

EDCON PUBLISHING

Level 4

Robert Louis Stevenson's

# Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde



***"Bring the Classics to Life"***

**DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE**

**LEVEL 4**

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***About the Author***

Robert Louis Balfour Stevenson was born on November 13, 1850 in Edinburgh, Scotland. He did so well in school that at sixteen years old he entered a university. His parents wanted him to study law and in 1875 Robert earned a law degree, but he wanted to be a writer. Even though he was ill all his life, Robert Louis Stevenson became a famous writer. Some other children's stories written by him are: *Treasure Island*, *Kidnapped*, and *Prince Otto*. Robert Louis Stevenson died on December 3, 1894 at the age of forty-four.

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**DR. Jekyll and MR. Hyde**

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# THE STORY OF THE STRANGE BUILDING



*Mr. Enfield told Mr. Utterson what he had seen on that frightful night.*



# THE STORY OF THE STRANGE BUILDING

Mr. Utterson, the lawyer, led a quiet life. He did not go to parties or to shows. He liked quiet dinners and walks. Most of all, he liked walking through London with his friend Mr. Enfield. On one of these walks, their way led them down a by-street in a busy part of London.

The street was small and quiet now, but its shops did a great business on the weekdays. All the shop fronts were pleasant and gay. The houses were clean and brightly colored. Laughing children were throwing a ball, and smiling people nodded in greeting to the two men.

Further along the street, Mr. Utterson and Mr. Enfield came upon a strange building. It was very different from the others. It was the color of charcoal and had no windows, only an old, worn door.

Mr. Enfield stopped, lifted up his cane, and pointed. "Did you ever take notice of that door?" he asked Utterson. Mr. Utterson nodded that he had. Mr. Enfield was quiet for a minute, then spoke again. "That property brings to mind a very unusual story."

"Indeed?" asked Mr. Utterson. "And what is that?"

"Well, it was this way," returned Mr. Enfield: "One late night I was walking down this very street. The street was empty. The air had turned as cold as a refrigerator. A few poor people were rubbing their hands over a small charcoal fire. All at once, I saw two figures. A little man was walking eastward, and a small girl was running down a cross street. At the corner, the two ran into one another.

"The man walked calmly over the child's fallen body and left

her screaming on the ground. He was a terrible thing, not like a man at all.

"I took to my heels, caught the man and brought him back to where an angry group had gathered. He was perfectly calm and did not struggle, but he gave me such a mean look that I began to sweat. Then, as if the whole business did not interest him, he put his hand over his mouth to cover a yawn.

"Soon, the doctor arrived. We were glad to hear that the child was more scared than hurt. But that was not the end of it. We all wanted to kill that man. Since killing was out of the question, we did the next best thing. We told him that we would spread this story throughout London. He certainly would lose any friends or business he had. All this time we were trying to keep the angry women off him; they would have torn him apart.

"The man's face broke into an ugly, twisted smile. One could see that his heart was as dark and cold as a refrigerator. 'If you want to make a big deal of this accident,' he said, 'I am helpless. Any gentleman wishes to avoid such a scene,' says he. 'Name your figure.'"

"We got him up to one hundred pounds for the child's family. The next thing was to collect the money. And where do you think he took us, but to that very building!"

Mr. Enfield was again pointing at the dreadful property.

"The man whipped out a key and seemed to vanish through that old door. Then he returned with a check. But the check was signed with the name of a well-known person that I cannot say."

Mr. Utterson's eyebrows raised with interest. "I pointed out to the man that, in real life, a person does not just vanish into a deserted building late at night and return with another man's check." Mr. Enfield paused. "But he just yawned again and sneered. 'I will stay with you till the banks open and cash the check myself,' he said.

"The next day, we all went to the bank. I gave in the check and, sure enough, it was good.

"There was something so horrifying about that man; I still don't know what it was. Yet a fine person had signed the check. It was a friend of yours, whose name I will not say. I think this man may know a bad story about your friend's life. And perhaps he promises not to give out this information unless he is paid."

"Do you have any more information about that building?" asked Mr. Utterson.

"No, but it does not seem to be a house," continued Mr. Enfield. "Anyway, I have made up my mind to ask nothing more. It may make things worse."

"I agree," said Mr. Utterson. "But there's one point I want to ask: I want to ask the name of the man who walked over the child."

