



Jane

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Inspired by *Jane Eyre* by

Charlotte Brontë



*My parents worked  
on the water.*




A small, simple boat is shown in the center of a dark, stormy sea. The water is turbulent with white-capped waves. Diagonal lines representing rain fall across the entire scene, creating a sense of intense weather. The overall color palette is dominated by dark blues, greys, and whites.

*One day they  
went out to sea...*

*And they didn't  
come back.*

My aunt and my cousins lived two towns over. My mother wasn't close to her sister. I didn't know them well.

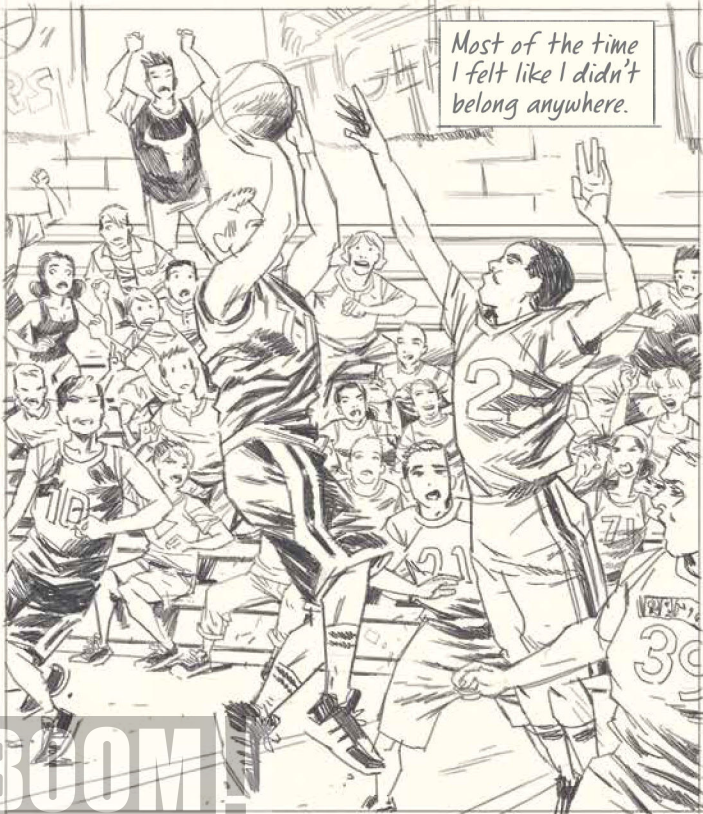
But I had nowhere else to go.




Living there was not living. I was biding my time.

I always knew I didn't belong.


I learned to be invisible.



Most of the time I felt like I didn't belong anywhere.



No one had any use for me. But I knew I could do one thing.



I could take what I saw and put it on a piece of paper.

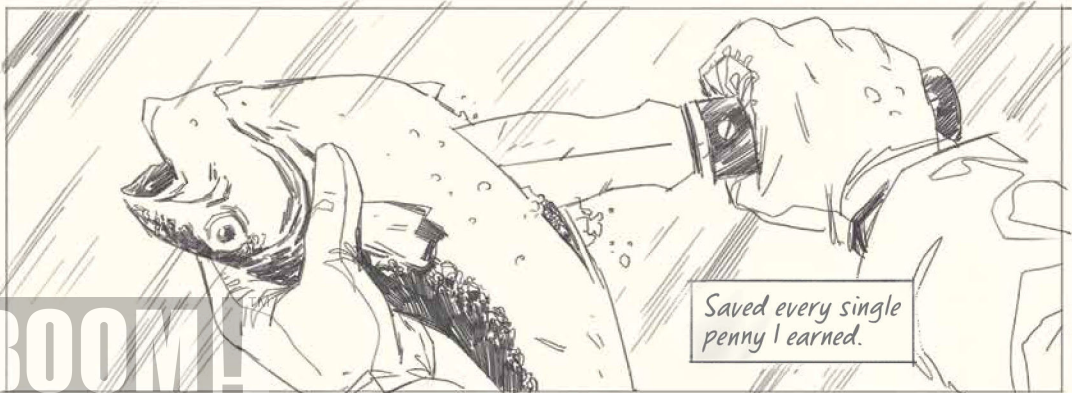
I hoped one day THAT  
would be my ficket out.  
In the meantime, I had  
to earn money.



I found work.



I went out on as  
many trips as I  
could.



Saved every single  
penny I earned.

Until I had enough.

YOU CAN  
CLOSE MY  
ACCOUNT  
NOW.

SHRIMP

I knew there was a wide  
world out there, as big as  
the ocean. All I needed was  
the courage to go.

And finally, it  
was time to leave.

There were things I could have said. About how I had been  
treated. About how I could never, ever come back. Instead,  
I left there the same way I had lived there.

Invisibly.











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