

CALICO ILLUSTRATED CLASSICS  
*Robert Louis Stevenson's*

# The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde



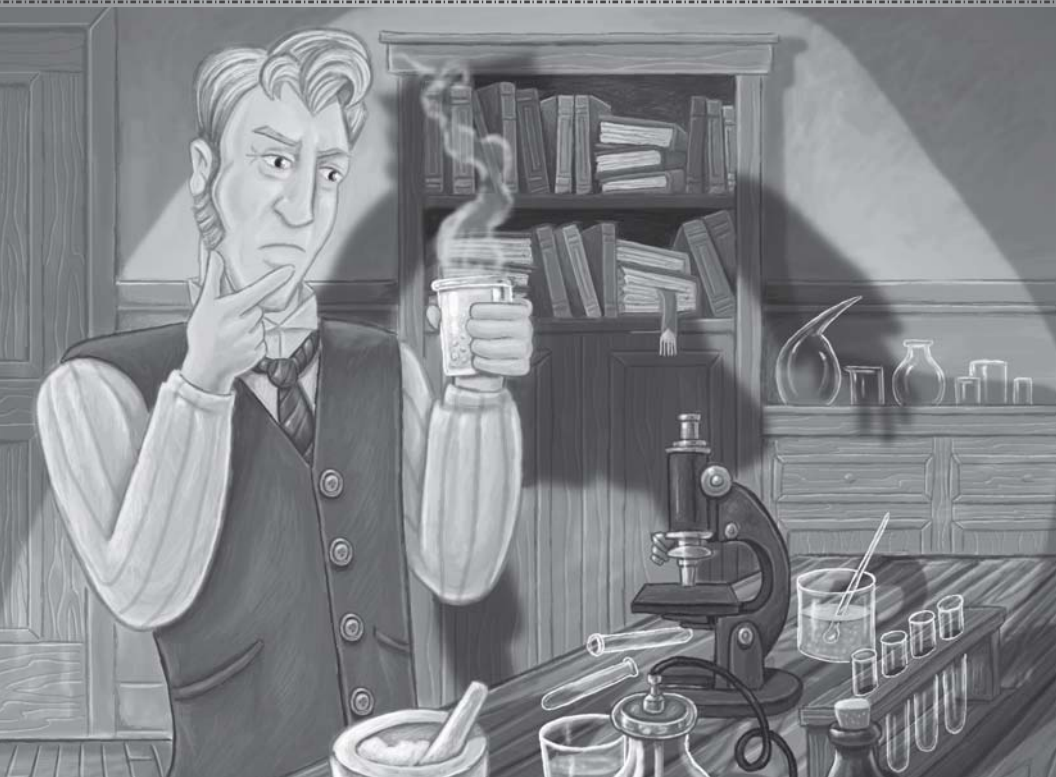
ADAPTED BY:  
Lisa Mullarkey

ILLUSTRATED BY:  
Eric Scott Fisher



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CHAPTER  
I

# Story of the Door



Mr. Gabriel John Utterson was a lawyer. Because of his job, his clients were often on the wrong side of the law. But no matter which side of the law a man fell on, Utterson never treated one different from the other.

Utterson was often the last good influence upon his troubled clients. Although he never spoke much to anyone, he never turned anyone away from his office. He preferred to listen rather than speak. This, of course, only added to the affection men felt for him. Yes, Mr. Utterson was a quiet but admired man in London.

The few friends he had were relatives or came from bonds formed many years ago. One

such friend and relative was his cousin, Richard Enfield. Enfield was well known about London.

Although the two men didn't have much in common, they formed an unlikely friendship. This friendship revolved around Sunday strolls.

If you passed them, you would report to others that the two rarely spoke during these walks. If a friend approached, both men seemed relieved to have someone to speak with. Yet these two men, who appeared not to have much in common, considered their Sunday walk as the highlight of their week.

It was on a Sunday that the men found themselves rambling down a street in a busy section of London. The street was small and rather quiet. However, during the week it was a bustling marketplace.

Everyone who lived on this street was doing well. Even on this quiet day, the neighborhood still stood out among the dingy streets. The shutters were painted fresh. The doorknobs

were polished bright. The cleanliness of each house sparkled.

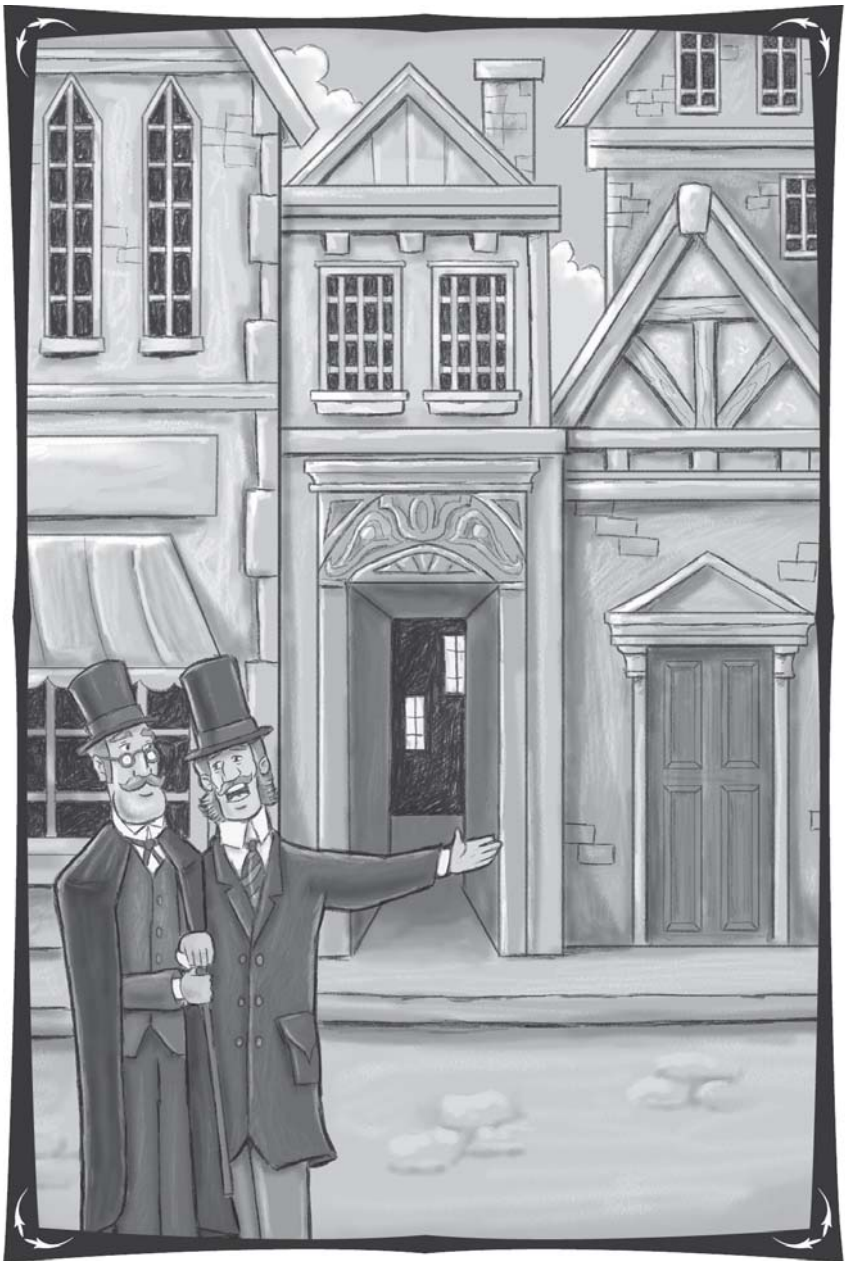
Two doors from the corner stood a building different from the rest. There was a door leading to an entry of a courtyard. The door had no bell or knocker. The paint was blistered. Just beyond the entry was an odd-looking, two-story building.

When the two men approached the house, Enfield pointed to the door. "Did you ever see that door? Every time I see it, I think about a very odd story."

"Really?" remarked Utterson, with a slight change of voice. "What happened?"

Enfield took a deep breath. "I was returning home at three o'clock in the morning. I turned around this corner and saw the strangest sight. Two figures, one man and one small girl were coming from different directions. The girl was running as fast as she could. I could tell that they were about to smack into each other.





“Sure enough, that’s exactly what happened. But here’s the horrible part of the story. The man trampled calmly over the child’s body! He left her screaming on the ground. It was horrible.”

Enfield shuddered at the memory. “I rushed to him and grabbed him by the collar. I dragged him back to the girl. By this time, there was already a large group around the screaming child. Mostly, her family.

“The man was perfectly calm, he didn’t resist. But, he gave me one look so ugly that it made me sweat. Soon, the doctor who had been sent for arrived.”

Enfield took a deep breath. “The doctor determined that the girl was frightened, but fine. Now you suppose that would be the end of it, but it wasn’t.

“We all took a dislike to this odd man. But the doctor wanted to kill him. Killing him was out of the question, so we did the next best

thing. We told the man that we would make a stink out of this event. We'd create a scandal. His name would stink from one end of London to the other. If he had any standing among citizens or friends, he'd lose them."

"What did he say?" asked Utterson.

"His response was calm. He said, 'I am helpless. If you wish to make a big deal out of this, there's only one thing I can do. Name your figure.'"

"Go on," urged Utterson. "Tell me more."

"The family told him it would cost him 100 pounds. Well, what happened next was astonishing. He had to go and get the money. And where do you think he went? To that door right there! He whipped out a key and entered. Then he came out with ten pounds in gold and the rest in a check.

"The check was signed by a name that I cannot mention. Although, it is one of the reasons I tell this story. The name is very well

known and often printed. I didn't think the signature could be real.

“Set your mind at rest,’ said the man. ‘I shall stay with you until the bank opens. I’ll cash the check myself.’ So we all stayed with the man until morning. Sure enough, the bank opened and the check proved to be real.”

“Tut, tut,” said Utterson.

“I see you feel as I do,” said Enfield. “Yes, it’s a bad story indeed. And the very man who signed the check? An honorable man! Surely, he’s being blackmailed by this horrid man. Probably paying through his nose for some pranks he pulled in his younger days. Even that still leaves some questions.”

