

DR Jekyll *and* MR HYDE

R L STEVENSON



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Collins English Library

Series editors: K R Cripwell and Lewis Jones

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<i>Inspector Holt and the Fur Van</i>	John Tully	1
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<i>Tin Lizzie</i>	Jane Homeshaw	1
<i>Dead in the Morning</i>	Jane Homeshaw	1
<i>Letters from the Dead</i>	Jane Homeshaw	1
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<i>Inspector Holt and the Chinese Necklace</i>	John Tully	1
<i>Inspector Holt Gets His Man</i>	John Tully	2
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<i>The Wrestler</i>	K R Cripwell	2
<i>The Titanic is Sinking</i>	K R Cripwell	2
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<i>The Prince and the Poor Boy</i>	Mark Twain	2
<i>Two Roman Stories</i>	from Shakespeare	2
<i>Oliver Twist</i>	Charles Dickens	2
<i>The Story of Madame Tussaud's</i>	Lewis Jones	2
<i>Three Sherlock Holmes Adventures</i>	Sir A Conan Doyle	2
<i>The Story of Scotland Yard</i>	Lewis Jones	2
<i>Charles and Diana</i>	Margery Morris	2
<i>The Charlie Chaplin Story</i>	Jane Homeshaw	2
<i>A King's Love Story</i>	K R Cripwell	2
<i>Dangerous Earth</i>	Jane Homeshaw	2
<i>Chariots of Fire</i>	W J Weatherby	2
<i>Five Ghost Stories</i>	Viola Huggins	3
<i>Brainbox and Bull</i>	Michael Kenyon	3
<i>Climb a Lonely Hill</i>	Lilith Norman	3
<i>Custer's Gold</i>	Kenneth Ulyatt	3
<i>The Gunshot Grand Prix</i>	Douglas Rutherford	3

Born Free Joy Adamson 3
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Vanity Fair William Thackeray 6

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DR Jekyll and MR Hyde R L STEVENSON

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Contents

1	Story of the Door	7
2	Search for Mr Hyde	11
3	Dr Jekyll was at Ease	16
4	The Carew Murder Case	19
5	The Letter	24
6	The Mysterious Case of Dr Lanyon	30
7	The Face at the Window	35
8	The Last Night	37
9	The Body in the Cabinet	42
10	Dr Lanyon's Story	47
11	Henry Jekyll's Statement of the Case	53

1 Story of the Door

Mr Utterson, the lawyer, was a man whose face was never lighted by a smile. He was a cold man, of few words. Yet somehow he was lovable, and there was something of human kindness in his eye. He preferred to help rather than sit in judgement on people in trouble. He often had the good fortune to mend the ways of men on the downward path.

Mr Utterson had few friends. His friends were men of his own family, or people he had known for a long time. Ties of blood had warmed him to Mr Richard Enfield, his distant cousin — a young man who enjoyed the pleasures of life.

This was a puzzle to many people. They could not see why the two men liked each other. On their Sunday walks, they said nothing; looked bored. Yet they took the greatest pleasure in these trips; they considered them the chief jewel of each week.

On one of these walks, their way led them down a small street in a busy part of London. The street was quiet, but the shopkeepers did good business on week-days. Inviting shops lined the street like smiling saleswomen. Clean and

freshly painted, they caught and pleased the eye. The street shone in a dark and dirty district like a fire in a forest.

Beyond the shops, near a corner, stood a tall, sinister building — dark and frightening. It showed no window — only a door in a blind face of dirty wall. The door, which had neither a bell nor a knocker, showed the marks of matches and the knives of school boys.

Mr Enfield lifted his stick and pointed. "Have you ever noticed that door?" he asked. "It reminds me of a very strange story."

"Indeed!" said Mr Utterson. "Tell me the story."

"Well," Mr Enfield returned, "I was walking home at about three o'clock on a black winter morning. There was nothing to see except lamps. All the streets were lighted up as if for some great event. Yet all the people were asleep, and the streets were as empty as a church. I got into that state of mind when a man listens and longs to see a policeman.

