

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

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

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

[orange] 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 [redacted] He [redacted] of her.'

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

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

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

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

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