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1. **AGNES GREY I**

I particularly remember one wild, snowy afternoon, soon after my return in January—the children had all come up from dinner, loudly declaring that they meant “to be naughty”; and they had well kept their resolution, though I had talked myself hoarse, and wearied every muscle in my throat, in the vain attempt to reason them out of it. I had got Tom pinned up in a corner, whence, I told him, he should not escape till he had done his appointed task. Meantime, Fanny had possessed herself of my work-bag, and was rifling its contents—and spitting into it besides. I told her to let it alone, but to no purpose, of course.

“Burn it, Fanny!” cried Tom: and *this* command she hastened to obey. I sprang to snatch it from the fire, and Tom darted to the door.

“Mary Ann, throw her desk out of the window!” cried he, and my precious desk, containing my letters and papers, my small amount of cash, and all my valuables, was about to be precipitated from the three-storey window. I flew to rescue it. Meanwhile Tom had left the room, and was rushing down the stairs, followed by Fanny. Having secured my desk, I ran to catch them, and Mary Ann came scampering after. All three escaped me, and ran out of the house into the garden, where they plunged about in the snow, shouting and screaming in exultant glee.

(Anne Brontë. *Agnes Grey*. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2010 [1847], p. 34)

2. **AGNES GREY II**

“But there's one remedy for all, my dear, and that's resignation,” (a toss of the head) “resignation to the will of Heaven!” (an uplifting of hands and eyes). “It has always supported me through all my trials, and always will do,” (a succession of nods.) “But then, it isn't everybody that can say that,” (a shake of the head), “but I'm one of the pious ones, Miss Grey!” (a very significant nod and toss). “And thank Heaven, I always was,” (another nod) “and I glory in it!” (an emphatic clasping of the hands and shaking of the head) [...]

(*Agnes Gray*. p. 36)

3. **AGNES GREY III**

“He can make friends; and he can make a home too, if he pleases; and, doubtless he will please sometime; and God grant the partner of that home may be worthy of his choice, and make it a happy one —such a home as he deserves to have! And how delightful it would be to—’ But no matter what I thought

(*Agnes Gray*. p. 96)

4. **AGNES GREY IV**

“I have omitted to give a detail of his words, from a notion that they would not interest the reader as they did me, and not because I have forgotten them. No; I remember them well; for I thought them over and over again in the course of that day and many succeeding ones, I know not how often; and recalled every intonation of his deep, clear voice, every flash of his quick, brown eye, and every gleam of his pleasant, but too transient smile. Such a confession will look very absurd, I fear: but no matter: I have written it: and they that read it will not know the writer.”

(*Agnes Gray*. p. 105)

5. THE TENANT OF WILDFELL HALL I

DECEMBER 20th, 1826—The fifth anniversary of my wedding day, and I trust, the last I shall spend under this roof. My resolution is formed, my plan concocted, and already partly put in execution. My conscience does not blame me, but while the purpose ripens, let me beguile a few of these long winter evenings in stating the case for my own satisfaction...

(Anne Brontë. *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*. Vol. 1. New York: Harper & brothers, 1848, p. 286)

6. THE TENANT OF WILDFELL HALL II

I first attempted to keep him always with me or in the nursery, and gave Rachel particular injunctions never to let him come down to dessert as long as these 'gentlemen' staid; but it was no use; these orders were immediately countermanded and overruled by his father : he was not going to have the little fellow moped to death between an old nurse and a cursed fool of a mother. So the little fellow came down every evening, in spite of his cross mamma, and learned to tipple wine like papa, to swear like Mr Hattersley, and to have his own way like a man, and sent mamma to the devil when she tried to prevent him. To see such things done with the roguish naïveté of that pretty little child, and hear such things spoken by that small infantile voice, was as peculiarly piquant and irresistibly droll to them as it was inexpressibly distressing and painful to me; and when he had set the table in a roar, he would look round delightedly upon them all, and add his shrill laugh to theirs. But if that beaming blue eye rested on me, its light would vanish for a moment, and he would say, in some concern...

(*The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*. p. 295-296)

7. THE GUERNSEY LITERARY AND POTATO PEEL PIE SOCIETY

From Isola Pribby to Juliet
19th February 1946

Dear Miss Ashton,

You have Written a book about Anne Brontë, sister to Charlotte and Emily. Amelia Maugery says she will lend it to me, for she knows I have a fondness for the girls — poor lambs. To think all five of them had weak chests and died so Young! What a sadness. Their Pa was a selfish thing, wasn't he? He paid his girls no mind at all—always sitting in his study, yelling for his shawl. He never rose up to wait on himself, did he? Just sat alone in his room while his daughters died like flies.

And their brother, Branwell, he wasn't much either. Always drinking and sicking up on the carpets. They were forever having to clean up after him. Fine work for lady

authoresses! It is my belief that with two such men in the household and no way to meet others, Emily had to make Heathcliff up out of thin air! And what a fine job she did. Men are more interesting in books than they are in real life.

(Mary Ann Shaffer & Annie Barrows. *The Guernsey Literary and Potato Peel Pie Society*. NY: Dial Press, 2008, p. 38)