Jane Eyre
AP Major Take Home Exam

You must mark all answers on your scantron sheet. Be careful not to destroy your scantron as it will not run through the machine with any wrinkles or crinks. You must use a number two pencil. You must sign the attached form and turn in along with this test.

DHS CHEATING/PLAGIARISM POLICY

Cheating is defined as any act of deceit, trickery, or fraud on an assignment or test. It includes the using or copying of another person’s work or lending one’s work to another. It could also include, but is not limited to using written notes on a test; giving or receiving hand signals or the use of telecommunication devices; looking at another student’s test; or allowing another student to copy one’s answers.

I understand this assignment will count as a major grade. I know that this assignment is not group work and that it is an individual assignment. I plan on taking this assignment or test seriously. I know that if I am caught cheating, copying, borrowing or lending this assignment or test to another student or students this assignment or test will count as a zero. I also understand that a two hour or more d-hall will be assigned and parents will be notified. If this is your first offense it will be almost impossible to recover from this zero for the fourth six weeks of school. If this is a major assignment a zero will be assigned, up to three days ISS and parents will be notified.

I, __________________________(print student name), was completely honest in the completion of this assignment. I did not deceive, trick, or copy when completing this assignment. I did not borrow another student’s work nor lend my work to another student for the purposes of copying information. This includes written notes on any assignment, giving or receiving hand signals, using telecommunication devices, looking at another student’s assignment or test, and I did not allow another student to copy my answer’s nor did I copy another student’s answers.
MULTIPLE CHOICE QUESTIONS for Chapter 1

Carefully read the passage below from Chapter 1 of *Jane Eyre* before selecting your answers to the multiple choice questions that follow:

There was no possibility of taking a walk that day. We had been wandering, indeed, in the leafless shrubbery an hour in the morning; but since dinner (Mrs. Reed, when there was no company, dined early) the cold winter wind had brought with it clouds so sombre, and a rain so penetrating, that further out-door exercise was now out of the question.

I was glad of it: I never liked long walks, especially on chilly afternoons: dreadful to me was the coming home in the raw twilight, with nipped fingers and toes, and a heart saddened by the chidings of Bessie, the nurse, and humbled by the consciousness of my physical inferiority to Eliza, John, and Georgiana Reed.

The said Eliza, John, and Georgiana were now clustered round their mama in the drawing-room: she lay reclined on a sofa by the fireside, and with her darlings about her (for the time neither quarrelling nor crying) looked perfectly happy. Me, she had dispensed from joining the group; saying, “She regretted to be under the necessity of keeping me at a distance; but that until she heard from Bessie, and could discover by her own observation, that I was endeavouring in good earnest to acquire a more sociable and childlike disposition, a more attractive and sprightly manner—something lighter, franker, more natural, as it were—she really must exclude me from privileges intended only for contented, happy, little children.”

“What does Bessie say I have done?” I asked.

“Jane, I don’t like cavillers or questioners; besides, there is something truly forbidding in a child taking up her elders in that manner. Be seated somewhere; and until you can speak pleasantly, remain silent.”

A small breakfast-room adjoined the drawing-room, I slipped in there. It contained a bookcase: I soon possessed myself of a volume, taking care that it should be one stored with pictures. I mounted into the window-seat: gathering up my feet, I sat cross-legged, like a Turk; and, having drawn the red moreen curtain nearly close, I was shrined in double retirement.

Folds of scarlet drapery shut in my view to the right hand; to the left were the clear panes of glass, protecting, but not separating me from the drear November day. At intervals, while turning over the leaves of my book, I studied the aspect of that winter afternoon. Afar, it offered a pale blank of mist and cloud; near a scene of wet lawn and storm-beat shrub, with ceaseless rain sweeping away wildly before a long and lamentable blast.

I returned to my book—Bewick’s *History of British Birds*: the letterpress thereof I cared little for, generally speaking; and yet there were certain introductory pages that, child as I was, I could not pass quite as a blank. They were those which treat of the haunts of sea-fowl; of “the solitary rocks and promontories” by them only inhabited; of the coast of Norway, studded with isles from its southern extremity, the Lindeness, or Naze, to the North Cape—

> “Where the Northern Ocean, in vast whirls, Boils round the naked, melancholy isles Of farthest Thule; and the Atlantic surge Pours in among the stormy Hebrides.”

Nor could I pass unnoticed the suggestion of the bleak shores of Lapland, Siberia, Spitzbergen, Nova Zembla, Iceland, Greenland, with “the vast sweep of the Arctic Zone, and those forlorn regions of dreary space,—that reservoir of frost and snow, where firm fields of ice, the accumulation of centuries of winters, glazed in Alpine heights above heights, surround the pole,
and concentrate the multiplied rigours of extreme cold.” Of these death-white realms I formed an idea of my own: shadowy, like all the half-comprehended notions that float dim through children’s brains, but strangely impressive. The words in these introductory pages connected themselves with the succeeding vignettes, and gave significance to the rock standing up alone in a sea of billow and spray; to the broken boat stranded on a desolate coast; to the cold and ghastly moon glancing through bars of cloud at a wreck just sinking.