Utterson asked suddenly, “Does the man who signed the check live there?”

“A likely place isn’t it?” said Enfield. “But I happen to have noticed his address. He lives in some square or another.”

“You’ve never asked about the place with the door?” asked Utterson.

“No, I haven’t. I don’t want to judge. If I start by asking one question, it will lead to only more. Like I said, I don’t want to judge. I don’t want to ask.”

“A good rule,” said Utterson.

“But I have studied the place myself,” said Enfield. “It hardly seems like a house. There is no other door. Nobody goes in or out that one except, once in a great while, the gentleman who knocked the girl over. The windows are always shut. But the chimney always smokes. So someone must live there. But who?”



## A Visit with Dr. Lanyon



Mr. Utterson and Mr. Enfield walked on in silence. Finally, Utterson said, “Enfield, that is a good rule of yours. We shouldn’t judge.”

“I think so,” said Enfield. “Thank you.”

“But for all that,” said Utterson, “there’s one point I must ask. I want to ask the name of the man who trampled over the child.”

“Well,” said Enfield, “I suppose it can’t harm anyone to tell. It is a man by the name of Edward Hyde.”

“Hmm,” said Utterson. “What does he look like?”

“He’s not easy to describe. There is something wrong with his appearance but I can’t place it. I never saw a man so disliked, yet

I can't say why exactly. Although I can see him in my mind right now, he's impossible to describe. I think of him as deformed, but I suppose he's not. Perhaps he is simply just repulsive and evil in his looks."

Utterson again walked in silence for a bit. He had many thoughts racing through his mind. "You are sure he used a key?"

"My dear sir," said Enfield. "I am certain."

"Yes, I know," said Utterson. "I know it must seem strange. The fact is, I don't ask the name of the other party because it's a name I already know. If you have any doubts, speak up."

"I am certain," said Enfield. "One hundred percent certain. The man had a key. What's more, he still has it. I saw him use it not even a week ago."

Utterson sighed deeply but never said another word.

Enfield spoke again. "I am ashamed of my long tongue. Let's agree to never refer to this matter again."

“With all my heart,” said Utterson. “I shall shake hands on that, Richard.”

That evening, Utterson came home feeling a bit gloomy. Usually, he ate dinner and read a book while sitting by a roaring fire. He would often stay up reading until midnight before retiring to bed.

But this evening, as soon as he finished his meal, he went to his study. He opened his safe and took out Dr. Jekyll’s will. He sat down to read it over. Since Jekyll was a dear friend, Utterson had drawn up the will himself. He refused to let his assistant do it.

Looking at it again brought back the feeling of dread he had when he first saw it. “In the case of Dr. Jekyll’s disappearance or unexplained absence for any period exceeding three months, Edward Hyde should gain possession of Dr. Jekyll’s belongings.”

Edward Hyde was the name of the evil man Enfield spoke of.



This document had long bothered Utterson. At first, he was bothered that he had never even heard this man's name before. Why would Jekyll leave everything to a man he never mentioned? Having been friends for so long, Utterson assumed he knew all of Jekyll's friends. But now, after hearing Enfield's story, the will bothered him even more. He now knew something about Edward Hyde. He was a wicked person!

"I thought it was madness," he said as he stuffed the will back into the safe. "But now I fear it."

With that, he blew out the candle. He put on his coat and set out toward Cavendish Square, where one of his friends lived.

"If anyone knows Edward Hyde, it will be Dr. Lanyon," Utterson mumbled.

Dr. Lanyon lived in a lavish house in a fancy part of town. When Utterson arrived, the butler led him into the dining room. Lanyon



was eating and sipping his wine. He was a hearty, red-faced, merry man. His hair was shockingly white. This made him look older than his actual years.

At the sight of Utterson, Lanyon stood and welcomed him.

“Utterson! So good of you to come. What a pleasant surprise,” said Lanyon. “Please sit and join me.” He motioned for his butler to bring Utterson a glass of wine.

These two men were old friends and schoolmates in college. Not only were they old friends, they thoroughly enjoyed each other's company.

After a bit of talk, Utterson finally spoke up as to the reason for his visit. "I suppose, Lanyon, that you and I must be the two oldest friends Henry Jekyll has. Do you agree?"

"I suppose we are. But why do you ask? I see very little of Jekyll these days."

Utterson was surprised. "Really? I thought you had a lot in common."

"We did," said Lanyon. "But it's been more than ten years since Jekyll became too strange for me. He began to go wrong in the mind. He engaged in odd, unscientific behavior. I didn't agree with him. Unethical behavior, you know. He became too dangerous for me. I felt I couldn't support him any longer. It's sad really."

"Did you ever come across a friend of his?" asked Utterson. "A Mr. Edward Hyde?"

“Edward Hyde?” asked Lanyon. He stared into the candlelight and repeated the name several times. “No. I’ve never heard of him. So sorry. Would you like more wine?”

Utterson was disappointed. He had hoped to get answers but was left with even more questions. After sharing one more glass of wine, Utterson went home.



# The Search for Mr. Hyde



After he arrived home, Utterson went straight to bed. He was exhausted from the day's events. But, his mind was filled with questions, and he tossed and turned all evening. It was a fitful rest at best. As the bell chimed six o'clock, he was still digging for answers.

At first, Utterson simply wondered who Mr. Hyde was. Now, his imagination ran wild. Could Hyde be blackmailing Jekyll? Surely Jekyll'd had some wilder days in his younger years. Now, Utterson decided, those younger days were coming back to haunt him. What exactly did Hyde know of Jekyll's past?

Utterson couldn't imagine what it could be. But he knew one thing for sure. It was enough

to blackmail Jekyll! His heart hurt knowing that his good friend was forced to bow to this monster. It seemed so dreadful. So unfair.

Utterson thought of Enfield's tale. He replayed the image of Hyde trampling over the girl and the screams that followed. He thought of them in the bank the next day cashing the check.

No matter how much he thought of Hyde, Utterson was bothered by the fact that he couldn't put a face on the man. What did he look like? Was he really as gruesome and evil looking as Enfield said?

If only he could set his eyes on him, maybe the mystery would lighten a bit. Perhaps it would disappear from his mind altogether! Maybe if he saw this Hyde, he would see the reason for Jekyll's interest in him. He'd come to understand how Jekyll could leave all his possessions to him.

Utterson decided it would be a face worth seeing. He felt he had to see this man who was

without mercy in the streets and shook Enfield to the core.

From that time forward, Utterson began to haunt the door between the shops. He waited for Hyde in the morning before office hours. He'd return at noon when business was plenty. At night, under the fogged city moon, Utterson waited. The lawyer was always present at his post waiting for a glimpse of Hyde. He was a patient man.

“If he is Mr. Hyde, then I shall be Mr. Seek,” Utterson mumbled while waiting.

At last his patience was rewarded. It was a dry night. Frost was in the air. By ten o'clock, the shops had closed. The street was quiet. Having only been at his post for a few minutes, Utterson became aware of odd, light footsteps coming closer. He drew back into the entry of the court.

The steps grew louder. Utterson felt braver. He peered out from his entryway. He saw a small, plainly dressed man. The man made

straight for the door, crossing the street to save time. He drew a key from his pocket.

Utterson stepped out and touched him on the shoulder as he passed. “Mr. Hyde?”

Hyde stepped back and hissed. “That is my name. What do you want?” He never turned to face Utterson.

“I see you’re going inside this house. What a convenient meeting. I am an old friend of Dr. Jekyll’s. My name is Mr. Utterson of Gaunt





Street. Surely you must have heard my name. I thought you might allow me to go in with you.”

“Dr. Jekyll isn’t home,” said Hyde as he put the key in the lock. “How did you know me?”

Utterson paused. “Will you do me a favor?”

“With pleasure,” said Hyde. “What will it be?”

“Will you turn so I can see your face?” asked Utterson.

Hyde appeared to hesitate. Then he suddenly turned to face Utterson. They stared at each other for a few seconds.

“Now I shall know you if I see you again,” said Utterson. “It may be useful.”

“Yes,” returned Hyde. “It is as well we’ve met. And you should have my address.” He gave the lawyer a calling card with his address in Soho scribbled on it.

*Good God!* thought Utterson. *Could he be thinking of the will? Is he waiting for my call?*

Hyde repeated his question. “How did you know me?”

“By description,” said Utterson.

“Whose description was it?” asked Hyde.

“We have common friends,” said Utterson.

“Common friends?” asked Hyde. “Who are they? Tell me at once.”

“Jekyll, for instance,” said Utterson.

“He never told you,” cried Hyde, with a flush of anger. “I didn’t think you would lie to me.” His eyes went dark as a smirk crossed his lips.

“Come,” said Utterson. “That’s not fitting language.”

Hyde snarled and it turned into a beastly laugh. In a flash, he had unlocked the door and disappeared into the house.



## Dr. Jekyll's Home



Utterson stood for a few moments where Hyde had left him. Then he walked slowly up the street. While he walked, he scratched his brow every few feet as he tried to make sense of the meeting.

*How could a man, pale and dwarfish with a displeasing smile, bring about such loathing fear? There must be something else,* thought Utterson.

Utterson walked around the corner from the door. He stopped at the second house from the corner. The house was well-lit. It wore an air of great comfort and wealth. Utterson knocked on the door. A well-dressed servant answered.

“Is Dr. Jekyll home, Poole?” asked Utterson.

“I’ll see, Mr. Utterson,” said Poole. He admitted the visitor into the hall. The hall was glorious. It was adorned with oak cabinets and the finest carpets. A fire was always in the hearth. It was a welcoming sight to all who entered. “Will you wait by the fire, sir?”

Utterson nodded. This hall was the pride of Henry Jekyll. Usually Utterson felt at home here. He had often thought of it as the most comforting and welcoming place in all of London.

But tonight he shuddered. His blood ran cold at the thought of Hyde’s face. He was glad when Poole returned and announced that Dr. Jekyll had gone out.

“I saw Mr. Hyde go in by the back door round the corner. Is that right?”

“Quite right,” said Poole. “Mr. Hyde has a key.”

