

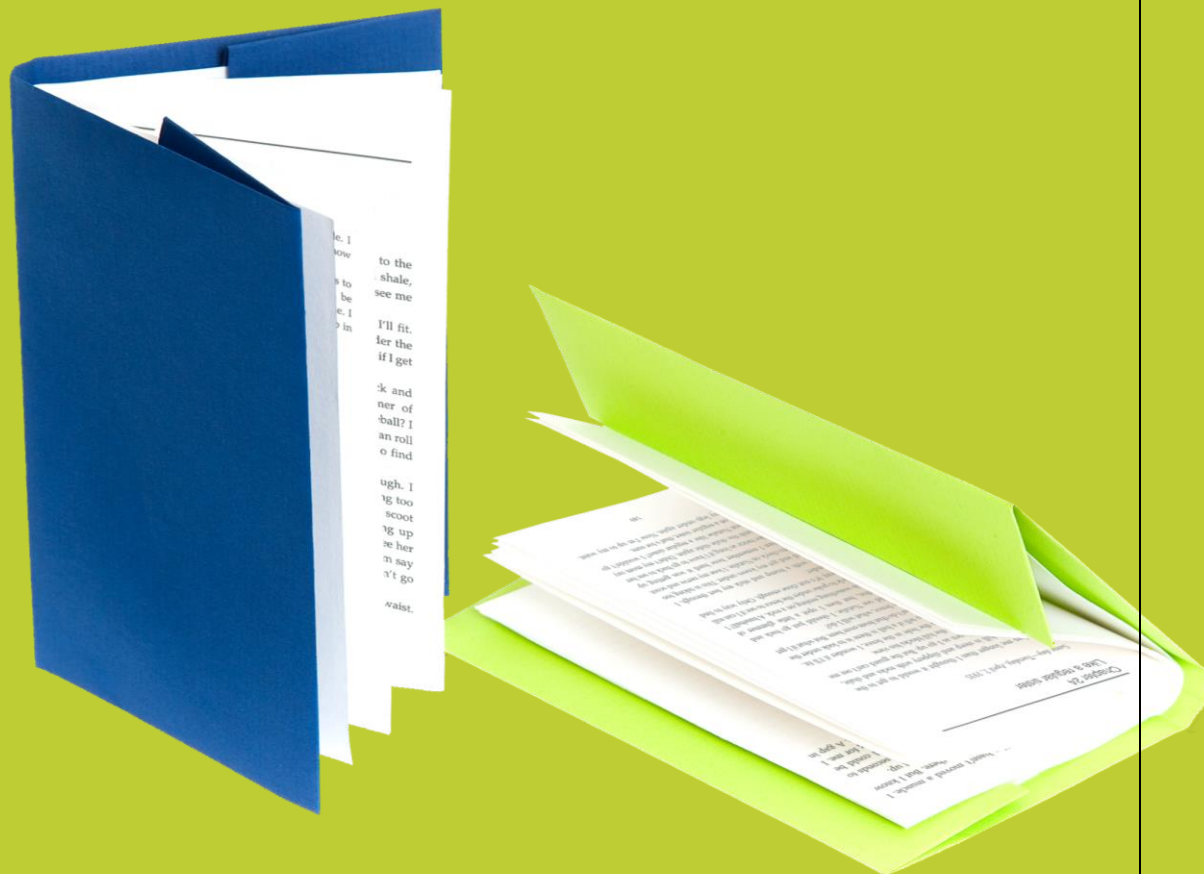


Pearson  
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# GCSE (9-1) English Literature

Jekyll and Hyde

An Online Learning Resource



# The Strange Case Of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde

By Robert Louis Stevenson



Read every chapter carefully before attempting the activities. Complete the activities in the booklet if you are able to print it out, otherwise just do them on your own paper. Save your work as it will be useful for revision.

