Core Classics

Abridged for Young Readers

Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

by Robert Louis Stevenson

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CORE CLASSICS®

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INTRODUCTION

You may know Robert Louis Stevenson as the author of *Treasure Island*, a rousing tale of a young boy's adventures as he grows up among a band of pirates. You may also know Stevenson as the writer of a delightful collection of poetry for children, *A Child's Garden of Verses*. One of those poems, "A Good Boy," begins like this:

I woke before the morning, I was happy all the day,
I never said an ugly word, but smiled and stuck to play.

And now at last the sun is going down behind the wood,
And I am very happy, for I know that I've been good.

The boy is "very happy" because he knows he has "been good." Stevenson says more about being good in a poem titled "The Whole Duty of Children":

A child should always say what's true
And speak when he is spoken to,
And behave mannerly at table;
At least as far as he is able.

In that final line—"At least as far as he is able"—Stevenson is smiling. He knows that it's not easy to always be honest and self-controlled and polite. It's not easy to be good all the time.

About a year after that poem was published, Stevenson wrote a book that again recognizes how hard it is to be good—but this time he wasn't writing for children, and he wasn't smiling. Indeed, this book sprang from a nightmare. His wife, Fanny, recalled that very early one morning she was "awakened by cries of horror" from her husband—and, "thinking he had a nightmare, I awakened him. He said angrily: 'Why did you wake me? I was dreaming a fine bogey tale.'"

What's a "bogey tale"? Think of how children are sometimes told, "The bogeyman will get you!" Stevenson was dreaming a scary story, a tale of horror. From his feverish nightmare came the book published in 1886 as *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. (Stevenson did not use *The* in the title.)

In the character of Dr. Jekyll, Stevenson not only shows how hard it is to be good, he also explores *why* it is so hard, especially when powerful impulses inside a person strain to be released—impulses that must be kept down and hidden in order to be a respected member of society. Stevenson's story dramatizes how these dark impulses, once they are allowed to run free,

can grow stronger and stronger—and then the issue is no longer how hard it is to be good but how easy it is to do evil.

Those who have heard of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* but haven't read the book sometimes assume the two men named in the title represent a clash between good on one side and evil on the other. But Stevenson's story is not a clear case of good versus evil. Rather, it is (as the full title tells us) a "strange case"—troubling and shadowy, like the murky fog that often blankets the London streets where the story is set.

A mix of horror tale, science fiction, and detective story, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* was an immediate success when it was first published. The story was quickly adapted as a play for the stage. Many years later, it was made into movies, and even into a Bugs Bunny cartoon. Something about the story—something beyond the thrill of a good scare or the pull of a good mystery—keeps readers returning to it even after many generations.

After writing *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, Stevenson said that he had "long been trying to write a story on this … strong sense of man's double being which must at times come in upon and overwhelm the mind of every thinking creature." As you read this book, think about what Stevenson meant by "man's double being." What is he suggesting

about the nature of the individual self, and about human nature? And what is it about this story that continues to fascinate readers to this day?

Editor's Note
This Core Classics edition of *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* is abridged and adapted for young readers. Some passages have been left out of the original text, and some have been rewritten to make them more readily understandable. Any adaption is also an interpretation—in choosing what to leave out and what to rewrite, we have tried to be guided by the goal of remaining faithful to the themes, style, and spirit of the original novel.

VICTORIAN LONDON
The Setting of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

Robert Louis Stevenson set his *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* in his own time, the late 1880s, in London, the capital city of England.

Late 19th century London was the world's largest city. It was thickly crowded. The city's population had grown from about a million people in 1800 to about six million in 1890.

There were no cars in Stevenson's London; instead, people either walked or, if they were in a hurry, rode in a horse-drawn carriage or a cab called a hansom. By 1890, there were about 300,000 horses in London, and their droppings left the busy main streets filthy indeed.

In late 19th century London, you could look up from filthy streets to breathe filthy air. The Industrial Revolution had brought many factories and railroads to London, all belching smoke into the city's atmosphere. In this time before the widespread use of electricity, the streets were lit by gas-burning lamps. Most people used gas lanterns

Horse-drawn carriages clog this street in late 19TH century London.

and candles for lighting, and heated their homes with coal-burning fireplaces, which thickened the air with coal dust and soot. On many days, London was covered by a thick, brown, choking fog, which Stevenson describes vividly in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*.

Like many cities, London was home to both great wealth and extreme poverty. Rich factory owners lived with their families in large, luxurious mansions. A comfortable middle class of businessmen, lawyers, doctors (like Dr. Jekyll), and other professionals lived in well-furnished

Thick fog blankets a horse-drawn carriage and a passing chimney sweep on a London street.

houses, with cooks and servants to attend to their needs. The workers who toiled in the factories or on the docks, however, often lived in crowded and dirty slums, in parts of the city troubled by crime and disease. Stevenson's novel offers glimpses of these contrasting parts of London. Dr. Jekyll's own neighborhood embodies social contrast and change—he lives in "a square of ancient, handsome houses, now for the most part decayed from their high estate."

CHILDREN CROWD THE STREET OF A LONDON SLUM IN 1870.

The action of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* takes place during what is known as the Victorian era in England, after Queen Victoria, who reigned from 1837 to 1901. In Queen Victoria's time, English power and wealth

Queen Victoria in 1887

grew as the British Empire extended its reach across the world. Victoria also shaped the values of her time. Her name has become associated with duty, seriousness, hard work, and self-control. To describe someone as "Victorian" also suggests proper behavior bordering on stiffness, as well as strict morality bordering on prudishness.

In Victorian England, middle-class men and women had different social roles. Men worked and participated in politics. Their wives were expected to raise the children and manage the household. This distinction between men's and women's social roles is not, however, a matter of concern in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* because Stevenson's main characters are all older unmarried men. They are gentlemen and bachelors who, in accordance with Victorian social standards, are expected to act in a dignified, respectable, and restrained manner—much like the character that Stevenson introduces to us first in the novel, the lawyer Mr. Utterson.

Portrait of a Victorian gentleman

MAIN CHARACTERS IN THE NOVEL

Gabriel John Utterson
A trusted lawyer who is a friend to Dr. Jekyll

Richard Enfield
A "man about town" who is a distant cousin and friend of Mr. Utterson

Dr. Henry Jekyll
A well-known, respected, and wealthy doctor and scientist

Edward Hyde
A mysterious and violent stranger who appears to be deformed in some way

Dr. Hastie Lanyon
A respected doctor and old friend of both Mr. Utterson and Dr. Jekyll, who objects to Jekyll's scientific ideas

Poole
The butler in charge of Dr. Jekyll's household

Sir Danvers Carew
A kind old gentleman and Member of Parliament

Mr. Guest
A law clerk and handwriting expert employed by Mr. Utterson

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ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

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STORY OF THE DOOR

Mr. Utterson the lawyer was a man whose face was never lighted by a smile; cold, of few words, embarrassed in conversation; lean, long, dusty, dreary, and yet somehow lovable. At friendly meetings, something eminently human beaconed from his eye; something indeed which never found its way into his talk, but which spoke more often and loudly in the acts of his life. He was austere with himself, but he had a tolerance for others—sometimes wondering, almost with envy, at the high spirits involved in their misdeeds—and in any extremity ready to help rather than to reprove. Because of these characteristics, he was

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lean: thin
dreary: gloomy; not cheerful
eminently: very; completely; greatly
beaconed: shone out
austere: strict; self-disciplined
tolerance: open and accepting attitude, especially toward beliefs or practices different from one's own
envy: the feeling of wanting what someone else has, or of wanting to be like someone else
misdeeds: actions that break the law or go against moral standards
extremity: extreme circumstance; occasion of great difficulty [slang: a scrape, a jam]
reprove: scold; criticize; express disapproval

Mr. Utterson the lawyer was lean, long, dusty, dreary, and yet somehow lovable.

often the last reputable acquaintance and the last good influence in the lives of downgoing men.

Mr. Utterson did not openly show his emotions. He was good-natured to all and, like many a modest man, accepted his friends ready-made as opportunity allowed. His friends were his relatives or those whom he had known the longest; his affections, like ivy, were the growth of time—they did not suggest anything special in the object.

Who Is Mr. Utterson? How does Robert Louis Stevenson describe Mr. Utterson? What qualities might make people like and trust him? How does he relate to other people?

Such was the bond that united him to Mr. Richard Enfield, his distant kinsman, the well-known man about town. It was a nut to crack for many, what these two could see in each other, or

reputable: widely respected and trusted
acquaintance: someone you know but who is not a close friend
downgoing men: men who are experiencing difficulties (such as punishment by the law) as a result of their poor choices, bad acts, or bad luck
good-natured: pleasant and kind
modest: not pretentious or boastful
opportunity: favorable times or conditions
bond: something that binds or holds together
kinsman: relative
man about town: a socially active man who might often be seen at parties, restaurants, theaters, etc.
a nut to crack: a difficult puzzle to figure out

what subject they could find in common. It was reported by those who encountered them in their Sunday walks, that they said nothing and looked very dull. Still, the two men greatly valued these excursions, and counted them the chief delight of each week.

It chanced on one of these rambles that their way led them down a side street in a busy quarter of London. The street was small and quiet, but the shops were busy on the weekdays. The shop fronts stood along that thoroughfare with an air of invitation, like rows of smiling saleswomen. Even on Sunday, when it lay comparatively empty, the street shone out in contrast to its dingy neighborhood, like a fire in a forest; and with its freshly painted shutters, well-polished brasses, and general cleanliness, instantly caught and pleased the eye.

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in common: shared (between them)
excursions: short trips
rambles: walks taken for pleasure, without a definite destination
thoroughfare: a street that, on either end, opens onto another street
comparatively: considered in comparison to (in this case, to the busy weekdays)
dingy: dirty; run-down; shabby
brasses: shiny hardware on houses and storefronts [Brass is made from two metals, copper and zinc.]

Two doors from one corner, a certain sinister block of building thrust forward on the street. It was two stories high; showed no window, nothing but a door on the lower story and a discolored wall on the upper; and bore in every feature the marks of prolonged and sordid negligence. The door, which had neither bell nor knocker, was blistered and stained. Tramps slouched by the door and struck matches on the panels; children played upon the steps; a schoolboy had tried his knife on the moldings; and for many years, no one had appeared to drive away these random visitors or to repair their ravages.

Mr. Enfield and the lawyer were on the other side of the street. When they came near the door, Mr. Enfield lifted up his cane and pointed.

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sinister: threatening; menacing
prolonged: extended in time
sordid: unclean (morally or physically); filthy; nasty
negligence: complete lack of care
blistered: marked by cracking and peeling areas
tramps: poor homeless people
slouched: stood in a bent and lazy-looking way
moldings: decorated strips of wood around the edges of the door frame
random: without any plan or pattern
ravages: damaging and destructive actions

"Did you ever notice that door?" he asked. "It is connected in my mind," he added, "with a very odd story."

"Indeed?" said Mr. Utterson, with a slight change of voice, "and what was that?"

"Well," returned Mr. Enfield, "I was coming home from some place at the end of the world, about three o'clock of a black winter morning, and my way lay through a part of town where there was nothing to be seen but lamps. Street after street and all the folks asleep—street after street, all lighted up and all empty—till at last I got into that state of mind when a man listens and listens and begins to long for the sight of a policeman.

"All at once, I saw two figures: one a little man who was stumping along eastward at a good walk, and the other a girl of maybe eight or ten who was running as hard as she was able down a cross street. Well, sir, the two ran into one another at the corner; and then came the horrible part of the thing; for the man trampled calmly over the

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long: have a strong desire
stumping: walking heavily
trampled: stepped heavily and roughly in a way to crush or injure

child's body and left her screaming on the ground.

"It was hellish to see. It wasn't like a man; it was like some juggernaut. I took to my heels, collared my gentleman, and brought him back to where there was already quite a group about the screaming child. He was perfectly cool and made no resistance, but he gave me one look so ugly that it brought out the sweat on me. The people who had turned out were the girl's own family; and pretty soon, the doctor, for whom she had earlier been sent, appeared. Well, the child was not much the worse, more frightened, according to the sawbones; and there you might have supposed would be an end to it.

"But there was one curious matter. I had taken a loathing to my gentleman at first sight. So had the child's family, which was only natural.

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juggernaut: an overpowering force or object that smashes or pushes aside everything in its path
took to my heels: ran quickly
collared: grabbed by the collar or neck
cool: calm; showing no excitement or emotion
not much the worse: not seriously hurt
sawbones: slang term for a doctor or surgeon
loathing: strong feeling of hatred and disgust

The man trampled calmly over the child's body and left her screaming on the ground.

But the doctor's case was what struck me. He was the usual cut and dried medical type, about as emotional as a brick. Well, sir, he was like the rest of us; every time he looked at my prisoner, I saw that sawbones turn sick and white with the desire to kill him.

"I knew what was in his mind, just as he knew what was in mine; and killing being out of the question, we did the next best. We told the man we would make such a scandal out of this that his name would stink from one end of London to the other. And all the time, we were keeping the women off him as best we could, for they were as wild as harpies. I never saw a circle of such hateful faces; and there was the man in the middle, with a kind of sneering coolness—frightened too, I could see that—but carrying it off, sir, really like Satan.

"'Any gentleman would wish to avoid a scene,' says he. 'Name your figure.' Well, we got him up

cut and dried: an expression meaning, ordinary, commonplace, nothing special about
scandal: public disgrace and shaming for immoral actions
harpies: from mythology, vicious creatures who were part woman and part bird
sneering: making a facial expression that shows dislike and disrespect
scene: a loud public incident that draws attention
'Name your figure.': How much money do you want?

to a hundred pounds for the child's family. The next thing was to get the money; and where do you think he took us but to that place with the door? —whipped out a key, went in, and soon came back with ten pounds in gold and a check for the balance from Coutts, signed with a name that I can't mention, though it's one of the points of my story, but it was a very well known name at least.

"I pointed out to my gentleman that a man does not, in real life, walk into a cellar door at four in the morning and come out with another man's check for close upon a hundred pounds. But he was quite easy and sneering. 'Set your mind at rest,' says he, 'I will stay with you till the banks open and cash the check myself.' So we all set off, the doctor, and the child's father, and our friend and myself, and passed the rest of the night at my place, and later, we all went to the bank. I handed over the check myself, and said I had every reason to believe it was a fake. Not a bit of it. The check was genuine."

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pounds: also called pounds sterling, a unit of money used in the United Kingdom (which includes England)
Coutts: an exclusive British bank for very rich people

"Tut-tut!" said Mr. Utterson.

"I see you feel as I do," said Mr. Enfield. "Yes, it's a bad story. For my man was a fellow that nobody could stand, a really horrible man; and the person that wrote the check is the very peak of propriety, well-known too, and one of those fellows who do what they call good. Blackmail, I suppose; an honest man paying through the nose for some of the capers of his youth. So, Black Mail House is what I call the place with the door. Though even that, you know, is far from explaining all," he added.

Mr. Utterson asked rather suddenly: "And you don't know if the drawer of the check lives there?"

"So you might think," returned Mr. Enfield. "But I happen to have noticed his address on the check; he lives in some square or other."

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propriety: good manners; accepted standards of polite behavior
blackmail: to force a person to pay money by threatening to reveal the person's secrets or bad actions
paying through the nose: paying way too much; paying much more than something is worth
capers: pranks; mischievous acts
drawer: the person whose name is on the check, from whose account the money was drawn
square: an open area in a city formed where two or more streets meet

"And you never asked about the—place with the door?" said Mr. Utterson.

"No, sir," was the reply. "I feel very strongly about putting questions; it's too much of the style of the day of judgment. You start a question, and it's like starting a stone. You sit quietly on the top of a hill; and away the stone goes, starting others; and presently some pleasant old fellow is knocked on the head in his own back garden. No sir, I make it a rule of mine: the stranger it looks, the less I ask."

"A very good rule, too," said the lawyer.

"But I have studied the place for myself," continued Mr. Enfield. "It seems scarcely a house. There is no other door, and nobody goes in or out of that one but, once in a great while, the gentleman of my adventure. And then there is a chimney which is generally smoking, so somebody must live there. And yet it's not so sure, for the buildings are so packed together about the court, that it's hard to say where one ends and another begins."

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day of judgment: what will happen, some people believe, at the end of the world when the dead will rise and God will judge each individual on what they did in their earthly lives
scarcely: barely; hardly
court: a courtyard; an open space surrounded by walls or buildings

The pair walked on again for a while in silence; and then, "Enfield," said Mr. Utterson, "that's a good rule of yours."

"Yes, I think it is," returned Enfield.

"But," continued the lawyer, "there's one point I want to ask. I want to ask the name of that man who walked over the child."

"Well," said Mr. Enfield, "I can't see what harm it would do. It was a man of the name of Hyde."

"Hm," said Mr. Utterson. "What sort of a man is he to see?"

"He is not easy to describe. There is something wrong with his appearance; something displeasing, something downright detestable. I never saw a man I so disliked, and yet I hardly know why. He gives a strong feeling of deformity, although I couldn't specify in what way. He's an extraordinary looking man, and yet I really can name nothing out of the way. No, sir; I can't describe him. And it's not want of memory; for I declare I can see him this moment."

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detestable: causing extreme dislike; hateful; disgusting
want: lack

Mr. Utterson again walked some way in silence and obviously under a weight of careful thought. "You are sure he used a key?" he inquired at last.

"My dear sir..." began Enfield, surprised.

"Yes, I know," said Utterson; "I know it must seem strange. The fact is, if I do not ask you the name of the man whose name was on the check, it is because I know it already. Richard, if you have been inexact in any point you had better correct it."

"I have been exact in every detail," returned the other with a touch of irritation. "The fellow had a key; and, he has it still. I saw him use it not a week ago."

Mr. Utterson sighed deeply but said nothing. The young man resumed. "Here is another lesson to say nothing," said he. "Let us make a bargain never to refer to this again."

"With all my heart," said the lawyer. "I shake hands on that, Richard."

Our First Look at Mr. Hyde
We get our first look at Mr. Hyde through the story told by Mr. Enfield. How does Enfield describe Hyde? What effect does Hyde have on other people?

