

'Are you Mr.s Fairfax?' I asked her.

'Yes, my ' she said. 'And you are Miss Eyre. Are you cold? Sit by **the** fire, Miss Eyre, A servant bring you some food.'

'Mr.s Fairfax is very kind,' I said to myself. 'I be happy here.'

'I see Miss Fairfax tonight?' I asked.

Mr.s Fairfax looked at me. She smiled.

'Miss Fairfax? No, no,' she said. 'Your pupil's name is not Miss Fairfax. Your pupil is Adele Varens. Adele's mother was a Frenchwoman. Adele is Mr. Rochester's He of her.'

'Mr. Rochester? Who is Mr. Rochester?' I asked.

'Mr. Edward Rochester is the of Thornfield Hall,' Mr.s Fairfax said. 'I am his I take care of Thornfield Hall. Mr. Rochester is not now. He does not like this house. He is often from home.'

I was very tired. Mr.s Fairfax me up the wide stairs. She took me to my room. I went to bed And I slept well.

The next morning, I woke The sun was shining. I put on a black dress. I opened my bedroom door. I walked a corridor and the wide stairs. I walked into the sunny garden.

I turned and I looked at my new home. Thornfield Hall was a beautiful house with many large windows. The garden was beautiful too.