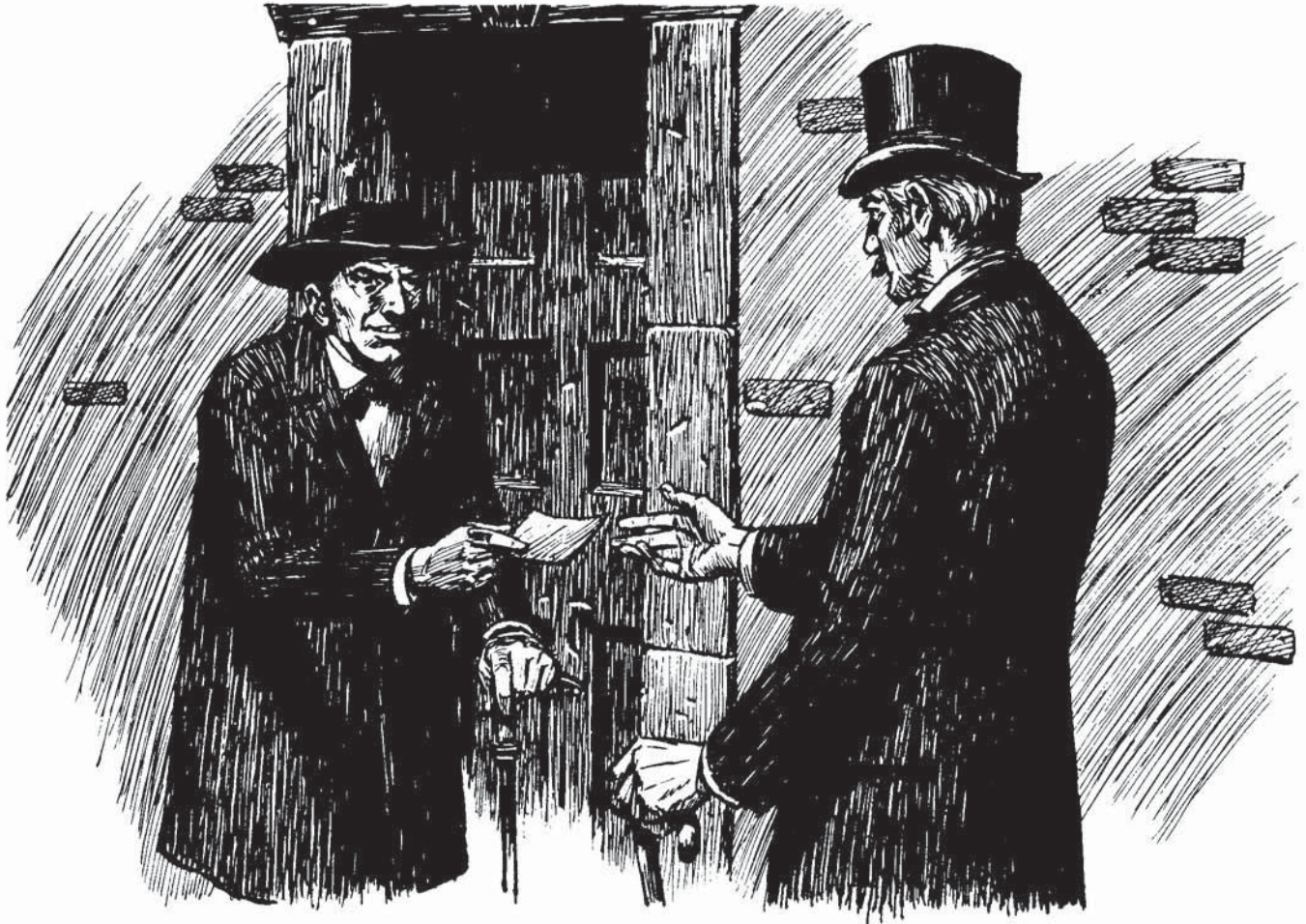
Mr. Enfield paused. "It was a man by the name of Hyde."

"The fact is," Mr. Utterson continued, "your story has come home. I know the name of the man who signed the check, and I think we have already spoken too much. Let's agree to never speak of this again."

The two men shook hands on their bargain.



# THE SEARCH FOR MR. HYDE



*Mr. Utterson waited to see the face of the strange Mr. Hyde.*



# THE SEARCH FOR MR. HYDE

That night, Mr. Utterson could not enjoy his meal for he was very worried about his friend Dr. Jekyll. Mr. Enfield's tale of the strange building made him suspect that the doctor was in deep trouble. After dinner, Mr. Utterson took up a candle and went into his business room. From a safe, he took a sealed envelope that said Dr. Jekyll's Will. Opening it, Mr. Utterson frowned. Dr. Jekyll had left everything to his partner, Mr. Hyde. The lawyer remembered how he had refused to give the least help to Jekyll in the making of the will. Now that it was made, though, he took charge of it.

