

My Story Begins

In 1825, I was ten years old. My father and mother were dead. I lived with my aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Reed. Their house was called Gateshead Hall. The house was in Yorkshire, in the north of England. My Aunt and Uncle Reed had two children - a boy, John, and a girl, Eliza.

I liked my Uncle Reed and he liked me. But in 1825, my uncle died. After that, I was very unhappy. My Aunt Reed did not like me. And John and Eliza were unkind to me.

It was a cold, rainy day in December. All of us were in the house. I wanted to be alone. I wanted to read. I opened a book. Then I heard my Cousin John's voice.

'Jane! Jane Eyre! Where are you?' John shouted. He came into the room and he saw me.