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inquired: asked

SEARCH FOR MR. HYDE

That evening Mr. Utterson came home to his bachelor house in somber spirits. He took up a candle and went into his business room. There he opened his safe, took from the most private part of it a document with *Dr. Jekyll's Will* written on the envelope, and sat down with a clouded brow to study its contents.

The will was in Dr. Jekyll's own handwriting, for Mr. Utterson had refused to provide the least assistance in the making of it. It stated not only that, in case of the decease of Henry Jekyll, M.D., D.C.L., L.L.D., F.R.S., etc., all his possessions

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somber: dark and gloomy
will: a legal document that states who should receive a person's wealth and property after that person's death
decease: death
M.D.: from the Latin term for Doctor of Medicine [This and the other initials after Jekyll's name show that he has many professional degrees and honors.]
D.C.L.: Doctor of Civil Law
L.L.D: from the Latin term for Doctor of Laws
F.R.S.: Fellow of the Royal Society (an organization of scientists, based in London)
etc.: an abbreviation for *et cetera*, a Latin phrase meaning, and so forth; and other things

were to pass into the hands of his "friend and benefactor Edward Hyde," but that in case of Dr. Jekyll's "disappearance or unexplained absence for any period exceeding three calendar months," Edward Hyde should step into Henry Jekyll's shoes without further delay and free from any obligation beyond the payment of a few small sums to the members of the doctor's household.

This document had long offended Mr. Utterson both as a lawyer and as one who loved the sane and regular sides of life. Hitherto it was his ignorance of Mr. Hyde that had displeased and upset him; now, suddenly, it was his knowledge. It was bad enough when he could learn nothing of Hyde beyond the name, but it was worse when the name began to be clothed with detestable characteristics; and out of the shifting mists that had so long baffled his eye, there leaped up the sudden, definite image of a fiend.

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benefactor: a person who helps another
exceeding: going beyond
step into … shoes: an expression meaning, to take a person's place
obligation: a duty or requirement; something that must be done
hitherto: up to this time
detestable: hateful; disgusting
baffled: confused
fiend: evil spirit; devil

"I thought it was madness," he said, as he replaced the obnoxious paper in the safe, "and now I begin to fear it is disgrace."

With that he blew out his candle, put on a coat, and set forth in the direction of Cavendish Square, where his friend, the great Dr. Lanyon, had his house and received his many patients. "If anyone knows, it will be Lanyon," he thought.

Dr. Jekyll's Will
Mr. Utterson, as Dr. Jekyll's lawyer, would normally have taken on the task of preparing the doctor's will. Jekyll, however, wrote his own will, and Utterson refused to have anything to do with it. Why does the lawyer so strongly object to the will?

Up to this point, Utterson thought that it was "madness" for Jekyll to leave everything to Hyde, a man about whom Utterson knew nothing but the name. But now Utterson has learned something about Mr. Hyde—and what he has learned makes him think of Hyde as a "fiend."

You recall that Mr. Enfield told Mr. Utterson that he suspected Hyde might be blackmailing the man whose name was on the check. Utterson now begins to suspect that the will is part of the possible blackmail scheme. Utterson now thinks that the will is not an act of "madness" on Jekyll's part, but is instead related to some "disgrace"—some fear of the great public shame Jekyll might experience if Hyde were to reveal something shameful that Jekyll has tried to keep hidden.

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obnoxious: extremely unpleasant; offensive
disgrace: public shame and complete loss of respect from others

The solemn butler welcomed him and ushered him direct from the door to the dining room where Dr. Lanyon sat alone. He was a hearty, healthy, dapper, red-faced gentleman, with hair prematurely white, and a boisterous and decided manner. At sight of Mr. Utterson, he sprang up from his chair and welcomed him with both hands. These two were old friends both at school and college, who thoroughly enjoyed each other's company.

After a little rambling talk, the lawyer led up to the subject which so disagreeably filled his mind.

"I suppose, Lanyon," said he, "you and I must be the two oldest friends that Henry Jekyll has?"

"I wish the friends were younger," chuckled Dr. Lanyon. "But I suppose we are. Though I see little of him now."

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solemn: very serious
butler: the chief male servant in the household, usually in charge of the other servants
dapper: neat; stylish
prematurely: in a way that was earlier than expected
boisterous: rowdy; loud and lively
decided: unhesitatingly self-confident
rambling: wandering with no definite direction or purpose

Dr. Lanyon sprang up from his chair and welcomed Mr. Utterson with both hands.

"Indeed?" said Utterson. "I thought you had a bond of common interest."

"We had," was the reply. "But it is more than ten years since Henry Jekyll became too fanciful for me. He began to go wrong, wrong in mind; and though of course I continue to take an interest in him for old time's sake, I have seen devilish little of the man. Such unscientific balderdash," added the doctor, flushing suddenly purple, "would have estranged Damon and Pythias."

Two Doctors and a Lawyer
What is the relationship between Mr. Utterson, Dr. Lanyon, and Dr. Jekyll? How has Lanyon's relationship to Jekyll changed?

This little spirit of temper was somewhat of a relief to Mr. Utterson. "They have only differed on some point of science," he thought; "It is nothing worse than that!" He gave his friend a few seconds to recover his composure, and then approached

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common: shared
fanciful: quirky; wildly imaginative; impulsive and unpredictable in thought
balderdash: nonsense
flushing: showing color in the face from physical activity or a rush of emotion
estranged: separated and turned against (each other)
Damon and Pythias: in the ancient Greek legend, two great friends who were willing to sacrifice themselves for each other
composure: calm; self-control

the question he had come to put. "Did you ever come across a young acquaintance of his—named Hyde?" he asked.

"Hyde?" repeated Lanyon. "No. Never heard of him."

That was the amount of information that the lawyer carried back with him to the dark bed on which he tossed to and fro. It was a night of little ease to his toiling mind, troubled by questions.

Six o'clock struck on the bells of the church near to Mr. Utterson's dwelling, and still he was digging at the problem as he lay and tossed in the thick darkness. Mr. Enfield's tale went by before his mind in a scroll of lighted pictures: he saw the great field of lamps of a nocturnal city; then the figure of a man walking swiftly; then a child running; and then these met, and that human juggernaut trod the child down and passed on regardless of her screams. Or he would see a room in a rich house, where his friend lay asleep, dreaming and smiling at his dreams; and then the

to and fro: back and forth
toiling: working very hard
nocturnal: at night
trod: past tense of *tread*, to step on; to press or crush with the feet

door of that room would be opened, and there would stand by his side a figure to whom power was given, and even at that dead hour, he must rise and do its bidding.

The figure in these two phases haunted the lawyer all night; and if at any time he dozed, he would see it glide more stealthily through sleeping houses, or move more swiftly through wider labyrinths of lamplighted city, and at every street corner crush a child and leave her screaming.

And still the figure had no face by which he might know it; even in his dreams, it had no face, or one that baffled him and melted before his eyes; and thus there sprang up in the lawyer's mind a strong, almost an inordinate, curiosity to behold the features of the real Mr. Hyde. If he could only set eyes on him, he thought the mystery would lighten and perhaps roll altogether away, as was the habit of mysterious things when well examined. He might see a reason for his friend's strange

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do its bidding: follow its orders
stealthily: in a quiet, sneaky way
labyrinths: puzzling mix of pathways (like a maze)
inordinate: excessive; going beyond reasonable limits

preference or bondage (call it which you please) and even for the startling will. At least it would be a face worth seeing: the face of a man who was without mercy, a face which had but to show itself to raise up, in the mind of the unimpressionable Enfield, a spirit of enduring hatred.

From that time forward, Mr. Utterson began to haunt the door in the side street of shops. In the morning before office hours, at noon when business was plenty, at night under the face of the fogged city moon, by all lights and at all hours, the lawyer was to be found on his chosen post.

"If he be Mr. Hyde," he thought, "I shall be Mr. Seek."

And at last his patience was rewarded. It was a fine dry night; frost in the air; the lamps, unshaken by any wind, drawing a regular pattern of light and shadow. By ten o'clock, when the shops were closed, the side street was very solitary and, in spite of the low growl of London from all

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bondage: being subject to another person's control
unimpressionable: not easily moved to strong feeling
enduring: lasting
post: the place where a soldier stands on guard
solitary: without anyone around

Mr. Utterson could soon see the man he had to deal with.

round, very silent. Small sounds carried far, and the approach of any passerby could be heard well in advance. Mr. Utterson had been some minutes at his post, when he was aware of an odd light footstep drawing near. In the course of his nightly patrols, he had long grown accustomed to the effect with which the footfalls of a single person, while still a great way off, suddenly spring out distinct from the vast hum and clatter of the city. Yet his attention had never before been so sharply engaged; and it was with a strong, superstitious expectation of success that he withdrew into the entry of the court.

The steps drew swiftly nearer, and swelled out suddenly louder as they turned the end of the street. The lawyer, looking forth from the entry, could soon see the man he had to deal with. He was small and very plainly dressed and the look of him, even at that distance, went somehow strongly against the watcher's liking. But he made straight for the door, crossing the roadway to save time; and as he came, he drew a key from his pocket like one approaching home.

distinct: separate and clearly noticeable

Mr. Utterson stepped out and touched him on the shoulder as he passed. "Mr. Hyde, I think?"

Mr. Hyde shrank back with a hissing intake of the breath. But his fear was only momentary; and though he did not look the lawyer in the face, he answered coolly enough: "That is my name. What do you want?"

"I see you are going in," returned the lawyer. "I am an old friend of Dr. Jekyll's—Mr. Utterson of Gaunt Street—you must have heard of my name; and meeting you so conveniently, I thought you might admit me."

"You will not find Dr. Jekyll; he is away from home," replied Mr. Hyde. And then suddenly, but still without looking up, "How did you know me?" he asked.

"Will you do me a favor?" returned Mr. Utterson.

"With pleasure," replied the other. "What shall it be?"

"Will you let me see your face?" asked the lawyer.

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admit me: allow me to enter

Mr. Hyde appeared to hesitate, and then, as if upon some sudden thought, turned about with an air of defiance; and the pair stared at each other for a few seconds. "Now I shall know you again," said Mr. Utterson. "It may be useful."

"Yes," returned Mr. Hyde, "And since we have met, you should have my address." And he gave a number of a street in Soho.

"Good God!" thought Mr. Utterson, "can he, too, have been thinking of the will?" But he kept his feelings to himself and only grunted in acknowledgment of the address.

"And now," said the other, "how did you know me?"

"By description," was the reply.

"Whose description?"

"We have friends in common," said Mr. Utterson.

"Friends in common," echoed Mr. Hyde, a little hoarsely. "Who are they?"

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defiance: bold refusal to obey
again: the next time we meet
Soho: an area in the city of London that, by the mid-19th century, was full of bars and small theaters, and known for its disreputable night life

"Jekyll, for instance," said the lawyer.

"He never told you," cried Mr. Hyde, with a flush of anger. "I did not think you would have lied."

"Come," said Mr. Utterson, "that is not fitting language."

The other snarled aloud into a savage laugh; and the next moment, with extraordinary quickness, he had unlocked the door and disappeared into the house.

The lawyer stood uneasily awhile when Mr. Hyde had left him. Then he began slowly to make his way up the street, pausing every step or two and putting his hand to his brow like a man in mental perplexity, thinking as he walked: Mr. Hyde was pale and dwarfish, he gave an impression of deformity without any nameable malformation, he had a displeasing smile, he had behaved to the lawyer with a sort of murderous mixture of timidity and boldness, and he spoke with a husky, whispering, and somewhat broken

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fitting: acceptable; appropriate
perplexity: great confusion
malformation: misshaping of the body
timidity: fearfulness; shyness
husky: [when used to describe a voice] rough and hoarse

The lawyer stood uneasily awhile when Mr. Hyde had left him.

voice. All these were points against him, but not all of these together could explain the hitherto unknown disgust, loathing, and fear with which Mr. Utterson regarded him. "There must be something else," said the perplexed gentleman. "There is something more, if I could find a name for it. God bless me, the man seems hardly human! Something troglodytic, shall we say? Or is it the radiance of a foul soul that is revealed through and transforms its clay container? Oh, my poor old Harry Jekyll, if ever I read Satan's signature upon a face, it is on that of your new friend."

Round the corner from the side street, there was a square of ancient, handsome houses, now for the most part decayed from their high estate and divided into rooms for rent to all sorts and conditions of men, from mapmakers and architects to shady lawyers and the agents of obscure enterprises. One

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troglodytic: like a prehistoric caveman
clay container: Utterson imagines Hyde's body as the "clay container" of his "foul soul," and wonders if Hyde's deformed outward appearance reflects his corrupt inner state.
Harry: a nickname for Henry
architects: designers of buildings
shady: suspicious; probably dishonest
agents of obscure enterprises: people who engage in shadowy and possibly immoral or illegal dealings

house, however, second from the corner, still wore a great air of wealth and comfort, though it was now plunged in darkness. Mr. Utterson stopped and knocked. A well-dressed, elderly servant opened the door.

"Is Dr. Jekyll at home, Poole?" asked the lawyer.

"I will see, Mr. Utterson," said Poole, admitting the visitor, as he spoke, into a large comfortable hall warmed by a bright, open fire, and furnished with costly cabinets of oak. "Will you wait here by the fire, sir? Or shall I give you a light in the dining-room?"

"Here, thank you," said the lawyer. This hall was a favorite of his friend the doctor's, and Utterson himself often spoke of it as the pleasantest room in London. But tonight there was a shudder in his blood; the face of Hyde sat heavy on his memory; he felt (what was rare with him) a nausea and distaste of life; and in the gloom

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servant: a person employed to do household duties
costly: expensive; of great value
shudder: a shaking or trembling, usually in response to fear or cold
nausea: a feeling of sickness in the stomach; extreme disgust

of his spirits, he seemed to read a menace in the flickering of the firelight on the polished cabinets and the uneasy starting of the shadow on the roof. He was ashamed of his relief when Poole returned to announce that Dr. Jekyll was gone out.

"I saw Mr. Hyde go in by the old dissecting room, Poole," he said. "Is that right, when Dr. Jekyll is away from home?"

"Quite right, Mr. Utterson, sir," replied the servant. "Mr. Hyde has a key."

"Your master seems to place a great deal of trust in that young man, Poole," resumed the other.

"Yes, sir, he does indeed," said Poole. "We have all orders to obey him."

"I do not think I ever met Mr. Hyde?" asked Utterson.

"O, dear no, sir. He never dines here," replied the butler. "Indeed we see very little of him on this side

The Door and the House
The previous chapter is titled "Story of the Door." Now, in this chapter, you have learned that the door leads into a laboratory with an old dissecting room, which is part of Dr. Jekyll's house. Poole, the butler, says that Mr. Hyde is often in Dr. Jekyll's house, and that Hyde enters and leaves by this door to the laboratory. Why do you think Hyde uses this door instead of the main entrance?

menace: something threatening
dissecting room: a space in which a scientist cuts apart and examines animal bodies in order to learn more about them

of the house; he mostly comes and goes by the laboratory."

"Well, good-night, Poole."

"Good-night, Mr. Utterson."

And the lawyer set out homeward with a very heavy heart. "Poor Harry Jekyll," he thought, "I fear he is in deep waters! He was wild when he was young; a long while ago to be sure; but in the law of God, there is no statute of limitations. Ay, it must be the ghost of some old sin, the cancer of some concealed disgrace, with punishment coming years after the fault."

The Statute of Limitations
The statute of limitations is a law that limits how much time can pass after which you can no longer take legal action to try to punish someone for a wrong done long ago. Utterson thinks Jekyll might have done bad things when he was a "wild" young man. But many years have passed, and Jekyll is now older. The lawyer knows that under British law Jekyll cannot be punished for what he did when he was young, since the statute of limitations has run out.

But Utterson also thinks that "in the law of God" there is no time limit on having to accept the consequences of our bad actions. Utterson imagines that Mr. Hyde (who might be blackmailing Jekyll) is like a "ghost" that has come back to haunt the doctor, or like a "cancer" making the doctor suffer for the wrongs he might have done long ago.

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in deep waters: an expression meaning, to be in serious trouble
ay [pronounced "eye"]**:** yes (often used as an expression of emphasis, like saying "indeed")
concealed: hidden

And the lawyer, scared by the thought, brooded awhile on his own past, searching the corners of memory for any old iniquity that might, like a jack-in-the-box, leap to light. His past was fairly blameless; yet he was humbled to the dust by the many ill things he had done, and raised up again into a fearful gratitude by the many he had come so near to doing yet avoided. And then he conceived a spark of hope. "This Mr. Hyde, if he were studied," thought he, "must have secrets of his own—secrets compared to which poor Jekyll's worst would be like sunshine. Things cannot continue as they are. It turns me cold to think of this creature stealing like a thief to Harry's bedside; poor Harry, what a wakening! And the danger of it; for if this Hyde suspects the existence of the will, he may grow impatient to inherit. Ay, I must put my shoulders to the wheel—if Jekyll

brooded: thought about in an anxious and unhappy way
iniquity: wickedness; sin
blameless: free of crime or guilt
humbled: made to feel low and shameful
ill: wicked, bad
gratitude: feeling of thankfulness
conceived: imagined; formed in the mind
put my shoulders to the wheel: an expression meaning, get busy; start to work with great energy and focus

will only let me," he added. For once more he saw clearly before his mind's eye the strange clauses of the will.

Impatient to Inherit
Utterson thinks, "If this Hyde suspects the existence of the will, he may grow impatient to inherit." If Hyde is in fact "impatient to inherit," how does that endanger the doctor?

Think back to the will. If Dr. Jekyll should die or "disappear," who would inherit the doctor's wealth? So, if this person wants to come into possession of the doctor's wealth more quickly, what would he have to do?

mind's eye: a figure of speech referring to how you "see" things in your imagination or memory
clauses: statements in a will (or other legal document) that say what is to be done

DR. JEKYLL WAS QUITE AT EASE

A fortnight later, the doctor gave one of his pleasant dinners to some five or six old friends, all intelligent, reputable men. Mr. Utterson remained behind after the others had departed, a thing that had occurred many times before. Where Utterson was liked, he was liked well. When the light-hearted and loose-tongued guests were already out the door, hosts liked the lawyer to stay behind, to sit a while in his quiet company. To this rule, Dr. Jekyll was no exception. The doctor now sat on the opposite side of the fire—a large, well-made, smooth-faced man of fifty, a bit stylish perhaps, but with every mark of kindness. You could see by his looks that he felt for Mr. Utterson a sincere and warm affection.

