_i\_\_g\_\_\_\_m  
c\_\_\_\_d\_\_

##### Money

p\_\_r  
d\_b\_

##### Sadness

\_or\_\_\_\_  
\_ea\_\_s  
w\_\_p\_\_\_\_  
\_r\_\_f

I	N	T	H	E	G	R	I	E	F	M	O	D	F	S
U	N	D	E	C	O	R	R	I	D	O	R	R	O	O
I	N	R	A	C	D	W	A	D	E	B	E	A	B	R
R	O	A	V	T	P	H	O	J	O	L	I	W	F	R
F	R	W	E	I	N	O	G	U	U	O	E	I	A	O
P	N	I	N	I	G	D	O	H	N	O	T	N	I	W
O	C	N	G	A	S	A	E	R	P	D	A	G	B	R
O	H	G	O	O	D	O	B	B	O	R	E	V	I	M
R	U	R	H	G	A	B	U	E	T	L	I	S	M	Y
C	R	O	B	L	E	E	D	L	U	S	I	E	B	R
U	C	O	S	M	O	T	H	E	R	B	U	T	S	T
T	H	M	T	E	A	R	S	I	S	N	O	Q	U	T
M	I	S	S	I	O	N	A	R	Y	S	O	M	Y	U
N	C	L	E	W	E	E	P	I	N	G	I	V	A	N
S	W	C	O	R	R	I	D	O	R	I	F	E	A	N

## Before you read



### 1 Listening

Listen to the beginning of Part Twelve. You will hear about St John's plans for the future. For questions 1-5, choose the best answer – A, B or C.

- Jane liked being at Morton despite the fact that
  - some students knew more than she did.
  - her students knew very little at all.
  - her students did not always come to class.
- Jane thought that St John's plans for the future were
  - not very spiritual.
  - rather depressing and sad.
  - too spiritual for her.
- After St John saw Rosamond he was
  - happier and less severe than usual.
  - unhappier and more reflective.
  - more severe and angry.
- St John's life with Rosamond would have been
  - pleasant and easy.
  - monotonous.
  - hard and depressing.
- Rosamond's father
  - did not particularly like St John's family.
  - had a deep hatred of St John's family.
  - had a very high opinion of St John's family.

### 2 Prediction

St John comes to Jane. He has received a letter from a lawyer called Briggs. This letter will change Jane's life. What do you think this letter will say?



## PART TWELVE

# A Great Surprise

My cottage at Morton was small, but I was happy there. My students at the school were ignorant, and some of them were also vulgar and loud. I was very glad to have a home and work, but I found the poverty and ignorance around me depressing. If I had given in to temptation, I would now be in the South of France with Mr Rochester. Instead, I had chosen a miserable journey that had ended in a position I found degrading. But I told myself that God had shown me the right way.

I saw St John often, and sometimes we went for walks together. He told me about his ambitions for India. It seemed to me that he wanted to live the life and perhaps die the death of a saint, but there was no joy in his vision. He introduced me to Miss Rosamond Oliver, the daughter of the richest man in Morton. She was a charming beautiful young lady, full of life and laughter. St John always seemed even sterner than usual when Miss Oliver was there, and more thoughtful and depressed when she had gone. I now understood his secret: like me, he had resisted temptation. Miss Oliver was not indifferent to him. Sometimes she looked at