

Jane eyre diary assessment

Diary entries

The following diary entries are listed chronologically, starting at Jane's reflection of her arrival in Thornfield, and ending with Jane's personal confession of her love for Mr. Rochester. The second diary entry discusses Jane's personal sentiments regarding Blanche Ingram and the insecurities her intimacy with Mr. Rochester initially arises within Jane. The entry also expands on the theme of social inequality and Ingrams's classist attitudes towards Jane.

Sunday, October 10th, 1808

Dear diary

When I first arrived at Thornfield, it seemed as if an avalanche of emotions had hit me. There was a strong sense of unsettlement, a feeling of panic that made the pulse pound in my temples. It took me back to when I first came to Lowood, except this time, I was older and even more rigid with tension. But there was an excitement of a new venture, a new place. This much needed sense of freedom and emancipatory happiness acted as an equaliser and helped me calm my nerves. Although I was petrified, the element of surprise and the feeling of uncertainty exhilarated me.

I remember my heart throbbing like the stomps when I first walked down the misty corridors of Thornfield. The mansion loomed proudly behind magnificent iron gates, its floors built of heavy timber, its vaulted ceilings letting the scintillating sunlight cascade through and its exquisite rooms filled with Turkish carpets and iridescent stained glass windows. It was different to anywhere I had ever lived before. But the differences were far more than what caught the eye. At Thornfield, I felt at ease, I felt invited, I felt at *home*. Although the attic did raise a few suspicions, Mrs. Fairfax erased any doubts from my mind and made me feel welcome and safe. My heart danced of joy and sang tunes it never knew before. I remember, Adele, rushing in, her chestnut hair blowing in the light breeze brought in through the windows, her youthful face facing the sun. I can never forget her innocent face, beaming of happiness, her doe shaped eyes emanating a childlike curiosity. The gentleness she bestowed on me made my heart swell with joy. I saw myself in her, lost yet so ardent to learn more about the world. I knew that day, that it would be my greatest pleasure to see her imagination unfold and her effervescent spirit flourish.

This was it - happiness, that elusive rainbow that I have been searching for. I think so, I wish so, Amen!

Yours,

Jane

Jane eyre diary assessment

Friday, spring, 1809

Dear diary

The clinking of wine glasses, the patterns of the oriental rugs, the air of luxury, the sound of inconsequent polite conversation. Today was supposed to be a day of fun and frolic. But by the end of the day, I find a lot more bouncing around in my brain than the usual stream of consciousness rambling. I have decided to write it and spurt it out than struggle with it.

I could never miss Blanche's presence in this household. But seeing her prancing around in the party today brought her image with the clarity of a shining mirror and thrust of a sharp blade. Blanche Ingram. Her ostentations jewellery, her pale soft skin, her noble features, her long graceful neck. The way she radiates regality and glides ebulliently like a swan. The way heads swoon around her and how she almost wills these heads to swoon. Does her presence and antics impact Mr Rochester in the same way it seems to impact others? Maybe he isn't the perfect man I assumed him to be. And what does he see in her anyway? How can he trust a mirage?

Yes, her physical perfections and her boons of beauty cannot be denied. But he must see beyond that, he has to. What does he see in her heart? She is spurious, self-obsessed, and scornful. She is even more so with me - behaving in the most supercilious ways. Constantly weakening me with the fear of shame and humiliation, she toys with my self-worth as if I am just another helpless pawn on the chessboard she rules.

But maybe thats how the classes are supposed to behave - having multiple faces and straddling these faces easily. One for their peers and another for ones like us. That is just how the world is supposed to be and she is just a perfect manifestation of the imperfections of this society, and the facade that it puts on to validate its false identities.

Yours,

Jane

Saturday, May 24th, 1809

Dear diary

They say being cognisant of your true feelings, being in touch with yourself helps you. It has been the opposite for me. Realising what I truly feel about Mr Rochester has opened a floodgate of confusing thoughts that I didn't know my mind was capable of. I long for him, curse him for not

Jane eyre diary assessment

looking beyond my looks and current station and then move to self pity and anger at self for daring to love him. And I go round and round in circles.

When I woke up in the morning, I found myself missing him with urgency and an immediacy that scared me. In the afternoon, I found myself forlorn. I tied around a dusty pinafore, existed in my usual plainness. Just because I am gentle, because he has never seen the stream of tears I have shed, the heart throbbing I have felt doesn't mean that I don't feel.

And now in late evening, I find that a part of me chastises the girl who loves Mr Rochester for wasting her time, dreaming the impossible, an act sure to cause misery.