"I have been wanting to speak to you, Jekyll," began the lawyer. "You know that will of yours?"

A close observer might have gathered that

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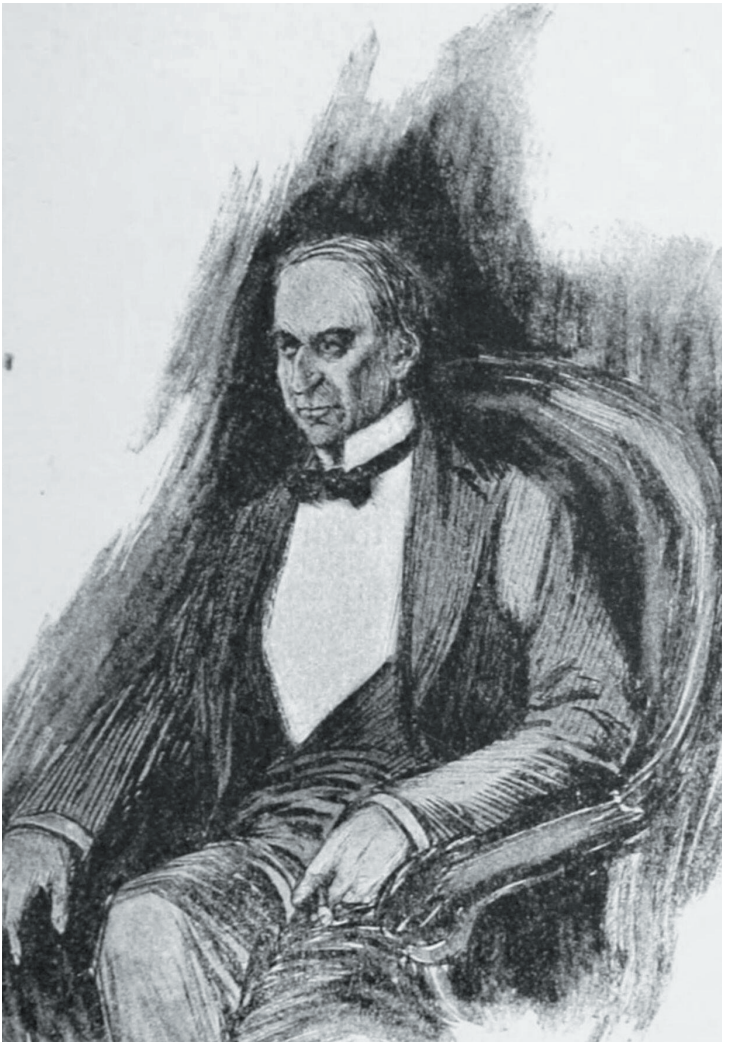
fortnight: a period of two weeks
stylish: following the latest styles; fashionable



Dr. Henry Jekyll was a large, well-made, smooth-faced man of fifty, with every mark of kindness.

the topic was distasteful, but the doctor carried it off lightly. "My poor Utterson," said he, "I never saw a man so distressed as you were by my will; unless it were that hidebound pedant, Lanyon, at what he called my scientific heresies. Oh, I know he's a good fellow—you needn't frown—an excellent fellow, and I always mean to see more of him; but a hidebound, ignorant, pedant for all that. I was never more disappointed in any man than Lanyon."

"You know I never approved of it," pursued Utterson, disregarding the fresh topic.

"My will? Yes, certainly, I know that," said the doctor, a trifle sharply. "You have told me so."

"Well, I tell you so again," continued the lawyer. "I have been learning something of young Hyde."

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distressed: very upset about; greatly troubled by
hidebound: stubbornly holding onto old ideas and unwilling to accept new ones
pedant: a person who acts like a know-it-all and emphasizes minor details over important ideas
heresies: opinions or actions that go against accepted beliefs or standards
needn't: need not (don't need to)
trifle: a very small amount

The large handsome face of Dr. Jekyll grew pale to the very lips, and there came a blackness about his eyes. "I do not care to hear more," said he. "This is a matter I thought we had agreed to drop."

"What I heard was abominable," said Utterson.

"It can make no change. You do not understand my position," returned the doctor, with a certain incoherency. "My situation is painful, Utterson; my position is a very strange—a very strange one. It is one of those affairs that cannot be mended by talking."

"Jekyll," said Utterson, "you know me: I am a man to be trusted. Make a clean breast of this in confidence; and I have no doubt I can get you out of it."

"My good Utterson," said the doctor, "this is very good of you, this is downright good of you,

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abominable: awful; horrible
incoherency: lack of logic or clarity
mended: repaired; fixed; corrected
make a clean breast of: tell the truth and admit what you have done
in confidence: knowing that whatever you say will not be revealed but will be kept private
downright: completely; absolutely

and I cannot find words to thank you. I believe you fully; I would trust you before any man alive, ay, before myself, if I could make the choice; but indeed it isn't what you imagine; it is not as bad as that. And just to put your good heart at rest, I will tell you one thing: the moment I choose, I can be rid of Mr. Hyde. I give you my hand upon that; and I thank you again and again. And I will just add one little word, Utterson, that I'm sure you'll go along with: this is a private matter, and I beg of you to let it sleep."

Utterson reflected a little, looking in the fire.

"I have no doubt you are perfectly right," he said at last, getting to his feet.

"Well, but since we have touched upon this business, and for the last time I hope," continued the doctor, "there is one point I should like you to understand. I have really a very great interest in poor Hyde. I know you have seen him; he told me so; and I fear he was rude. But I do sincerely take

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give you my hand: an expression meaning, to pledge, to promise
let it sleep: an expression meaning, don't bother it, leave it alone
reflected: thought carefully

a great, a very great interest in that young man; and if I am taken away, Utterson, I wish you to promise me that you will bear with him and get his rights for him. I think you would, if you knew all; and it would be a weight off my mind if you would promise."

"I can't pretend that I shall ever like him," said the lawyer.

"I don't ask that," pleaded Jekyll, laying his hand upon the other's arm; "I only ask for justice; I only ask you to help him for my sake, when I am no longer here."

Utterson heaved a sigh. "Well," said he, "I promise."

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get his rights for him: make sure Hyde gets what he legally deserves [according to the terms of Jekyll's will]

THE CAREW MURDER CASE

Nearly a year later, in the month of October, 18—, London was startled by a crime of singular ferocity, made all the more notable by the high social position of the victim. The details were few and startling. A maidservant living alone in a house not far from the river had gone upstairs to bed about eleven. Although a fog rolled over the city in the small hours, the early part of the night was cloudless, and the lane, which the maid's window overlooked, was brilliantly lit by the full moon. She sat down by the window and fell into a dreamy, thoughtful state. Never (she used to say, with streaming tears, when she narrated that experience), never had she felt more at peace or thought more kindly of the world. And as she sat she became aware of an aged beautiful gentleman with white hair, drawing near along the lane; and advancing to meet him, another and

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startled: surprised and frightened
singular: exceptional; extraordinary
ferocity: extreme fierceness
narrated: told the story of

very small gentleman, to whom at first she paid less attention. Just under the maid's eyes, the older man bowed and approached the other very politely. It appeared as if he were only inquiring his way. The moon shone on his face as he spoke, and the girl was pleased to watch it, it seemed to breathe such an innocent kindness.

Her eye wandered to the other, and she was surprised to recognize a certain Mr. Hyde, who had once visited her master and for whom she had conceived a dislike. He had in his hand a heavy cane, but he answered never a word, and seemed to listen with impatience. And then all of a sudden he broke out in a great flame of anger, stamping with his foot, brandishing the cane, and carrying on (as the maid described it) like a madman. The old gentleman took a step back, with the air of one very much surprised and a trifle hurt; and at that Mr. Hyde broke out of all bounds and clubbed him to the earth. And next moment, with ape-like fury, he was trampling his victim under foot and hailing down a storm of blows, under which

her master: the maidservant's employer
brandishing: waving in a threatening way
blows: hard hits

Mr. Hyde broke out of all bounds and clubbed him to the earth.

the bones were audibly shattered and the body jumped upon the roadway. At the horror of these sights and sounds, the maid fainted.

It was two o'clock when she came to herself and called for the police. The murderer was gone long ago; but there lay his victim in the middle of the lane, incredibly mangled. The stick with which the deed had been done, although it was of some rare and very tough and heavy wood, had broken in the middle under the stress of this cruelty; and one splintered half had rolled in the neighboring gutter—the other, without doubt, had been carried away by the murderer. A purse and gold watch were found upon the victim, but no cards or papers, except a sealed and stamped envelope, which he had been probably carrying to the post office, and which bore the name and address of Mr. Utterson.

This envelope was brought to the lawyer the next morning. "I shall say nothing till I have seen

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audibly: in a way loud enough to be heard
mangled: disfigured by violent means; severely twisted, torn, and crushed

the body," said he. And with a grave countenance he hurried to the police station, where the body had been carried.

"Yes," said he, "I recognize him. I am sorry to say that this is Sir Danvers Carew."

"Good God, sir," exclaimed the officer, "is it possible?" And the next moment his eye lighted up with professional ambition. "This will make a deal of noise," he said. "And perhaps you can help us to find the man." And he briefly narrated what the maid had seen, and showed the broken stick.

Mr. Utterson had already shuddered at the name of Hyde; but when the stick was laid before him, he could doubt no longer; broken and battered as it was, he recognized it as one that he had himself presented many years before to Henry Jekyll.

"Is this Mr. Hyde a person of small stature?" he inquired.

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grave: deeply serious
countenance: expression of a person's face
Sir: a title used to address certain men who have been honored in Great Britain
ambition: the desire to succeed, gain power, or get ahead
make a deal of noise: cause a lot of talk; attract much attention
stature: height

"Particularly small and particularly wicked-looking, is what the maid calls him," said the officer.

Mr. Utterson reflected; and then, "If you will come with me in my cab," he said, "I think I can take you to his house."

It was by this time about nine in the morning, and the first fog of the season. A great chocolate-colored pall lowered over heaven. As the cab crawled from street to street, Mr. Utterson beheld a marvelous number of degrees and hues of twilight; for here it would be dark like the back-end of evening; and there would be a glow of a rich, lurid brown, like the light of some strange conflagration; and here, for a moment, the fog would be quite broken up, and a haggard shaft of daylight would glance in between the swirling wreaths. The dismal section of Soho, with its muddy ways and shabby people, and its lamps

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pall: something that covers and darkens
hues: colors or shades of colors
lurid: shining with an unnatural, ugly glow
conflagration: a large and destructive fire
haggard: looking thin and tired from long hunger or pain
dismal: gloomy; miserable

kindled to combat this mournful reinvasion of darkness, seemed, in the lawyer's eyes, like part of some city in a nightmare. The thoughts of his mind, besides, were of the gloomiest dye; and when he glanced at the companion of his drive, he was conscious of some touch of that terror of the law and the law's officers, which may at times assail even the most honest persons.

As the cab drew up before the address, the fog lifted a little and showed him a dingy street, a gin palace, a cheap French restaurant, and a shop for the sale of penny numbers, with many ragged children huddled in the doorways,

Description and Character
Writers can use the description of a place to affect how we feel about a character.

Look again at the description of the part of London called Soho, where Hyde lives.

How does Stevenson describe this area? What does it look like? How does the description influence your sense of who Mr. Hyde is?

kindled: lit
combat: fight against
mournful: sorrowful; causing grief and sadness
dye: coloring / **conscious:** aware
assail: violently attack
gin palace: a large bar designed to serve crowds of people alcoholic drinks quickly and cheaply
penny numbers: cheap magazines
huddled: crowded together

and many women of many different nationalities passing out, key in hand, to have a morning glass. And the next moment the brown fog settled down again and cut him off from his grim surroundings. This was the home of Henry Jekyll's favorite—of a man who was heir to a quarter of a million pounds sterling.

An ivory-faced and silvery-haired old woman opened the door. She had an evil face, smoothed by hypocrisy, but her manners were excellent. Yes, she said, this was Mr. Hyde's, but he was not at home; he had been in that night very late, but he had gone away again in less than an hour; there was nothing strange in that; his habits were very irregular, and he was often absent; for instance, it was nearly two months since she had seen him till yesterday.

"Very well, then, we wish to see his rooms," said the lawyer; and when the woman began to declare it was impossible, "I had better tell you who this person is," he added. "This is Inspector Newcomen of Scotland Yard."

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heir [pronounced *air*]**:** a person who will inherit property
hypocrisy: pretending to practice good manners or hold virtuous beliefs that you don't really have

She had an evil face, smoothed by hypocrisy,
but her manners were excellent.

A flash of odious joy appeared upon the woman's face. "Ah!" said she, "he is in trouble! What has he done?"

Mr. Utterson and the inspector exchanged glances. "He don't seem a very popular character," observed the inspector. "And now, my good woman, just let me and this gentleman have a look about us."

In the whole house, which except for the old woman was empty, Mr. Hyde had only used a couple of rooms; but these were furnished with luxury and good taste, with silver plates, good pictures on the walls, and thick, colorful carpets. At this moment, however, the rooms bore every mark of having been recently and hurriedly ransacked; clothes lay about the floor, with their pockets inside out; drawers stood open; and on the hearth there lay a pile of grey ashes, as though many papers had been burned. From these the inspector pulled out the end of a green checkbook, which had resisted the action of the fire; the other

odious: hateful
ransacked: searched roughly in a way that leaves a place a mess
hearth: the floor of a fireplace, especially the part that extends out into the room

half of the stick was found behind the door; and as this clinched his suspicions, the officer declared himself delighted. A visit to the bank, where several thousand pounds were found to be lying in an account in the murderer's name, completed his satisfaction.

"You may depend upon it, sir," he told Mr. Utterson: "I have him in my hand. He must have lost his head, or he never would have left the stick or, above all, burned the checkbook. We have nothing to do but wait for him at the bank, and get out the handbills."

The handbills, however, proved not so easy to produce, for few people were familiar with Mr. Hyde. His family could nowhere be traced; he had never been photographed; and the few who could describe him differed widely. Only on one point were they agreed—and that was the haunting sense of unexpressed deformity with which the fugitive impressed those who saw him.

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clinched: confirmed
handbills: small printed notices [in this case, to post a picture of Hyde and announce him as a wanted criminal]
fugitive: a person running away from something [in Hyde's case, from being caught by the police]

INCIDENT OF THE LETTER

Late in the afternoon, Mr. Utterson found his way to Dr. Jekyll's door. He was at once admitted by Poole, and taken down by the kitchen offices and across a yard to the building known as the laboratory or dissecting rooms. The doctor had bought the house from the heirs of a celebrated surgeon, and had changed the building at the bottom of the garden to suit his own interests, which were chemical rather than anatomical.

It was the first time that the lawyer had been received in that part of his friend's quarters; and he eyed the dingy, windowless structure with curiosity, and gazed round with a distasteful sense of strangeness as he crossed the theater, once crowded with eager students and now lying gloomy and silent, the tables laden with chemical apparatus, the floor

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anatomical: relating to anatomy, the science concerned with the structure of living things

theater: a surgical theater, a room with rows of seats from which medical students could observe an experienced surgeon at work

apparatus: materials and equipment for a specific purpose (in this case, for conducting experiments in chemistry)

strewn with crates and littered with packing straw. At the further end, a flight of stairs mounted to a red door, and through this Mr. Utterson was at last received into the doctor's private study. It was a large room with cabinets with glass doors all round, and furnished with, among other things, a cheval glass and a business table, and looking out upon the court by three dusty windows barred with iron. The fire burned in the grate; a lamp was set lighted on the chimney shelf, for even in the houses the fog began to lie thickly; and there, close up to the warmth, sat Dr. Jekyll, looking deathly sick. He did not rise to meet his visitor, but held out a cold hand and welcomed him in a changed voice.

"And now," said Mr. Utterson, as soon as Poole had left them, "you have heard the news?"

The doctor shuddered. "They were crying it in the square," he said. "I heard them in my dining-room."

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strewn with: covered with items scattered here and there
cheval glass: a long mirror mounted on an upright frame that allows the mirror to be tilted backward and forward
grate: a framework of metal bars, used to hold fuel in a fireplace

"Carew was my client," said the lawyer, "but so are you. You have not been mad enough to hide this fellow?"

"Utterson, I swear to God," cried the doctor, "I swear to God I will never set eyes on him again. On my honor I am done with him in this world. It is all at an end. And indeed he does not want my help; you do not know him as I do. Mark my words, he will never more be heard of."

The lawyer listened gloomily; he did not like his friend's feverish manner. "You seem pretty sure of him," said he; "and for your sake, I hope you may be right. If it came to a trial, your name might be mentioned."

"I am quite sure of him," replied Jekyll, "for reasons that I cannot share with anyone. But there is one thing on which you may advise me. I have—I have received a letter; and I am at a loss whether I should show it to the police. I should like to leave

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client: a person or group that engages the services of a professional advisor, such as a lawyer

this fellow: Utterson means Hyde, who is being sought as the murderer of Sir Danvers Carew.

Mark my words: an expression meaning, Listen to what I say because it is true and important.

it in your hands, Utterson; you would judge wisely, I am sure; I have so great a trust in you."

"You fear, I suppose, that it might lead to his detection?" asked the lawyer.

"No," said the other. "I cannot say that I care what becomes of Hyde; I am quite done with him. I was thinking of my own character, which this hateful business has rather exposed."

Utterson was surprised at his friend's selfishness, and yet relieved by it. "Well," said he, at last, "let me see the letter."

The letter was written in an odd, upright hand and signed "Edward Hyde." It said, briefly enough, that Hyde was unworthy of Dr. Jekyll's generosity, and that the doctor did not need to be alarmed for Hyde or for his safety, as he had a sure means of escape.

