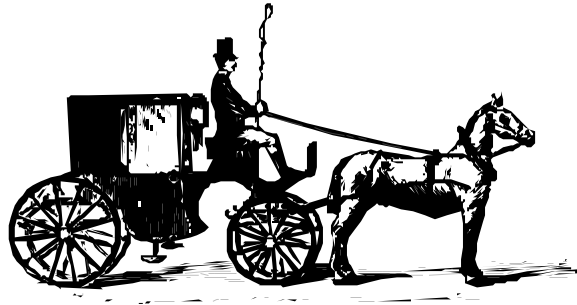


The Cloze Procedure
Jane Eyre by Charlotte Brontë



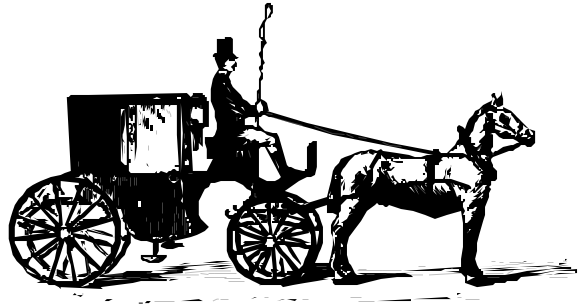
I must keep to my post, however. I must watch this ghastly countenance—these blue, still lips forbidden to unclose—these eyes now shut, now opening, now wandering through the room, now fixing on me, and ever glazed with the dullness of horror. I must dip my hand again and again in the basin of blood and water, and wipe away the trickling gore. I must see the light of the unsnuffed candle wane on my employment; the shadows darken on the wrought, antique tapestry round me, and grow black under the hangings of the vast old bed, and quiver strangely over the doors of the great cabinet opposite—whose front, divided into twelve panels, bore, in grim design, the heads of the twelve apostles, each enclosed in its separate panel as in a frame; while above them at the top rose an ebon crucifix and a dying Christ.

According as the shifting obscurity and flickering gleam hovered here or glanced there, it was now the bearded physician, Luke, that bent his brow; now St. John's long hair that waved; and anon the devilish face of Judas, that grew out of the panel, and seemed gathering life and threatening a revelation of the arch-traitor—of Satan himself—in his subordinate's form.

Amidst all this, I had to listen as well as watch: to listen for the movements of the wild beast or fiend in yonder side-den. But since Mr. Rochester's visit it seemed spellbound: all the night I heard but three sounds at three long intervals—a sharp creak, a momentary renewal of the snarling, canine noise, and a deep human groan.

Then my own thoughts worried me. What crime was this, that lived incarnate in this sequestered mansion, and could neither be expelled nor subdued by the owner?—what mystery, that broke out, now in fire and now in blood, at the deadest hours of the night?

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Jane Eyre by Charlotte Brontë



I must keep to _____ post, however. I must _____ this ghastly countenance—these _____, still lips forbidden to _____—these eyes now shut, _____ opening, now wandering through _____ room, now fixing on _____, and ever glazed with _____ dullness of horror. I _____ dip my hand again _____ again in the basin _____ blood and water, and _____ away the trickling gore. _____ must see the light _____ the unsnuffed candle wane _____ my employment; the shadows _____ on the wrought, antique _____ round me, and grow _____ under the hangings of _____ vast old bed, and _____ strangely over the doors _____ the great cabinet opposite—_____ front, divided into twelve _____, bore, in grim design, _____ heads of the twelve _____, each enclosed in its _____ panel as in a _____; while above them at _____ top rose an ebon _____ and a dying Christ.

_____ as the shifting obscurity _____ flickering gleam hovered here _____ glanced there, it was _____ the bearded physician, Luke, _____ bent his brow; now _____ John's long hair that _____; and anon the devilish _____ of Judas, that grew _____ of the panel, and _____ gathering life and threatening _____ revelation of the arch-traitor—_____ Satan himself—in his _____ form.

Amidst all this, _____ had to listen as _____ as watch: to listen _____ the movements of the _____ beast or fiend in _____ side-den. But since Mr. _____ visit it seemed spellbound: _____ the night I heard _____ three sounds at three _____ intervals—a sharp creak, _____ momentary renewal of the snarling, canine noise, and a deep human groan.

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