

In the afternoon, Mr.s Fairfax took me into all the rooms of Thornfield Hall. We looked at the paintings and at the beautiful furniture.

'Come up onto the roof, Miss Eyre,' Mr.s Fairfax said. 'You will see the beautiful countryside around Thornfield Hall.'

We walked up many stairs. At last, we were at the top of the house. We walked along the top corridor. Mr.s Fairfax opened a small door

'Look, Miss Eyre,' Mr.s Fairfax said. 'You can see for many miles.'

Then we went back into the house. We walked carefully towards the stairs. The top corridor was narrow and dark.

'Who is that, Mr.s Fairfax?' I asked.

Mr.s Fairfax did not reply.

'Grace!' she said. The door opened. Behind the door was a small room.

'Be quiet, Grace, please,' Mr.s Fairfax said.

Then she closed the door.

'That was Grace Poole,' Mr.s Fairfax said. 'She works up here.'

Don't worry about Grace. Please come downstairs now, Miss Eyre.'

Sometimes she laughs and talks with the other servants.

We stood on the roof for a few minutes.

A servant was standing at the door.

She knocked on a door.

Suddenly, I heard a strange laugh.

and we walked onto the roof.

Then she closed the door.

The woman looked at Mr.s Fairfax.

We walked along the corridors,