“Your master seems to have a lot of trust in Mr. Hyde, Poole.”

“Yes, sir, he does. We all have orders to obey him,” Poole replied.

“I don’t think I ever met him,” said Utterson.

“Oh dear, no. He never dines here,” said the butler. “We see little of him on this side of the house. He mostly comes and goes through the laboratory.”

Utterson patted him on the back. “Thank you for your time, Poole. A good night to you.”

“Good night, Mr. Utterson.”

The lawyer set out homeward with a heavy heart. *Poor Henry Jekyll, he thought. He must be in deep trouble. He was wild when he was young. His troubled days must have caught up to him. Hyde must have secrets about Jekyll.*

*Things cannot continue as they are. It makes me sick to think of this creature stealing like a thief. If Hyde knows of the will, he may be in a hurry to inherit all of the doctor’s money and possessions. If only Jekyll would allow me to help. I must get to the bottom of this.*

Two weeks later, as luck would have it, Dr. Jekyll gave one of his dinner parties. He invited some of his old friends. Utterson was thrilled and made sure he remained behind after the others had left.

“I’ve been wanting to speak to you, Jekyll,” said Utterson. “You know that will of yours?”

The doctor laughed. “My poor Utterson. I never saw a man as distressed as you are by my will. Unless, of course, it was Lanyon when he heard me talk of my scientific theories.

“No need to frown,” Jekyll continued. “Lanyon is an excellent fellow. I do plan on seeing more of him. But he is ignorant. I was never more disappointed in any man than I am in Lanyon.”

Utterson ignored the doctor’s comment and pressed on about the will. “You know I never approved of it.”

“The will? Yes, I knew you didn’t approve,” said the doctor a bit sharply. “You’ve told me such.”

“Well, I am telling you once again,” continued Utterson. “I’ve been learning a little about this Hyde.”

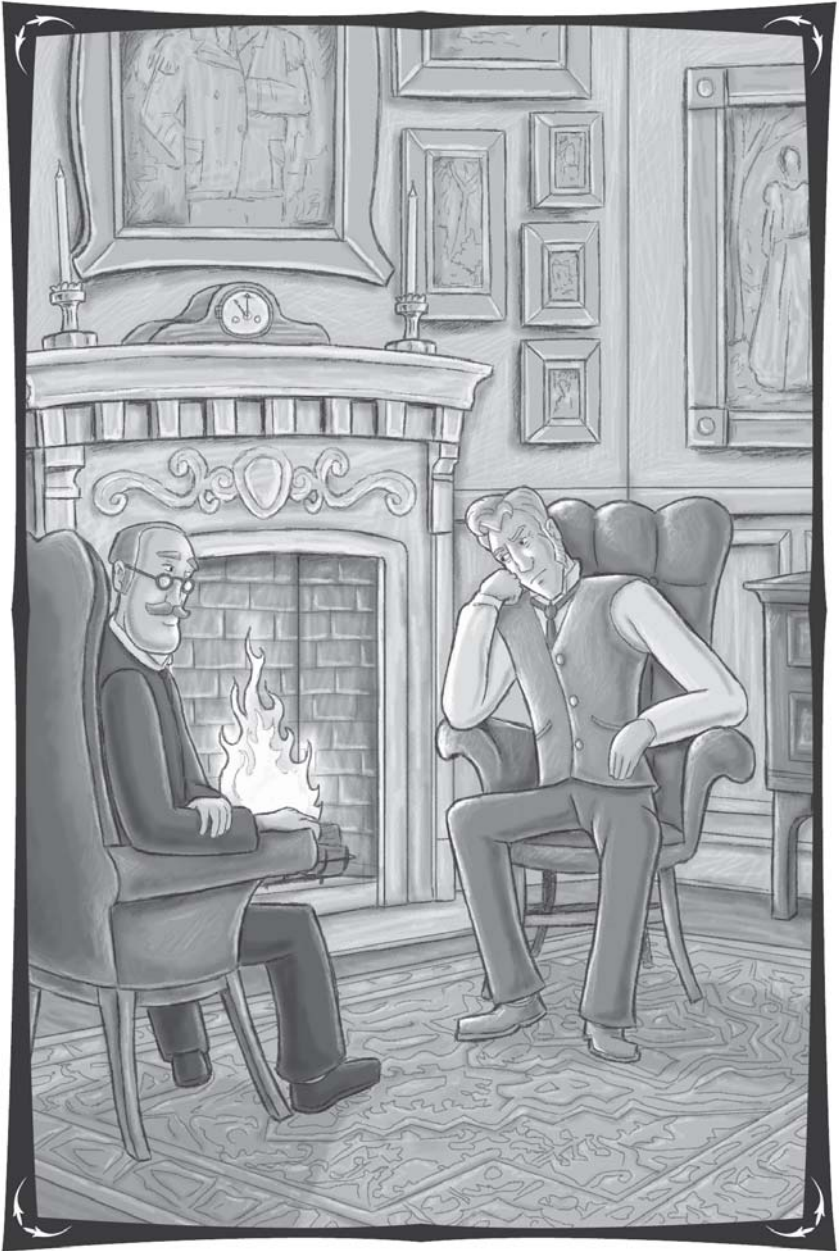
The handsome face of Jekyll grew pale. A blackness came over his eyes. “I do not care to hear any more. This is a matter we agreed to drop.”

“But I heard something about him that is awful,” said Utterson. “Dreadful.”

“It doesn’t matter to me,” said Jekyll. “You don’t understand my position. I’m in a painful situation. My circumstances are strange. Very strange indeed. They cannot be changed by talking about them.”

“Jekyll,” said Utterson, “you know me. I’m a man that you can trust. Take me into your confidence. I promise I can help you fix the problem.”

“My good friend,” said Jekyll, “this is very good of you. I cannot find the words to thank you for your concern. I believe your intentions.





I trust you more than any other man. But it is not as bad as you think.”

Jekyll continued, “Put your good heart to rest. I assure you that I can get rid of Mr. Hyde the moment I wish to. I promise you that. But this is a private matter. I beg of you to let it stay that way.”

Utterson stared at the fire. “I have no doubt you’re right.”

Jekyll smiled. “Since we’ve touched upon this business, and for the last time I hope, there is something I would like you to understand. I really do have a great interest in Hyde. I know you’ve seen him. He told me so. I fear he was rude to you. Please forgive him.

“But I do sincerely take a great interest in that young man. And if I’m taken away, Utterson, I want you to promise me that you will bear with him. Make sure he gets what is rightfully his if the time comes. I think you would do so gladly if you knew everything. It

would be a great weight off my mind if you could promise me that.”

“I can’t pretend I’ll ever like him,” said the lawyer.

“I don’t ask that,” pleaded Jekyll, laying his hand upon Utterson’s arm. “I only ask for justice. I only ask you to help him, for my sake, when I’m no longer here.”

Utterson heaved a sigh. “Very well. I promise.”



# A Murder Rocks London



A year later, London was startled by a horrific crime. Not only was the crime violent, the victim was a well-known politician. He was held in high regard.

It happened one night when a maid, living alone by the river, went upstairs to bed. It was eleven o'clock. Although the fog had rolled in, the street was lit up by the moon. This maid stood gazing out the window. She noticed two men walking below approaching each other.

An older gentleman was walking down the lane. A small man rounded the corner. As the smaller man approached, the older man bowed and pointed. It seemed as if he was asking his way about town.

The maid's eyes wandered to the smaller man. She recognized him at once. It was Mr. Hyde who had come to visit her master from time to time. He had a heavy cane in his hand and appeared to ignore the older man. Then, all of a sudden, his temper flared. He stomped his foot and held the cane in the air. Within seconds, he waved it like a madman.

The older gentleman took a step back as if surprised by the behavior. Then, without warning, Hyde attacked the poor man. He clubbed him down to the ground, jumped on the man, and trampled him. From where she stood, the maid could hear the breaking of bones and the man's screams. At the horror of such sights and sounds, she fainted.

It was two o'clock in the morning when she woke up and called for the police. The murderer had disappeared long ago. But the victim? He lay in the middle of the street. His body was mangled. The stick with which the

deed had been done had broken. How could it not under the constant poundings? Half of it rolled into the gutter. The other half, no doubt, had been carried away by the murderer.

A purse and a gold watch were found on the victim. However, there was nothing to identify him. There were no cards or papers except for a sealed envelope. It was addressed to Mr. Utterson.

An inspector from Scotland Yard brought the letter to the lawyer the next morning.

“There’s been a murder not too far from here,” said Inspector Newcomen.

“A murder!” cried Utterson. “Who was murdered? Why?”

“We don’t know who was murdered. But we do know that he had this letter addressed to you in his pocket.” He held the letter out. “We also know who the murderer is.”

“Tell me at once,” begged Utterson, snatching the letter.

“Mr. Hyde is the man we’re seeking,” answered the inspector.

Utterson flinched at the name of this monster. His face grew pale. His mind wandered to his good friend Dr. Jekyll. After a minute, he was finally able to speak.

“I shall say nothing until I see the body.”

Utterson quickly ate his breakfast and dressed. He took a hansom cab through the streets and arrived at the police station.

Inspector Newcomen led him into a back room, where a body lay covered with a white sheet. When Newcomen pulled back the sheet, Utterson gasped.

“Yes, I recognize him. I am sorry to say that this is Sir Danvers Carew. He was a client of mine,” Utterson said.

“Sir!” exclaimed Newcomen. “Is it possible? He is a member of Parliament!” The inspector quickly narrated the tale as the maid had told it. He showed Utterson the broken stick.



When the stick was laid before him, Utterson could doubt no longer. As broken and battered as it was, he recognized it at once. He himself had given it to Dr. Jekyll many years before. And now it was used to murder Danvers!

“According to the maid, Hyde is small and wicked looking,” said Newcomen. “We are

lucky to know who the murderer is. Now, we must find him.”

Utterson reflected on his words. Then he raised his head. “If you will come with me in my cab, I think I can take you to Hyde’s house.” Utterson had tucked Hyde’s card away for safekeeping a long time ago.

Utterson and Inspector Newcomen drove to Soho. As the cab approached the street address, the fog lifted and revealed a dingy street. Ragged children huddled in doorways. Women wandered about looking tired and dirty.