"All at once I saw two people. One was a little man: he was coming along at a fast walk. The other was a girl of perhaps eight or ten: she was running along a side street. Naturally the two people ran into each other at the corner. A horrible thing then happened. The man knocked the girl down and -- kicked her several times. He left the child lying on the ground, crying. Oh, it was horrible!

"I gave a loud shout. 'Stop! Stop!' I cried — and ran. I caught my gentleman and brought

him back.

"The girl's family and neighbours came out of their houses and gathered round the child. The man was very cool. But he gave me one fearful look. His cruel face sickened me.

"Soon a doctor appeared. He said that the girl was not hurt — only frightened. But we still kept our prisoner. The doctor surprised me, because he developed an immediate hatred of the man on sight. It was all very clear — I saw it in his face.

" 'We will bring shame on you,' we told our prisoner. 'After this, your name will smell from one end of London to the other. If you have any friends, you will lose them.'

"The women, wild with anger, tried to attack the man. I never saw such a circle of hateful faces.

"The man was obviously frightened. But he kept cool. 'If you wish to make money out of this accident, I am naturally helpless,' he replied. 'Any gentleman would wish to avoid an unpleasant scene. State your figure.'

"We demanded £100 for the child's family. The figure shocked him, but he dared not refuse our demand. We then had to get the money. Where do you think the man took us? To that building with the door!

"He pulled a key out of his pocket and went into the house. He came back with £10 in gold and a cheque for £90. *The cheque was signed with the name of a well-known man.*

"I suspected that my prisoner had copied his

hand-writing and written the cheque himself. 'This is strange business,' I said to him. 'A man does not walk through a door in the middle of the night and come out with another man's cheque!'

" 'Don't worry,' he replied. 'I will stay with you till the bank opens and cash the cheque myself.'

"So we all set off — the doctor, the child's father, our friend and myself. We spent the night in my house.

"Next day, after breakfast, we went in a body to the bank. I gave the cashier the cheque and told him of my suspicions. I was mistaken. The cheque was in order."

Mr Utterson had listened to the story in silence. He now pointed to the dark building and asked: "Does the man who signed the cheque live there?"

"Not a likely place, is it?" cried Mr Enfield. "No, I noticed his address on the cheque; he lives in some square."

"I suppose," said Utterson, "you never asked anybody about that building with the door?"

"No, sir," his friend replied. "But I have studied the place for myself. It does not seem to be a real house. Nobody goes in or out except the gentleman of my adventure. There are three windows on the first floor at the back. They look on to a court-yard. The windows are always shut, but they're clean. I know that sometimes someone lights a fire — I've seen the smoke. So somebody must live there."

The two men walked in silence.

"Enfield!" Mr Utterson said suddenly. "What is the name of the man who walked over the child?"

"His name is Hyde."

A worried expression spread across Mr Utterson's face. "What does the man look like?" he asked.

"I can't describe him." Enfield shook his head. "There is something wrong with his appearance — something unpleasant and hateful. I never saw such a frightening face."

"H'm," said the lawyer. "I will not ask you the name of the man who signed the cheque. I know it."

2 Search for Mr Hyde

That evening Mr Utterson came home in an unhappy mood. He sat down to dinner without pleasure. When the meal was over, he took a candle and went into his study. He unlocked a cupboard and took from it an envelope. It contained the will of Dr Henry Jekyll.

With a worried expression, the lawyer studied the details. In his will, Dr Jekyll left all his money to his 'friend' Edward Hyde. The will stated: "If Dr Jekyll disappears for three months

for some unexplained reason, Hyde will take his place immediately."

This sentence had always worried the lawyer. The money *might* pass into Hyde's hands while the doctor was alive. In the past, Mr Utterson had felt anxious because he did not know Hyde. Now his anxiety was increased by his knowledge of the man.

"I thought it was madness," he said as he put the will back into the cupboard. "Now I fear it is dangerous."