The lawyer liked this letter, for he thought it put a better light on Jekyll's familiarity with Hyde, and he blamed himself for some of his past suspicions.

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his detection: to Hyde's being found by the police
exposed: opened to risk or danger
alarmed: feeling fear and anxiety because of the sense of some coming danger

"Have you the envelope?" he asked.

"I burned it," replied Jekyll, "before I thought what I was about. But it bore no postmark. The note was delivered by hand."

"Shall I keep this and decide later what to do with it?" asked Utterson.

"I wish you to judge for me entirely," was the reply. "I have lost confidence in myself."

"Well, I shall consider," returned the lawyer. "And now one word more: it was Hyde who demanded the terms in your will about that disappearance?"

The doctor seemed seized with a sudden feeling of faintness; he shut his mouth tight and nodded.

"I knew it," said Utterson. "He meant to murder you. You had a close escape."

"I have had what is far more to the purpose," returned the doctor solemnly: "I have had a lesson — oh God, Utterson, what a lesson I have had!" And he covered his face for a moment with his hands.

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postmark: an official mark placed over a postage stamp, showing the date on which the letter was mailed and where it was mailed from

consider: think carefully

On his way out, the lawyer stopped and had a word with the butler. "Poole," he said, "there was a letter given to you by hand today. What was the messenger like?" But Poole was positive nothing had come except by the regular mail, and nothing important in that.

This news sent off the lawyer with his fears renewed. Plainly the letter had been delivered to the laboratory door; possibly, indeed, it had been written in the study; and if that were so, it must be judged differently, and handled with more caution. The newsboys, as he went, were crying themselves hoarse: "Special edition. Shocking murder of an M.P." That was how one friend and client might be remembered; and he could not help worrying that the good name of another would be pulled down by scandal. It was a difficult decision that he had to make about the letter that Dr. Jekyll had given him; and self-reliant as he was, he began to long for advice.

M.P.: Member of Parliament (the legislative governing body of Great Britain, like the Congress in the U.S.)
one friend and client [of Mr. Utterson]**:** refers to the late Sir Danvers Carew
another [friend and client]**:** refers to Dr. Jekyll
long: have a strong desire

Soon, he sat on one side of his own fireplace, with Mr. Guest, his head clerk, upon the other. The fog still slept on the drowned city, and through the muffle and smother of these fallen clouds, the procession of the town's life was still rolling in with a sound as of a mighty wind. But the room was gay with firelight, and a bottle of a particular old wine that had long been in the cellar of the house was ready to disperse the fogs of London. Gradually, the lawyer melted.

There was no man from whom the lawyer kept fewer secrets than Mr. Guest; and he was not always sure that he kept as many as he meant. Guest had often been on business to the doctor's; he knew Poole; he could hardly have failed to hear of Mr. Hyde's frequent presence about the doctor's house—about which Guest might draw the wrong conclusions. Was it not right, then, that he should see a letter which cleared up that mystery? And above all, Guest was a great expert on handwriting: he could not read so strange a

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clerk: in law, a less experienced lawyer who assists a judge or a more experienced lawyer
disperse: to scatter

document without dropping a remark; and that remark might help Mr. Utterson decide what to do about the letter.

"This is a sad business about Sir Danvers," he said.

"Yes, sir, indeed. It has elicited a great deal of public feeling," returned Guest. "The man, of course, was mad."

"I should like to hear your views on that," replied Utterson. "I have a document here in his handwriting; it is between ourselves, for I hardly know what to do about it; it is an ugly business at the best. But there it is: a murderer's autograph."

Guest's eyes brightened, and he sat down at once and studied it enthusiastically. "No sir," he said: "not mad; but it is an odd handwriting."

"And by all accounts a very odd writer," added the lawyer.

Just then the servant entered with a note.

"Is that from Dr. Jekyll, sir?" inquired the clerk. "I thought I knew the writing. Anything private, Mr. Utterson?"

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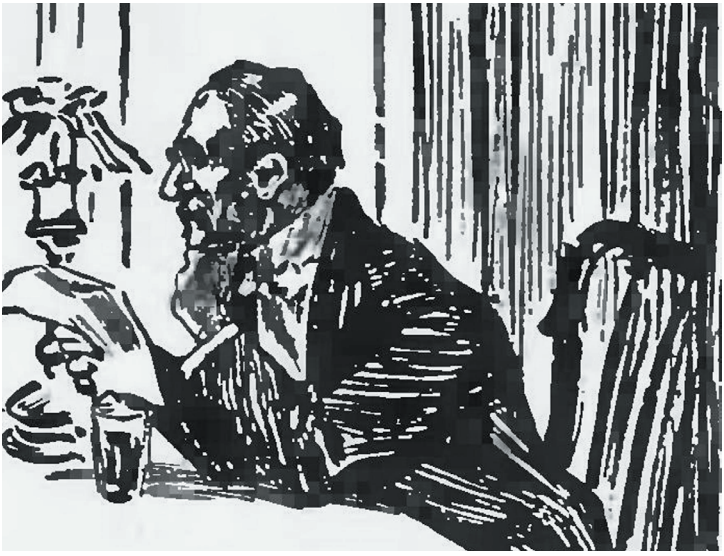
elicited: brought forth
between ourselves: to be kept as a secret between us



"I have a document here in his handwriting."

"Only an invitation to dinner. Why? Do you want to see it?"

"Yes, for one moment. I thank you, sir." The clerk laid the two sheets of paper alongside and carefully compared their contents. "Thank you, sir," he said at last, returning both; "it's a very interesting autograph."

There was a pause, during which Mr. Utterson struggled with himself. "Why did you compare them, Guest?" he inquired suddenly.

"Well, sir," returned the clerk, "there's a

rather remarkable resemblance; the two hands are in many points identical: only differently slanted."

"Rather odd," said Utterson.

"It is, as you say, rather odd," returned Guest.

"I wouldn't speak of this note, you know," said the older lawyer.

"No, sir," said the clerk. "I understand."

But no sooner was Mr. Utterson alone that night, than he locked the note into his safe, where it remained from that time forward. "What!" he thought. "Henry Jekyll commit forgery for a murderer!" And his blood ran cold in his veins.

A Handwriting Mystery
Utterson's clerk, Mr. Guest, makes certain observations about the handwriting in Hyde's letter compared to the handwriting in the invitation from Dr. Jekyll. What does Mr. Guest notice? What do these observations lead Utterson to conclude about the letter that Jekyll gave him?

If Dr. Jekyll has in fact written the letter that he claimed to be from Mr. Hyde, why would the doctor want to hide a murderer?

Why does Utterson hide the letter in his safe? Is that the right thing to do?

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forgery: the crime of falsely writing or copying something in order to trick people into thinking it is the real thing

REMARKABLE INCIDENT OF DR. LANYON

Time ran on; thousands of pounds were offered in reward, but Mr. Hyde had disappeared out of the reach of the police as though he had never existed. Tales came out of the man's cruelty, at once so callous and violent; of his vile life, of the hatred that seemed to have surrounded his career; but of his present whereabouts, not a whisper. From the time he had left the house in Soho on the morning of the murder, he was simply blotted out.

Gradually, as time drew on, Mr. Utterson began to recover from his alarm and to grow more at quiet with himself. The death of Sir Danvers was, to his way of thinking, more than made up for by the disappearance of Mr. Hyde. Now that that evil influence had been withdrawn, a new life began for Dr. Jekyll. He came out of his seclusion, renewed relations with his friends, became once

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callous: insensitive; uncaring about the feelings of others
vile: immoral; evil
whereabouts: the place where a thing or person is
seclusion: the condition of being apart and alone

more their familiar guest and entertainer; and while he had always been known for charities, he was now equally well known for religion. He was busy, he was much in the open air, he did good; his face seemed to open and brighten, as if with an inward consciousness of service. And for more than two months, the doctor was at peace.

On the 8th of January, Utterson dined at the doctor's; Lanyon was there, and the face of the host had looked from one to the other as in the old days when the trio were inseparable friends. On the 12th, and again on the 14th, the door was shut against the lawyer. "The doctor is confined to the house," Poole said, "and sees no one." On the 15th, he tried again, and was again refused. Having seen his friend for the last two months almost daily, he found this return of solitude to weigh upon his spirits. The fifth night Utterson invited Guest to dine with him; and the sixth he went to Dr. Lanyon's.

When Utterson came in, he was shocked at the change which had taken place in the doctor's

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consciousness: awareness
trio: a group of three

appearance. His face seemed to have death written on it. The rosy man had grown pale; his flesh had fallen away; he was visibly balder and older. And yet the lawyer was struck most not so much by these signs of swift physical decay as by a look in the doctor's eye and by behaviors that seemed to reveal some deep terror of the mind. When Utterson remarked on his ill looks, Dr. Lanyon declared himself a doomed man.

"I have had a shock," he said, "and I shall never recover. It is a question of weeks. Well, life has been pleasant; I liked it; yes, sir, I used to like it. I sometimes think if we knew all, we should be more glad to get away."

"Jekyll is ill, too," observed Utterson. "Have you seen him?"

But Lanyon's face changed, and he held up a trembling hand. "I wish to see or hear no more of Dr. Jekyll," he said in a loud, unsteady voice. "I am quite done with that person; and I beg that you will never again speak of one whom I think of as dead."

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doomed: certain to die soon

"I have had a shock," said Dr. Lanyon, "and I shall never recover."

After a considerable pause, Mr. Utterson inquired, "Can't I do anything? We are three very old friends, Lanyon; we shall not live to make others."

"Nothing can be done," returned Lanyon; "ask him."

"He will not see me," said the lawyer.

"I am not surprised at that," was the reply. "Someday, Utterson, after I am dead, you may perhaps come to learn the right and wrong of this. I cannot tell you. And in the meantime, if you can sit and talk with me of other things, for God's sake, stay and do so; but if you cannot keep clear of this awful topic, then in God's name, go, for I cannot bear it."

As soon as he got home, Utterson sat down and wrote to Jekyll, complaining that he was not allowed to enter the house, and asking the cause of this unhappy break with Lanyon. The next day brought him a long answer, often full of sadness and sometimes darkly mysterious. The quarrel with Lanyon was incurable. "I do not blame our

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incurable: unable to be cured or fixed

old friend," Jekyll wrote, "but I share his view that we must never meet. I mean from now on to lead a life of extreme seclusion; you must not be surprised, nor must you doubt my friendship, if my door is often shut even to you. You must allow me to go my own dark way. I have brought on myself a punishment and a danger that I cannot name. If I am the chief of sinners, I am the chief of sufferers also. I could not think that this earth contained a place for such sufferings and terrors; and you can do but one thing, Utterson, to lighten this destiny, and that is to respect my silence."

Utterson was amazed; the dark influence of Hyde had been withdrawn, the doctor had returned to his old tasks and friendships; a week ago, his future seemed to promise a cheerful and an honored age; and now in a moment, friendship, and peace of mind, and the whole course of his life were wrecked. So great and unprepared a change pointed to madness; but in view of Lanyon's manner and words, the cause must lie in some deeper ground.

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destiny: fate; what will happen

A week afterwards, Dr. Lanyon took to his bed, and in something less than a fortnight he was dead. The night after the funeral, Utterson locked the door of his business room, and sitting there by the light of a melancholy candle, set before him an envelope addressed by the hand of his dead friend: "PRIVATE: for the hands of G. J. Utterson ALONE, and in case of his predecease to be destroyed unread."

The lawyer dreaded to behold the contents. He broke the seal. Within there was another envelope, also sealed, and marked "Not to be opened till the death or disappearance of Dr. Henry Jekyll." Utterson could not trust his eyes. Yes, it was *disappearance*. Here again, as in the mad will which he had long ago returned to its author, here again was the idea of a disappearance linked to the name of Henry Jekyll. But in the will, that idea had sprung from the sinister suggestion of the man Hyde; it was set there with a purpose

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melancholy: sad and gloomy
predecease: to die before [in case Utterson were to die before Lanyon]
dreaded: greatly feared something bad might happen
its author: the author of the will, Dr. Jekyll

all too plain and horrible. Written by the hand of Lanyon, what did it mean?

The Will Again
From the time that Utterson first saw Dr. Jekyll's will, he has been troubled by the document. Normally, as a lawyer, Utterson would have written the will for his client, but he had so strongly objected to the terms of the will that he had refused to take any part in writing it. Utterson must have objected strongly to the will's mysterious words about the doctor's possible "disappearance or unexplained absence."

Utterson thinks Hyde must have made the "sinister suggestion" that guided Jekyll to say in his will that if the doctor were to "disappear," then Hyde would inherit Jekyll's wealth. And Utterson has come to believe that Hyde's "plain and horrible" purpose was to make Jekyll "disappear" by murdering him.

Utterson understands why Hyde would refer to Jekyll's "disappearance" as a way to hide his "plain and horrible" plan to murder the doctor. But why should *Lanyon* mention Jekyll's possible "disappearance"? As far as Utterson knows (and as far as we readers know), Lanyon has not seen the will. So why does Lanyon mention the "death or *disappearance*" of Jekyll? At this point, Utterson can only ask, "What did it mean?"

A great curiosity came on the lawyer; he wanted to ignore the writing on the sealed envelope that forbid him to open it and dive at once to the bottom of these mysteries. But professional honor and faith to his dead friend were strict obligations, and he placed the packet deep in his private safe.

From that day forth, Utterson did not desire the society of Dr. Jekyll with the same eagerness. He thought of him kindly, but his thoughts were uneasy and fearful. He went to visit his friend, but he was perhaps relieved to be told he could not enter; perhaps, in his heart, he preferred to speak with Poole upon the doorstep, surrounded by the air and sounds of the open city, rather than to enter the house and speak with its inscrutable recluse. Poole had no pleasant news to communicate. The doctor now more than ever confined himself to his study over the laboratory, where he would sometimes even sleep; he was out of spirits, he had grown very silent, he did not read; it seemed as if he had something on his mind. As Utterson became used to these unchanging reports, he visited less and less.

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inscrutable: mysterious; very difficult to understand or make sense of

recluse: a person who lives alone and avoids others; a hermit

INCIDENT AT THE WINDOW

It chanced on Sunday, when Mr. Utterson was on his usual walk with Mr. Enfield, that their way lay once again through the side street; and when they came in front of the door, both stopped to gaze on it.

"Well," said Enfield, "that story's at an end at least. We shall never see more of Mr. Hyde."

"I hope not," said Utterson. "Did I ever tell you that I once saw him, and shared your feeling of repulsion?"

"It was impossible not to," returned Enfield. "And by the way, what a fool I was not to know that this door was a back way into Dr. Jekyll's!"

"So you found it out, did you?" said Utterson. "So, we may step into the court and take a look at the windows, for to tell you the truth, I am uneasy about poor Jekyll; and even outside, I feel as if the presence of a friend might do him good."

The court was very cool and a little damp, and full of premature twilight, although the sky

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repulsion: strong dislike; disgust

was still bright with sunset. The middle one of the three windows was halfway open; and sitting close beside it, taking the air with an infinite sadness, like some hopeless prisoner, Utterson saw Dr. Jekyll.

"What! Jekyll!" he cried. "I trust you are better."

"I am very low, Utterson," replied the doctor drearily, "very low. It will not last long, thank God."

"You stay too much indoors," said the lawyer. "You should be out, getting some fresh air like Mr. Enfield and me. (This is my cousin—Mr. Enfield—Dr. Jekyll.) Come now; get your hat and take a quick turn with us."

"You are very good," sighed the other. "I should like to very much; but no, no, no, it is quite impossible; I dare not. But indeed, Utterson, I am very glad to see you; this is really a great pleasure; I would ask you and Mr. Enfield up, but the place is really not fit."

"Why, then," said the lawyer, good-naturedly,

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drearily: gloomily; very sadly

"the best thing we can do is to stay down here and speak with you from where we are."

"That is just what I was about to propose," returned the doctor with a smile. But the words were hardly spoken before the smile was struck out of his face and followed by an expression of such extreme terror and despair that it froze the very blood of the two gentlemen below. They saw it only for a glimpse for the window was instantly thrust down; but that glimpse had been sufficient, and they turned and left the court without a word. In silence, they walked down the side street, and it was not until they had come into a neighboring street, where even upon a Sunday there were still some stirrings of life, that Mr. Utterson at last turned and looked at his companion. They were both pale, and there was horror in their eyes.

"God forgive us, God forgive us," said Mr. Utterson.

But Mr. Enfield only nodded his head very seriously, and walked on once more in silence.

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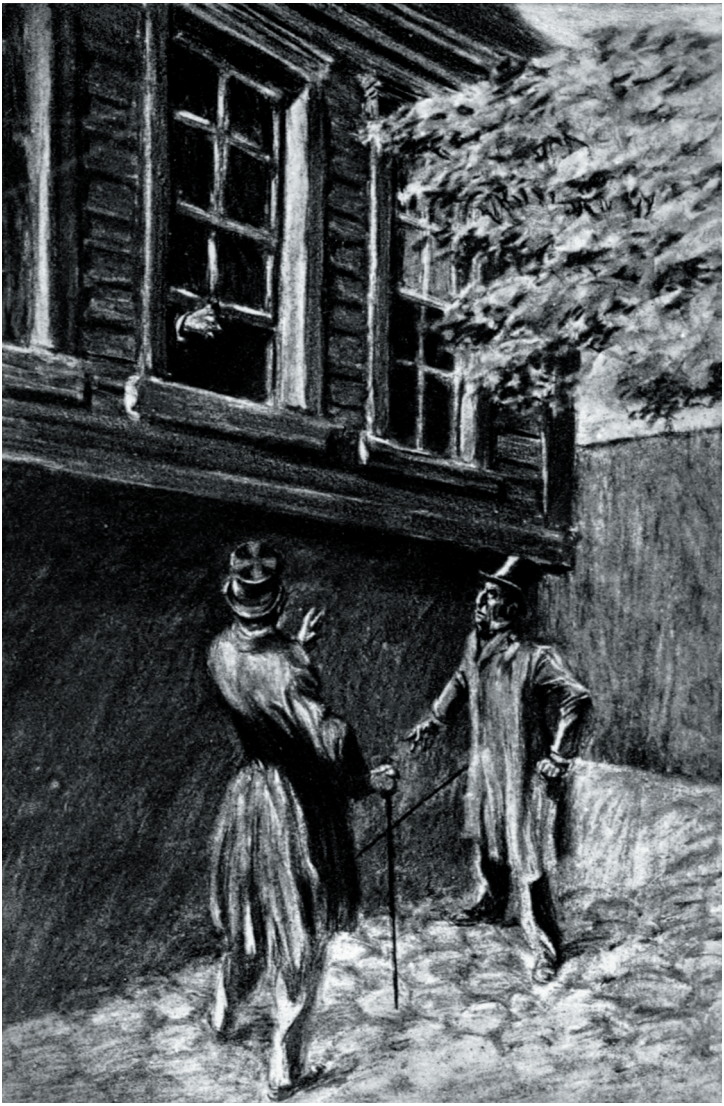
despair: hopelessness
sufficient: enough



They saw it only for a glimpse.