Utterson found it hard to believe that this was the home of Dr. Jekyll’s heir. Jekyll had always surrounded himself with fancy things. Soho, and the people in it, were anything but.

An old, silver-haired woman answered the door. She had an odd, evil-looking face. However, her manners were perfect.

“Is this the home of Edward Hyde?” asked Newcomen.



“It is, but he’s not home,” she said. “He was out late last night. After he returned, he quickly left again within the hour.”

“Very well then,” said Utterson. “We’d like to see his rooms.”

“Impossible,” said the woman.

Utterson stopped her protests. “I should tell you who this person is. This is Inspector Newcomen of Scotland Yard.”

A flash of joy crossed the woman’s face. “Hyde’s in trouble! What has he done?” She seemed delighted by the thought of his troubles.

Utterson and the inspector exchanged glances. “He doesn’t seem like a popular fellow,” said Newcomen. “Now, my good woman, let us in to have a look around.”

It was obvious that Hyde used only a few rooms in the house. Most rooms were empty. But a few were decorated with the finest luxury and good taste. A closet was filled with fine

wine. Plates of silver were in the cupboards. The linens were the finest available. An expensive picture hung upon the wall. Utterson figured it must have been a gift from Jekyll. Hyde would know nothing of art nor have the means to buy it.

It was obvious that the rooms had been ransacked. Clothes lay upon the floor with the pockets turned out. Drawers stood open. In the hearth, a pile of ashes still glowed. From these embers, the inspector plucked out a half-burned green checkbook and examined it. Behind the door, the other half of the stick was found.

The inspector and Utterson rushed to the bank. They discovered that Hyde had several thousand pounds in his account.

“You can depend on me,” said the inspector. “I have him in my reach. He must have lost his head. Why else would he leave the stick behind or burn the checkbook? Why, money is life to

a man. If we wait here, he will surely show up to claim it.”

This proved to be a difficult task. Not many people knew what Hyde looked like. Those who saw him described him in their own way. The only common description used was: a wicked, evil man with some type of deformity.



# A Mysterious Letter



It was late in the afternoon before Utterson was able to part ways with the inspector from Scotland Yard. He was anxious to go about his business. He found his way to Dr. Jekyll's door. Poole led him into the kitchen. From there, they went out into the courtyard.

This yard had once been a beautiful garden. Looking around it now, Utterson saw nothing but gloom and darkness. Beyond the yard sat a building that was known as the laboratory. The men walked toward it.

As Utterson entered, he felt an eerie silence. Once this place had been crowded with eager students. Now it lay silent. The floor was covered with crates and littered with packing

straw. At the end of the room, a flight of stairs led to a red door. Poole escorted Utterson up the stairs to Jekyll's office.

At first glance, Utterson saw a full-length mirror and a large desk. There were three windows covered with iron bars that looked out upon the courtyard. A fire burned in the fireplace.

Gathered around the fire as if trying to get warm sat Jekyll. He looked deathly ill. He did not rise to meet his visitor. Instead, he held out a cold hand and welcomed him with a strained voice.

“Have you heard the news?” asked Utterson as soon as Poole left them alone.

The doctor shuddered. “They were talking about it in the square. I could hear them from my dining room.”

Utterson sighed. “Carew was my client and so are you. I want to be sure I know what I'm doing. Please tell me that you are not crazy enough to hide this murderer.”

“Utterson, I swear to God,” cried the doctor, “that I will never set eyes on him again. I am done with him in this world. I give you my word, it’s over. Indeed, he does not want my help. You do not know him as I do. He is safe. Yes, he is quite safe, mark my words. But he will never be heard from again.”

The lawyer listened gloomily. He didn’t like to see his friend so upset. Finally, Utterson said, “You seem certain about this. I hope you’re right. I hope he’s gone forever. If this goes to trial, your name might come up. Your reputation will be ruined.”

“I am quite certain,” said Jekyll. “But, I cannot tell you how I know this. There is one thing that you can help me with. I have received a letter. I am not sure if I should show it to Scotland Yard. I should like to leave it to you to decide. You are a wise judge and I have great trust in you.”

“Are you afraid that by giving it to the police, they would find Hyde?” Utterson asked.

“No,” said Jekyll. “I don’t care what becomes of Hyde. I am quite done with him. I was only thinking of my own character, which this whole incident has exposed.”

Utterson was surprised yet relieved at his friend’s selfishness. “Let me see the letter.”

The letter was written in odd, upright handwriting and signed *Edward Hyde*. It said that Dr. Jekyll needn’t worry about his safety, for he had means to escape and would do so.

Utterson actually felt better after seeing this letter and felt guilty for suspecting anything more to the pairing of the two.

“Do you have the envelope?” he asked.

“I burned it,” said Jekyll. “I didn’t think much of it until after the fact. It didn’t have a postmark. It was hand delivered.”

“Shall I keep the letter?” asked Utterson.

Jekyll nodded. “I have lost all confidence in myself. You must decide for me what I should do with the letter.”

“I shall think about it,” Utterson promised. “But now, I must ask you. Was it Hyde who dictated the terms in your will about the disappearance?”

The doctor looked as if he were about to faint. He shut his mouth and nodded.

“I knew it,” said Utterson. “He was going to murder you. It’s lucky that you escaped him.”





Jekyll covered his face. "I have learned a lesson. By God, I have learned my lesson. What a lesson I've had!"

On his way out, Utterson stopped to speak to Poole. "What did the messenger look like that stopped by today?"

Poole looked confused. "Sir, I am the only one who handles the mail. The only mail received today came by post. I'm certain of it."

Utterson's fears were renewed. If Poole knew nothing of the letter, then it had to come in by the laboratory door. Perhaps it was even written in the office since Hyde had a key.

When he arrived home, Mr. Guest, his clerk, sat down by the fire with him. The two were close. Utterson didn't keep any secrets from Guest.

"Sad news about Sir Danvers, isn't it?" said Utterson.

"The man must have been mad to do that to another person," replied Guest.

Utterson agreed. "I would like to get more of your thoughts, Guest." Knowing that Guest was a student and critic of handwriting, Utterson put the letter on the table between them. "I have this letter that is signed by the murderer himself. This is, of course, just between us."

Guest's eyes brightened as he looked at the murderer's autograph. He studied it at once with a passion. "No, sir. He's not mad. But it is an odd sort of handwriting."

Just then, a servant entered with Utterson's mail. A small envelope was on top of the pile.

"Is that letter from Jekyll?" asked Guest, after glancing at the stack. "I think I recognize his handwriting. Is it private? If not, may I see it?"

Utterson opened the note. "It's just an invitation to a dinner party. Why do you want to see it?"

The clerk laid the two sheets of paper alongside each other. He compared them.

“Thank you,” he said at last. “It’s a very interesting autograph.”

There was a pause that made Utterson feel uneasy. Finally he whispered, “Why did you compare them, Guest?”

“Well, sir,” replied the clerk, “there’s a rather significant resemblance. The two hands are in many ways identical. Except for the slope, of course.”

Utterson was speechless. “I wouldn’t speak of this to anyone.”

“No, sir,” said Guest. “I agree.” Then, Guest rose to return to his office.

As soon as Utterson was alone that night, he locked the note in his safe where it stayed. He didn’t want anyone to see the handwriting. As he did so, his heart sank.

*I cannot believe that my good friend, the honorable Dr. Jekyll, would forge his name for a murderer!* he thought as his blood ran cold.



## Dr. Lanyon's Secret



Time passed with no sightings of Edward Hyde. Much of his life was uncovered and the stories swirled for a bit. Thousands of pounds were offered as a reward for his capture. But it was as if he never existed. Life in London returned to normal.

Even Utterson carried on after a while. The death of Sir Danvers, to his way of thinking, was more than paid for by the disappearance of Hyde. A fair exchange of sorts.

Now that the evil man was gone, a new life began for Jekyll as well. He came out of his seclusion. He visited friends and relatives and planned his dinner parties once more. His charity work picked up.

Jekyll was busier than ever and life agreed with him. His face seemed to brighten. For two months after the disappearance of Hyde, Jekyll was at peace.

On January 8, Jekyll had invited over some of his friends for a dinner party. Lanyon had been there. To all who attended, it looked as if Lanyon and Jekyll had repaired their friendship.

But on the twelfth and the fourteenth, things changed. Jekyll took to his office once again. He refused to see Utterson. Utterson was now used to visiting his friend daily. To be shut out so suddenly worried him. After a few days of being turned away, Utterson went to see Lanyon.

Utterson was, of course, admitted at once to see his good friend. But when Utterson saw Lanyon, he barely recognized him. He was shocked by the appearance of the man he had dined with just days before.

Lanyon's rosy cheeks had turned pale. His flesh had aged so much that death looked

certain. His hair was gone. It wasn't just the look of Lanyon that alarmed Utterson, it was the way he spoke of great fear and doom.

"I am a doomed man," said Lanyon. "I have had a shock I shall never recover from. It is only a question of weeks now. I have had a pleasant life, but my days grow dim."

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

Lanyon's face changed. He held up a trembling hand. "I wish to hear no more of Dr. Jekyll. I am quite done with that man. I beg you to never speak of him again. He is already dead to me."

Utterson was at a loss for words. These two men enjoyed dinner and laughter together just days ago! What could have happened?

"Can I do anything to help? We are three very old friends. We won't live long enough to make new friends."

"Nothing can be done. Go ask him yourself," said Lanyon.

“He will not see me,” said the lawyer.

“I am not surprised at that,” said Lanyon. “Some day when I am gone, you’ll perhaps come to learn the whole truth. I cannot tell you.” He sighed. “In the meantime, if you can sit and talk with me about other things, then I hope you’ll stay. But if you can’t stop mentioning him, then you must leave at once, for I cannot bear it.”

Utterson stayed. Although he spoke about other things, his mind was never far from Jekyll. When he got home that evening, he wrote a letter to Jekyll. He told him how unhappy he was that he wasn’t permitted to enter his house. He also demanded to know the cause of his unhappy break with Lanyon.

The next day, Utterson received a letter in return.