The lawyer took the problem with him to his great dark bed. The night gave little ease to his anxious mind. Six o'clock sounded on the church bells, and still he was digging at the problem.

In the sinister darkness of the night and the curtained room, Mr Enfield's tale went before his mind in a stream of lighted pictures. The great field of lamps in a city at night . . . A man walking fast . . . Then a child running . . . The two meeting at the street corner . . . That human machine knocking the child down and kicking it . . . The frightened child lying on the ground, crying . . .

In his dreams, the man had no face. In the lawyer's mind grew a strong, demanding desire to see the face of the real Mr Hyde — to look upon the face of a man without mercy: the face that could raise in the peaceful Mr Enfield a feeling of lasting hate.

Next day, Mr Utterson discovered that the sinister building with the door was an old,

scientific laboratory. More important, he learned that a passage at the back led — to Dr Jekyll's house!

The lawyer now began to watch the door. He kept watch in the morning before office hours; at noon, when the street was busy; at night under the face of the city moon. This went on for about a week, and at last he had some success.

It was a fine dry night. The street was as clean as a dance-floor. The lamps were throwing a regular pattern of light and shadow. Small sounds carried far.

Mr Utterson became conscious of strange light footsteps coming nearer. He hid in the entry to the court-yard.

The man was small and very plainly dressed. He walked straight to the door and took a key out of his pocket, like one returning home.

Mr Utterson touched him on the shoulder. "Mr Hyde, I think?"

Hyde stepped back with a quick intake of breath, but in a moment his fear was gone. He did not look the lawyer in the face but he answered coolly enough. "That is my name. What do you want?"

"I see you are going into the laboratory," the lawyer answered. "I am an old friend of Dr Jekyll's — Mr Utterson. You must have heard my name. Perhaps you will allow me to enter."

"Dr Jekyll is not at home," Mr Hyde replied. Suddenly, without looking up, he asked: "How did you know me?"

"First, will you let me see your face?" said the lawyer.

Mr Hyde turned in anger, and the two men looked at each other.

"Now I shall know you again," said Mr Utterson. "It may be useful."

"Yes — it may be," Hyde returned. "And you should know my address." He gave a number of a street in Soho.

"Good God!" thought the lawyer. "Is he thinking of the will?"

"How did you know me?" Hyde repeated.

"By description."

"Whose description?"

"A friend of yours and mine."

"What friend?" Hyde asked a little anxiously.

"Jekyll, perhaps," the lawyer suggested.

"He never told you," cried Mr Hyde. "I did not think you would lie!"

Hyde quickly unlocked the door and disappeared into the house.

Mr Utterson walked slowly along the street, in deep thought. Hyde gave him the same feeling of hatred — and fear. "The man is hardly human," he said to himself. "Oh, my poor old Harry Jekyll! I think I have read the devil's signature on the face of your new friend."

Round the corner from the street, there was a square of fine houses. Mr Utterson went straight to one of these houses and knocked. An elderly servant opened the door.

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



"Now I shall know you again," said Mr Utterson.

"No, sir. The master has gone out," the servant told him.

"I saw Mr Hyde go in by the door of the old laboratory," said Mr Utterson. "Is that allowed — when Dr Jekyll is not at home?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, sir," the servant replied. "Mr Hyde has a key."

"Your master must have great confidence in that young man," the lawyer returned.

"Yes, sir — he has indeed," Poole agreed.

"I have never met Mr Hyde, have I?" asked Utterson.

"Oh no, sir. He never dines here," the servant told him. "We seldom see Mr Hyde in this side of the house. He always comes and goes by the laboratory."

Mr Utterson went home with a heavy heart. "Poor Harry Jekyll!" he thought. "He is in deep waters. The danger of it! If Hyde suspects there is such a will, he may decide not to wait for Jekyll's natural death."

Once more he saw before his mind's eye the strange demands of the will.

3 Dr Jekyll was at Ease

Two weeks later the doctor gave one of his pleasant dinners for a few old friends —