1. The first two paragraphs serve to do all of the following EXCEPT
   (A) establish a mood
   (B) provide some insight into the narrator's self-esteem
   (C) contrast with the scene in the first sentence of the third paragraph
   (D) create a physical description of the narrator
   (E) introduce the author's syntax and diction

2. The tone conveyed by "her darlings" (line 19) could best be described as
   (A) bitter
   (B) longing
   (C) neutral
   (D) condescending
   (E) regretful

3. "Taking up her elders" (line 34) could best be restated as
   (A) contradicting her parents
   (B) thinking she is superior to older people
   (C) challenging adults
   (D) talking over old people
   (E) being sarcastic to adults

4. In the first five paragraphs (lines 1-36), the narrator presents Mrs. Reed as
   (A) unpleasant and cold
   (B) rude and reserved
   (C) polite and patient
   (D) lazy and spiteful
   (E) cruel and unforgiving

5. The narrator's actions in lines 37-44 reveal her response to the exchange with Mrs. Reed to be
   I. anger
   II. physical withdrawal
   III. mental withdrawal
   (A) I only
   (B) III only
   (C) I and II only
   (D) II and III only
   (E) I, II, and III

6. “Could not pass quite as a blank” (lines 57-58) means could not
   (A) ignore
   (B) pay attention to
   (C) glean meaning from
   (D) be drawn to
   (E) delete from memory

7. The scenes outside the window and in the book serve to
   (A) contradict the narrator's physical state
   (B) reflect the narrator's emotions
   (C) underline the economic status of the narrator's home
   (D) contrast the narrator's mental state to her emotional state
   (E) contradict the treatment the narrator had received earlier
MULTIPLE CHOICE QUESTIONS for Chapter 4

Carefully read the passage below from Chapter 4 of Jane Eyre before selecting your answers to the multiple choice questions that follow:

“Deceit is, indeed, a sad fault in a child,” said Mr. Brocklehurst; “it is akin to falsehood, and all liars will have their portion in the lake burning with fire and brimstone; she shall, however, be watched, Mrs. Reed. I will speak to Miss Temple and the teachers.”

“I should wish her to be brought up in a manner suiting her prospects,” continued my benefactress; “to be made useful, to be kept humble: as for the vacations, she will, with your permission, spend them always at Lowood.”

“Your decisions are perfectly judicious, madam,” returned Mr. Brocklehurst. “Humility is a Christian grace, and one peculiarly appropriate to the pupils of Lowood; I, therefore, direct that especial care shall be bestowed on its cultivation amongst them. I have studied how best to mortify in them the worldly sentiment of pride; and, only the other day, I had a pleasing proof of my success. My second daughter, Augusta, went with her mama to visit the school, and on her return she exclaimed: ‘Oh, dear papa, how quiet and plain all the girls at Lowood look, with their hair combed behind their ears, and their long pinafores, and those little holland pockets outside their frocks—they are almost like poor people’s children! and,’ said she, ‘they looked at my dress and mama’s, as if they had never seen a silk gown before.’”

“This is the state of things I quite approve,” returned Mrs. Reed; “had I sought all England over, I could scarcely have found a system more exactly fitting a child like Jane Eyre. Consistency, my dear Mr. Brocklehurst; I advocate consistency in all things.”

“Consistency, madam, is the first of Christian duties; and it has been observed in every arrangement connected with the establishment of Lowood: plain fare, simple attire, unsophisticated accommodations, hardy and active habits; such is the order of the day in the house and its inhabitants.”

“Quite right, sir. I may then depend upon this child being received as a pupil at Lowood, and there being trained in conformity to her position and prospects?”

“Madam, you may: she shall be placed in that nursery of chosen plants, and I trust she will show herself grateful for the inestimable privilege of her election.”

“I will send her, then, as soon as possible, Mr. Brocklehurst; for, I assure you, I feel anxious to be relieved of a responsibility that was becoming too irksome.”

“No doubt, no doubt, madam; and now I wish you good morning. I shall return to Brocklehurst Hall in the course of a week or two: my good friend, the Archdeacon, will not permit me to leave him sooner. I shall send Miss Temple notice that she is to expect a new girl, so that there will be no difficulty about receiving her. Good-bye.”

“Good-bye, Mr. Brocklehurst; remember me to Mrs. and Miss Brocklehurst, and to Augusta and Theodore, and Master Broughton Brocklehurst.”

“I will, madam. Little girl, here is a book entitled the ‘Child’s Guide,’ read it with prayer, especially that part containing ‘An account of the awfully sudden death of Martha G---, a naughty child addicted to falsehood and deceit.’”

With these words Mr. Brocklehurst put into my hand a thin pamphlet sewn in a cover, and having rung for his carriage, he departed.

Mrs. Reed and I were left alone: some minutes passed in silence; she was sewing, I was watching her. Mrs. Reed might be at that time some six or seven and thirty; she was a woman of robust frame, square-shouldered and strong-limbed, not tall, and, though stout, not obese: she had a somewhat large face, the under jaw being much developed and very solid; her brow was
low, her chin large and prominent, mouth and nose sufficiently regular; under her light eyebrows glimmered an eye devoid of ruth; her skin was dark and opaque, her hair nearly flaxen; her constitution was sound as a bell—illness never came near her; she was an exact, clever manager;

85 her household and tenantry were thoroughly under her control; her children only at times defied her authority and laughed it to scorn; she dressed well, and had a presence and port calculated to set off handsome attire.

12. From the gift that Mr. Brocklehurst presents to Jane (lines 64-65), the reader can infer that he thinks Jane's greatest flaw is

(A) vanity
(B) dishonesty
(C) conceit
(D) rambunctiousness
(E) pomposity

13. The description of Mrs. Reed (lines 72-89) contains all of the following EXCEPT

(A) parallelism
(B) simile
(C) personification
(D) qualifiers
(E) emotionalism

14. The clause beginning "her children" and ending "to scorn" (lines 86-87) reveals that Mrs. Reed

(A) had children who occasionally disobeyed her
(B) was a stern disciplinarian with her children
(C) was totally scorned by her own children
(D) had little control over her children
(E) sometimes laughed at herself and had fun with her children
A new chapter in a novel is something like a new scene in a play; and when I draw up the curtain this time, reader, you must fancy you see a room in the George Inn at Millcote, with such large figured papiering on the walls as inn rooms have; such a carpet, such furniture, such ornaments on the mantelpiece, such prints, including a portrait of George the Third, and another of the Prince of Wales, and a representation of the death of Wolfe. All this is visible to you by the light of an oil lamp hanging from the ceiling, and by that of an excellent fire, near which I sit in my cloak and bonnet; my muff and umbrella lie on the table, and I am warming away the numbness and chill contracted by sixteen hours’ exposure to the rawness of an October day: I left Lowton at four o'clock a.m., and the Millcote town clock is now just striking eight.