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## Introduction to Stevenson's Language

Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde was first published in 1886 and was very popular from the start, selling 40,000 copies in six months in the UK, and an additional 250,000 copies in the United States. Stevenson claims that the original story came to him in a dream and it certainly reflects that, having elements of the gothic, horror and mystery genres. As it was written so long ago, many of the words, phrases and ideas may not be familiar to you. Whilst it is possible to find many summaries online, as well as videos explaining each chapter in detail, it is important that you are able to read and understand Stevenson's original words, as it is these which will be used for the extract given to you in the GCSE English Literature exam.

In order to give you confidence before you read the novel, practise on the first paragraph in the box below, from which the most difficult words and phrases have been blanked out. When you get to a blank, try to read past it without pausing. If there are still words you don't know, try not to stop, just glance at them and move on to the next word you recognise. When you get to the end, you're your understanding of what you read by bullet pointing four things that you learnt about Utterson.

Mr. Utterson the lawyer was a man of a rugged \_\_\_\_\_ that was never lighted by a smile; cold, \_\_\_\_\_ and embarrassed in discourse; backward in sentiment; lean, long, dusty, dreary and yet somehow lovable. At friendly meetings, and when the wine was to his taste, something \_\_\_\_\_ human \_\_\_\_\_ from his eye; something indeed which never found its way into his talk,

\_\_\_\_\_ . He was austere with himself; drank gin when he was alone, to \_\_\_\_\_ ; and though he enjoyed the theatre, had not crossed the doors of one for twenty years. But he had an tolerance for others; sometimes wondering, almost with envy, at the high pressure of spirits involved in their misdeeds; and in any extremity inclined to help rather than to reprove. "I incline to Cain's heresy," he used to say : "I let my brother go to the devil in his own way." In this character, it was frequently his fortune to be the last reputable \_\_\_\_\_ and the last good influence in the lives of downgoing men. And to such as these, so long as they came about his \_\_\_\_\_ , he never marked a shade of change in his demeanour.

Check your understanding now by noting four things you have learned about Utterson:

- 
- 
- 
- 

Now look at the full version – what can you infer about the language that was blanked out before? If you cannot pronounce all the words, read past them like you did with the blanks, this will help you to maintain understanding. When you have finished, look up unfamiliar words if you need to and then add to your ideas about Utterson above.

Mr. Utterson the lawyer was a man of a rugged countenance that was never lighted by a smile; cold, scanty and embarrassed in discourse; backward in sentiment; lean, long, dusty, dreary and yet somehow lovable. At friendly meetings, and when the wine was to his taste, something eminently human beaconed from his eye; something indeed which never found its way into his talk, but which spoke not only in these silent symbols of the after-dinner face, but more often and loudly in the acts of his life. He was austere with himself; drank gin when he was alone, to mortify a taste for vintages; and though he enjoyed the theatre, had not crossed the doors of one for twenty years. But he had an approved tolerance for others; sometimes wondering, almost with envy, at the high pressure of spirits involved in their misdeeds; and in any extremity inclined to help rather than to reprove. "I incline to Cain's heresy," he used to say quaintly: "I let my brother go to the devil in his own way." In this character, it was frequently his fortune to be the last reputable acquaintance and the last good influence in the lives of downgoing men. And to such as these, so long as they came about his chambers, he never marked a shade of change in his demeanour.

Now use this technique to read past unfamiliar or difficult to pronounce words as you continue to read the whole novel.

## Chapter One – Story of the Door

Mr. Utterson the lawyer was a man of a rugged countenance that was never lighted by a smile; cold, scanty and embarrassed in discourse; backward in sentiment; lean, long, dusty, dreary and yet somehow lovable. At friendly meetings, and when the wine was to his taste, something eminently human beamed from his eye; something indeed which never found its way into his talk, but which spoke not only in these silent symbols of the after-dinner face, but more often and loudly in the acts of his life. He was austere with himself; drank gin when he was alone, to mortify a taste for vintages; and though he enjoyed the theatre, had not crossed the doors of one for twenty years. But he had an approved tolerance for others; sometimes wondering, almost with envy, at the high pressure of spirits involved in their misdeeds; and in any extremity inclined to help rather than to reprove. "I incline to Cain's heresy<sup>1</sup>," he used to say quaintly: "I let my brother go to the devil in his own way." In this character, it was frequently his fortune to be the last reputable acquaintance and the last good influence in the lives of downgoing men. And to such as these, so long as they came about his chambers, he never marked a shade of change in his demeanour.

