

# Jane Eyre

## Charlotte Bronte, 1847

*Read the passage and answer the questions on the next page.*

I hardly know whether I had slept or not; at any rate, I started wide awake on hearing a vague murmur, which sounded as though it was just above me. The night was drearily dark; my spirits were depressed. I sat up in bed, listening. The sound was hushed. I tried again to sleep; but my heart beat anxiously. The clock in the hall struck two.

Just then, it seemed my chamber-door was touched; as if fingers had swept the panels along the dark gallery outside.

“Who is there?” I said, but nothing answered. I was chilled with fear. All at once I remembered that it might be Pilot, who, when the kitchen-door was to be left open, sometimes found his way up to Mr. Rochester’s chamber: I had seen him lying there in the mornings. The idea calmed me somewhat, and I lay down. An unbroken hush now reigned again through the whole house, and I began to feel the return of slumber.

But it was not fated that I should sleep that night. A dream had scarcely approached my ear, when it fled affrighted, scared by a marrow-freezing incident enough.

This was a demoniac laugh—low, suppressed, and deep—uttered, as it seemed, at the very keyhole of my chamber door. The head of my bed was near the door, and I thought at first the goblin-laughers stood at my bedside—or rather, crouched by my pillow: but I rose, looked round, and could see nothing. As I still gazed, the unnatural sound was reiterated: and I knew it came from behind the panels. My first impulse was to rise and fasten the bolt; but again I cried out, “Who is there?”

Something gurgled and moaned. I heard steps retreat up the gallery towards the third-storey staircase: a door had lately been made to shut in that staircase; I heard it open and close, and all was still.

“Was that Grace Poole? Is she possessed with a devil?” thought I.

I could no longer remain by myself: I had to go to Mrs. Fairfax. I hurried on my frock and a shawl; I withdrew the bolt and opened the door with a trembling hand. There was a candle burning just outside, and on the matting in the gallery. I was surprised at this circumstance: but still more was I amazed to perceive the air filled with...



**What do you think Jane sees in the air? Use information from the last paragraph to support your answer.**

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

**Now, write another paragraph to end the passage.**

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