Reader, though I look comfortably accommodated, I am not very tranquil in my mind. I thought when the coach stopped here there would be some one to meet me; I looked anxiously round as I descended the wooden steps the “boots” placed for my convenience, expecting to hear my name pronounced, and to see some description of carriage waiting to convey me to Thornfield. Nothing of the sort was visible; and when I asked a waiter if any one had been to inquire after a Miss Eyre, I was answered in the negative: so I had no resource but to request to be shown into a private room: and here I am waiting, while all sorts of doubts and fears are troubling my thoughts.

It is a very strange sensation to inexperienced youth to feel itself quite alone in the world, cut adrift from every connection, uncertain whether the port to which it is bound can be reached, and prevented by many impediments from returning to that it has quitted. The charm of adventure sweetens that sensation, the glow of pride warms it; but then the throb of fear disturbs it; and fear with me became predominant when half-an-hour elapsed and still I was alone. I bethought myself to ring the bell.

“Is there a place in this neighbourhood called Thornfield?” I asked of the waiter who answered the summons.

“Thornfield? I don’t know, ma’am; I’ll inquire at the bar.” He vanished, but reappeared instantly—

“Is your name Eyre, Miss?”

“Yes.”

“Person here waiting for you.” I jumped up, took my muff and umbrella, and hastened into the inn-passage: a man was standing by the open door, and in the lamp-lit street I dimly saw a one-horse conveyance.

“This will be your luggage, I suppose?” said the man rather abruptly when he saw me, pointing to my trunk in the passage.

“Yes.” He hoisted it on to the vehicle, which was a sort of car, and then I got in; before he shut me up, I asked him how far it was to Thornfield.

“A matter of six miles.”

“How long shall we be before we get there?”

“Happen an hour and a half.” He fastened the car door, climbed to his own seat outside, and we set off. Our progress was leisurely, and gave me ample time to reflect; I was content to be at length so near the end of my journey; and as I leaned back in the comfortable though not elegant conveyance, I meditated much at my ease.

“I suppose,” thought I, “judging from the plainness of the servant and carriage, Mrs. Fairfax is not a very dashing person: so much the better; I never lived amongst fine people but once, and I was very miserable with them. I wonder if she lives alone except this little girl; if so, and if she is in any degree amiable, I shall surely be able to get on with her; I will do my best; it is a pity that doing one’s best does not always answer. At Lowood, indeed, I took that resolution, kept it, and succeeded in pleasing; but
with Mrs. Reed, I remember my best was always spurned with scorn. I pray God Mrs. Fairfax may not turn out a second Mrs. Reed; but if she does, I am not bound to stay with her! let the worst come to the worst, I can advertise again. How far are we on our road now, I wonder?"

I let down the window and looked out; Millcote was behind us; judging by the number of its lights, it seemed a place of considerable magnitude, much larger than Lowton. We were now, as far as I could see, on a sort of common; but there were houses scattered all over the district; I felt we were in a different region to Lowood, more populous, less picturesque; more stirring, less romantic. The roads were heavy, the night misty; my conductor let his horse walk all the way, and the hour and a half extended, I verily believe, to two hours; at last he turned in his seat and said—

"You're noan so far fro' Thornfield now."

Again I looked out: we were passing a church; I saw its low broad tower against the sky, and its bell was tolling a quarter; I saw a narrow galaxy of lights too, on a hillside, marking a village or hamlet. About ten minutes after, the driver got down and opened a pair of gates: we passed through, and they clashed to behind us. We now slowly ascended a drive, and came upon the long front of a house: candlelight gleamed from one curtained bow-window; all the rest were dark. The car stopped at the front door; it was opened by a maid-servant; I alighted and went in.

"Will you walk this way, ma'am?" said the girl; and I followed her across a square hall with high doors all round: she ushered me into a room whose double illumination of fire and candle at first dazzled me, contrasting as it did with the darkness to which my eyes had been for two hours inured; when I could see, however, a cosy and agreeable picture presented itself to my view.

A snug small room; a round table by a cheerful fire; an arm-chair high-backed and old-fashioned, wherein sat the neatest imaginable little elderly lady, in widow’s cap, black silk gown, and snowy muslin apron; exactly like what I had fancied Mrs. Fairfax, only less stately and milder looking. She was occupied in knitting; a large cat sat demurely at her feet; nothing in short was wanting to complete the beau-ideal of domestic comfort. A more reassuring introduction for a new governess could scarcely be conceived; there was no grandeur to overwhelm, no stateliness to embarrass; and then, as I entered, the old lady got up and promptly and kindly came forward to meet me.

"How do you do, my dear? I am afraid you have had a tedious ride; John drives so slowly; you must be cold, come to the fire."

"Mrs. Fairfax, I suppose?" said I.

"Yes, you are right: do sit down."

She conducted me to her own chair, and then began to remove my shawl and untie my bonnet-strings; I begged she would not give herself so much trouble.

"Oh, it is no trouble; I dare say your own hands are almost numbed with cold. Leah, make a little hot negus and cut a sandwich or two: here are the keys of the storeroom."

And she produced from her pocket a most housewifely bunch of keys, and delivered them to the servant.

"Now, then, draw nearer to the fire," she continued. "You’ve brought your luggage with you, haven’t you, my dear?"

