

30-PAGE COMPLETE ADAPTATION

Jane Eyre

A COMIC ADAPTATION

Orphan.
Outsider.
Governess.
Her own
master.
Her own
destiny.



*The Reed Household.
Gateshead.*

*I was ten years old.
I had no friends here.
I was alone.*



You are
less than
a servant,
Jane.



*I try to
be good.*



Then try
harder.



*I was not their child.
I was an unwanted dependent.
A shadow in their house.*

The cold
pantry is
for you.







MR. BROCKLEHURST.
JANE RECOVERED, BUT
KINDNESS WAS NOT
IN THIS HOUSE.



SHE HAS A
TENDENCY
TOWARD
FALSEHOOD.

THEN WE
MUST HUMBLE
HER SPIRIT.



THEY SHALL
NOT MAKE ME
BELIEVE THEIR
LIES.



SHE WILL
BE SENT
TO LOWOOD
SCHOOL.



AFTER BROCKLEHURST
LEAVES...

I AM
NOT DECEITFUL!

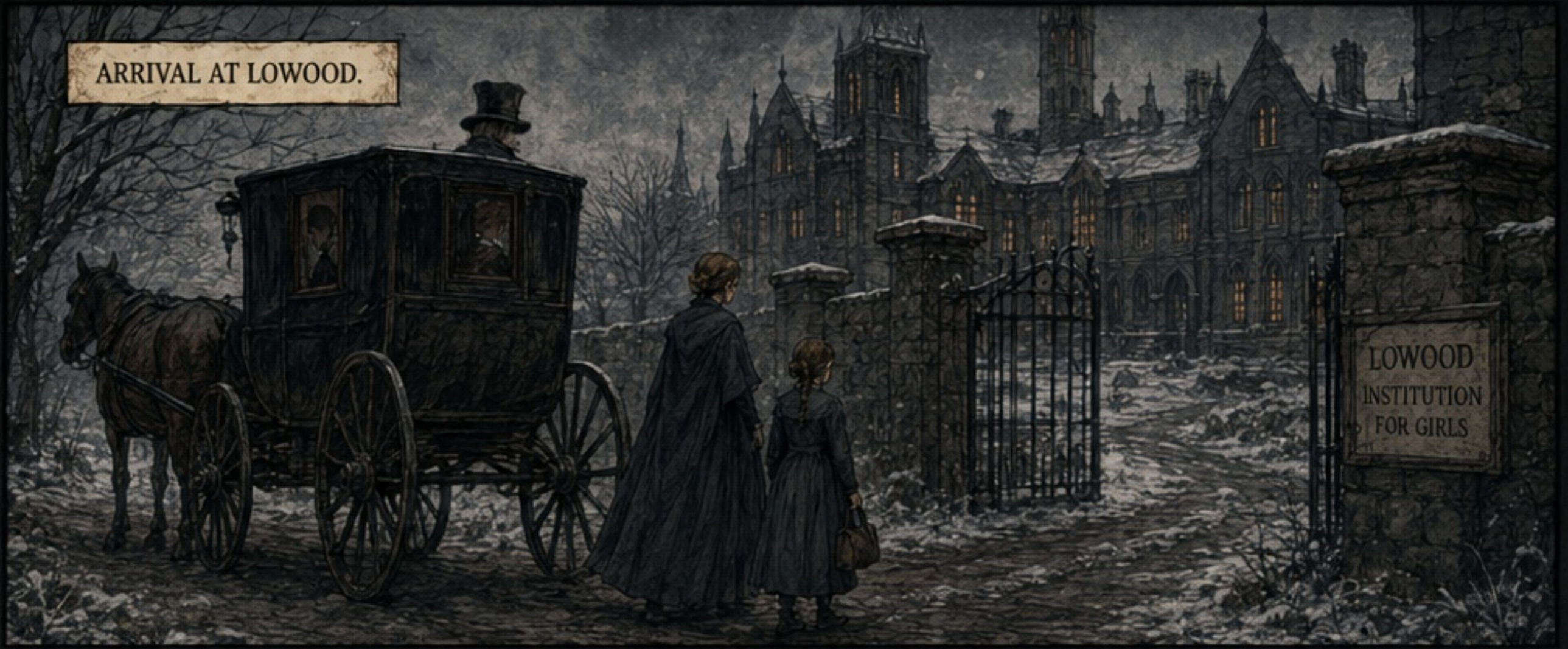
I DO
NOT LOVE
YOU.