*“I do not blame our good friend, Lanyon,” Jekyll wrote. “But I do share his view that we must never see each other again. From this moment on, I will lead a life of seclusion. Please*

*do not doubt our friendship. You must allow me to suffer in my own dark way. I am a sinner and I must suffer for my sins."*

Utterson was confused. Just a week ago, Jekyll was happy and had peace of mind. How could he change so quickly? He decided there must be more that Jekyll was hiding from him.

A week later, Lanyon took to his bed. Within two weeks, he was dead. After the funeral, Utterson went to his office. He took out an envelope he was given as he left the service. It was written in Lanyon's own handwriting and addressed to *G. J. Utterson ALONE*. In small printing, it said in case of Utterson's death, it should be destroyed unread.

Utterson shuddered when he looked at the envelope. "I buried a friend today. What if this letter costs me another?" He broke the seal.

Within the envelope was another envelope. It was marked *Not to be opened until the death or disappearance of Dr. Henry Jekyll*.



Utterson could not trust his eyes! Here again was a reference to Jekyll's disappearance! He thought of Jekyll's will. In the will, he was sure Hyde was the cause of the word disappearance. But written in Lanyon's own words? What could it mean?

Utterson wanted to rip the letter open to end the mystery. His honor and faith to his old friend stopped him. He shoved the letter into his safe where it remained.

From that day forward, Utterson felt differently toward Jekyll. He thought kindly of him but was relieved when he was denied admittance to see him. He preferred to talk to Poole instead of seeing Jekyll. Poole never had anything new to report. It was always the same: Jekyll wished to be left alone. He was low in spirit and sat in his office all day long.

Utterson became so used to the same news day after day that in time his visits became less frequent.



## The Incident at the Window



One Sunday when Utterson took his weekly walk with Enfield, they found themselves on the same street where they met before. They stood in front of the red door and stared at it.

“Well,” said Enfield, “that story is over at last. We shall never see any more of Mr. Hyde.”

“I hope not,” said Utterson. “Did I ever tell you that I did see him once? I shared in your feeling of repulsion.”

“I’m not surprised,” said Enfield. “It was impossible to see him and not feel terror. By the way, you must have thought me a simple man not to have realized that this door was the back way into Jekyll’s.”

Utterson tried to smile. “Let’s take a step inside the court. To tell you the truth, I am uneasy about Dr. Jekyll. Standing here now, I feel that seeing a friend might do him good.”

The court was cool and damp. The middle one of three windows was half open. Sitting in the window looking sad and like a prisoner was Jekyll. Utterson couldn’t believe his eyes!

“Jekyll!” cried Utterson. “I trust you’re feeling better!”

“I am very low,” said the doctor sadly. “Very low indeed. It will not last long.”

“You’re indoors too much,” said Utterson. “You should be out and walking about like Enfield and me. Come now! Get your hat and come take a stroll with us.”

“You are very good,” said Jekyll. “I should like that very much, but no. It is quite impossible. I dare not. But indeed, Utterson, I am very glad to see you. This has brought me great pleasure. I would ask you and Mr. Enfield up but my place is not fit for you to see.”



“Why then,” said Utterson, “the best thing we can do is to stay down here and speak with you from where we are.”

The doctor smiled. “That is just what I was about to propose.” But the words were hardly uttered before the smile left his face. In its place came a look of terror and despair. It was such a horrid look, that it froze the blood of the two men in the courtyard.

They saw the look only for an instant because, suddenly, the window slammed shut.

The two men hurried from the courtyard without saying a word. They traveled in silence throughout the streets. It wasn't until they reached a quiet neighborhood some distance away that Utterson stopped. He looked at Enfield. They were both pale and had a terrified look in their eyes.

“God forgive us,” said Utterson.

Enfield only nodded his head and walked on once more in silence. The incident was never far from their thoughts.

One evening after dinner, Utterson received a visit from Poole.

“Bless me, Poole. What brings you here?” Then he saw the look on Poole’s face. “What’s wrong with you? Is the doctor ill?”

“Mr. Utterson,” said the man in a shaky voice, “there is something wrong. Something terribly wrong.”

“Take a seat,” urged Utterson. “Catch your breath and tell me what the problem is.”

“You know the doctor’s ways,” said Poole. “You know how he shuts himself up. Well, sir, he has been shut up in his office for a week and I don’t like it. I am very afraid this time.”

Utterson was confused. “What exactly are you afraid of?”

“I’ve been frightened this way for a week. But I can’t bear it any longer.” Poole was frightened and talked in circles. He couldn’t look Utterson in the face. “I can’t take it any more,” he repeated.

“Come,” said the lawyer. “I understand your fear. Please tell me what’s wrong.”

“I think there’s been foul play,” said Poole.

“Foul play!” cried Utterson. “What foul play? What exactly does that mean?”

“I dare not say,” said Poole trembling. “But if you come with me, you can see for yourself.”

Utterson’s only answer was to rise and grab his hat and coat. He noticed that the butler looked relieved to see that he was coming along.

The men rushed through the London streets. When they arrived at the courtyard, Poole pulled off his hat and mopped his brow with a red handkerchief. Utterson knew that it wasn’t sweat that he was wiping away. Rather, he was trying to wipe away his fear and anguish.

“Well, sir,” he said, “here we are.” The butler knocked lightly on the door. It was almost as if he wished his rapping wouldn’t be heard.

A small voice from within whispered, “Is that you, Poole?”

“Open the door,” said Poole. “I’ve brought Mr. Utterson.”

Utterson was surprised to see the hall filled with Jekyll’s servants. “Why are all of you here? Your master wouldn’t be happy.”

“They are frightened,” said Poole. “We all are.” He grabbed a candle and motioned for Utterson to follow him to the back garden.

“Now, sir,” said Poole. “Walk as gently as you can. I want you to hear but not be heard. If by chance he asks you to enter his office, you must refuse.”

Utterson’s nerves almost threw him off balance. But he managed to follow Poole through the classroom with its crates and bottles to the foot of the stairs.

Poole set the candle down and walked up the stairs. He paused before knocking lightly on the door.

“Mr. Utterson is asking to see you.” He motioned for Utterson to move closer so he could hear the response.



A voice answered from within. "Tell him I cannot see anyone."

"Thank you, sir," said Poole. He walked down the stairs, lifted his candle, and led Utterson back across the yard and into the kitchen.

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

"It seems that it has changed," replied Utterson.

"Changed? Well, yes. It has changed. I have been in this house for twenty years. Don't you think I know my master's voice? That was not his voice and hasn't been for eight days.

"Yes," Poole continued, "eight days ago we heard him cry out. Then, his voice has not been heard from since. He is gone. Who is in there and why, I do not know. But Henry Jekyll? He is gone for good."



# The Thing in the Office



“That is a rather strange and wild tale, Poole,” remarked Utterson. “Suppose it is how you say. Let’s say Dr. Jekyll was murdered. Why would the murderer stay? What purpose would that serve? That wouldn’t make sense, would it?”

“You are a hard man to satisfy,” said Poole. “But I will try. All this last week, whatever has been living inside that office has been crying. The crying continues both night and day for some sort of medicine.

“I don’t know what it is or why he needs it. He writes his order on a sheet of paper and throws it on the stairs. There have been dozens of these papers thrown at us. We are sent about town to different chemists to get this medicine.

“Each time I bring back what he’s asked for, he yells and hollers that it is not what he wants. He has me return it. Not only must I return it, but he demands that I complain to the chemist that it isn’t exactly what he requested.

“The chemists are furious because he sends them such nasty notes. He feels he needs this drug, yet he refuses to accept what is given to him.”

“Have you any of these papers?” asked Utterson. “I would like to see one.”

Poole reached into his pocket and pulled out a crumpled note. “This note begs for the chemist to find him some of the old salt he requested years ago. At the end of the note, he wrote *‘For God’s sake, find me some of the old.’* He comes across as a rather desperate man in great need and distress.”

“That is a strange note,” said Utterson. “But why did you open it? If he knew his servants were opening his letters, he would fly into a rage.”

“The chemist was angry when he read it. After crumpling it, he threw it back at me.”

Utterson looked at the letter again. “Is this Jekyll’s handwriting? Do you know for sure beyond any doubt?”

“It doesn’t matter whose handwriting it is,” said Poole. “Because I’ve seen him!”

“You saw him?” said Utterson. “Do tell me!”

Poole took a deep breath. “It was this way. I came suddenly into the classroom from the garden. It seems he had slipped out to look for this drug or whatever it is. The office door was left open. And there he was at the far end of the room digging through crates.

“He looked up when I came in. Then he gave a kind of cry that I had never heard before. While he cried out, he ran upstairs into his office. I only saw him for a minute. But when I did, the hairs on my head stood up like quills.

“Sir, if that was my master, then why did he have a mask upon his face? If my master, why



did he cry out like a rat and run from me? I have served him long enough to know him. Twenty years I remind you! Now this?" He covered his face with his hands and cried.

"These are all strange circumstances," said Utterson. "But I think I'm beginning to see daylight. Your master, Poole, has come down with an illness. It's one of those illnesses that both tortures and deforms the body and mind.

“Don’t you see? That’s why his voice has changed. It’s the reason for his mask and why he avoids his friends. No wonder he’s in a rush to find the drug. The good doctor has hope of recovery. That must be it, Poole. I think we should quiet our alarms.” Utterson felt the color in his cheeks rush back in.

“Sir,” said the butler, turning white, “that thing is not my master. That is the truth. My master . . .” He stopped, looked around the room, and whispered. “My master is a fine, tall man. This thing was a dwarf.”

Utterson started to protest.

“Sir!” cried Poole. “Do you really think I don’t know my master after twenty years of service? I have seen him in his office every day for the past two decades. I know for sure that the man in that mask was not Dr. Jekyll. I believe with all my heart that a murder was committed.”

“Poole,” replied the lawyer, “if you feel this way, then we must find out for sure.”

The thought of the death of his good friend made Utterson shudder. His knees were weak and he felt faint.

“I am puzzled by this note which seems to prove him still alive,” Utterson said. “But I shall consider it my duty to break in that door. We will get to the bottom of this. I promise you.”