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15. The first paragraph (lines 1-18) contains all of the following EXCEPT
(A) direct address
(B) repetition and pairs
(C) extended metaphor
(D) concrete detail
(E) steep understatement

16. The central imagery of the sentence in lines 32-37 is that of
(A) a knight on a quest
(B) a never-ending contest
(C) a sailing ship at sea
(D) an adventure of exploration
(E) a child on an excursion
17. The "it" in line 39 refers to
   (A) "sensation" (line 32)
   (B) "youth" (line 33)
   (C) "world" (line 33)
   (D) "adventure" (line 37)
   (E) "throb" (line 39)

18. From Jane's musings in lines 71-86, it would seem that she
   (A) is deeply pessimistic about her future
   (B) feels inferior to wealthy, aristocratic people
   (C) has been deeply scarred by her childhood with Mrs. Reed
   (D) has found that her best attempts to please others are never successful
   (E) feels that trying to please others is fruitless

19. "Inured" (line 121) could best be replaced by
   (A) prepared
   (B) brutalized
   (C) calloused
   (D) accustomed
   (E) tolerated

20. From Jane's comments in lines 128-138, the reader can infer that she is
   (A) disappointed in the old-fashioned plainness of the house
   (B) uncomfortable in sumptuous, formal settings
   (C) delighted by the understated wealth of the room
   (D) confounded by a reality that contrasts with her expectations
   (E) shocked by the warmth of the room after her cold journey

21. The description of Jane's arrival at Thornfield
   I. is an obvious contrast to that of her arrival at the inn
   II. serves as foreshadowing
   III. seems at odds with the name of the estate
   (A) I only
   (B) I and II only
   (C) I and III only
   (D) II and III only
   (E) I, II, and III
MULTIPLE CHOICE QUESTIONS for Chapter 14

Carefully read the passage below from Chapter 14 of *Jane Eyre* before selecting your answers to the multiple choice questions that follow:

“I only remind you of your own words, sir: you said error brought remorse, and you pronounced remorse the poison of existence.”

“And who talks of error now? I scarcely think the notion that flittered across my brain was an error. I believe it was an inspiration rather than a temptation: it was very genial, very soothing—I know that. Here it comes again! It is no devil, I assure you; or if it be, it has put on the robes of an angel of light. I think I must admit so fair a guest when it asks entrance to my heart.”

“Distrust it, sir; it is not a true angel.”

“Once more, how do you know? By what instinct do you pretend to distinguish between a fallen seraph of the abyss and a messenger from the eternal throne—between a guide and a seducer?”

“I judged by your countenance, sir, which was troubled when you said the suggestion had returned upon you. I feel sure it will work you more misery if you listen to it.”

“Not at all—it bears the most gracious message in the world: for the rest, you are not my conscience-keeper, so don’t make yourself uneasy. Here, come in, bonny wanderer!”

He said this as if he spoke to a vision, viewless to any eye but his own; then, folding his arms, which he had half extended, on his chest, he seemed to enclose in their embrace the invisible being.

“Now,” he continued, again addressing me, “I have received the pilgrim—a disguised deity, as I verily believe. Already it has done me good: my heart was a sort of charnel; it will now be a shrine.”

“To speak truth, sir, I don’t understand you at all: I cannot keep up the conversation, because it has got out of my depth. Only one thing, I know: you said you were not as good as you should like to be, and that you regretted your own imperfection;—one thing I can comprehend: you intimated that to have a sullied memory was a perpetual bane. It seems to me, that if you tried hard, you would in time find it possible to become what you yourself would approve; and that if from this day you began with resolution to correct your thoughts and actions, you would in a few years have laid up a new and stainless store of recollections, to which you might revert with pleasure.”

“Justly thought; rightly said, Miss Eyre; and, at this moment, I am paving hell with energy.”

“And better?”

“And better—so much better as pure ore is than foul dross. You seem to doubt me; I don’t doubt myself: I know what my aim is, what my motives are; and at this moment I pass a law, unalterable as that of the Medes and Persians, that both are right.”

“They cannot be, sir, if they require a new statute to legalize them.”

“They are, Miss Eyre, though they absolutely require a new statute: unheard-of combinations of circumstances demand unheard-of rules.”

“That sounds a dangerous maxim, sir; because one can see at once that it is liable to abuse.”

“Sententious sage! so it is: but I swear by my household gods not to abuse it.”

“You are human and fallible.”

“I am: so are you—what then?”

“The human and fallible should not arrogate a power with which the divine and perfect alone can be safely intrusted.”

“What power?”

“That of saying of any strange, unsanctioned line of action,—’Let it be right.’”

“’Let it be right’—the very words: you have pronounced them.”

“May it be right then,” I said, as I rose, deeming it useless to continue a discourse which was all darkness to me; and, besides, sensible that the character of my interlocutor was beyond my penetration; at least, beyond its present reach; and
feeling the uncertainty, the vague sense of insecurity, which accompanies a conviction of ignorance.

“Where are you going?”
“To put Adèle to bed: it is past her bedtime.”
“You are afraid of me, because I talk like a Sphynx.”

“You are afraid—your self-love dreads a blunder.”
“In that sense I do feel apprehensive—I have no wish to talk nonsense.”
“If you did, it would be in such a grave, quiet manner, I should mistake it for sense. Do you never laugh, Miss Eyre? Don’t trouble yourself to answer—I see you laugh rarely; but you can laugh very merrily: believe me, you are not naturally austere, any more than I am naturally vicious. The Lowood constraint still clings to you somewhat; controlling your features, muffling your voice, and restricting your limbs; and you fear in the presence of a man and a brother—or father, or master, or what you will—to smile too gaily, speak too freely, or move too quickly: but, in time, I think you will learn to be natural with me, as I find it impossible to be conventional with you; and then your looks and movements will have more vivacity and variety than they dare offer now. I see at intervals the glance of a curious sort of bird through the close-set bars of a cage: a vivid, restless, resolute captive is there; were it but free, it would soar cloud-high.

You are still bent on going?”
“It has struck nine, sir.”