PEOPLE THINK
YOU ARE GOOD,
BUT YOU ARE
HARD-HEARTED.

HOW DARE
YOU?

A FIRST TASTE
OF SELF-RESPECT.

ARRIVAL AT LOWOOD.



Helen Burns.



She suffers
without complaint.
How can she be
so calm?



I would hate
those who punished
me unjustly.



Life is too short
to spend it
nursing anger.



I cannot help
feeling it.



Then
master it.



BROCKLEHURST'S HYPOCRISY.

This girl is a liar.

FEAR GOD.
OBEY.
ENDURE.

Shun her example.

My heart burned, but I could not speak.

Come to me later, Jane.

THAT NIGHT, JANE FOUND IN MISS TEMPLE A KIND AND LISTENING HEART.



Then I am not wicked?

You have been wronged, Jane.

MISS TEMPLE WROTE TO VERIFY THE TRUTH.



No. You are honest.

SHE RECEIVED A RESPONSE THAT CONFIRMED JANE'S HONESTY.



AND THE NEXT DAY, SHE SPOKE BEFORE ALL AT LOWOOD.



I have received assurance of the truth. Jane Eyre is innocent of the charges against her.

Let there be no more unkind accusations.



JANE WALKED WITH A LIGHTER HEART, RESTORED IN TRUTH AND HOPE.

SHE WOULD YET FIND JOY—AND FREEDOM.

Disease spread through Lowood.



The fever took many.



Lessons ceased. Only prayer remained.



Some endured. Some did not.



Helen Burns, so patient and so kind, fell ill.



Her strength faded, but her spirit did not.



Jane watched helplessly, her heart growing heavy with fear.

