

THE
CLASSIC NOVEL
BROUGHT TO
LIFE IN FULL
COLOUR!

Classical
COMICS



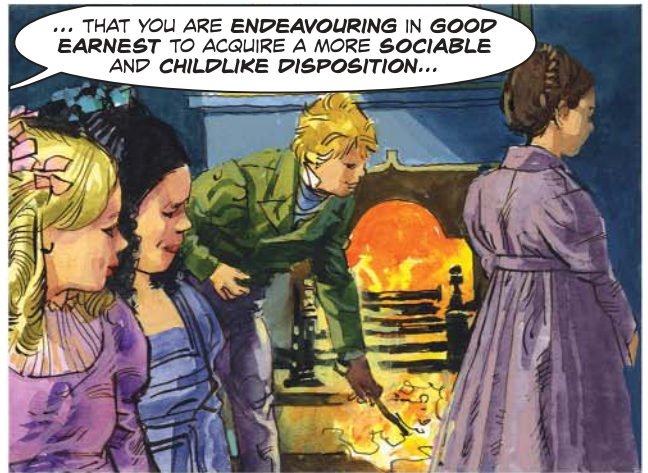
Jane Eyre

THE GRAPHIC NOVEL

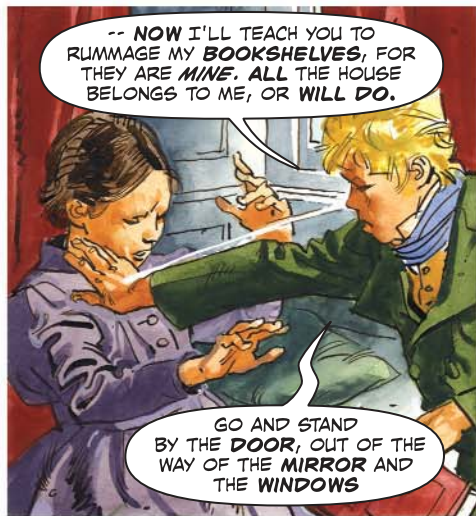
Charlotte Brontë

Original Text

QuickText









DEAR, DEAR!
WHAT A FURY TO
FLY AT MASTER
JOHN!

DID
ANYBODY
SEE SUCH A
PICTURE OF
PASSION?



TAKE HER
AWAY TO THE
RED ROOM AND
LOCK HER
IN THERE.

~ CHAPTER II ~



FOR SHAME,
FOR SHAME!

WHAT
SHOCKING
CONDUCT,
MISS EYRE,
TO STRIKE
YOUR YOUNG
MASTER!

MASTER!
HOW IS HE MY
MASTER? AM I
A SERVANT?



NO, YOU
ARE LESS
THAN A
SERVANT, FOR YOU
DO NOTHING FOR
YOUR KEEP.

YOU OUGHT **NOT** TO THINK YOURSELF ON **EQUALITY** WITH THE **MISSSES REED** AND **MASTER REED**, BECAUSE **MISSIS KINDLY** ALLOWS YOU TO BE **BROUGHT UP** WITH THEM. --



-- THEY WILL HAVE A **GREAT DEAL OF MONEY** AND YOU WILL HAVE **NONE**. IT IS YOUR **PLACE** TO MAKE YOURSELF **AGREEABLE** TO THEM

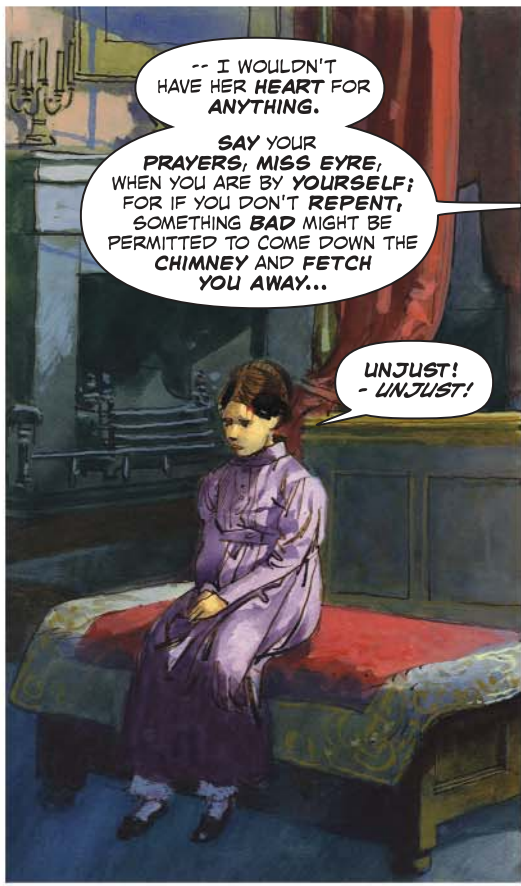


WHAT WE TELL YOU IS FOR YOUR OWN **GOOD**.

IF **MRS. REED** WERE TO **TURN YOU OUT**, YOU WOULD HAVE TO GO TO THE **POORHOUSE**.