22. In the opening paragraphs (lines 1-32), the "it" that Jane and Mr. Rochester are debating about refers to I. something Mr. Rochester did II. something Mr. Rochester said III. an idea Mr. Rochester has

(A) I only (B) II only (C) III only (D) I and II only (E) I, II, and III

23. In his argument, Mr. Rochester uses all of the following EXCEPT (A) rhetorical questions (B) pairing of opposites (C) apostrophe (D) understatement (E) exclamations

24. Mr. Rochester's statements in lines 54-63 include all of the following EXCEPT (A) euphemism (B) analogy (C) ellipsis (D) parallelism (E) allusion
25. "Both" in line 58 refers to
   (A) "pure ore" and "foul dross" (lines 54-55)
   (B) "me" and "myself" (lines 55-56)
   (C) "my aim" and "my motives" (line 56)
   (D) "this moment" and "a law" (line 57)
   (E) "the Medes" and "Persians" (line 58)

26. As used in line 70, "arrogate" is best understood to mean
   (A) confiscate
   (B) usurp
   (C) apprehend
   (D) exhibit
   (E) articulate

27. Throughout the discussion, Jane's tone could best be described as
   (A) flippant
   (B) facetious
   (C) factious
   (D) constrained
   (E) earnest

28. From the passage as a whole, the reader can infer that Jane is
    I. highly logical
    II. very perceptive
    III. slightly insecure
    (A) I only
    (B) III only
    (C) I and II only
    (D) II and III only
    (E) I, II, and III

29. In the passage, which of the following is LEAST appropriate to describe Mr. Rochester's behavior?
    (A) obdurate
    (B) self-confident
    (C) perceptive
    (D) analytical
    (E) dramatic
When once more alone, I reviewed the information I had got; looked into my heart, examined its thoughts and feelings, and endeavoured to bring back with a strict hand such as had been straying through imagination’s boundless and trackless waste, into the safe fold of common sense.

Arraigned at my own bar, Memory having given her evidence of the hopes, wishes, sentiments I had been cherishing since last night—of the general state of mind in which I had indulged for nearly a fortnight past; Reason having come forward and told, in her own quiet way a plain, unvarnished tale, showing how I had rejected the real, and rrabidly devoured the ideal;—I pronounced judgment to this effect:—

That a greater fool than Jane Eyre had never breathed the breath of life; that a more fantastic idiot had never surfeited herself on sweet lies, and swallowed poison as if it were nectar.

“You,” I said, “a favourite with Mr. Rochester? You gifted with the power of pleasing him? You of importance to him in any way? Go! your folly sickens me. And you have derived pleasure from occasional tokens of preference—equivocal tokens shown by a gentleman of family and a man of the world to a dependent and a novice. How dared you? Poor stupid dupe!—Could not even self-interest make you wiser? You repeated to yourself this morning the brief scene of last night?—Cover your face and be ashamed! He said something in praise of your eyes, did he? Blind puppy! Open their bleared lids and look on your own accursed senselessness! It does good to no woman to be flattered by her superior, who cannot possibly intend to marry her; and it is madness in all women to let a secret love kindle within them, which, if unreturned and unknown, must devour the life that feeds it; and, if discovered and responded to, must lead, ignis-fatus-like, into miry wilds whence there is no extrication.

“Listen, then, Jane Eyre, to your sentence: to-morrow, place the glass before you, and draw in chalk your own picture, faithfully, without softening one defect; omit no harsh line, smooth away no displeasing irregularity; write under it, ‘Portrait of a Governess, disconnected, poor, and plain.’

“Afterwards, take a piece of smooth ivory—you have one prepared in your drawing-box: take your palette, mix your freshest, finest, clearest tints; choose your most delicate camel-hair pencils; delineate carefully the loveliest face you can imagine; paint it in your softest shades and sweetest lines, according to the description given by Mrs. Fairfax of Blanche Ingram; remember the raven ringlets, the oriental eye;—What! you revert to Mr. Rochester as a model! Order! No snivel!—no sentiment!—no regret! I will endure only sense and resolution. Recall the august yet harmonious lineaments, the Grecian neck and bust; let the round and dazzling arm be visible, and the delicate hand; omit neither diamond ring nor gold bracelet; portray faithfully the attire, aërial lace and glistening satin, graceful scarf and golden rose; call it ‘Blanche, an accomplished lady of rank.’

“Whenever, in future, you should chance to fancy Mr. Rochester thinks well of you, take out these two pictures and compare them: say, ‘Mr. Rochester might probably win that noble lady’s love, if he chose to strive for it; is it likely he would waste a serious thought on this indigent and insignificant plebeian?”
“I’ll do it,” I resolved: and having framed this determination, I grew calm, and fell asleep.

I kept my word. An hour or two sufficed to sketch my own portrait in crayons; and in less than a fortnight I had completed an ivory miniature of an imaginary Blanche Ingram. It looked a lovely face enough, and when compared with the real head in chalk, the contrast was as great as self-control could desire. I derived benefit from the task: it had kept my head and hands employed, and had given force and fixedness to the new impressions I wished to stamp indelibly on my heart.

Ere long, I had reason to congratulate myself on the course of wholesome discipline to which I had thus forced my feelings to submit. Thanks to it, I was able to meet subsequent occurrences with a decent calm, which, had they found me unprepared, I should probably have been unequal to maintain, even externally.
30. From the first paragraph, the reader can infer that Jane

I. has little imagination
II. never allows her feelings to guide her
III. listens more to her common sense than to her heart

(A) I only
(B) II only
(C) III only
(D) I and II only
(E) II and III only

31. Which of the following contributes LEAST to the extended analogy of a court?
   (A) "Arraigned at my own bar" (line 8)
   (B) "having given her evidence" (lines 8-9)
   (C) "a plain, unvarnished tale" (line 13-14)
   (D) "pronounced judgement" (line 15-16)
   (E) "Listen ... to your sentence" (line 41)

32. The predominant tone of the fourth paragraph (lines 21-40) is
   (A) gentle sarcasm
   (B) bitter anger
   (C) droll buffoonery
   (D) flippant humor
   (E) intellectual seriousness

33. From the passage, the reader can infer that, in the society of Jane's time, marriages were usually based on a woman's