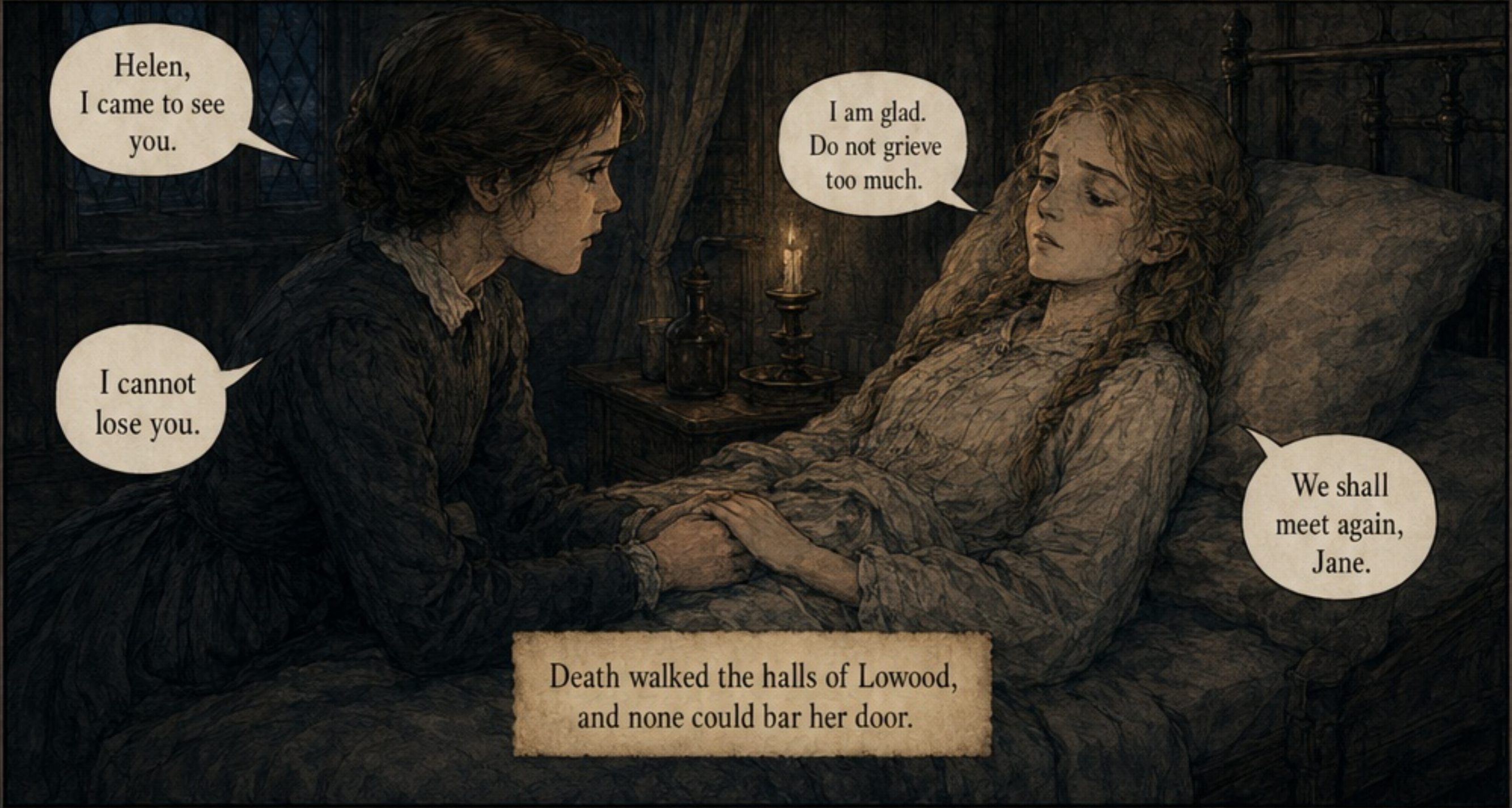


Helen, I came to see you.

I cannot lose you.

I am glad. Do not grieve too much.

We shall meet again, Jane.



Death walked the halls of Lowood, and none could bar her door.



I am not afraid.

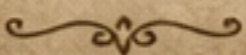


Good night, Helen.



Helen...

Helen Burns was gone.
But her gentleness remained with Jane forever.



Years passed.



At Lowood,
Jane grew in mind
and in strength.



From pupil,
to teacher.

Miss Temple
accepted an offer
of marriage.



And left
Lowood
behind.



After her
departure,
silence seemed
to deepen.



I desire
liberty.