## The Dead Man in the Office



“Ah! That’s a good idea,” said Poole. “There is an ax in the classroom. We should take the poker from the fire as well.”

Utterson agreed and grabbed the poker. He had a feeling he may have to use it.

“Do you know, Poole, that we are about to place ourselves in grave danger? We need to be honest with each other. That masked figure that you saw? Did you recognize him?”

“Well, sir. It went by so quick,” said Poole. “The creature was doubled up. But if you are asking if it was Mr. Hyde, then the answer is yes. It was! Who else could have come in the laboratory door? At the time of the murder, he



still had the key with him. But that's not all, Mr. Utterson. Have you ever met Mr. Hyde?"

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

"Then you must know that there was something odd about the man. Something about him makes your blood run cold. Don't you agree?" Poole asked.

"I do so agree, Poole," Utterson replied.

"When that masked thing jumped like a monkey from among the chemicals and ran into the office, a chill went down my spine. It was as cold as ice. Oh, I know it's not evidence, Mr. Utterson. I truly do. I'm smart enough to know that. But a man has his feelings and I give you my word that it was Mr. Hyde."

"I understand," said Utterson. "My fears point to the same man. Truly, I believe you and I believe that poor Jekyll is gone. His murderer is still lurking in his office. When we call Scotland Yard, we will get our revenge."

Utterson pointed to a tall man who had been huddling with the other servants. His face was

pale and his lips quivered. “What is your name?”

The man shook all over. “Bradshaw, sir.”

“Pull yourself together, Bradshaw,” Utterson said. “We are now going to end all of this. Poole and I will force our way into the office. If all is well inside, then I take the blame.

“But if anything is amiss, and the man inside seeks to escape out the back door, then you must stop him. Go around back with sticks. Be ready to stop anyone who tries to go through that door. We will wait ten minutes until we’re sure you are in position. Once the ten minutes pass, we shall do our part.”

As Bradshaw left, Utterson glanced at his watch. “Now, Poole, let’s get to our positions.” He tucked the poker under his arm as they walked out into the yard.

It was now quite dark outside. The only light was the candle’s flicker. When they got to the classroom, they sat in silence and waited. The only sound heard was pacing inside the office.

“It walks all day that way, sir,” whispered Poole. “And for the better part of the night, too. Only when a new sample comes from the chemist does the walking stop. There’s blood in those footsteps. Blood, I say. Listen closely, Mr. Utterson. Can you hear my master’s footsteps in there?”

Utterson leaned forward and faced his ear to the office. The steps fell lightly and oddly. They were slow steps. Very different indeed from the heavy, creaking steps of Henry Jekyll. “Is there any other sound it makes?”

“Only one,” answered Poole. “I heard it weeping.”

“Weeping? How is that?” asked Utterson with a look of horror on his face.

“It was weeping like a woman or a lost soul,” said the butler. “It sounded sad. So sad that my own heart became heavy as well.”

By now, ten minutes had passed. The candle was placed on the table allowing them to see what they were about to do. Poole got the ax

from under a stack of packing straw. The men inched forward.

“Jekyll!” cried Utterson. “I demand to see you.” He paused but there was no answer. “I give you fair warning, my friend. I must and shall see you right now. If you don’t open this door, then I must open it by force. Do you understand what I am saying?”

“Utterson!” came a voice from within. “You must have mercy. Have mercy on me now.”

“That is not Jekyll’s voice,” cried Utterson. “It’s Hyde’s! Down with the door, Poole!”

Poole swung the ax over his shoulder. The blow shook the building and the door rattled. A dismal screech rang from inside. Up went the ax again and again until the panels cracked within the frame.

Six times the blow fell but the wood was tough. It was not until the seventh blow that the door crashed to the ground.

Both men were shocked by the sudden silence. Cautiously, they peered inside and



glanced around the room. On first inspection, it was a quiet and quaint room. A fire roared in the hearth and added warmth. Poole and Utterson inched forward inside.

To the left, a cabinet lay on the floor. Papers spread out around it. To the right, was Jekyll's desk. A drawer was open as if someone was looking for something. Near the fire, a tea set was ready and waiting. A kettle was in the hearth over the flames.

Except for the dozens of opened bottles full of chemicals spread across the tables, it looked quite ordinary.

The men moved toward the desk. That's when they saw it.

Behind the chair, right in the midst of a mess of papers and broken glass, lay the body of a man broken and twisted. It was still twitching.

Utterson crept forward and turned it on its back to reveal the face of Edward Hyde. Next to his mouth was a smashed glass tube. Drops of a red liquid dotted the broken pieces of glass. Hyde was dressed in clothes far too large for him. They were clothes that would fit Jekyll.

The life of this creature was obviously snuffed from it.

“We have come too late,” said Utterson sternly. “Whether to save or to punish, we are too late. Hyde is gone now by his own hand. There is nothing we can do now except find the body of your master.”



# The Search for Jekyll



Most of the building contained the classroom, which took over almost the entire bottom floor. A long hallway connected the classroom to the door on the street. The office was up a separate flight of stairs. There were a few dark closets and a spacious cellar as well.

All of these areas were searched in hopes that Dr. Jekyll would be found. Each closet only needed a glance since all were empty. The dust and cobwebs that fell from the doors as they opened proved that they hadn't been used in a long time. No matter where they searched, there was no trace of Henry Jekyll.

Poole was frustrated. He stamped on the carpet in the corridor. "He must be buried here.

Where else could he be? It is possible that he's under these floorboards." Then he pointed to the door. "Maybe he was brought outside through that door and buried on the grounds somewhere."

"Or he may have fled," said Utterson. "That is possible as well." He turned to examine the door that led to the street. It was locked. Lying near the carpet was a broken key.

Poole picked it up and examined it. "It's as if a man stomped on it."

Utterson scratched his head and sighed. "This is beyond me. I don't understand any of this. Let's go back to the office and look around some more."

They entered the office once more with caution. Keeping their eyes on the body, each man took turns looking around the room. At one table, there were traces of chemicals dusting the tops. Some chemicals had been poured into beakers. They were bubbling and foaming. It was obvious that they had been



mixed together just moments before the door crashed down. Various measured amounts of white salt were piled high on glass saucers.

Poole pointed to the salt. "There it is. That is the drug I was always searching for and bringing to him." As he spoke, the kettle boiled over. "It was never good enough. Never."

They went over to Jekyll's desk. Nothing seemed out of place. But then Poole noticed a large envelope among the papers. It was sealed many times over. Written in the corner in the doctor's own handwriting was *Mr. Utterson*.

"Look at this!" said Poole. "It is addressed to you!"

Utterson took the letter from Poole and unsealed it. Several enclosures fell on the floor. The first was a will. It was easy for Utterson to recognize.

He picked it up and read it again. It stated the same bizarre request as before: In case of death or disappearance, all his possessions should be left to . . . But this time, Edward

Hyde's name was not mentioned. Instead, the heir was written in as Gabriel John Utterson.

What did this mean? He looked at Poole and shrugged his shoulders. He reread the will for a second time to be sure his eyes weren't playing tricks on him. After reading it, his eyes fell to the dead man stretched upon the floor.

"My head cannot wrap around this," Utterson whispered. "He has been in here all these days with this letter. He had no reason to like me. It must have enraged him to have been thrown aside in Jekyll's will. Why didn't he destroy this document? He must have seen it!"

He looked at the next paper. It was a brief note written in Jekyll's hand.

"Poole!" cried Utterson. "He was alive and here today! Look at the date! It is today's date! He cannot be dead and disposed of in such a short time. He must have fled. Jekyll is alive!"

His heart felt lighter. "But why flee? How? We must be careful, for I fear Hyde involved

your master in some type of catastrophe. The only way to escape Hyde's grasp is to flee. Yes, I feel that's it!"

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

"I fear the note. But I shall read it."

*My Dear Utterson—*

*When this falls into your hands, I shall have disappeared under what circumstances I do not know. But my instinct tells me the end is sure and must be early. Go then, and first read the narrative that Lanyon warned me he was to place in your hands. If you care to hear more, then turn to the confession of*

*Your unworthy and unhappy friend,*

*Henry Jekyll*

"There was a third confession?" asked Utterson.

“Here, sir,” said Poole. He reached into his pocket and brought out a sealed envelope.

Utterson took the envelope. “I would say nothing of this letter. If your master has fled or is dead, we may at least save his name. It is now ten o’clock. I shall go home and read these documents in the quiet of my home. I will return by midnight. When I return, we shall call Inspector Newcomer.”

The men walked out of the office and locked the classroom and doors behind them.

“Tell Bradshaw to stay at his post,” said Utterson. “If Dr. Jekyll returns, we need to know.”

“Very well, sir,” answered Poole.

With that, Utterson walked out of Jekyll’s house and hurried home. He was eager to read the two letters.



## Dr. Lanyon's Story



As soon as Utterson got home, he headed straight for his safe. He removed the letter Lanyon had written before his death.