THE LAST NIGHT

Mr. Utterson was sitting by his fireside one evening after dinner, when he was surprised to receive a visit from Poole.

"Bless me, Poole, what brings you here?" he cried; and then taking a second look at him, "What ails you?" he added. "Is the doctor ill?"

"Mr. Utterson," said the man, "there is something wrong."

"Take a seat," said the lawyer. "Now, take your time, and tell me plainly what you want."

"You know the doctor's ways, sir," replied Poole, "and how he shuts himself up. Well, he's shut up again in his study; and I don't like it, sir. Mr. Utterson, sir, I'm afraid."

"Now, my good man," said the lawyer, "be clear. What are you afraid of?"

"I've been afraid for about a week," returned Poole, disregarding the question, "and I can bear it no more."

What ails you?: What is causing you pain? What is troubling you?

"Mr. Utterson," said Poole, "there is something wrong."

The man's appearance was changed for the worse, and except for the moment when he had first announced his terror, he had not once looked the lawyer in the face. Even now, he sat with his eyes directed to a corner of the floor. "I can bear it no more," he repeated.

"Come," said the lawyer, "I see you have some good reason, Poole; I see there is something seriously wrong. Try to tell me what it is."

"I think there's been foul play," said Poole, hoarsely.

"Foul play!" cried the lawyer. "Foul play! What do you mean?"

"I dare not say, sir," was the answer. "But will you come along with me and see for yourself?"

As Mr. Utterson got his hat and coat, he observed with wonder the great relief that appeared upon the butler's face.

It was a wild, cold night of March, with a pale moon. The wind made talking difficult, and seemed to have swept the streets unusually bare of people. Mr. Utterson thought he had never

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foul play: an expression meaning, a violent crime, especially murder

seen that part of London so deserted. Never in his life had he felt so strong a wish to see his fellow creatures; for struggle as he might, there pressed upon his mind a crushing anticipation of calamity.

The square, when they got there, was full of wind and dust, and the thin trees in the garden were lashing themselves along the railing. Poole, who had kept all the way a pace or two ahead, now pulled up in the middle of the pavement, and in spite of the biting weather, took off his hat and mopped his brow with a red handkerchief. His face was white and his voice, when he spoke, harsh and broken.

"Well, sir," he said, "here we are, and God grant there be nothing wrong."

"Amen, Poole," said the lawyer.

The servant knocked in a very guarded manner; the door was opened on the chain; and a voice asked from within, "Is that you, Poole?"

"It's all right," said Poole. "Open the door."

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deserted: empty of people; left behind; abandoned
anticipation: expectation; a sense that something is going to happen
calamity: disaster; an event that brings great pain and misery

The hall, when they entered it, was brightly lighted up; the fire was built high; and about the hearth all the servants, men and women, stood huddled together like a flock of sheep. At the sight of Mr. Utterson, the housemaid broke into uncontrolled sobbing; and the cook, crying out "Bless God! It's Mr. Utterson," ran forward as if to take him in her arms.

"What, are you all here?" said the lawyer crossly. "Very irregular, very inappropriate; your master would be far from pleased."

"They're all afraid," said Poole.

Blank silence followed, no one disagreeing; only the maid lifted her voice and now wept loudly.

"Hold your tongue!" Poole said to her fiercely, which revealed his own rattled nerves. They all started and turned towards the inner door with faces of dreadful expectation. "And now," continued the butler, taking up a candle, "we'll deal with this at once." And then he begged Mr. Utterson to follow him, and led the way to the back garden.

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started: moved suddenly

"Now, sir," said he, "I want you to hear, and I don't want you to be heard. And see here, sir, if by any chance he was to ask you in, don't go."

Mr. Utterson's nerves gave a jerk that nearly threw him from his balance; but he recollected his courage and followed the butler into the laboratory building through the surgical theater to the foot of the stair. Here Poole motioned him to stand on one side and listen, while he himself set down the candle, mounted the steps, and knocked with a somewhat uncertain hand on the red door to the study.

"Mr. Utterson, sir, asking to see you," he called, once more violently making signs to the lawyer to listen closely.

A voice answered from within: "Tell him I cannot see anyone," it said complainingly.

"Thank you, sir," said Poole; and taking up his candle, he led Mr. Utterson back across the yard and into the great kitchen.

"Sir," he said, looking Mr. Utterson in the eyes, "was that my master's voice?"

"It seems much changed," replied the lawyer, very pale.

"Changed? Well, yes, I think so," said the butler. "Have I been twenty years in this man's house, to be fooled about his voice? No, sir; master's made away with; he was made away with eight days ago, when we heard him cry out upon the name of God; and, Mr. Utterson, who's in there instead of him, and why does it stay there?"

"This is a very strange tale, Poole; this is rather a wild tale," said Mr. Utterson, biting his finger. "Suppose it were as you suppose, supposing Dr. Jekyll to have been—well, murdered, what could cause the murderer to stay? That won't hold water; it doesn't commend itself to reason."

"Well, Mr. Utterson, you are a hard man to satisfy, but I'll do it yet," said Poole. "All this last week, whatever it is that lives in the study has been crying night and day for some sort of medicine and cannot get it. It was sometimes his way—the master's, that is—to write his orders on a sheet of paper and throw it on the stair. We've

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made away with: an expression meaning, killed, destroyed
won't hold water: an expression meaning, not reasonable; not believable; won't stand up to examination
doesn't commend itself to reason: doesn't make sense

had nothing else this week but papers, and a closed door, and the meals left there to be smuggled in when nobody was looking. Well, sir, every day, ay, and twice and thrice in the same day, there have been orders and complaints, and I have been sent flying to all the chemists in town. Every time I brought the stuff back, there would be another paper telling me to return it, because it was not pure, and another order to a different firm. This drug is wanted bitter bad, sir, whatever for."

"Have you any of these papers?" asked Mr. Utterson.

Poole felt in his pocket and handed out a crumpled note, which the lawyer carefully examined. It said: "Dr. Jekyll sends best wishes to Mr. Maw and Company. He assures them that their last sample is impure and quite useless for his present purpose. In the year 18—, Dr. J. purchased a large quantity from Maw and Co. He now begs them to search most carefully, and

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thrice: three times
chemists: term used in England for pharmacists, those who prepare and sell drugs and medicines
bitter bad: very badly

should any of the same quality be left, forward it to him at once. Expense is no consideration. The importance of this to Dr. J. cannot be stated too strongly." So far the letter had seemed calm enough, but here the writer's emotion had broken loose. "For God's sake," he added, "find me some of the old."

"This is a strange note," said Mr. Utterson; and then sharply, "How do you come to have it open?"

"The man at Maw's was angry, sir, and he threw it back to me like so much dirt," returned Poole.

"This is unquestionably the doctor's handwriting?" asked the lawyer.

"I thought it looked like it," said the servant rather sulkily; and then, with another voice, "But why does the handwriting matter?" he said. "I've seen him!"

"Seen him?" repeated Mr. Utterson.

"It happened this way," said Poole. "I came suddenly into the theater from the garden. It

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sulkily: grumpily

seems he had slipped out to look for this drug or whatever it is, for the study door was open, and there he was at the far end of the room digging among the crates. He looked up when I came in, gave a kind of cry, and whipped upstairs into the study. It was but for one minute that I saw him, but the hair stood upon my head like quills. Sir, if that was my master, why did he have a mask upon his face? If it was my master, why did he cry out like a rat, and run from me?"

"I think," said Mr. Utterson, "your master, Poole, is plainly seized with one of those illnesses that both torture and deform the sufferer: that is why his voice is changed; that is why he wears the mask and avoids his friends; that is why he is so eager to find this drug, by means of which the poor soul holds onto some hope of recovery! There is my explanation; it is sad enough, Poole, ay, and appalling to consider, but it is plain and natural, hangs well together, and delivers us from excessive alarms."

"Sir," said the butler, turning pale, "that thing

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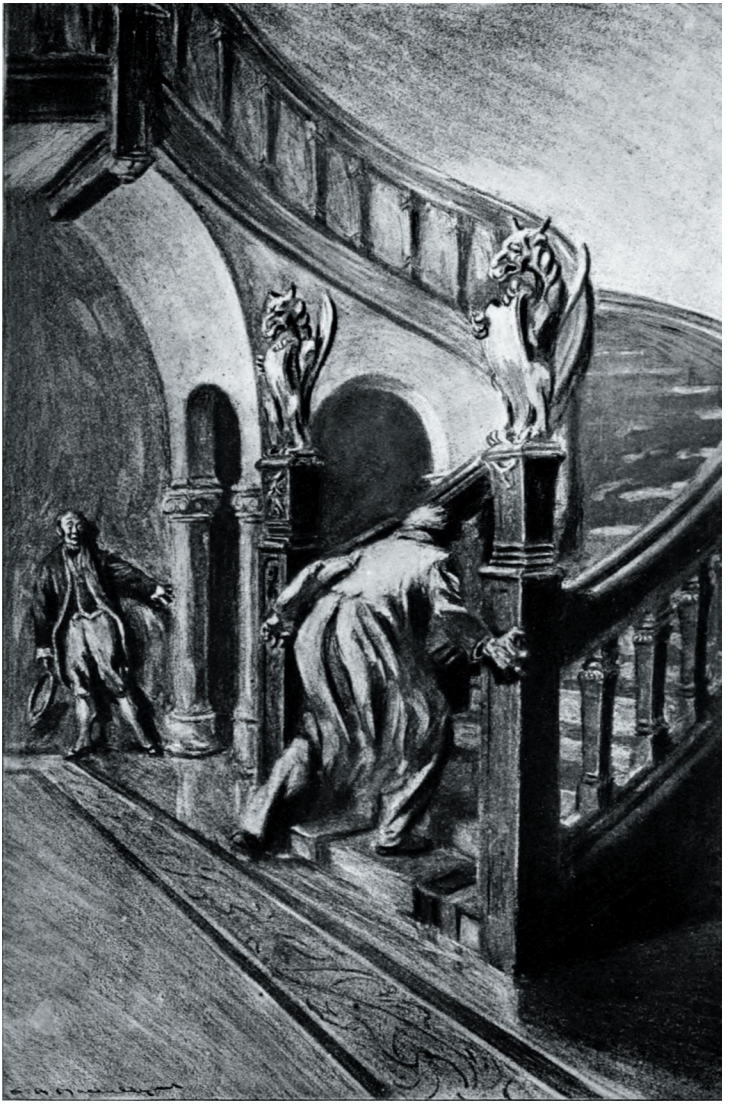
appalling: shocking; horrifying



He gave a kind of cry and whipped upstairs into the study.

was not my master, and there's the truth. My master"—here he looked round him and began to whisper—"is a tall, fine build of a man, and this was more of a dwarf." Utterson attempted to protest. "Oh, sir," cried Poole, "do you think I do not know my master after twenty years? No, sir, that thing in the mask was never Dr. Jekyll—God knows what it was, but it was never Dr. Jekyll; and it is the belief of my heart that there was murder done."

"Poole," replied the lawyer, "it is my duty to make certain. Much as I desire to spare your master's feelings, much as I am puzzled by this note which seems to prove him to be still alive, I consider it my duty to break in that door."

"Ah, Mr. Utterson, that's talking!" cried the butler.

"And now comes the second question," resumed Utterson: "Who is going to do it?"

"Why, you and me, sir," was the undaunted reply.

"That's very well said," returned the lawyer.

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undaunted: unafraid in spite of great risks or challenges

"There is an axe in the theater," continued Poole, "and you might take the kitchen poker for yourself."

The lawyer took the heavy rod into his hand, and balanced it. "Do you know, Poole," he said, "that you and I are about to place ourselves in a position of some peril?"

"You may say so, sir, indeed," returned the butler.

"It is well, then, that we should be frank," said the other. "We both think more than we have said. This masked figure that you saw, did you recognize it?"

"Well, sir, it went so quick, and the creature was so doubled up, that I could hardly swear to that," was the answer. "But if you mean, was it Mr. Hyde?—why, yes, I think it was! You see, it was much of the same bigness; and it had the same quick, light way with it; and then who else could have got in by the laboratory door? But that's not all. I don't know, Mr. Utterson, if you ever met this Mr. Hyde?"

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poker: a metal rod used to stir or poke a fire
peril: danger
frank: direct and open in speech

"Yes," said the lawyer, "I once spoke with him."

"Then you must know as well as the rest of us that there was something strange about that gentleman—something that gave a man a turn—I don't know rightly how to say it, sir, beyond this: that you felt in your marrow kind of cold and thin."

"I felt something of what you describe," said Mr. Utterson.

"Quite so, sir," returned Poole. "Well, when that masked thing jumped like a monkey from among the chemicals and whipped into the study, it went down my spine like ice. Oh, I know it's not evidence, Mr. Utterson; but a man has his feelings, and I give you my bible-word it was Mr. Hyde!"

"Ay, ay," said the lawyer. "I share your fears. Evil was sure to come of that connection. Ay truly, I believe you; I believe poor Harry is killed; and I believe his murderer (for what purpose, God alone can tell) is still lurking in his victim's room."

Taking the poker under his arm, Mr. Utterson led the way into the yard. It was now quite dark. The wind tossed the light of the candle about

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gave a man a turn: scared or disturbed a person
marrow: substance inside the bones

Mr. Utterson and Poole make their way in the dark.

their steps, until they came into the shelter of the theater, where they sat down silently to wait. London hummed solemnly all around, but nearer at hand, the stillness was only broken by the sounds of a footfall moving to and fro along the study floor.

"So it will walk all day, sir," whispered Poole; "ay, and the better part of the night. But hark again, a little closer—put your heart in your ears, Mr. Utterson, and tell me, is that the doctor's foot?"

The steps fell lightly and oddly, different indeed from the heavy tread of Henry Jekyll. Utterson sighed. "Is there never anything else?" he asked.

Poole nodded. "Once," he said. "Once I heard it weeping!"

"Weeping?" said the lawyer, with a sudden chill of horror.

"Weeping like a lost soul," said the butler.

Poole pulled the axe from under a stack of packing straw; the candle was set upon the nearest

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hark: listen closely

table to light them to the attack; and they drew near to where that patient foot was still going up and down, up and down, in the quiet of the night.

"Jekyll," cried Utterson, with a loud voice, "I demand to see you." He paused a moment, but there came no reply. "I give you fair warning, I must and shall see you," he resumed; "if not by your consent, then by force!"

"Utterson," said the voice, "for God's sake, have mercy!"

"Ah, that's not Jekyll's voice—it's Hyde's!" cried Utterson. "Down with the door, Poole!"

Poole swung the axe over his shoulder; the blow shook the building, and the red door leaped against the lock and hinges. A dismal screech, as of pure animal terror, rang from the study. Up went the axe again, and again the panels crashed; four times the axe fell; but the wood was tough, and it was not until the fifth blow that the lock burst and the wreck of the door fell inwards on the carpet.

They peered in. There lay the study before their eyes in the quiet lamplight, a good fire

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consent: permission; approval; agreement

glowing, a drawer or two open, papers neatly set forth on the business table, and nearer the fire, the things laid out for tea; the quietest room, you would have said, and, except for the cabinets full of chemicals behind glass doors, the most ordinary that night in London.

Right in the middle there lay the body of a man painfully twisted and still twitching. They drew near, turned it on its back, and beheld the face of Edward Hyde. He was dressed in clothes far too large for him, clothes of the doctor's bigness; his face still moved with the appearance of life, but life was quite gone; and by the crushed small bottle in the hand and the strong smell that hung upon the air, Utterson knew that he was looking on the body of a self-destroyer.

"We have come too late," he said sternly, "whether to save or punish. Hyde is gone to his judgment, and all that is left for us is to find the body of your master."

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twitching: making sharp, jerky movements
strong smell: probably the bitter almond scent of a poison called cyanide
self-destroyer: a suicide

The theater, the study, a few dark closets, and a spacious cellar: all these they now thoroughly examined. Nowhere was there any trace of Henry Jekyll, dead or alive.

Poole stamped on the floor of the corridor. "He must be buried here," he said, listening to the sound.

"Or he may have fled," said Utterson, and he turned to examine the door to the side street. It was locked; and lying nearby on the floor, they found the key, already stained with rust.

"This does not look like it has been used often," observed the lawyer.

"Do you not see, sir," returned Poole, "it is broken? Much as if a man had stamped on it."

"Ay," continued Utterson, and the two men looked at each other with a scare. "This is beyond me, Poole," said the lawyer. "Let us go back to the study."

They mounted the stair in silence, and still with an occasional fearful glance at the dead body, proceeded more thoroughly to examine the contents of the study. At one table, there were

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corridor: hallway
fled: past tense of *flee*, to run away

traces of chemical work, various measured heaps of some white salt on glass saucers, as though for an experiment in which the unhappy man had been interrupted.

"That is the same drug that I was always bringing him," said Poole; and even as he spoke, the kettle with a startling noise boiled over.

