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## JANE EYRE DIARY

### Ellie Naylor

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**January 3<sup>rd</sup> 1847**

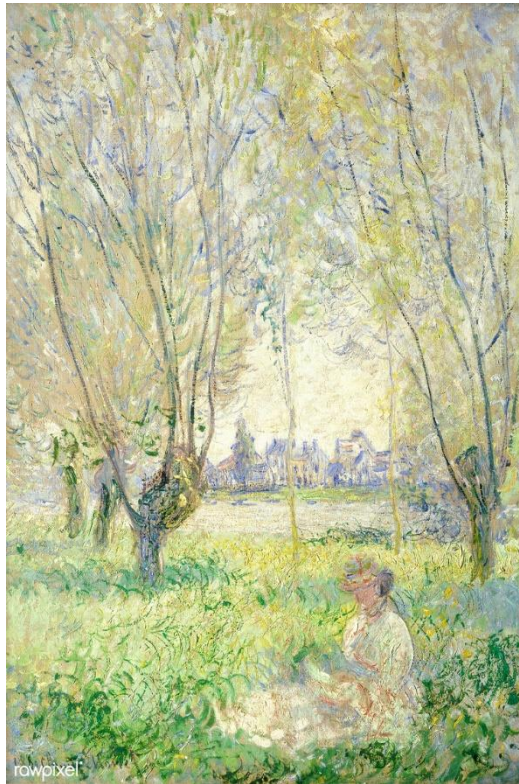
Dear Diary,

I don't know where to begin. My head is in a complete mess currently. I've been at Thornfield Hall for all of 2 months and my life has changed tremendously. The kindness and warmth of this place has opened my eyes to the possibility's life has to offer, even Mr. Rochester (gloomy as he is) appears to be making a considerable effort with me now. Spring is fast approaching, 'the blue sky and halcyon sunshine of the genial spring weather' calls to me. The isolation of my past life seems to be that of a dream or a memory that happened to someone else.

**March 21<sup>st</sup> 1847**

Dear Diary,

I can't help but let my mind wonder as I continue to work with the little Miss Adele. Mr. Rochester dominates my brain. Every time I am alone with my thoughts, I cannot control myself, he is perhaps the most extraordinary person I have happened to meet. I am choosing to write to help organize my thoughts as I have no one in this world to confide in. Of course, there is Mrs. Fairfax and the young Sophie, however I feel it is simple impossible to speak of such matters to other servants of the house. I know it is quite impossible to have a life with Mr. Rochester but still I let myself dream of this man. I know everyone speaks fondly of him within the House, I remember Mrs. Fairfax first telling me of his 'fine voice' and from then it is all I think about. Although he is kind and considerate, he still seems distant from me. I



know I should not begin to think above my station, so I am determined this next week to put these fantasies behind me.

**April 24<sup>th</sup> 1847**

Dear diary,

I am in a state of restlessness. Sleep alludes me as I appear to be haunted by unwanted thoughts. I am pledged an unwanted spirit in the house. Late at night I can hear things. Unsettling things. Feet brushing against the floor outside in the hall, heavy breathing from the house, and worst of all, nails tearing down the outside of my door. I do not know if I am becoming delusional or just being hysterical. I dare not tell a soul for fear of being claimed insane. As I linger in bed I 'listen for the movements of the wild beast'. I just hope this madness will soon come to an end.

**May 14<sup>th</sup> 1847**

Dear Diary,

I cannot begin to explain what has happened to me during the past few days. All my worst fears became a reality last night; I was awoken by a blazing fire. I cannot remove the image out of my head. I do not fully remember how it happened. My darling Mr. Rochester would surely have perished in the blazing inferno if fear had not woken me. The gratitude of the whole house is overwhelming; but most importantly it has opened Rochester's eyes fully to me. Midst the whirlwind of a week after saving my love from a cruel coffin he proposed to me! I cannot begin to put into words how overcome I am with delight. The next chapter of my life is soon to begin and I could not be more joyful than I am right in this moment.

**June 11<sup>th</sup> 1847**

Dear Diary,

Everything is broken. Everything is destroyed. Everything is lost. Thornfield is no longer my home and I have left, in search of a new life. I, a young naive girl, who has been told I am 'over-excited' have been deceived by those closest around me. Those I once thought friends. I now understand the truth of the strange occurrences of my once Home. Mr. Rochester believed that I would not question the truth when it is so plain that the truth is being hidden from me. My once beloved Edward is already married. Married to Bertha, who has been kept in the attic for numerous years now. Bertha is insane, that I cannot deny, but I refuse to be deceived by someone who I was prepared to give my heart and soul to. I cannot articulate the pain I endure as time seems to slip past me. I can only hold on to my faith that there is more in this world for me. That a brighter future awaits, one in which I hope to find peace with my troubling past.