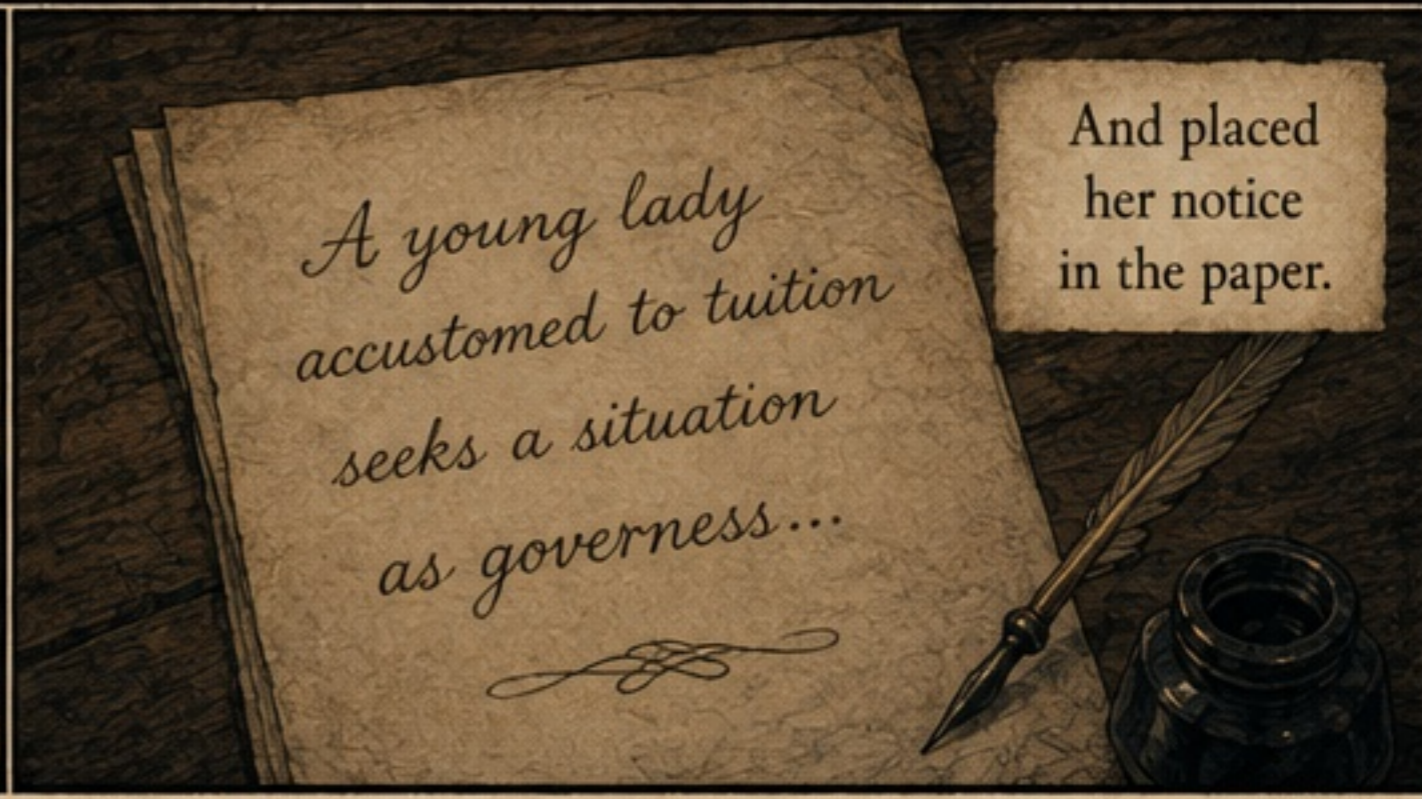


She resolved
to seek a life
of her own
making.



*A young lady
accustomed to tuition
seeks a situation
as governess...*

And placed
her notice
in the paper.



THORNFIELD HALL.
A NEW PLACE.
A NEW LIFE.
WHAT WILL IT HOLD?



MRS. FAIRFAX,
HOUSEKEEPER
AT THORNFIELD.
KIND. CAPABLE.
DISCREET.



You will find
Thornfield quiet.



I do not
dislike quiet.

Mademoiselle!
You will teach
me, yes?



☞ THUS BEGAN A CHAPTER I HAD LONGED TO WRITE—UNKNOWN, UNPREDICTABLE, AND MINE. ☛



*Ha...
ha...
ha...*

It came from the upper corridor.



A sound — part amusement, part mockery — that chilled me to the bone.



Who laughed?

A servant. Grace Poole. Pay it no mind.



But the laugh did not sound ordinary.

THE ROAD TO THORNFIELD LAY FROZEN AND DESERTED. THE WIND SPOKE LIKE A WARNING.



SUDDENLY, A HORSE SLIPPED ON THE ICE. RIDER AND ANIMAL WENT DOWN.



I HURRIED TO HIM. HE WAS HURT, BUT NOT UNCONSCIOUS.



Can you rise, sir?

I think so.

You are no fairy, then?

No, sir. I am only the governess.



Only?

We shall see.



HE MOUNTED HIS HORSE WITHOUT FURTHER WORD. AS HE TURNED TOWARD THORNFIELD, I LEARNED HIS NAME.

MR. EDWARD ROCHESTER.



THORNFIELD HALL.
CONVERSATIONS
BY THE FIRE.