I. economic status
II. lineage
III. beauty

(A) I only
(B) II only
(C) I and III only
(D) II and III only
(E) I, II, and III

34. The description of the creation of the two artistic works and Jane's thoughts about them reveal that
   (A) Blanche is a better mate for Rochester
   (B) Rochester is not considered by Jane to be handsome
   (C) Jane is more talented with paints than with chalks
   (D) Jane is highly self-critical
   (E) Jane has little artistic ability but is proud of her works

35. The "new impressions" (line 83) are most probably Jane's
   (A) convictions that Rochester has no real feelings for her and that he will probably marry Blanche
   (B) two pictures, of herself and Blanche, which remind Jane of how unattractive she herself is
   (C) feelings of unrequited love and jealousy of Blanche and Blanche's love of Rochester
   (D) anger at Rochester for toying with her emotions while he was really only interested in Blanche
   (E) recent insights into Rochester's reasons for flattering Jane when he was around her

36. The last paragraph primarily serves to provide
   (A) closure to the scene
   (B) foreshadowing of future events
   (C) evidence of Jane's egotism
   (D) authorial commentary on events
   (E) proof of Jane's willingness to accept her station in life
37. From the passage as a whole, the reader can infer that the narrator believes that love is

I. dangerous for a woman
II. good only when reciprocated
III. unimportant to a woman

(A) I only
(B) II only
(C) III only
(D) I and II only
(E) I and III only
MULTIPLE CHOICE QUESTIONS for Chapter 25

Read the following passage from Chapter 25 of Jane Eyre carefully before you choose your answers.

The month of courtship had wasted: its very last hours were being numbered. There was no putting off the day that advanced—the bridal day; and all preparations for its arrival were complete. I, at least, had nothing more to do: there were my trunks, packed, locked, corded, ranged in a row along the wall of my little chamber; to-morrow, at this time, they would be far on their road to London: and so should I (D.V.)—or rather, not I, but one Jane Rochester, a person whom as yet I knew not. The cards of address alone remained to nail on: they lay, four little squares, in the drawer. Mr. Rochester had himself written the direction, "Mrs. Rochester, ------ Hotel, London," on each: I could not persuade myself to affix them, or to have them affixed. Mrs. Rochester! She did not exist: she would not be born till to-morrow, some time after eight o'clock a.m.; and I would wait to be assured she had come into the world alive before I assigned to her all that property. It was enough that in yonder closet, opposite my dressing-table, garments said to be hers had already displaced my black stuff Lowood frock and bonnet: for not to me appertained that suit of wedding raiment; the pearl-coloured robe, the vapoury veil pendent from the usurped portmanteau. I shut the closet to conceal the strange, wraith-like apparel it contained; which, at this evening hour—nine o'clock—gave out certainly a most ghostly shimmer through the shadow of my apartment. "I will leave you by yourself, white dream," I said, "I am feverish: I hear the wind blowing: I will go out of doors and feel it."

It was not only the hurry of preparation that made me feverish: not only the anticipation of the great change—the new life which was to commence to-morrow: both these circumstances had their share, doubtless, in producing that restless, excited mood which hurried me forth at this late hour into the darkening grounds; but a third cause influenced my mind more than they.

I had at heart a strange and anxious thought. Something had happened which I could not comprehend; no one knew or had seen the event but myself: it had taken place the preceding night. Mr. Rochester that night was absent from home; nor was he yet returned; business had called him to a small
estate of two or three farms he possessed thirty miles off—business it was requisite he should settle in person, previous to this meditated departure from England. I waited now his return; eager to disburthen my mind, and to seek of him the solution of the enigma that perplexed me. Stay till he comes, reader; and, when I disclose my secret to him, you shall share the confidence.

I sought the orchard, driven to its shelter by the wind, which all day had blown strong and full from the south, without, however, bringing a speck of rain. Instead of subsiding as night drew on, it seemed to augment its rush and deepen its roar: the trees blew steadfastly one way, never writhing round, and scarcely tossing back their boughs once in an hour; so continuous was the strain bending their branchy heads northward—the clouds drifted from pole to pole, fast following, mass on mass: no glimpse of blue sky had been visible that July day. It was not without a certain wild pleasure I ran before the wind, delivering my trouble of mind to the measureless air-torrent thundering through space. Descending the laurel walk, I faced the wreck of the chestnut-tree; it stood up, black and riven: the trunk, split down the centre, gasped ghastly. The cloven halves were not broken from each other, for the firm base and strong roots kept them unsundered below; though community of vitality was destroyed—the sap could flow no more: their great boughs on each side were dead, and next winter's tempests would be sure to fell one or both to earth: as yet, however, they might be said to form one tree—a ruin, but an entire ruin.

"You did right to hold fast to each other," I said: as if the monster splinters were living things, and could hear me. "I think, scathed as you look, and charred and scorched, there must be a little sense of life in you yet, rising out of that adhesion at the faithful, honest roots: you will never have green leaves more—never more see birds making nests and singing idylls in your boughs; the time of pleasure and love is over with you; but you are not desolate: each of you has a comrade to sympathize with him in his decay" As I looked up at them, the moon appeared momentarily in that part of the sky which filled their fissure; her disc was blood-red and half overcast; she seemed to throw on me one bewildered, dreary glance, and buried herself again instantly in the deep drift of cloud. The wind fell, for a second, round Thornfield; but far away over wood and water poured a wild, melancholy wail: it
was sad to listen to, and I ran off again.

Here and there I strayed through the orchard, gathered up the apples with which the grass round the tree roots was thickly strewn; then I employed myself in dividing the ripe from the unripe; I carried them into the house and put them away in the store-room. Then I repaired to the library to ascertain whether the fire was lit, for, though summer, I knew on such a gloomy evening Mr. Rochester would like to see a cheerful hearth when he came in: yes, the fire had been kindled some time, and burnt well. I placed his arm-chair by the chimney-corner: I wheeled the table near it: I let down the curtain, and had the candles brought in ready for lighting.