This brought them to the fireside, where the easy-chair and the tea things stood ready, the very sugar in the cup. There were several books on a shelf; one lay beside the tea things open, and Utterson was amazed to find it a copy of a religious work for which Jekyll had several times expressed a great esteem, with notes on the pages in the doctor's own handwriting, full of startling blasphemies.

Next, the searchers came to the cheval glass, into whose depths they looked with an involuntary horror. It showed them nothing but the rosy glow of the fire playing on the roof, and their own pale and fearful countenances stooping to look in.

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esteem: respect and admiration
blasphemies: remarks that are disrespectful of religion and holy matters

"This mirror has seen some strange things, sir," whispered Poole.

"Surely," answered the lawyer. "For what did Jekyll"—he caught himself with a start, and then conquering the weakness—"what could Jekyll want with it?" he said.

Next they turned to the business table. On the desk, among the neatly arranged papers, there lay a large envelope which bore, in the doctor's handwriting, the name of Mr. Utterson. The lawyer unsealed it, and several enclosures fell to the floor. The first was a will, with the same strange terms as the one which he had returned six months before, but in place of the name of Edward Hyde, the lawyer, with indescribable amazement, read the name of Gabriel John Utterson. He looked at Poole, and then back at the paper, and last of all at the dead malefactor stretched upon the carpet.

"My head goes round," he said. "Hyde has been all these days in possession of this will; he had no cause to like me; he must have raged to see his name replaced with mine; and he has not destroyed this document."

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malefactor: evildoer; criminal; villain

He looked at the next paper; it was a brief note written in the doctor's handwriting and dated at the top. "Oh, Poole!" the lawyer cried, "he was alive and here this day. He must be still alive, he must have fled! But why? And how? And in that case, can we dare to declare this suicide? Oh, we must be careful. I foresee that we may yet involve your master in some dire catastrophe."

Suicide or Murder? Up to this moment of finding the note, Utterson had feared that Hyde (dead on the floor, an apparent suicide) has murdered Dr. Jekyll. Now, however, Utterson fears that Hyde did not kill himself but instead might have been killed by the doctor. What do you think?

"Why don't you read the note, sir?" asked Poole.

"Because I fear," replied the lawyer solemnly. "God grant I have no cause for it!" And with that he brought the paper to his eyes and read as follows:

> *My dear Utterson,—When this note shall fall into your hands, I shall have disappeared, under what circumstances I cannot foresee, but my instinct and my situation tell me that the end*

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dire: terrible
catastrophe: awful disaster
circumstances: the conditions surrounding an event
foresee: see in advance

is sure and must be soon. Go then, and first read the narrative which Lanyon warned me he was to place in your hands; and if you care to hear more, turn to the confession of

Your unworthy and unhappy friend,
Henry Jekyll

"There was a third enclosure?" asked Utterson.

"Here, sir," said Poole, and put into his hands a thick packet sealed in several places.

The lawyer put it in his pocket. "I would say nothing of this paper. If your master has fled or is dead, we may at least save his reputation. It is now ten; I must go home and read these documents in quiet, but I shall be back before midnight, when we shall send for the police."

They went out, locking the door of the theater behind them; and Utterson trudged back to his office to read the two narratives in which this mystery was now to be explained.

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reputation: public opinion about someone
trudged: walked in a slow, tired, heavy way

DR. LANYON'S NARRATIVE

On the ninth of January, now four days ago, I received by the evening delivery an envelope, addressed in the handwriting of my colleague and old school companion, Henry Jekyll. I was a good deal surprised by this, for we were by no means in the habit of correspondence. I had seen the man, dined with him, indeed, the night before. The contents increased my wonder; for this is how the letter ran:

The Sealed Letter
This chapter, called "Dr. Lanyon's Narrative," is the letter that Dr. Lanyon, near death, gave to Mr. Utterson, with this instruction written on the sealed envelope: "Not to be opened till the death or disappearance of Dr. Henry Jekyll."

10th December, 18—

Dear Lanyon,

You are one of my oldest friends; and although we may have differed at times on scientific questions, I cannot remember, at least on my side,

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colleague: a fellow worker; a fellow member of a profession [In this case, Lanyon and Jekyll are both doctors.]
correspondence: writing letters to each other

any break in our friendship. There was never a day when, if you had said to me, "Jekyll, my life, my honor, my reason, depend upon you," I would not have sacrificed my left hand to help you. Lanyon, my life, my honor, my reason, are all at your mercy; if you fail me tonight, I am lost. You might suppose that I am going to ask you to do something dishonorable. Judge for yourself.

I want you to postpone all other engagements for tonight, and with this letter in your hand, to drive straight to my house. Poole, my butler, has his orders; you will find him waiting your arrival with a locksmith. The door of my study is then to be forced open. You are to go in alone, to open the cabinet with glass doors (letter E) on the left, breaking the lock if it be shut, and to draw out, with all its contents as they stand, the fourth drawer from the top or (which is the same thing) the third from the bottom. In my extreme distress of mind, I have an extreme fear of misdirecting you; but even if I am in error, you may know the right drawer by its contents: some powders, a small

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postpone: put off till later
distress: feelings of great worry, sadness, anxiety, or pain

bottle, and a paper book. This drawer I beg you to carry back with you to Cavendish Square exactly as it stands.

That is the first part of the service: now for the second. A time when your servants are in bed is best for what remains to do. At midnight, then, I ask you to be alone in your consulting room, to admit with your own hand into the house a man who will present himself in my name, and to place in his hands the drawer from my study. Then you will have played your part and earned my gratitude completely. Five minutes afterwards, you will see that these arrangements, strange as they must seem, are of the highest importance, and that to neglect one of them, fantastic as they must appear, is to burden your conscience with my death or the shipwreck of my sanity.

I am confident that you will not deal lightly with what I ask, though my heart sinks and my hand trembles at the bare thought of such a possibility. Think of me at this hour, in a strange

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consulting room: the room in which a doctor meets with a patient

fantastic: extremely strange and remarkable

place, in dark distress, and yet well aware that, if you will but punctually serve me, my troubles will roll away like a story that is told. Serve me, my dear Lanyon, and save

Your friend,
H.J.

Upon the reading of this letter, I was sure my colleague was insane; but till that was proved beyond doubt, I felt I must do as he requested. I got into a hansom and drove straight to Jekyll's house. The butler was awaiting my arrival; he had received a letter of instruction, and had sent at once for a locksmith and a carpenter, who both came while we were speaking. We went as a group to the old surgical theatre, from which (as you are doubtless aware) Jekyll's private study is most conveniently entered. The door was very strong, the lock excellent; the carpenter declared he would have to do much damage, and the locksmith was near despair. But this locksmith was a handy fellow, and after two hour's work, the door stood

punctually: precisely on time
hansom: a two-wheeled horse-drawn cab

open. The cabinet marked E was unlocked; and I took out the drawer, tied it in a sheet, and returned with it to Cavendish Square.

Here I proceeded to examine its contents. It was plain to see that the powders were made by Jekyll himself, and when I opened one of the wrappers I found what seemed to me a simple crystalline salt of a white color. I next turned my attention to a small bottle, about half full of a blood-red liquid with a strong, sharp smell. At the other ingredients I could make no guess. The book was an ordinary notebook and contained little but a series of dates. These covered a period of many years, but I observed that the entries ceased nearly a year ago and quite abruptly. Here and there a brief remark was written by a date, usually no more than a single word, "double," occurring perhaps six times in a total of several hundred entries; and once, very early in the list and followed by several exclamation marks, "total failure!!!"

All this, though it made me curious, told

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ceased: stopped; came to an end
abruptly: in a sudden and unexpected way

me little that was definite. Here were a bottle, some kind of salt, and the record of a series of experiments that had led (like too many of Jekyll's investigations) to no practical usefulness. How could the presence of these articles in my house affect either the honor, the sanity, or the life of my colleague? And why was his messenger to be received by me in secret? The more I reflected, the more convinced I grew that I was dealing with a case of brain disease; and I loaded an old revolver for self-defense.

Twelve o'clock had scarce rung out over London when the knocker sounded very gently on the door. I went myself and found a small man crouching against the pillars of the porch.

"Are you come from Dr. Jekyll?" I asked.

He told me "yes" by a strained gesture; and when I told him to enter, he first cast a searching backward glance into the darkness of the square. There was a policeman not far off, and at the sight, I thought my visitor started and made greater haste.

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revolver: a type of handgun
pillars: upright supporting columns
made greater haste: hurried even more

As I followed him into the bright light of the consulting room, I kept my hand ready on my weapon. Here, at last, I had a chance of clearly seeing him. I had never set eyes on him before—that much was certain. He was small, as I have said. I was struck besides with the shocking expression of his face, with his remarkable combination of great muscular activity and great apparent weakness, and—last but not least—with the odd feeling of disturbance caused by his nearness, accompanied by a marked sinking of the pulse—which, at the time, I thought must be due to some strong personal dislike on my part. But I have since had reason to believe the cause to lie much deeper in the nature of man, and to arise from something nobler than the principle of hatred.

From the first moment of his entrance, I felt for this person what I can only describe as a disgustful curiosity. He was dressed in a fashion that would have made an ordinary person

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marked: noticeable

pulse: the regular movement of blood through the body, caused by the beating of your heart [A "sinking" of the pulse suggests that the heartbeat is slowing down or growing weaker.]

laughable; his clothes, although they were of fine fabric, were enormously too large for him in every measurement—the trousers hanging on his legs and rolled up to keep them from the ground, the waist of the coat below his haunches, and the collar sprawling wide upon his shoulders. Far from moving me to laughter, there was rather something abnormal in the very essence of the creature that now faced me—something seizing, surprising, and revolting—so that to my interest in the man's nature and character, there was added a curiosity as to his origin, his life, and place in the world.

"Have you got it?" he cried, on fire with excitement. "Have you got it?" In his impatience he even laid his hand upon my arm and sought to shake me.

I put him back, conscious at his touch of a certain icy pang along my blood. "Come, sir," said I.

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haunches: the upper parts of the legs
sprawling: spreading out awkwardly
essence: the basic nature of a thing or person
revolting: disgusting; extremely offensive
origin: beginnings
pang: a sudden, sharp, painful feeling

"Be seated, if you please." And I sat down myself in my usual seat, trying to act as I would with any ordinary patient as much as the horror I had of my visitor would allow.

"I beg your pardon, Dr. Lanyon," he replied politely enough. "I come here at the urging of your colleague, Dr. Henry Jekyll, on a piece of business of some importance; and I understood..." He paused and put his hand to his throat, and I could see, in spite of his calm manner, that he was wrestling against the approaches of hysteria—"I understood, a drawer..."

But here I took pity on my visitor's suspense, and some perhaps on my own growing curiosity.

"There it is, sir," said I, pointing to the drawer, where it lay on the floor behind a table and still covered with the sheet.

He sprang to it, and then paused, and laid his hand upon his heart; I could hear his teeth grinding, and his face was so ghastly to see that I grew alarmed both for his life and reason.

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hysteria: a state in which extreme emotions are out of control
suspense: feelings of anxious excitement as you wait to find out what will happen
ghastly: extremely frightening; horrifying; shocking

"Calm yourself," said I.

He turned an awful smile to me, and as if with the decision of despair, pulled away the sheet. At sight of the contents, he uttered one loud sob of such immense relief that I sat petrified. And the next moment, in a voice that was already fairly well under control, he asked, "Have you a graduated glass?"

I rose from my place with something of an effort and gave him what he asked.

He thanked me with a smiling nod, measured out a small amount of the red liquid, and added one of the powders. The mixture, which was at first of a reddish hue, began, as the crystals melted, to brighten in color, to effervesce audibly, and to throw off small fumes of vapor. Suddenly the bubbling ceased and the compound changed to a dark purple, which faded again more slowly

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uttered: made a sound with the voice
immense: huge; great
petrified: still like a stone
graduated glass: a glass cylinder with markings on the side used to measure liquids
effervesce: to bubble and foam
compound: a substance formed by the combination of two or more parts

to a watery green. My visitor, who had closely watched these changes, smiled, set down the glass upon the table, and then turned and looked upon me with an air of scrutiny.

"And now," said he, "to settle what remains. Will you be wise? Will you be guided? Will you allow me to take this glass in my hand and to go forth from your house without further discussion? Or has the greed of curiosity too much command of you? Think before you answer, for it shall be done as you decide. As you decide, you shall either be left as you were before, and neither richer nor wiser, unless service to a man in distress may be counted as a kind of riches of the soul; or, if you so choose, new knowledge and new avenues to fame and power shall be laid open to you, here, in this room, upon the instant; and your sight shall be blasted by a prodigy to stagger the unbelief of Satan."

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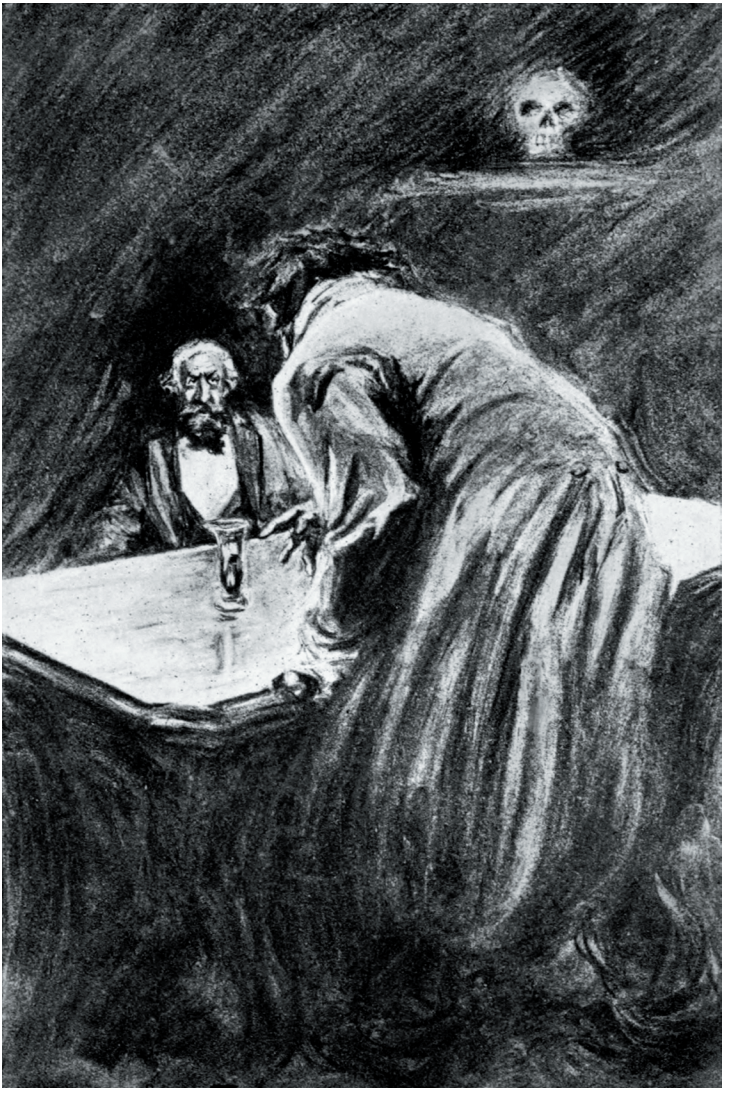
scrutiny: close and careful examination
upon the instant: immediately
blasted: struck with extreme force
prodigy: a wonder; something extremely out of the ordinary
stagger: to shock or surprise; to amaze or astonish



"Will you allow me to take this glass in my hand?"

"Sir," said I, pretending a calmness I did not truly possess, "you speak riddles, and you will perhaps not wonder that I hear you with little belief. But I have gone too far to pause before I see the end."

"It is well," replied my visitor. "Lanyon, you remember your vows: what follows is under the seal of our profession. And now, Lanyon, you who have so long been bound to the most narrow and

A Pledge of Secrecy
By now, you have recognized the man whom Lanyon calls "my visitor" as Mr. Hyde. When Mr. Hyde tells Lanyon that "what follows is under the seal of our profession," he is telling Lanyon that it his duty as a doctor to say nothing about what he is about to see. That is because the "vows" that doctors make include a promise to respect the privacy of their patients and not speak about them in public.

Mr. Hyde's words—"under the seal of our profession"—borrow a term used in law. In law, a document that is "under seal" is in a sealed envelope and cannot be seen by the public. So, Mr. Hyde is telling Lanyon that his pledge as a doctor requires him to tell no one about the new knowledge he is about to gain.

You might have noticed something curious here: It is *Mr. Hyde* who tells Lanyon that "what follows is under the seal of our profession"—but to whom does "our" refer? Mr. Hyde does not share a profession with Dr. Lanyon. Who does?

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vows: promises; pledges
bound to: tied down to
narrow: limited and small-minded

material views, you who have denied the virtue of transcendental medicine, you who have derided your superiors—behold!"

He put the glass to his lips and drank at one gulp. A cry followed; he reeled, staggered, clutched at the table and held on, staring with bloodshot eyes, gasping with open mouth; and as I looked there came, I thought, a change—he seemed to swell—his face became suddenly black and the features seemed to melt and alter—and the next moment, I had sprung to my feet and leaped back against the wall, my arms raised to shield me, my mind flooded by terror.

"O God!" I screamed, and "O God!" again and again; for there before my eyes—pale and shaken, and half fainting, and groping before him with his hands, like a man restored from death—there stood Henry Jekyll!

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material: relating to the physical (rather than to matters of the mind or soul)
virtue: power; goodness
transcendental: going beyond ordinary experience
derided: scorned; mocked; laughed at
reeled: fell back suddenly (as from a shock)
staggered: moved unsteadily
bloodshot: marked by many red lines
alter: change
groping: reaching uncertainly

"Like a man restored from death—there stood Henry Jekyll!"

What he told me in the next hour, I cannot bring my mind to set on paper. I saw what I saw, I heard what I heard, and my soul sickened at it; and yet now when that sight has faded from my eyes, I ask myself if I believe it, and I cannot answer. My life is shaken to its roots; sleep has left me; the deadliest terror sits by me at all hours of the day and night; and I feel that my days are numbered, and that I must die; and yet I shall die incredulous. As for the moral wickedness that man revealed to me, even with tears of penitence, I cannot, even in memory, think of it without horror. I will say but one thing, Utterson, and that (if you can bring your mind to believe it) will be more than enough. The creature who crept into my house that night was, as Jekyll himself confessed, known by the name of Hyde and hunted for in every corner of the land as the murderer of Carew.