Mr. Utterson had been angered by his lack of knowledge about Mr. Hyde. Now it was what he knew about Hyde that bothered him even more. The lawyer thought the will was madness and had warned Jekyll against it. But after hearing Mr. Enfield's horrible tale, Mr. Utterson began to fear that it was more than madness.

"I must get to the bottom of this!" said Mr. Utterson, as he put on his coat and went out into the icy London night. He headed in the direction of Cavendish Square, where his friend the great Dr. Lanyon had his home. Dr. Lanyon was also an old friend of Dr. Jekyll's. "If anyone knows more about this curious matter, it will be Lanyon," Utterson thought.

Dr. Lanyon was a man of handsome appearance with a beaming smile. He greeted Mr. Utterson in an eager manner. The two men were old friends who enjoyed each other's company. After a drink and some pleasant talk, the lawyer led to the subject that weighed heavily upon his mind.

"I suppose, Lanyon," said

Mr. Utterson, "you and I must be the two oldest friends that Henry Jekyll has."

Dr. Lanyon's face took on a curious appearance. "Yes, I suppose we are. And what of it? I see little of him now."

"Indeed?" said Utterson. "I thought you worked together."

"We did," answered Lanyon. "But it is more than ten years since Henry Jekyll has become too mad for me. He began to go wrong, wrong in his mind." Dr. Lanyon shook his head. "Such nonsense in these modern days."

Mr. Utterson decided to ask the question he had come to put. "Did you ever come across a partner of Jekyll's, one Hyde?"

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

So Mr. Utterson went home with no questions answered. But the things that the lawyer suspected came to him that night as bad dreams. Mr. Utterson woke in terror. He was more curious and angry than ever about Mr. Hyde, who he had never seen.

Each morning and night the lawyer stood watch by the strange building where Mr. Enfield had seen Hyde. "If he be Mr. Hyde, then I will be Mr. Seek," he said to himself.

At last his patience was rewarded late one night. Terror seized the lawyer's heart as he saw a small humped figure approach. The man stopped at the door and took out a key. Mr. Utterson stepped out and touched the man on the shoulder. "Mr. Hyde?" he asked.

The man's lips curled and he answered coolly, "That is my name. What do you want?"

"I am Mr. Utterson, the lawyer, an old friend of Dr. Jekyll's. I thought it well that we meet."

"Yes," said Mr. Hyde. "It

is fitting that you have my address." As he handed Utterson an address in a bad part of London, the two men stared at each other for a few seconds.

"Good gravy!" thought Mr. Utterson, "can he, too, have been thinking about the will?"

"How did you know me?" questioned Hyde.

"From Dr. Jekyll," answered Utterson quickly.

"Jekyll would never tell about me!" snapped Hyde as he vanished through the dark door.

The lawyer stood for a moment. He felt that there was something not human about the strange man. Then he turned the corner from the by-street and knocked on the door to a clean, modern house. A well-dressed, older servant opened the door.

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

Poole admitted Mr. Utterson and went to check. He returned shortly with the news that Dr. Jekyll had gone out.

"I saw Mr. Hyde go in by the old laboratory door, Poole," he said. "Is that right when Dr. Jekyll is not at home?"

"Quite right," said Poole. "Mr. Hyde has a key and we all have orders to obey him."

The lawyer went home with a heavy heart. "Poor Henry Jekyll," he thought, "I know he was foolish when he was young, therefore, the ghost of some past act must have come back to him in the form of Mr. Hyde." Then Mr. Utterson had an idea. "I'm sure Mr. Hyde must have secrets of his own that would make Jekyll's look small. Something must be done. I must help Jekyll, if only he will let me."

And once again Mr. Utterson saw the words of the strange will come into his mind.



# Bring the Classics to Life

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### Reading Level 1.0 – 2.0

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Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm  
Little Women  
Swiss Family Robinson  
The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn  
Rip Van Winkle  
Heidi  
Uncle Tom's Cabin  
The Jungle Book  
A Christmas Carol

### Reading Level 2.0 – 3.0

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The Call of the Wild  
Treasure Island  
The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood  
The Prince and the Pauper  
The Man Without a Country  
The Hunchback of Notre Dame  
Silas Marner  
Around the World in 80 Days

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The Man in the Iron Mask  
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Sea Wolf  
Oliver Twist

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The Pioneers  
The Picture of Dorian Gray

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A Journey to the Center of the Earth  
Ivanhoe  
Last of the Mohicans  
Moby Dick  
The Count of Monte Cristo  
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