More restless than ever, when I had completed these arrangements I could not sit still, nor even remain in the house: a little time-piece in the room and the old clock in the hall simultaneously struck ten.

“How late it grows!” I said. “I will run down to the gates: it is moonlight at intervals; I can see a good way on the road. He may be coming now, and to meet him will save some minutes of suspense.”

The wind roared high in the great trees which embowered the gates; but the road as far as I could see, to the right hand and the left, was all still and solitary: save for the shadows of clouds crossing it at intervals as the moon looked out, it was but a long pale line, unvaried by one moving speck.

A puerile tear dimmed my eye while I looked—a tear of disappointment and impatience; ashamed of it, I wiped it away. I lingered; the moon shut herself wholly within her chamber, and drew close her curtain of dense cloud: the night grew dark; rain came driving fast on the gale.

“I wish he would come! I wish he would come!” I exclaimed, seized with hypochondriac foreboding. I had expected his arrival before tea; now it was dark: what could keep him? Had an accident happened? The event of last night again recurred to me. I interpreted it as a warning of disaster. I feared my hopes were too bright to be realized; and I had enjoyed so much bliss lately that I imagined my fortune had passed its meridian, and must now decline.
38. In context, "had wasted" (line 1) could best be restated as
   (A) had gone to waste
   (B) had been frittered away
   (C) had waned
   (D) had waxed
   (E) had died

39. The first paragraph (lines 1-33) employs all of the following literary devices EXCEPT
   (A) simile
   (B) homily
   (C) apostrophe
   (D) analogy
   (E) parallel structure

40. The "enigma" in line 53 refers to
   (A) "the event" (line 44)
   (B) "preceding night" (line 45)
   (C) "that night" (line 46)
   (D) "business" (line 47)
   (E) "this meditated departure" (line 50)

41. The last sentence in the same paragraph (lines 53-55) serves to
   I. establish personal rapport between the narrator and the reader
   II. break the narrative thread and create a pause in the story
   III. provide a bridge between the narrator.s musings and her actions

   (A) I only
   (B) II only
   (C) III only
   (D) I and II only
   (E) II and III only

42. The description of the night's weather helps
   (A) delightful release
   (B) restrained power
   (C) deepening depression
   (D) wild pleasure
   (E) ominous anticipation

43. Given the context of the passage, the reader could logically assume that the description of the chestnut tree is
   I. narrative digression
   II. symbolism
   III. foreshadowing

   (A) III only
   (B) I and II only
   (C) I and III only
   (D) II and III only
   (E) I, II, and III
44. The three paragraphs in lines 100-123 accomplish all of the following EXCEPT
   (A) reveal the narrator's orderly nature
   (B) show the narrator's understanding of Mr. Rochester's likes
   (C) reveal the demanding expectations Mr. Rochester has
   (D) reinforce the narrator's nervous anxiety
   (E) contrast the warm security of the house with the stormy night

45. The antecedent for "it" in line 127 is
   (A) "wind" (line 124)
   (B) "road" (line 125)
   (C) "shadows" (line 127)
   (D) "clouds" (line 127)
   (E) "moon" (line 128)
MULTIPLE CHOICE QUESTIONS for Chapter 38

Read the following passage from Chapter 38 of Jane Eyre carefully before you choose your answers.

Reader, I married him. A quiet wedding we had: he and I, the parson and clerk, were alone present. When we got back from church, I went into the kitchen of the manor-house, where Mary was cooking the dinner and John cleaning the knives, and I said—

“Mary, I have been married to Mr. Rochester this morning.” The housekeeper and her husband were both of that decent phlegmatic order of people, to whom one may at any time safely communicate a remarkable piece of news without incurring the danger of having one’s ears pierced by some shrill ejaculation, and subsequently stunned by a torrent of wordy wonderment. Mary did look up, and she did stare at me: the ladle with which she was basting a pair of chickens roasting at the fire, did for some three minutes hang suspended in air; and for the same space of time John’s knives also had rest from the polishing process: but Mary, bending again over the roast, said only—

“Have you, Miss? Well, for sure!”

A short time after she pursued—“I seed you go out with the master, but I didn’t know you were gone to church to be wed;” and she basted away. John, when I turned to him, was grinning from ear to ear.

“I telled Mary how it would be,” he said: “I knew what Mr. Edward” (John was an old servant, and had known his master when he was the cadet of the house, therefore, he often gave him his Christian name)—“I knew what Mr. Edward would do; and I was certain he would not wait long neither: and he’s done right, for aught I know. I wish you joy, Miss!” and he politely pulled his forelock.

“Thank you, John. Mr. Rochester told me to give you and Mary this.” I put into his hand a five-pound note. Without waiting to hear more, I left the kitchen. In passing the door of that sanctum some time after, I caught the words—

“She’ll happen do better for him nor only o’r’ grand ladies.” And again, “If she ben’t one o’ th’ handsomest, she’s noan faâl and varry good-natured; and i. his een she’s fair beautiful, onybody may see that.”

I wrote to Moor House and to Cambridge immediately, to say what I had done: fully explaining also why I had thus acted. Diana and
Mary approved the step unreservedly. Diana announced that she would just give me time to get over the honeymoon, and then she would come and see me.

“She had better not wait till then, Jane,” said Mr. Rochester, when I read her letter to him; “if she does, she will be too late, for our honeymoon will shine our life long: its beams will only fade over your grave or mine.”

How St. John received the news, I don’t know: he never answered the letter in which I communicated it: yet six months after he wrote to me, without, however, mentioning Mr. Rochester’s name or alluding to my marriage. His letter was then calm, and, though very serious, kind. He has maintained a regular, though not frequent, correspondence ever since: he hopes I am happy, and trusts I am not of those who live without God in the world, and only mind earthly things.