COME BESSIE, WE WILL **LEAVE HER** --



-- I WOULDN'T HAVE HER **HEART** FOR ANYTHING.

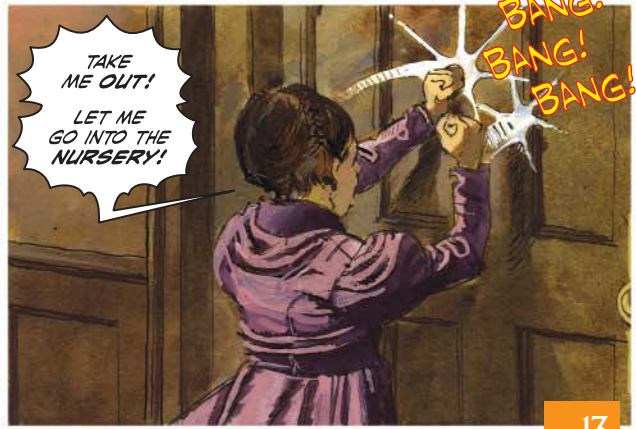
SAY YOUR PRAYERS, **MISS EYRE**, WHEN YOU ARE BY **YOURSELF**; FOR IF YOU DON'T **REPENT**, SOMETHING **BAD** MIGHT BE PERMITTED TO COME DOWN THE **CHIMNEY** AND **FETCH YOU AWAY...**

UNJUST!
- UNJUST!



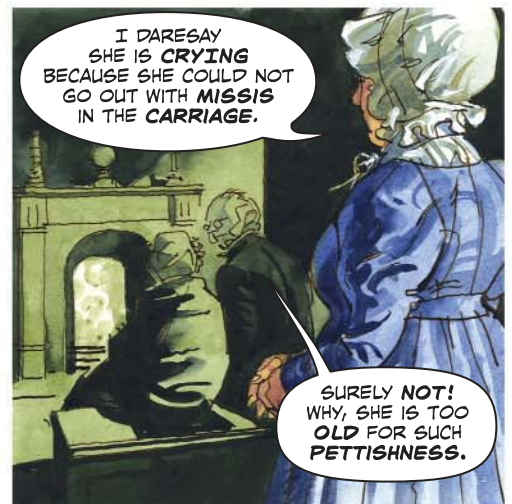
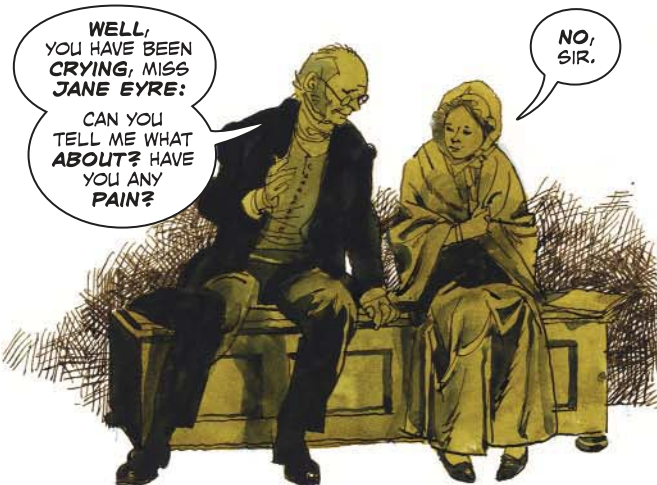
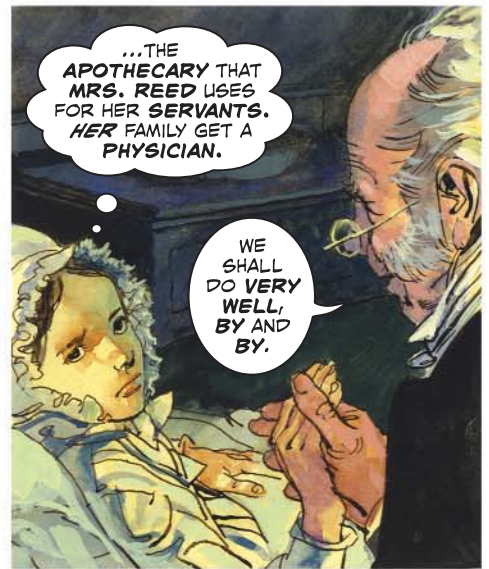
HUH?!?

SHREEEK!!



TAKE ME OUT!
LET ME GO INTO THE NURSERY!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!







NONSENSE!
AND IS IT THAT MAKES
YOU SO MISERABLE NOW? ARE
YOU AFRAID NOW IN
DAYLIGHT?