You
examine me,
Miss Eyre.



You asked
for honesty,
sir.



Most
people offer
flattery.



I have
none to
offer.



DEEP IN THE NIGHT.

CRACK—
CRACKLE—
—WHOOSH.



Wake, sir!
Your bed
is on fire!



Who
did this?

You have
saved my life.

Say nothing
of it. Not yet.

Thornfield, in high company.



A STRANGE WOMAN
CAME TO THORNFIELD
ONE DREARY EVENING.

You are cold,
sick, and silly.



I am
not sick.



Sick with
restraint.

THE WOMAN
LOOKED INTO
MY EYES—
AS IF SHE KNEW
EVERY SECRET
HIDDEN THERE.



A STRANGE
POWER CHILLED
ME. THERE WAS
NO DECEPTION
IN HER GAZE.



Mr. Rochester!

The days at Thornfield grew more troubled than calm.



Miss Eyre, come to my study. I wish to speak with you.



You must make ready to leave Thornfield, Miss Eyre.

I will go when I must.



Would you leave without regret?

Do you think I have no heart, sir?



Her heart struggled for silence, yet every word he spoke laid bare the love she could not deny.



What had long been hidden could not remain hidden much longer.

AT LAST, THE TRUTH
BROKE THROUGH
PRIDE, FEAR, AND
DISGUISE.



EVEN IN JOY,
THE HEAVENS
GAVE WARNING.



THE WEDDING MORNING DAWNED, BUT PEACE DID NOT COME WITH IT.



This marriage cannot proceed.



Come to Thornfield, and you shall see why.



This is my wife.



THE SECRET AT THORNFIELD HAD A LIVING FACE.

HE TOLD ME EVERYTHING.

I was bound in madness, yet I love only you.

Stay with me, Jane.

I must leave you, or I shall lose myself.

ALL NIGHT I WRESTLED WITH MY SOUL.

BEFORE DAWN I STOLE AWAY FROM THORNFIELD.

BEFORE SUNRISE, I HAD LEFT BEHIND THE ONLY HOME MY HEART HAD CHOSEN.

For days I wandered with hunger, rain, and despair as my companions.



Good people— for pity's sake, shelter me.



I am nothing— only a poor, friendless woman.



We must take her in. She would die out there.

Very well.

Christian charity leaves no room for refusal.



She is safe now.



Among strangers, I found unexpected mercy.



Work steadied me, though my heart still remembered Thornfield.