You have not quite forgotten little Adèle, have you, reader? I had not; I soon asked and obtained leave of Mr. Rochester, to go and see her at the school where he had placed her. Her frantic joy at beholding me again moved me much. She looked pale and thin: she said she was not happy. I found the rules of the establishment were too strict, its course of study too severe for a child of her age: I took her home with me. I meant to become her governess once more, but I soon found this impracticable; my time and cares were now required by another—my husband needed them all.

So I sought out a school conducted on a more indulgent system, and near enough to permit of my visiting her often, and bringing her home sometimes. I took care she should never want for anything that could contribute to her comfort: she soon settled in her new abode, became very happy there, and made fair progress in her studies. As she grew up, a sound English education corrected in a great measure her French defects; and when she left school, I found in her a pleasing and obliging companion: docile, good-tempered, and well-principled. By her grateful attention to me and mine, she has long since well repaid any little kindness I ever had it in my power to offer her.

My tale draws to its close: one word respecting my experience of married life, and one brief glance at the fortunes of those whose names have most frequently recurred in this narrative, and I have done.

I have now been married ten years. I know what it is to live entirely for and with what I love
best on earth. I hold myself supremely blest—blest beyond what language can express; because I am my husband’s life as fully as he is mine. No woman was ever nearer to her mate than I am: ever more absolutely bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. I know no weariness of my Edward’s society: he knows none of mine, any more than we each do of the pulsation of the heart that beats in our separate bosoms; consequently, we are ever together. To be together is for us to be at once as free as in solitude, as gay as in company. We talk, I believe, all day long: to talk to each other is but a more animated and an audible thinking. All my confidence is bestowed on him, all his confidence is devoted to me; we are precisely suited in character—perfect concord is the result.

Mr. Rochester continued blind the first two years of our union; perhaps it was that circumstance that drew us so very near—that knit us so very close: for I was then his vision, as I am still his right hand. Literally, I was (what he often called me) the apple of his eye. He saw nature—he saw books through me; and never did I weary of gazing for his behalf, and of putting into words the effect of field, tree, town, river, cloud, sunbeam—of the landscape before us; of the weather round us—and impressing by sound on his ear what light could no longer stamp on his eye. Never did I weary of reading to him; never did I weary of conducting him where he wished to go: of doing for him what he wished to be done. And there was a pleasure in my services, most full, most exquisite, even though sad—because he claimed these services without painful shame or damping humiliation. He loved me so truly, that he knew no reluctance in profiting by my attendance: he felt I loved him so fondly, that to yield that attendance was to indulge my sweetest wishes.
46. From the first part of the passage (lines 1-45), the reader can infer all of the following EXCEPT
   (A) the narrator dislikes excessive verbal response to surprising news
   (B) the wedding was sudden and the audience small because they feared disapproval
   (C) Mary and John are fond of Mr. Rochester
   (D) Mary and John approve of Mr. Rochester's decision to marry
   (E) the narrator is not distressed by the conversation of the final paragraph

47. Although the narrator states that she does not know St. John's reaction to the news of her marriage, lines 58-67 make it clear that he
   (A) is happy for the narrator
   (B) is completely indifferent to the news
   (C) is personally hurt but wishes her well
   (D) is very angry and resents her marriage to another man
   (E) is convinced she has forgotten her religious beliefs and duties

48. From the paragraph on Adele, the reader can infer that the narrator
   (A) felt somewhat guilty about putting Adele back in a boarding school
   (B) disliked Adele intensely but tried to pretend otherwise
   (C) was more concerned about Adele's education than her feelings
   (D) found a chaperone for Adele so she would not live with them
   (E) was deeply fond of Adele and would do anything to make her happy

49. In light of Jane's own childhood experiences with Mrs. Reed, the comments in lines 75-79 and lines 88-90 are
   (A) understandable
   (B) sympathetic
   (C) vengeful
   (D) disingenuous
   (E) ironic

50. Lines 99-110 are most notable for their repetitive
   (A) simple syntax
   (B) ellipsis
   (C) verbals
   (D) absolutes
   (E) unusual verbs

51. The sentence in lines 110-111 is a(n)
   (A) hyperbole
   (B) paradox
   (C) litotes
   (D) oxymoron
   (E) synecdoche

52. The last paragraph hints that
   (A) Rochester loved the narrator only because he was dependent
   (B) the narrator relishes being needed so desperately
   (C) Rochester only pretended to need the narrator's ministrations
   (D) Rochester never regained his eyesight
   (E) the narrator enjoys having such total control over Rochester
### Matching. Charlotte Bronte Questions

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>53. Acton Bell</th>
<th>Answers</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>55. Died at 38</td>
<td>b. Reverend Patrick Bronte</td>
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<tr>
<td>56. Died in 1848</td>
<td>c. Maria Branwell Bronte</td>
</tr>
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<td>57. Died of cancer</td>
<td>d. Emily Bronte</td>
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<td>58. Died of Tuberculosis</td>
<td>e. Anne Bronte</td>
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<td>59. Helen Burns represented</td>
<td>ab. Branwell Bronte</td>
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<td>60. Lowood Institution represented</td>
<td>ac. Maria and Elizabeth Bronte</td>
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<tr>
<td>61. Returned to Roe Head, England to become a teacher</td>
<td>ad. Reverend Nicholls</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>62. She never found true love</td>
<td>ae. Cowan Bridge</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>63. Was a minister and father to six children</td>
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<td>64. Was an alcoholic and drug addict</td>
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<td>65. Was Charlotte’s husband</td>
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<td>66. Wrote the novel, <em>Wuthering Heights</em></td>
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<td>67. Wrote <em>The Professor</em></td>
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Pull out a sheet of notebook paper and identify what AP Multiple Choice Skill each question represents. You will have to use your notes I provided and you should have in your folder. Otherwise, you will have to download from my website.

Remember there are **thirteen** skills only! This counts as a separate grade.