**NO, BUT
NIGHT WILL
COME AGAIN
BEFORE
LONG**

**AND
BESIDES -
I AM UNHAPPY,
VERY UNHAPPY,
FOR OTHER
THINGS.**



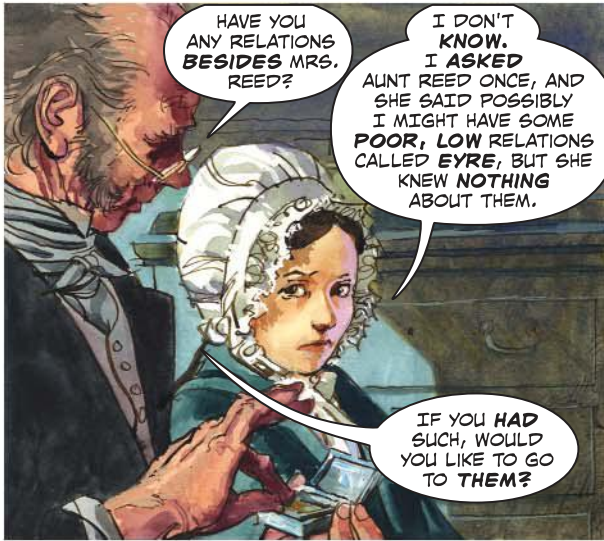
**WHAT
OTHER
THINGS?**

**I HAVE
NO MOTHER,
BROTHERS OR
SISTERS.**



**YOU HAVE A
KIND AUNT AND
COUSINS...**

**BUT JOHN
REED KNOCKED ME
DOWN AND MY AUNT
SHUT ME UP IN THE
RED ROOM.**



**HAVE YOU
ANY RELATIONS
BESIDES MRS.
REED?**

**I DON'T
KNOW.
I ASKED
AUNT REED ONCE, AND
SHE SAID POSSIBLY
I MIGHT HAVE SOME
POOR, LOW RELATIONS
CALLED EYRE, BUT SHE
KNEW NOTHING
ABOUT THEM.**

**IF YOU HAD
SUCH, WOULD
YOU LIKE TO GO
TO THEM?**



**POVERTY
TO ME WAS
SYNONYMOUS WITH
DEGRADATION.**

**NO, I
SHOULD NOT
LIKE TO BELONG TO
POOR PEOPLE.**



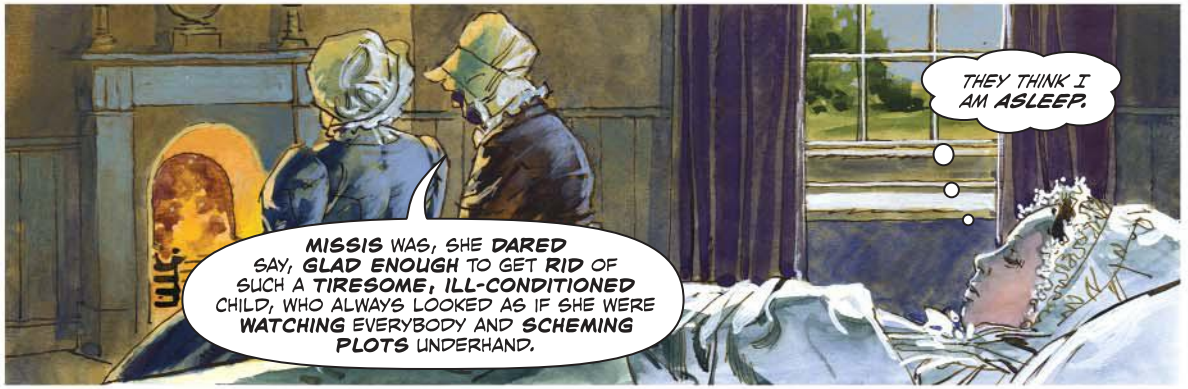
**WELL THEN,
WOULD YOU
LIKE TO GO
TO SCHOOL?**

**YES ... I
SHOULD LIKE TO GO
TO SCHOOL**



**I SHALL
HAVE A WORD
WITH MRS.
REED, THEN.**

**THE CHILD
OUGHT TO HAVE A
CHANGE OF AIR
AND SCENE -
NERVES NOT IN A
GOOD STATE.**



THEY THINK I AM ASLEEP.

MISSIS WAS, SHE DARED SAY, GLAD ENOUGH TO GET RID OF SUCH A TIREISOME, ILL-CONDITIONED CHILD, WHO ALWAYS LOOKED AS IF SHE WERE WATCHING EVERYBODY AND SCHEMING PLOTS UNDERHAND.



HER MOTHER MARRIED THAT POOR CLERGYMAN AGAINST THE WISHES OF HER FRIENDS, WHO THOUGHT HIM BENEATH HER, AND OF HER FATHER MR. REED --



-- WHO CUT HER OFF WITHOUT A SHILLING. THEN, BUT MARRIED A YEAR, THE CLERGYMAN CAUGHT THE TYPHUS FEVER WHILE VISITING AMONG THE POOR



-- HER MOTHER THEN CAUGHT IT FROM HIM AND BOTH DIED WITHIN A MONTH OF THE OTHER



POOR MISS JANE IS TO BE PITIED TOO, ABBOTT.

YES, IF SHE WAS A NICE, PRETTY CHILD; BUT ONE REALLY CANNOT CARE FOR SUCH A LITTLE TOAD AS THAT.



~ CHAPTER IV ~

SOME WEEKS LATER...