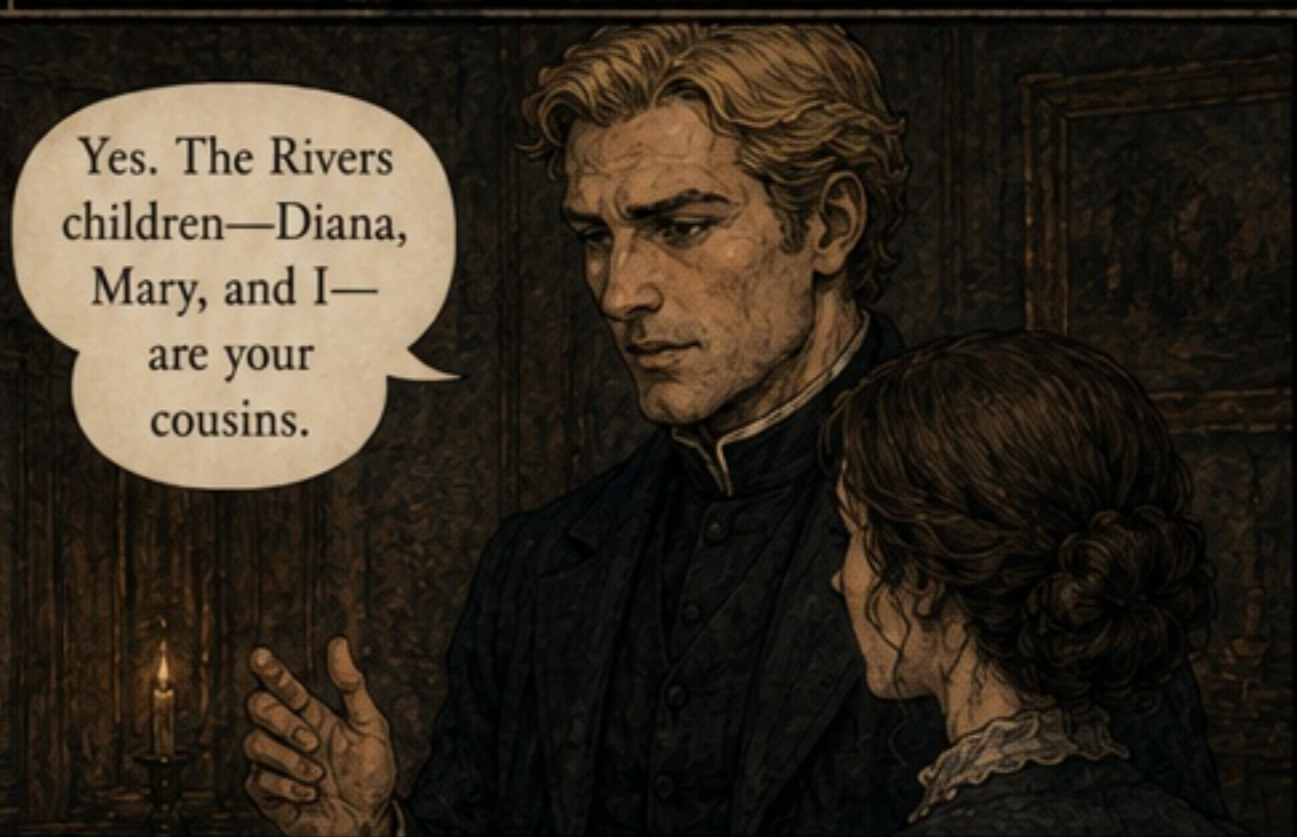
Your uncle, John Eyre, is dead.



He has left you twenty thousand pounds.



Then I am not alone in the world.



Yes. The Rivers children—Diana, Mary, and I—are your cousins.



The inheritance shall be shared among us all.



At last, I had both family and independence.

THORNFIELD,
SOME WEEKS LATER.

Marry me,
Jane, and come
with me to
India.

I will help
you as a sister,
but not as
a wife.

God and
duty require
more.

I felt as one whose
course is set, whose
will is chained.

Then through the depth
and stillness, a voice—
dearer than life itself.

*JANE!
— JANE!
— JANE!*

It was he—
it could be none
but he.

The voice came
not to my ear
alone, but to
my very soul.



I went back at once.



The house burned in the night.



The madwoman died in the flames.



He lost his sight and one hand.



If sorrow had found him, then sorrow would find me beside him.

FERNDEAN
12 MILES

At Ferndean,
all grandeur was
gone—but not the
man I loved.



Who is
there?

It is only
Jane.



Jane Eyre?
Can it be?



I have come
back to you.



What had been
lost returned,
not unchanged,
but true.

THE TRUTH BETWEEN THEM AT LAST LAY BARE, AND NEITHER HELD A WEAPON OR A MASK.

You cannot wish to bind yourself to a blind ruin.

I came because I love you.

I am my own mistress now, and I choose you freely.

HUMILITY SOFTENED HIS SOUL, AND HOPE DARED TO RETURN.

Will you marry me, Jane?

Yes, dear Edward—gladly, and forever.

LOVE RETURNED, NO LONGER PROUD OR DESPERATE, BUT STEADFAST AND EQUAL.

Reader,
I married him.



No proud world
stood between
us now.



The light
returns. I can
see a little.



Then let
the first sight
be one you
love.



In time, his eyes
were blessed with
partial sight again.



He saw our
firstborn son, and
knew that life had
restored what sorrow
could not destroy.



Far away,
St. John still
labored onward,
steadfast to
the end.



And so our
story ended not
in grandeur, but
in truth, endurance,
and love.