Its just, there is something about him. He showed me his soul, his honesty and opened up his mind to me. To me, he is an enigma, even with his sarcastic nature, abruptness of thought, and hidden trauma. This aristocratic world is such a guarded, unfair and fearful place. It makes me appreciate his rawness tremendously.

This outbreak of feelings. It's not in my power, but almost as if a universal current took me hostage. I always thought of love as a calm summer night, an improbable dream, like the gentle seaside waves and the serenade of the sunset. But I was wrong. Love knows not of perfection and fairytales. Just like sunbeams shine brighter after a thunderstorm, it is increased and kindled by pain, doubt and confusion.

Round and round these thoughts go - will I solve this conundrum, do I want to ? Should I let my truth grow or should I forsake this dream of escaping my faith?

Yours,

Jane

Analysis

Through these diary entries, I aimed to elucidate the negative, positive and conflicting emotions Jane feels throughout her time at Thornfield. The first diary entry was inspired by the theme of love and value of compassion present in the book. Jane has always been on a quest for love, support and validation and these desires are fulfilled when she reaches Thornfield. An opportunity to show her compassion and receive love presents itself in the form of Adele, a young French girl who like Jane, has always lacked a motherly figure in her life, a void that Jane is able to fill. When reading the novel, I thought their relationship was endearing and beautifully symbolic of how powerful compassion can be. In this diary entry I also discussed the multitude of emotions Jane experiences as she independently ventures to a new place and begins a new phase of her life. I juxtaposed Jane's

Jane eyre diary assessment

excitement and nervousness to truly show how overwhelmed with different emotions she was. To aid the readers in understanding Jane's emotions, I incorporated descriptive language such as 'pulse pound in my temples' and 'heart throbbing like the stomps'. Combining actions with the text enables the reader to visualise Jane's worryment and is a more effective illuminator of her emotions. Thornfield is also portrayed as a place of happiness and fascination through the use of positively connotative language as seen in 'scintillating sunlight' and 'crimson Turkish carpets and iridescent stained glass windows'. The repetition of the words 'I felt' enhances Jane's personal sense of comfort and helps the reader comprehend the contentment that Jane is trying to convey. The readers are able to sympathise with Jane's immediate fondness of Adele due to Adele's favourable characterisation. Her optimistic outlook and naive appearances are depicted in 'her youthful face facing the sun' and 'her doe shaped eyes emanating a childlike curiosity'.

The second diary entry intended to express Jane's hidden insecurities and vocalise her frustration at the unfairness of social classes. Through this entry, I wanted to show the superficiality, hypocrisy, and vanity of the upper social class through the conduit of Blanche Ingram's character. Once again, I employed descriptive imagery to allow the readers to transport themselves into the scene of the party as seen in the introductory lines and get a panoramic view of the story as Jane tells it. I used the metaphor of faces and masks to show the upper class' shallowness, false modesty and emphasise the idea of appearances being deceptive. This metaphor is also symbolic of the facade the socialites put on to entertain themselves and how everything in their world is fake and unauthentic. I deployed several literary devices such as alliteration. The words 'spurious, self-obsessed, and scornful' alliterates with the s sound. This helped create an underlying rhythm and also emphasised the hatred Jane feels towards Blanche Ingram. Sibilance is also deployed with the frequent repetition of the "s" sound which suggests snakelike qualities and hints to the sly and treacherous nature of the upper class society.

The entries selectively use metaphors to make the themes more universal and engage reader's minds by utilising the existing images associated with these. The metaphor of Jane being a 'helpless pawn' on Ingram's chessboard symbolise the marginalised sections of the society, and helps highlight the discrimination in Victorian society. As a second layer of the metaphor, queen vs pawn is also important. In the game of chess, the knight mightily outweighs a pawn, just like in society, the power dynamics have always belonged to the privileged classes. The incorporation of rhetorical questions in the second and third diary entry dramatises Jane's emotions of exasperation and engages the reader and shows them Jane's jealousy as she constantly questions Rochester's attraction towards Ms. Ingram.

I also used similes to highlight the illusion of love and the preconceived romantic notions people have as seen in 'like the gentle seaside waves and the serenade of the sunset' **and** projects a romantic image on the reader's mind. This figurative language is accompanied with another simile in which Jane shows how love is increased with hardships 'just like sunbeams shine brighter after a

Jane eyre diary assessment

thunderstorm'. This aids the reader's understanding of Jane's views about love and paints the pain inflicted by love as something positive.

In conclusion, I employed rhetorics, figurative language, descriptive imagery and metaphors to help the reader understand the inner workings of Jane and travel with her on this emotional journey.