Just then it seemed my chamber-door was touched; as if fingers had swept the panels in groping a way along the dark gallery outside. My heavy oak door opened the slightest bit. I was desperate to know what was there, what could it be?

A ghost? I wished I had kept my candle burning: the night was drearily dark, my spirits were depressed. The day had gone, the night had come. I couldn’t bare glancing at my chamber door. My thin blanket covered me, but that wasn’t enough to protect me. I could see the eerie glow of Mr Rochester’s candle gleaming through the door. The long damp hallway was full of darkness. Who could be walking around there in the dead of night? The grandfather clock struck two. I was chilled with fear.

“Who’s there?” I called with trepidation. I heard a howl. I thought at once that it could be the wind. My first impulse was to rise and unfasten the bolt; my next, again to cry out who’s there. But I decided just to get out of bed and walk to the door. My head was against the door so I heard every movement outside my room.

I climbed out of bed. The floor creaked as I took a step. I reached the door. My heart skipped a beat as I touched the rusty bolt.

Something gurgled and moaned. Ere long steps retreated up to the gallery to the third-storey staircase: I heard it open and close and all was still. My inward tranquillity was broken. A door slammed, it was coming from downstairs. I ran straight downstairs. A shadow…

Written in 1823