

In the following extract, the 9-year-old Jane Eyre is locked in the red room at Gateshead Hall after being hit by her cousin John and unfairly punished by her aunt.

How has the writer built up an atmosphere of tension and suspense?

In the Jane Eyre there is a build up of an atmosphere of tension and suspense.

Jane Eyre often comes back to the Gothic theme that is its main theme. Some characteristics of the Gothic style is the description of the weather, use of pathetic fallacy, the use of language associated with death and figurative language. All of those part of the themes can be found in the text of Jane Eyre to built up an atmosphere of tension. When describing the Red room, the weather is mentioned using pathetic fallacy such as when it is said "*I heard the rain still beating continuously on the staircase window.*" In this quote, Charlotte Brontë uses the beating of the rain outside to project outside the interior torment of Jane Eyre and to show the forming of tension in the red room. Then there is the use of language of death using a Figurative language "*with a footstool before it; and looking, as I thought, like a pale throne.*" In this quote, the figurative language is a simile. The tension grows as the objects around her are described with language related to death. But the language of the room is another part of the text.

The description of the room is longely described and the feelings of Jane are explored. But how does all of this connect to the tension and suspense of the atmosphere? The description of the red room is a big part of the text on the red room. The room is showed in the eyes of Jane as "*A bed supported on massive pillars of mahogany, hung with curtains of deep red damask, ...*" The description is mostly based on the feeling of Jane and it displays the tension of the room but also the suspense of what such things Jane is going to describe to us readers. Then, in more depth the description of the room, Jane even talks about her feeling in face of this red room is which she is imprisoned. She expressed her feeling as rationalized "*I thought*" or when displaying her despair as "*I grew by degrees cold as a stone, and then my courage sank.*"

They went, shutting the door, and locking it behind them.

The red-room was a square chamber, very seldom slept in, I might say never, indeed, unless when a chance influx of visitors at Gateshead Hall rendered it necessary to turn to account all the accommodation it contained: yet it was one of the largest and stateliest chambers in the mansion. A bed supported on massive pillars of mahogany, hung with curtains of deep red damask, stood out like a tabernacle in the centre; the two large windows, with their blinds always drawn down, were half shrouded in festoons and falls of similar drapery; the carpet was red; the table at the foot of the bed was covered with a crimson cloth; the walls were a soft fawn colour with a blush of pink in it; the wardrobe, the toilet-table, the chairs were of darkly polished old mahogany. Out of these deep surrounding shades rose high, and glared white, the piled-up mattresses and pillows of the bed, spread with a snowy Marseilles counterpane. Scarcely less prominent was an ample cushioned easy-chair near the head of the bed, also white, with a footstool before it; and looking, as I thought, like a pale throne.

This room was chill, because it seldom had a fire; it was silent, because remote from the nursery and kitchen; solemn, because it was known to be so seldom entered. The house-maid alone came here on Saturdays, to wipe from the mirrors and the furniture a week's quiet dust: and Mrs. Reed herself, at far intervals, visited it to review the contents of a certain secret drawer in the wardrobe, where were stored divers parchments, her jewel-casket, and a miniature of her deceased husband; and in those last words lies the secret of the red-room — the spell which kept it so lonely in spite of its grandeur.

Mr. Reed had been dead nine years: it was in this chamber he breathed his last; here he lay in state; hence his coffin was borne by the undertaker's men; and, since that day, a sense of dreary consecration had guarded it from frequent intrusion.

Daylight began to forsake the red-room; it was past four o'clock, and the beclouded afternoon was tending to drear twilight. I heard the rain still beating continuously on the staircase window, and the wind howling in the grove behind the hall; I grew by degrees cold as a stone, and then my courage sank.