Hastie Lanyon

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incredulous: unbelieving
penitence: sorrow and regret for the wrongs a person has done

HENRY JEKYLL'S FULL STATEMENT OF THE CASE

The Doctor's Confession
You recall that (in the chapter titled "The Last Night") Poole and Utterson broke into Dr. Jekyll's study, where they found the dead body of Mr. Hyde, and also found a large envelope addressed to Mr. Utterson. The envelope contained three things: (1) a revised will, (2) a note to Utterson from Dr. Jekyll, and (3) another sealed envelope containing the doctor's written "confession."

In the note, the doctor told Mr. Utterson to read Lanyon's narrative first, and only afterward to read the "confession" in the sealed envelope. In the previous chapter, you read Lanyon's narrative. And now, this concluding chapter presents the doctor's confession—his own narrative of what happened.

I was born in the year 18—to a large fortune. Naturally hard-working, I wished to be respected by the wise and good. As such, it might be supposed that I was sure to enjoy an honorable and distinguished future. And indeed the worst of my faults was a certain impatient liveliness of character, which I found it hard to reconcile with my desire to carry my

large fortune: great wealth; plenty of money
distinguished: well-known and respected
reconcile: to bring into agreement two ideas or beliefs that seem to be in conflict

head high and wear a more than commonly grave countenance before the public. And so I concealed my pleasures; and when I reached an age at which I began to look round me and think carefully about my progress and position in the world, I stood already committed to a profound duplicity of life.

Many a man would have boasted of such irregularities as I was guilty of, but because of the high views that I had set before me, I hid them with an almost sickly sense of shame. It was thus the exacting nature of my aspirations, rather than any particular shame in my faults, that made me what I was, and, even more than in most men, severed in me those provinces of good and ill which divide and compound man's dual nature.

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concealed: hid
profound: deep; thorough; complete
duplicity: deceitful doubleness
irregularities: improper or dishonest acts
exacting: very difficult and demanding; requiring precise and careful attention
aspirations: hopes for achievement; strongly desired goals
severed: divided; cut into separate parts
provinces: large areas
ill: bad; evil
compound: to form from separate parts
dual: made up of two parts

I was in no sense a hypocrite. I was no more myself when I plunged in shame than when I labored to advance knowledge or relieve sorrow and suffering. And it chanced that my scientific studies, which led wholly towards the mystic and the transcendental, shed a strong light on this ongoing war within me. With every day, I thus drew steadily nearer to that truth: that man is not truly one, but truly two.

I say two, because my own knowledge does not pass beyond that point. Others will follow, others will go beyond me; and I hazard the guess that a person may ultimately be understood to be a mere collection of diverse, incongruous, and independent inhabitants.

I, for my part, from the nature of my life, advanced steadily in one direction and in one direction only, on the moral side. In my own

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hypocrite: a person who pretends to virtues and morals that he or she does not actually have
mystic: having to do with mysteries beyond the ordinary and earthly
hazard: take a chance to offer
ultimately: in the end; finally
incongruous: conflicting; made up of different parts that do not work well together

person, I learned to recognize the thorough and primitive duality of man. I saw that, of the two natures that contended in my consciousness, if I could be said to be one or the other, it was only because I was radically both; and before my scientific discoveries had begun to suggest even the barest possibility of such a miracle, I had learned to dream with pleasure of the thought of the separation of these elements. If each, I told myself, could be housed in separate identities, life would be relieved of all that was unbearable; the unjust might go his way, freed from the aspirations and remorse of his more upright twin; and the just could walk steadily on his upward path, doing the good things in which he found his pleasure, and no longer exposed to disgrace and penitence by the hands of this external evil.

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primitive: from the very earliest stages of human development
contended: struggled against each other
consciousness: a person's mind, with all its thoughts and feelings
radically: in the most basic and fundamental way
the unjust: the dishonest, immoral, wrongdoing part of the self
remorse: feelings of guilt, sadness, and regret for things you have done wrong
upright: honest and trustworthy
the just: the part of the self that is guided by what is right, fair, and true

It was the curse of mankind that these incongruous parts were bound together —that in the agonized consciousness, these polar twins should be continuously struggling. How, then, were they separated?

Not One But Two
Dr. Jekyll speaks of "man's dual nature" and "the duality of man." He says that he has come to understand "the truth" that the individual self is "not truly one, but truly two."

What do you think Jekyll means by this? Do you agree?

Jekyll says it is a "curse" that these two parts are "bound together." Why does Jekyll want to separate them? What does he think would be gained by this separation?

As I have said, a light began to shine upon the subject from the laboratory table. I began to perceive more deeply than it has ever yet been stated, that the body in which we walk, and which seems so solid, is instead a trembling, mistlike garment. I found that certain chemicals have the power to shake and pluck back that fleshly garment, as a wind might toss the curtains. I will not enter deeply into this scientific branch of my

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agonized: in extreme pain or sadness
polar: completely opposite
perceive: to become aware of; to understand
trembling: shaking quickly; unsteady
garment: piece of clothing
pluck: to pull off quickly

confession, because, as my narrative will sadly reveal, my discoveries were incomplete. Still, I not only recognized my natural body as the mere outward radiance of certain powers that made up my spirit, but managed to compound a drug to dethrone these powers from their supremacy and substitute a second form and countenance that were none the less natural to me because they were the expression of the lower elements in my soul.

I hesitated long before I put this theory to the test of practice. I knew well that I risked death from any drug that so powerfully controlled and shook the very fortress of identity. But the temptation of a discovery so singular and profound at last overcame my fear. I had long since begun to prepare my potion; I purchased at once, from a firm of chemists, a large quantity of a particular salt which I knew, from my experiments, to be the last ingredient required. And late one accursed night,

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dethrone: to take away the power of (usually, of a king or queen)
supremacy: the condition of having the most power and authority
fortress: a strong, well-protected building
accursed: under a curse; doomed

I mixed together the elements, watched them boil and smoke together in the glass, and, with a strong glow of courage, drank off the potion.

The most racking pangs followed: a grinding in the bones, deadly nausea, and a horror of the spirit that cannot be exceeded at the hour of birth or death. Then these agonies began swiftly to subside, and I came to myself as if out of a great sickness. There was something strange in my sensations, something indescribably new and incredibly sweet. I felt younger, lighter, happier in body. I was conscious of a thrilling recklessness, a current of exciting images flooding my imagination, a dissolving of the bonds of obligation, an unknown but not an innocent freedom of the soul. I knew myself, at the first breath of this new life, to be more wicked, tenfold more wicked, a slave to my original evil; and the thought, in that moment, energized and delighted me like wine. I stretched out my hands, exulting in

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racking: causing great pain
agonies: extreme pains
subside: to become less strong
tenfold: ten times
exulting: feeling great joy and excitement, mixed with a boastful feeling of victory

The Bonds of Obligation
After the painful effects of drinking the potion have passed, what does Dr. Jekyll feel?

One of the effects that Jekyll feels after swallowing the potion is "a dissolving of the bonds of obligation." What does he mean by that?

We all have obligations—duties we must fulfill, and rules we must follow. By fulfilling our obligations, we make it possible for people to live and work together in a civilized society.

Jekyll calls these obligations "bonds." In one sense, bonds can be things that join people together in a shared experience, such as bonds of friendship. In another sense, bonds can be things that tie us down or restrict us, like the ropes tied around a prisoner's wrists. For Jekyll, the "dissolving" of these "bonds of obligation" means that he no longer feels any sense of duty toward others nor any human connection with others.

the freshness of these sensations; and in the act, I was suddenly aware that I had lost in stature.

At that time there was no mirror in my room; the one that stands beside me as I write was brought there later on and for the very purpose of these transformations. Filled with hope and triumph, I crossed the yard, where the constellations looked down upon me, I could have thought, with wonder, the first creature of that sort

lost in stature: become shorter
triumph: victory, and the feeling of excited joy that comes with it

that their unsleeping vigilance had yet disclosed to them. I stole through the corridors, a stranger in my own house, and, coming to my bedroom, I saw for the first time the appearance of Edward Hyde.

Here I must say not that which I know, but that which I suppose to be most probable. The evil side of my nature, to which I had now transferred the power of formation, was less robust and less developed than the good which I had just overthrown. In the course of my life, which had been nine tenths a life of effort, virtue, and control, it had been much less exercised and much less exhausted. And so, I think, it came about that Edward Hyde was so much smaller, slighter, and younger than Henry Jekyll. Even as good shone upon the countenance of the one, evil was written broadly and plainly on the face of the other. Evil (which I must still believe to be the lethal side of man) had also left on that body

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vigilance: watchfulness
disclosed: revealed; made known
probable: likely to be true
power of formation: the power to form and give shape
robust: strong and healthy
virtue: good and moral conduct
exhausted: used up; tired out
lethal: deadly

an imprint of deformity and decay. And yet when I looked upon that ugly idol in the mirror, I was conscious of no repugnance, rather of a leap of welcome. This, too, was myself. It seemed natural and human. In my eyes it bore a livelier image of the spirit, it seemed more definite and single, than the imperfect and divided countenance I had been hitherto accustomed to call mine.

I have observed that when I wore the semblance of Edward Hyde, none could come near to me at first without a visible misgiving of the flesh. This, as I understand it, was because all human beings, as we meet them, are commingled out of good and evil: and Edward Hyde, alone in all of mankind, was pure evil.

I lingered only a moment at the mirror. The second experiment had yet to be attempted.

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imprint: a mark made by pressure
idol: an object or image of worship
repugnance: extreme dislike or hatred
semblance: outward appearance
misgiving: feeling of mistrust, suspicion, doubt
the flesh: the body [Jekyll is saying that when people came near Hyde, they felt a trembling sense of doubt and suspicion that you could see even in their bodies ("the flesh").]
commingled: combined; mixed together
lingered: stayed in place (usually, longer than expected)

It remained to be seen if I had lost my identity beyond redemption. Hurrying back to my study, I once more prepared and drank the cup, once more suffered the pangs of transformation, and came to myself once more with the character, the stature, and the face of Henry Jekyll.

That night I had come to the fateful crossroads. If I had approached my discovery in a more noble spirit, had I risked the experiment while ruled by generous or pious aspirations, then from these agonies of death and birth I would have come forth an angel instead of a fiend. The drug was neither diabolical nor divine; it merely shook the doors of the prison-house of my character, and that which stood within ran forth. At that time my virtue slumbered; my evil, kept awake by ambition, was alert and swift to seize the occasion; and the thing that came forth was Edward Hyde. Hence,

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redemption: recovery; rescue
fateful: critically important in shaping what is to come
crossroads: where roads meet (and where one can choose which path to follow)
pious: very religious and moral
diabolical: devilish; wicked; evil
divine: heavenly; from God
slumbered: slept

although I had now two characters as well as two appearances, one was wholly evil, and the other was still the old Henry Jekyll, that incongruous compound for whom I had already lost hope of any change for the better. The movement was thus wholly toward the worse.

Even at that time, I had not overcome my great dislike for the dullness of a life of study. As my pleasures were (to say the least) undignified, and I was not only well known and highly thought of, but growing towards the elderly man, this incoherence of my life was daily growing more unwelcome. It was on this side that my new power tempted me until I fell in slavery. I simply had to drink the cup, to throw off the body of the noted professor, and to assume, like a thick cloak, that of Edward Hyde.

It seemed to me at the time to be humorous. I smiled as I carefully made my preparations. I took and furnished that house in Soho, to which Hyde was tracked by the police; and I hired as

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undignified: embarrassing; inappropriate; shameful
elderly: old
cloak: a garment that covers the body, like a large coat or cape

a housekeeper an unscrupulous creature whom I knew would keep silent. On the other side, I announced to my servants that a Mr. Hyde (whom I described) was to have complete freedom and power about my house in the square; and to avoid any accidents, I even visited as Mr. Hyde and made myself a familiar guest in my second character. I next prepared that will to which you so much objected, so that if anything happened to me in the person of Dr. Jekyll, I could go on as Edward Hyde without loss of wealth.

Men have before hired bandits and assassins to commit their crimes, while protecting their own reputation. I was the first that ever did so for his pleasures. I was the first that could walk in the public eye with respectability, and in a moment, like a schoolboy, strip off these borrowed garments and spring headlong into the sea of liberty. My safety was complete. Think of it—I did not even exist! Let me escape into my laboratory door, give

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unscrupulous: having no moral standards; willing to do things that are illegal or dishonest

respectability: the state of being worthy of respect, of being considered to be good and decent and honorable

me a second or two to mix and swallow the potion that I had always standing ready, and whatever he had done, Edward Hyde would pass away like the stain of breath upon a mirror; and there in his place, quietly at home in his study, a man who could laugh at suspicion, would be Henry Jekyll.

The pleasures which I made haste to seek in my disguise were, as I have said, undignified; but in the hands of Edward Hyde, they soon began to turn toward the monstrous. This being that I called out of my own soul, and sent forth alone to do his pleasure, was a being inherently malign and villainous, his every act and thought centered on self, greedily drinking pleasure from any degree of torture to another, merciless like a man of stone. Henry Jekyll stood at times aghast before the acts of Edward Hyde; but the situation was apart from ordinary laws, and gradually relaxed the grasp of conscience. It was

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inherently: naturally; in a way that is basic to and inseparable from who someone is
malign: evil; wicked
torture: the act of causing another to feel great pain and suffering (both physical and mental)
aghast: horrified

Hyde, after all, and Hyde alone, that was guilty. Jekyll was no worse; he woke again to his good qualities seemingly undamaged; he would even rush, when possible, to undo the evil done by Hyde. And thus his conscience slumbered.

Who Is Guilty?
Here in his confession, Dr. Jekyll describes Hyde as a person separate from the doctor himself. Jekyll says that he is horrified when he thinks of what Hyde has done. Jekyll also claims, "It was Hyde, after all, and Hyde alone, that was guilty." Do you agree with that claim? Why or why not?

I have no intention of going into the details of my evil acts (for even now I can scarce admit that I committed them). I only mean to point out the warnings and the steps with which my punishment approached. I met with one accident which I shall briefly mention. An act of cruelty to a child aroused against me the anger of a passerby, whom I recognized the other day as your kinsman. The doctor and the child's family joined him; there were moments when I feared for my life; and at last, in order to calm their anger, Edward Hyde had to bring them to the door and pay them in a check drawn in the name of Henry Jekyll. Later I avoided this danger by

It was Hyde, after all, and Hyde alone, that was guilty.

opening an account at another bank in the name of Edward Hyde himself; and when, by slanting my own handwriting backward, I supplied my double with a signature, I thought I sat beyond the reach of fate.

Some two months before the murder of Sir Danvers, I had been out for one of my adventures, had returned at a late hour, and woke the next day in bed with odd sensations. I looked about me, saw the decent furniture and tall proportions of my room, recognized the design of the mahogany frame—but something still kept insisting that I was not where I was, that I had not wakened where I seemed to be, but in the little room in Soho where I slept in the body of Edward Hyde. I smiled to myself, and in my psychological way, began lazily to examine this illusion, occasionally dropping back into a comfortable morning doze. I was still so engaged when, in one of my more wakeful moments, my eyes fell upon my hand.

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fate: the power believed to control what will happen
mahogany: a hard, reddish-brown wood
psychological: relating to psychology, the science that studies the mind and behavior
doze: a light sleep; a nap

As you have remarked, the hand of Henry Jekyll was professional in shape and size, large, firm, and pleasing in appearance. But the hand which I now saw clearly in the yellow light of a mid-London morning was lean, corded, knuckly, and thickly shaded with a dark growth of hair. It was the hand of Edward Hyde.

I must have stared upon it for near half a minute, sunk in wonder, before terror startled me like the sudden crash of cymbals. Bounding from my bed, I rushed to the mirror. At the sight that met my eyes, my blood changed into something thin and icy. Yes, I had gone to bed Henry Jekyll, I had awakened Edward Hyde.

How was this to be explained? I asked myself. And then, with another bound of terror—how was it to be remedied? It was well on in the morning; the servants were up; all my drugs were in the study. From where I was then standing horrified, it was a long journey down two pairs of stairs, through the back passage, across the open

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corded: tough and stringy
bounding: jumping up; leaping
remedied: cured; healed; fixed

court and through the anatomical theater. It might be possible to cover my face; but of what use was that, when I was unable to conceal the alteration in my stature? And then with an overpowering sweetness of relief, it came back upon my mind that the servants were already used to the coming and going of my second self. I soon dressed, as well as I was able, in clothes of my own size, passed through the house, and ten minutes later, Dr. Jekyll returned to his own shape and was sitting down to breakfast.

Small indeed was my appetite. After this inexplicable incident, a reversal of my previous experience, I began to reflect more seriously than ever before on my double existence. It seemed to me as though the body of Edward Hyde, which had lately been much exercised and nourished, had grown in stature. I began to spy a danger that, if this were to continue, the balance of my nature might be permanently overthrown. I might lose the power of voluntary change, and the character of Edward Hyde become irrevocably mine. The

alteration: change
inexplicable: impossible to explain
irrevocably: irreversibly; in a way that cannot be changed back

drug had not always been equally effective. Once, very early, it had totally failed me; since then, on more than one occasion, I had to double, and once, with infinite risk of death, to triple the amount. In the beginning, the difficulty had been to throw off the body of Jekyll, but in the light of that morning's accident, all things seemed to point to this: that I was slowly losing hold of my original and better self, and becoming slowly incorporated with my second and worse.