After taking off his coat and hat, he settled into his chair by the fire and broke open the seal. His hands shook as he read:

*Dear Utterson,*

*On the ninth of January, now four days ago, I received a letter addressed in the hand of my old friend, Henry Jekyll. I was a good deal surprised by this. We were not in the habit of writing to each other. Also, I had seen the man and dined with him the evening before. I could think of nothing so urgent that he sent a letter by*

post. The contents of the letter increased my curiosity. For this is the letter:

*Dear Lanyon—*

*You are one of my oldest friends. Although we may have differed at times on scientific questions, I cannot remember any break in our affection. There was never a day that I would not have sacrificed my left hand to help you. Lanyon, my life, my honor, and my sanity are all at your mercy. If you fail me tonight, I am lost.*

*You may think that I am going to ask you to do something dishonest. Judge for yourself. I want you to postpone all other engagements tonight. With this letter in your hand, go to my house. Poole, my butler, will be waiting for you. There will be a locksmith with him. Break into my office. You are to go in alone.*

*Then, force the bottom left drawer of my medicine cabinet open. You will see that it is filled with vials of powder and liquids. Since*

*I worry that I may misdirect you in some way, take the entire drawer with all of its contents out of the cabinet. Don't touch any of them! I beg you to carry this drawer back to your home. I will send someone to get it.*

*Now for the second part. If you set out at once for my home upon reading this, you should be back by midnight. Please be alone in your office at midnight. For it is then that a man will arrive and give you my name. Once he does, give him the drawer from my office. Then you will have played your part and earned my gratitude. If you insist upon an explanation, you will have it five minutes after handing the drawer over.*

*As confident as I am that you will uphold my wishes, my heart sinks at the thought of the possibility that you will not honor my requests. Think of me at this hour in a strange place feeling such distress. By granting me these wishes, you are saving me, dear friend.*





*Serve me, my dear Lanyon, and save me.*

*Your friend,*

*Jekyll*

*P.S. If my letter does not reach you in time, know that my messenger will be waiting at midnight tomorrow. It may already be too late. If that night passes without seeing my messenger, you will know that you have seen the last of Henry Jekyll.*

Lanyon's letter continued:

*Upon reading this letter, I knew my friend was insane. But until that was proved beyond a doubt, I felt obligated to honor his request.*

*I rose from the table and headed straight to Jekyll's house. The butler was waiting for my arrival. He had received the same letter. After the locksmith arrived, we moved to the classroom and then up the stairs to the office. The door was very strong. The lock excellent.*

*After two hours work, the locksmith got the door open. I found the drawer and took it out*

*making sure I didn't disturb anything. After tying it up in a sheet, I returned with it to my home.*

*Once home, I examined the contents of the drawer. The powders were made up but without a chemist's help. It was Jekyll's work. I opened one package and discovered what appeared to be a simple salt. A vial, half full of a blood-red liquid, smelled of strong chemicals. I didn't know what the other ingredients were.*

*There was a book, but it contained nothing but dates. These dates covered many years. I noticed that the dates ended a year ago. Looking through them, I would see words added such as "double" or "total failure."*

*While it raised my curiosity, I knew little. Here I had a book with markings and mostly salt. What good was it? How could me having these in my possession affect the honor or sanity of my colleague? If his messenger could meet me in one place, then why couldn't he get these materials himself? And why would this gentleman have to see me in secret?*

*The more I thought about it, the more I believed that Jekyll was not right in the mind. Though I dismissed my servants to bed, I loaded my revolver in case I needed to defend myself.*

*At midnight, the knocker on my door sounded. I answered the door and found a small man crouching against the pillars of the porch.*

*At first sight of him, my knees buckled. There was something odd about him. Something that frightened me, yet I could barely see his face.*

*"Did Dr. Jekyll send you?" I asked. He quickly answered yes and looked all about before entering. When he saw a policeman in the distance walking up the street, he quickly came inside and slammed the door shut.*

*I followed him into my office while keeping my hand on my revolver at all times. It was only then that I saw him clearly. He was small and had a shocking expression on his face. He was dressed oddly and would have made many laugh, for his clothes were too large for him. He suddenly came alive.*

*“Do you have it?” he cried. “Where is it?” He put his arm on me and shook me.*

*His icy touch made my blood ice up. “Come, sir,” I said. “You have forgotten that I have not had the pleasure of meeting you yet. Be seated.”*

*“I beg your pardon, Dr. Lanyon,” he replied. “I know I am impatient. But I come at the insistence of your colleague, Dr. Jekyll.” His look changed as he raised his hands to his throat. His eyes and demeanor changed. His body started to twitch.*

*A feeling of doom came over me.*



CHAPTER  
13

# The Potion that Changed Everything



The letter continued, *“There it is, sir,” I said pointing to the table. The drawer was still covered by a sheet. He rushed over to it nearly tripping on his way. Then he paused. He laid his hand on his heart. I could hear his teeth grind back and forth. His face turned ghastly white. It was such a gruesome sight that I had to turn away.*

*When I turned back to face him, he gave me a dreadful smile. Then, in a flash, he plucked away the sheet. At the sight of the drawer, he uttered such a sob of relief, that it frightened me.*

*“Have you a glass?” he asked. “I need a glass right now. I don’t have a second to lose.”*

*I gave him what he needed. He thanked me with a smiling nod and measured out some of the liquid and powder. He worked quickly and was exact in his measurement.*

*Before long, the reddish mixture started to bubble and foam. I could smell the vapors coming from the glass. They quickly filled the air with the sweet smell of almonds. The mixture turned to a dark purple and then faded to a watery green.*

*My visitor had watched these changes closely. With each change of color, his smile grew wider. By the time the mixture had stopped bubbling, he looked giddy.*

*“Now,” he said, “we must settle what remains. You have a decision to make. Will you ask me to take these belongings and leave at once? Or will you invite me to stay and satisfy your curiosity?”*

*If you ask me to remain, then I promise you that your world will be forever changed. You will be enlightened, I promise. You will be forever grateful to the genius man known as Dr. Henry Jekyll.”*

*There was no way I would leave. I couldn't. "I have come too far to turn away now," I told him.*

*"Very well," said my visitor. "Remember your vows under the seal of your profession. What you are about to see must remain a secret." He snorted. "And now you . . . you who has been stuck in your narrow views for far too long. You, who has refused to accept other's scientific evidence. Behold!"*

*He put the glass to his lips and drank all of the liquid in one gulp. A mournful cry followed. He reeled, staggered, and clutched at the table and held on. He gasped and stared at me with bulging eyes.*

*Then, all of a sudden, his face started to change. Swelled if you must. His body shifted. It twitched. It was all so frightening. Within a minute, I jumped up and pushed myself back against the wall. I raised my arm to shield me from what I saw.*



*“Oh, God!” I screamed. I couldn’t trust my eyes. There before me, pale, shaken, and half-alive like a man brought back from death stood Dr. Henry Jekyll.*

*What he told me in the next hour, I cannot bring myself to write down on paper. I saw what I saw. I heard what I heard. My soul was sickened by it all. Now that the sight is gone from before me, I question myself if it truly happened. If I believe it. I cannot answer.*



*My life is shaken to its roots. Sleep has left me. Terror is now a constant companion both night and day. I feel my days are numbered and I will die. Must die.*

*I cannot think about that day without being terrified. I can tell you one thing that I do not doubt, Utterson. The creature who crept into my house that night was, on Jekyll's own confession, known by the name of Mr. Edward Hyde. It was he who was hunted in every corner of the land as the murderer of Sir Danvers Carew.*

*Hastie Lanyon*

When Utterson finished reading Lanyon's letter, he sobbed. For now he finally knew what had become of his good friend Jekyll. He was not hiding. No, he was dead.

Utterson couldn't get the image of Hyde's body twitching on the office floor out of his mind. And then dead.

Hyde.

Jekyll.

Jekyll.

Hyde.

It was hard to grasp. Impossible to understand.

The people of London would know nothing of the truth. They would only know that the murderer, Mr. Edward Hyde, was dead and that Jekyll had vanished. Neither would ever be seen again. But Utterson knew the truth at last. Or most of it.

Utterson had to find out how all of this came about. What reason did Jekyll have for all this madness? As he opened the letter from Jekyll, his heart raced. He was curious and frightened at the same time. He took a deep breath and prepared himself for the words to come.



CHAPTER  
14

## Dr. Jekyll's Letter



Utterson stared at Jekyll's letter for a long time before he could bring himself to read Jekyll's last words. At last, he read:

*I was born into a large fortune and guaranteed an honorable future. I was a happy child who studied hard and was smart in my ways. Anyone who knew me would remark that success was mine in any career that I chose.*

*Perhaps I had one fault that was hard to overcome. I was a free spirit and liked to get into mischief once in a while. Nothing terrible, mind you. But I was told that any such behavior in public was not acceptable to my family. They reminded me time and time*

*again that I was to act like a gentleman at all times. So I had to learn at a young age to hide my impish ways.*

*As I grew older, more and more of my behaviors were questionable. If my family ever knew of these ways, they would have disowned me. I was one person with my family and a completely different person when on my own. It was some time before I realized that I was leading a double life.*

*I saw my antics as shameful acts. Other men would have boasted about them, but I couldn't. I did anything I could to keep my acts out of the public eye. I felt like two different people.*

*When I was doing good deeds, I was quite happy. But when I was engaged in activities my family wouldn't approve of, I was just as content. Perhaps even more so. I felt I truly was myself no matter which way I behaved. My good self or my bad self.*

*It was then that I started to believe that we are all really two people inside. Yes, each one of us has two identities. I was my own lab experiment. I was determined to prove that man was really two people, not one. I firmly believe that the scientists after me will discover that we are many people, not just two.*

*I longed to be two separate people. Wouldn't it be wonderful if my good self could always feel that way? Never to be bothered by the shame brought on from the bad deeds done by my other self? I could hold my head high!*

*In the same manner, the evil part of me wouldn't have to feel guilty for acts committed. A life with no regrets! How wonderful that would be!*

*The struggle to be just one person would end. I wanted to be free to be both people. If a person could be divided into two identities, life would be easier. Now I needed to figure out exactly how to separate them.*

*When I started to experiment in my laboratory, I discovered some compounds that altered the flesh. I will not share what these are because my studies were incomplete. And I have learned a great lesson. Men cannot cast aside all their doom and troubles. If they try to, it comes back to you in greater numbers.*

*I hesitated before I started my experiments. I knew that I risked death. Any drugs that can change our identities must be dangerous. What if I overdosed? Anything was possible.*

*I was frightened. But eventually, my curiosity overcame my fears. I finally figured out the missing ingredient in my potion. I purchased a large amount of salt from a chemist.*

*Late one night, I mixed the salt with my other ingredients. The reaction was immediate. The liquid bubbled and changed color several times. When it was a pale green, I raised the glass to my lips and gulped in down.*

*Terrible pain tore through my body. My bones ground against each other. I felt deathly sick. But then, all of a sudden, the pain stopped. I felt lighter. Happier. Stronger. I felt a strange sensation pulse through my body. It was wickedness! It felt good to be free of guilt.*

*I raised my arms in triumph. That's when I noticed that my arms were shorter. My legs as well. Looking down, I saw clothes that were three times too big for my body. The transformation was complete.*

*I longed to see my new self. I had no mirror in my office. The one beside me now was brought in later so I could see my transformations occurring.*