Between these two, I now felt I had to choose. My two natures had memory in common, but all other abilities were unequally shared between them. Jekyll (who was composite), sometimes with great doubts and fears, sometimes with greedy delight, shared in the pleasures and adventures of Hyde; but Hyde was indifferent to Jekyll, or remembered him as the mountain bandit remembers the cavern in which he conceals himself from pursuit. To choose Jekyll was to die to those appetites which I had long secretly indulged; to choose Hyde was

composite: made up of separate parts
indifferent: without care or concern; completely uninterested
pursuit: a chase in order to capture
indulged: allowed yourself to do or have things you enjoy (often said of things that may not be good or good for you)

to die to a thousand interests and aspirations, and to become, at once and forever, despised and friendless. There was more to consider, for while Jekyll would suffer sharply in the fires of self-denial, Hyde would be not even conscious of all that he had lost. Strange as my circumstances were, the terms of this debate are as old and commonplace as mankind, with similar attractions and fears for any tempted and trembling sinner. It happened with me as it does with so vast a majority of my fellows, that I chose the better part and was found lacking in the strength to keep to it.

Good, Evil, and Composite
In creating the characters of Jekyll and Hyde, Stevenson has not created simple opposites. Hyde has been described as "pure evil," but Jekyll is not pure good. Earlier, the doctor called himself an "incongruous compound," and here he describes himself as "composite"—as a mixture of various qualities and characteristics.

Why do you think Stevenson keeps reminding us that the doctor is not purely good but a mixture of qualities, good and bad?

Yes, I preferred the elderly and discontented doctor, surrounded by friends and holding onto honest hopes. I said a firm farewell to the liberty, the youth, the light step, leaping impulses, and

despised: hated; looked down on with disgust
discontented: not satisfied; restless and unhappy

secret pleasures that I had enjoyed in the disguise of Hyde. Even as I made this choice, I neither gave up the house in Soho nor destroyed the clothes of Edward Hyde, which still lay ready in my study. For two months, however, I was true to my determination; for two months, I led a life of such severity as I had never before achieved, and enjoyed the rewards of an approving conscience. But time began at last to wear down my fear; the praises of conscience began to grow dull; I began to be tortured with longings, as though Hyde were struggling after freedom; and at last, in an hour of moral weakness, I once again compounded and swallowed the transforming potion.

Long as I had considered my position, I had not recognized enough the complete moral insensibility and the unfeeling readiness to evil which were the leading characteristics of Edward Hyde. Yet it was by these that I was punished. My devil had been long caged, he came out roaring. I was conscious, even when I took the potion, of a more uncontrolled, a more furious readiness to

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severity: moral strictness; harsh self-discipline
insensibility: lack of feeling or awareness

do evil. It must have been this, I suppose, that stirred in my soul that tempest of impatience with which I listened to the polite remarks of my unfortunate victim, Sir Danvers; I declare before God, no morally sane man could have been guilty of that crime with so little cause. I struck him in no more reasonable spirit than that in which a sick child may break a plaything. But I had voluntarily stripped myself of all those balancing instincts by which even the worst of us continues to walk with some degree of steadiness among temptations; and in my case, to be tempted, however slightly, was to fall.

Instantly the spirit of hell awoke in me and raged. With a thrill of glee, I mauled the unresisting body, tasting delight from every blow; and it was not till weariness set in that I was suddenly, at the height of my delirium, struck through the heart by a cold thrill of terror. A mist dispersed; I saw my life to be lost, and fled from the scene of these excesses, at once glorying and trembling,

tempest: violent storm
glee: great delight; excited joy
mauled: attacked and injured by beating, cutting, or tearing
delirium: a state of wildly excited emotion
excesses: extreme actions; actions that go beyond accepted limits

my appetite for evil gratified and stimulated, my love of life at its highest point. I ran to the house in Soho and destroyed my papers; from there I set out through the lamplit streets, in the same divided wildness of mind, gloating on my crime, imagining others in the future, and yet still hurrying and still listening for the steps of the avenger.

Hyde sang a song as he mixed the potion, and as he drank it, pledged the dead man. The pangs of transformation had not finished tearing him before Henry Jekyll, with streaming tears of gratitude and remorse, fell upon his knees and lifted his clasped hands to God. The veil of self-indulgence was torn from head to foot. I saw my life as a whole: I followed it up from the days of childhood, when I had walked with my father's

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gratified: pleased and satisfied
stimulated: made more active
gloating: taking excessive pleasure and pride in what you have done
avenger: one who punishes a wrongdoer
pledged: made a toast (that is, expressed good wishes for someone and then took a drink)
veil: a piece of cloth through which you can see partially, worn to cover or hide part or all of the wearer
self-indulgence: selfishly giving in to your own desires; allowing yourself to do whatever you want no matter how it might affect or harm others

hand, and through the self-denying toils of my professional life, to arrive again and again, with the same sense of unreality, at the horrors of the evening. I could have screamed aloud; I sought with tears and prayers to smother down the crowd of hideous images and sounds with which my memory swarmed against me; and still, the ugly face of my iniquity stared into my soul. As this remorse began to die away, it was followed by a sense of joy. The problem of my conduct was solved. From that moment forward, Hyde was impossible. I must now be confined to the better part of my existence; and oh, how I rejoiced to think of it! With willing humility I embraced once more the restrictions of natural life! With what sincere renunciation I locked the door by which I had so often gone and come, and ground the key under my heel!

self-denying: being unselfish; not allowing yourself to do what you want
toils: hard labors; difficult tasks
smother down: to cover completely (in order to keep something from growing or spreading)
hideous: disgusting; horrible; shocking
confined: limited or restricted to
humility: the quality of being humble, not being proud
restrictions: limits; rules that say what is and is not allowed
renunciation: the act of giving up or sacrificing something

The next day came the news that the murder had been seen by an observer, that the guilt of Hyde was known to the world, and that the victim was a highly respected man. It was not only a crime, it had been a tragic folly. I think I was glad to know it; I think I was glad to have my better impulses reinforced by the terrors of the scaffold. Jekyll was now my refuge; let Hyde peep out even an instant, and the hands of all men would be raised to take and slay him.

I resolved in my future conduct to make up for the past. You know yourself how earnestly , in the last months of the last year, I labored to relieve suffering; you know that the days passed quietly, almost happily for me. I think that I daily enjoyed this good and innocent life more completely; but I was still cursed with my duality of purpose; and as the first edge of my penitence wore off, the

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folly: foolish action
impulses: feelings; motivations; desires to do something
scaffold: a raised platform on which a criminal is executed by hanging
refuge: shelter; a place of protection and safety
take: capture / **slay:** kill
resolved: determined; made up [his] mind
earnestly: with great sincerity

lower side of me, so long indulged, so recently chained down, began to growl for release. Not that I dreamed of bringing Hyde back to life; the bare idea of that would startle me to frenzy. No, it was in my own person, as Dr. Jekyll, that I was once more tempted to trifle with my conscience; and it was as an ordinary secret sinner that I at last fell to temptation.

There comes an end to all things; the largest cup is filled at last; and this brief giving in to my evil finally destroyed the balance of my soul. And yet I was not alarmed; the fall seemed natural, like a return to the old days before I had made my discovery.

It was a fine, clear, January day, wet under foot where the frost had melted, but cloudless overhead. I sat in the sun on a park bench, promising to be better, but not yet moved to begin. After all, I reflected, I was like my neighbors; and then I smiled, comparing myself with other men, comparing my active goodwill with the lazy cruelty

frenzy: a state of wild mental excitement and disturbance, near madness
trifle: to treat without respect or seriousness
goodwill: helpfulness; kindness

of their indifference. And at the very moment of that proud thought, a sickly feeling came over me, a horrid nausea and the most deadly shuddering. These passed away, and left me faint; and then as the faintness subsided, I began to be aware of a change in the nature of my thoughts, a greater boldness, a recklessness, a dissolving of the bonds of obligation. I looked down; my clothes hung formlessly on my shrunken limbs; the hand that lay on my knee was corded and hairy. I was once more Edward Hyde. A moment before I had been sure of all men's respect, wealthy, beloved—and now I was the common quarry of mankind, hunted, houseless, a known murderer.

My reason wavered, but it did not fail me completely. Where Jekyll might have broken down, Hyde rose to the moment. My drugs were in my study; how was I to reach them? That was the problem that I set myself to solve. I had closed the laboratory door. If I tried to enter by the house, my own servants would send me to the gallows.

formlessly: without a regular shape
limbs: arms and legs
quarry: a hunted animal
wavered: became unsteady; weakened
gallows: an upright frame from which criminals are hanged

I was once more Edward Hyde.

I saw I must have help from another, and thought of Lanyon. How was he to be reached? How persuaded? Supposing that I escaped capture in the streets, how was I to make my way into his presence? And how should I, an unknown and displeasing visitor, convince the famous physician to rob the study of his colleague, Dr. Jekyll? Then I remembered that I could still write in my own handwriting, and that spark lighted the way that I must follow.

I arranged my clothes as best I could, called a passing hansom, and drove to a hotel in Portland Street. At my appearance the driver could not conceal his mirth. I bared my teeth at him with devilish fury, and the smile faded from his face—luckily for him, for in another instant I would have certainly dragged him from his seat.

At the hotel, as I entered, I looked about me so fiercely that the attendants trembled. They obediently took my orders, led me to a private room, and brought me supplies for writing. Hyde in danger of his life was a creature new to me—

physician: a medical doctor
mirth: amusement; laughter
bared: showed; exposed

shaken with extreme anger, ready to murder, eager to inflict pain. Yet the creature was clever, and, mastering his fury with a great effort of the will, composed his two important letters, one to Lanyon and one to Poole. Then he sat all day over the fire in the private room, gnawing his nails, sitting alone with his fears. When night came, he set forth in a closed cab, and was driven to and fro about the streets of the city. He, I say—I cannot say, I. That child of Hell had nothing human; nothing lived in him but fear and hatred. And when at last, thinking the driver had begun to grow suspicious, he left the cab and set out on foot, dressed in his misfitting clothes, an object marked out for observation, these two base passions raged within him like a tempest. He walked fast, hunted by his fears, muttering to himself, skulking through the less crowded streets, counting the minutes that still divided him from midnight. Once a woman spoke to him; he struck her in the face, and she fled.

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misfitting: badly fitting
base: mean and low; lacking all decency and honesty
skulking: moving in a sneaky way, as though trying not be seen or to hide something

When I came to myself at Lanyon's, the horror of my old friend perhaps affected me somewhat: I do not know. A change had come over me. It was no longer the fear of the gallows, it was the horror of being Hyde that racked me. After leaving Lanyon, it was partly in a dream that I came home to my own house and got into bed. I slept with a profound slumber which not even the nightmares that wrung me could break. I awoke in the morning shaken, weakened, but refreshed. I still hated and feared the thought of the brute that slept within me, and I had not of course forgotten the appalling dangers of the day before; but I was once more at home, in my own house and close to my drugs; and gratitude for my escape shone so strong in my soul that it almost equaled the brightness of hope.

I was stepping leisurely across the court after breakfast, drinking the chill of the air with pleasure, when I was seized again with those indescribable sensations that heralded the change;

racked: caused great pain in
wrung: twisted and squeezed
appalling: horrifying, shocking; awful
leisurely: in a calm, relaxed way, without hurrying
heralded: announced the coming of

and I barely had the time to gain the shelter of my study before I was once again raging and freezing with the passions of Hyde. It took on this occasion a double dose to recall me to myself; and alas! six hours after, as I sat looking sadly in the fire, the pangs returned, and the drug had to be taken again. In short, from that day forth it seemed only by a great effort, and only under the immediate stimulation of the drug, that I was able to wear the countenance of Jekyll. At all hours of the day and night, I would be taken with the warning shudder; above all, if I slept, or even dozed for a moment in my chair, it was always as Hyde that I awakened.

Under the strain of this constant threat, as well as sleeplessness beyond what I had thought possible to man, I became, in my own person, a creature eaten up and emptied by fever, weak both in body and mind, and occupied by one thought: the horror of my other self. But when I slept, or when the medicine wore off, I would leap almost without transition into an imagination brimming with images of terror, a soul boiling with causeless

alas: an expression of sadness, pity, or concern
transition: change from one state or condition to another
brimming: filled almost to the point of overflowing

hatreds, and a body that seemed not strong enough to contain the raging energies of life.

The powers of Hyde seemed to grow with the sickness of Jekyll. And certainly the hate that now divided them was equal on each side. Jekyll had now seen the full deformity of that creature that shared some consciousness with him, and was with him to death; and beyond these links, he thought of Hyde, for all his energy of life, as of something not only hellish but unalive. This was the shocking thing: that the slime of the pit seemed to utter cries and voices; that the shapeless dust moved and sinned; that what was dead, and had no shape, should forcibly seize the powers of life. And that rebellious horror lay caged in his flesh, where he heard it mutter and felt it struggle to be born; and at every hour of weakness or slumber, overcame him, and deposed him out of life.

The hatred of Hyde for Jekyll was different. His terror of the gallows drove him to return to his lesser role as a part instead of a person; but he

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the pit: another name for Hell
deposed: displaced; removed from a position of power

I became occupied by one thought: the horror of my other self.

loathed the necessity, he loathed the despondency into which Jekyll had now fallen, and he resented the dislike with which he was himself regarded. Hence the ape-like tricks that he would play me, scrawling blasphemies on the pages of my books, burning the letters, and destroying the portrait of my father; and indeed, had it not been for his fear of death, he would long ago have ruined himself in order to involve me in the ruin. But his love of life is wonderful: I sicken and freeze at the mere thought of him, but when I know how he fears my power to cut him off by suicide, I find it in my heart to pity him.

It is useless to prolong this description; no one has ever suffered such torments, let that be enough. My punishment might have gone on for years, but for the last calamity which has now fallen, and which has finally severed me from my own face and nature. My supply of the salt, which had never been renewed since the date of the first experiment,

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loathed: hated intensely
despondency: hopeless sadness
resented: felt upset and hurt by
prolong: make something go on for a longer time
torments: terrible emotional or physical pains

began to run low. I sent out for a fresh supply and mixed the potion; the bubbling followed, and the first change of color, not the second; I drank it and it had no effect. You will learn from Poole how I have had London ransacked; it was in vain; and I now think that my first supply was impure, and that it was that unknown impurity which gave the potion its power.

About a week has passed, and I am now finishing this statement under the influence of the last of the old powders. This, then, is the last time, short of a miracle, that Henry Jekyll can think his own thoughts or see his own face (now how sadly altered!) in the mirror. Nor must I delay too long to bring my writing to an end; for if my narrative has so far escaped destruction, it has been by a combination of great caution and great good luck. Should the transformation take me in the act of writing, Hyde will tear it in pieces. But the doom that is closing on us both has already changed and crushed him. Half an hour from now, when I shall

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in vain: useless; completely without success
short of: unless (something happens)
doom: certainty of some bad outcome on the way; unavoidable ruin

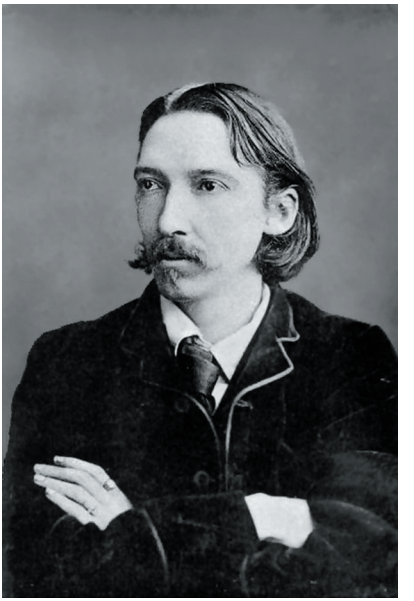
again and forever put on that hated personality, I know how I shall sit shuddering and weeping in my chair, or continue, with the most strained and fearstruck frenzy of listening, to pace up and down this room (my last earthly refuge) and give ear to every sound of menace.

Will Hyde die upon the scaffold? Or will he find courage to release himself at the last moment? God knows; I am beyond caring; this is my true hour of death, and what is to follow concerns another than myself. Here then, as I lay down the pen and proceed to seal up my confession, I bring the life of that unhappy Henry Jekyll to an end.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Robert Louis Stevenson

Robert Louis Stevenson was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, the son of an engineer who built lighthouses. He was an only child and passed many days sick in bed, making up stories with his nurse, to whom he dedicated his famous book of poetry, *A Child's Garden of Verses*. All his life he was skinny and prone to illness, usually in his lungs. As an adult he wandered over half the world in search of a place that favored his health.



He studied at the University of Edinburgh, first to be an engineer, and then a lawyer. But he turned instead to writing essays, plays, and stories.

For a while, he took up the pose of a rebellious artist, wearing long hair, floppy hats, and velvet jackets, and convinced his parents that he had become a vagabond.

While hanging out at an artists' colony near Paris, he met Fanny Osborne, an American ten years older than himself. Fanny had left her husband in California and was grieving over the death of her youngest son. Stevenson was crushed when she decided to return to San Francisco, and when she wrote to tell him that she was ill, he immediately went to her. But by the time he arrived in California he was very sick and she instead took care of him.

Fanny divorced her husband and married Stevenson in 1880. They honeymooned at an abandoned silver mine and then went back to England. From there they went to health resorts in Switzerland and the south of France.

In 1888, they sailed for Polynesia, in the warm South Pacific, hoping the tropics would be good for Stevenson's health. For a year-and-a-half they roamed the scattered islands. Stevenson even visited a leper colony in Hawaii. Finally they

settled on one of the islands in Samoa, where they built a plantation house they named Vailima.

The Samoans called Stevenson *Tusitala*, or "storyteller." He sided with them against the colonial schemes of Europeans, and the Samoans, in thanks, built a road to his house that they named the Road of the Loving Heart.

Wherever he went, Stevenson was liked for his graceful, charming ways and his sincerity. Though his health was better, the cares of his household were heavy. Fanny had a nervous breakdown in 1893. The next year, Stevenson, frail and alive mainly out of determination, died of a burst blood vessel in his brain.

In his own time, his wandering life itself seemed a romantic adventure. Besides *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, his other famous novels include *Treasure Island* and *Kidnapped*.

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Asleep and dreaming, Robert Louis Stevenson cried out in horror—and from his feverish nightmare came the book published in 1886 as *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. An immediate success, *Jekyll and Hyde* has been turned into a stage play, movies, and even cartoons. This story of what Stevenson called "man's double being" is presented here in abridged form, adapted for young readers.

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