*I had to break into my own house to find a mirror. I went through the courtyard and into the kitchen. Since it was so late, all of my servants were sleeping. I crept up the steps to my own bedroom and stared into the mirror.*

*The face staring back wasn't Henry Jekyll. That was certain. It was my new evil self, Mr.*

*Edward Hyde. Yes, Edward Hyde was born that day.*

*I was struck by my awful appearance. Surely, I was as evil looking on the outside as I felt on the inside. This delighted me. I feel my body was smaller because I hadn't the time to grow or exercise yet. It was all so new.*

*When I looked into the mirror, I wasn't disgusted by my appearance. Anyone who laid eyes on me, even you, my good friend Utterson, were appalled. I think it's because Hyde had no good in him. That fact was reflected in his face and body.*

*As I looked in the mirror, I suddenly became terrified at a new thought. What if I couldn't change back into Jekyll?*

*I raced back to my laboratory and prepared yet another potion. After drinking it, my body went through the terrible pain once more. Within moments, to my relief, I became Dr. Henry Jekyll once again.*



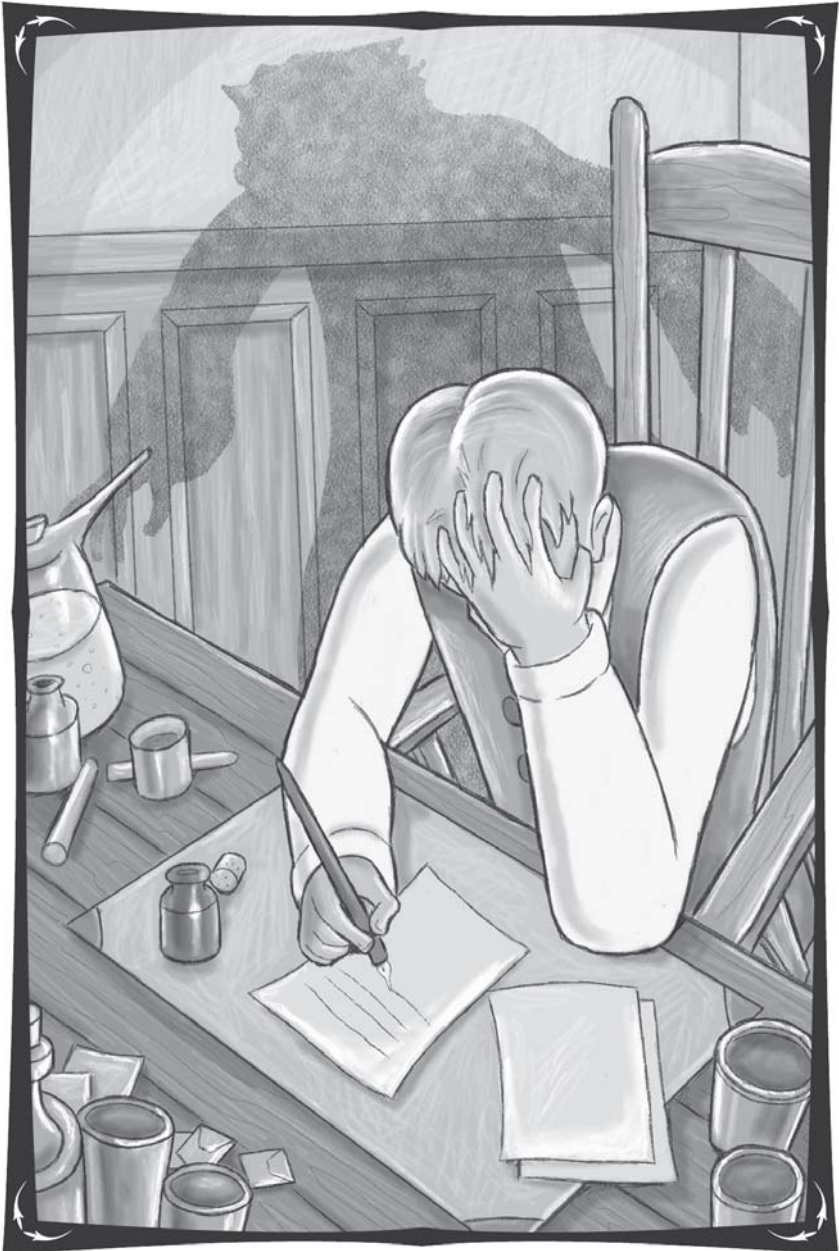
*Now that I had a taste of Hyde, I couldn't turn back. In time, he demanded to be let out more and more. Each time I let him out, I craved his evilness more than the last time.*

*He became a bigger part of my life with each passing day. He was growing in strength and I could not always control when he would make an appearance.*

*In the beginning, I kept my friends and did my everyday duties. But the more he emerged, the less I could see friends. I was forced into seclusion. I didn't have much choice. He was making decisions for both of us.*

*I, or he, bought the house in Soho. As Jekyll, I instructed my servants to allow Hyde free reign of my laboratory. It was all so easy.*

*With Hyde becoming so powerful, I was forced to draw up the will you despised so. Since Hyde walked about much more so than Jekyll, I was worried that Hyde would eventually overpower Jekyll and stay forever.*



*If that happened, he would need money to survive.*

*After my will was drawn, I felt free to be the evil Mr. Hyde. I had no cares or worries. However, there were times when Jekyll had to fix some of the problems that Hyde created. The girl Hyde trampled on is such an example.*

*For the most part, as Jekyll, I ignored all the evil that Hyde took part in. After all, the chaos wasn't my fault. It was Hyde's sins. It felt wonderful to be able to walk with my head up high and without guilt.*

*I felt free.*

*Free at last.*



# The Struggle between Good and Evil



*Two months before the murder of Sir Danvers, I returned from one of Hyde's adventures. I drank some potion and switched back to Dr. Jekyll. Feeling exhausted, I went straight to bed.*

*When I awoke the next morning, I felt a strange feeling in my body. I had an itch on my forehead and scratched it.*

*That's when I noticed my hand. It was not the hand of Dr. Henry Jekyll. No, it was the hand that belonged to Mr. Edward Hyde! I jumped out of bed and rushed to the mirror. Imagine my shock when I saw Hyde staring back.*

*How was it possible that I went to bed as Jekyll and woke up as Hyde? Mind you, I hadn't tasted a drop of my potion. This change happened on its own while I was sleeping. If it happened once, I knew it would happen again.*

*At first I was amused. Soon, however, my amusement turned to horror. What if I could not change back? What if my destiny was to remain as Hyde forever? I needed my potions. But how could I travel to my office without being seen? It was morning and all my servants were up and about.*

*At first, I was going to cover my face but then I realized that my height would give me away. Then, do you know what I did? I laughed! So what if they saw me? They were used to seeing me come and go by now. They would simply think that Jekyll had given me permission to be in all parts of the house.*

*I quickly dressed and made my way to my potions. Did I see anyone? Yes. Bradshaw*

*looked at me rather oddly, but he continued about his business. Within ten minutes, Hyde was gone and Jekyll was being served his breakfast. No one was the wiser.*

*Eventually, I knew that I must choose between Jekyll and Hyde. It was not an easy decision. If I gave up Hyde, could I ever be truly happy?*

*In the end, I knew that I must give up Hyde. I actually preferred Jekyll and missed his friends. Perhaps I never really planned to give up Hyde completely. Why, do you ask? Because I kept the Soho apartment and never destroyed any of his clothes.*

*Still, for two months I vowed to live as only Dr. Jekyll. I did not touch the medicine. I was happy and content reconnecting with Jekyll's life. But I should have known that Hyde wasn't gone forever. He was resting, just waiting to be released once more.*

*After a while, my body ached for the evil Hyde. Once again, I drank the potions. Hyde*

*emerged like a lion with quite a roar. The beast was unleashed and Sir Danvers paid the price.*

*I do not remember much of that evening, but I know that Hyde was like a caged animal finally allowed to roam. He delighted in the attack.*

*As soon as I turned back into Dr. Jekyll, I knew that my life was over. Hyde had a taste of the greatest evil act of all: murder. I knew he would want more.*

*I dropped to my knees and begged God for mercy. I knew that Hyde needed to disappear forever or the murders would continue. I didn't want him to appear at my door ever again, so I broke the lock and crushed the key under my foot.*

*I felt a freedom I hadn't known I missed. There would be no way Hyde could ever make another appearance. A sense of relief came over my body and mind. The relief faded the next day when I learned my own maid was a witness to the murder. She named Hyde as the*

*murderer! Now I knew for sure what I had to do. Hyde could never—would never—make another appearance.*

*Although it was hard, it worked for a while. One day, I took a walk and sat down on a park bench. As I sat there watching children, a strange feeling overcame me. Within seconds, I had turned back into Edward Hyde. He was winning the battle within me!*

*What could I do? I couldn't return home and have the servants see me. They'd call the police. I couldn't sneak in the back door because I had destroyed the only key.*

*I needed the medicine, and that's when I wrote my letter to Lanyon. I knew Lanyon would do as I asked. What I wasn't prepared for was his reaction to me. He was repulsed. So much so that the shock killed him.*

*I will forever have to live with that guilt. I won't go into the details about Lanyon because I know that he has already shared them with you.*



*In the days that followed, my body changed without warning. One minute I was Dr. Jekyll. The next minute I would turn into Hyde. Hyde was becoming much more powerful. He was in control and I feared him.*

*It has taken all of my strength to force Hyde to take the potion so I could write this. I don't think I'll be able to force him again. My supply of salt is almost gone and I can't get any more that works. I now believe that the original batch had some impurity that made it work.*

*A week has passed since I started this letter. There is no more potion for when I change into Hyde. Once I do, I shall remain him forever. This is most likely the last time I shall be able to speak as Dr. Henry Jekyll. I am in a rush to finish this letter, for I sense that Hyde is near. He's waiting to overtake me.*

*If he sees this letter, he will surely shred it to pieces. If so, my story will never be known. I fear this the most.*

*This, I know, is the hour of my death. I lay down my pen and will proceed to seal up this confession. I bring the life of an unhappy Dr. Henry Jekyll to an end.*