No doubt the feat was easy to Mr. Utterson; for he was undemonstrative at the best, and even his friendship seemed to be founded in a similar catholicity of good-nature. It is the mark of a modest man to accept his friendly circle ready-made from the hands of opportunity; and that was the lawyer's way. His friends were those of his own blood or those whom he had known the longest; his affections, like ivy, were the growth of time, they implied no aptness in the object. Hence, no doubt the bond that united him to Mr. Richard Enfield, his distant kinsman, the well-known man about town. It was a nut to crack for many, what these two could see in each other, or what subject they could find in common. It was reported by those who encountered them in their Sunday walks, that they said nothing, looked singularly dull and would hail with obvious relief the appearance of a friend. For all that, the two men put the greatest store by these excursions, counted them the chief jewel of each week, and not only set

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<sup>1</sup> Cain and Abel were sons of Adam and Even, 'Cain's heresy' means to avoid looking at what others are doing

40 aside occasions of pleasure, but even resisted the calls of  
business, that they might enjoy them uninterrupted.

45 It chanced on one of these rambles that their way led them  
down a by-street in a busy quarter of London. The street was small  
and what is called quiet, but it drove a thriving trade on the  
weekdays. The inhabitants were all doing well, it seemed and all  
emulously hoping to do better still, and laying out the surplus of  
50 their grains in coquetry; so that the shop fronts stood along that  
thoroughfare with an air of invitation, like rows of smiling  
saleswomen. Even on Sunday, when it veiled its more florid charms  
and lay comparatively empty of passage, the street shone out in  
contrast to its dingy neighbourhood, like a fire in a forest; and with  
55 its freshly painted shutters, well-polished brasses, and general  
cleanliness and gaiety of note, instantly caught and pleased the  
eye of the passenger.

60 Two doors from one corner, on the left hand going east the line  
was broken by the entry of a court; and just at that point a certain  
sinister block of building thrust forward its gable on the street. It  
was two storeys high; showed no window, nothing but a door on  
the lower storey and a blind forehead of discoloured wall on the  
upper; and bore in every feature, the marks of prolonged and  
sordid negligence. The door, which was equipped with neither  
65 bell nor knocker, was blistered and distained. Tramps slouched  
into the recess and struck matches on the panels; children kept  
shop upon the steps; the schoolboy had tried his knife on the  
mouldings; and for close on a generation, no one had appeared  
to drive away these random visitors or to repair their ravages.

Mr. Enfield and the lawyer were on the other side of the by-  
street; but when they came abreast of the entry, the former lifted  
up his cane and pointed.

70 “Did you ever remark that door?” he asked; and when his  
companion had replied in the affirmative, “It is connected in my  
mind,” added he, “with a very odd story.”

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

75 “Well, it was this way,” returned Mr. Enfield: “I was coming home  
from some place at the end of the world, about three o’clock of a  
black winter morning, and my way lay through a part of town  
where there was literally nothing to be seen but lamps. Street after

street and all the folks asleep—street after street, all lighted up as if  
for a procession and all as empty as a church—till at last I got into  
80 that state of mind when a man listens and listens and begins to  
long for the sight of a policeman. All at once, I saw two figures:  
one a little man who was stumping along eastward at a good  
walk, and the other a girl of maybe eight or ten who was running  
as hard as she was able down a cross street. Well, sir, the two ran  
85 into one another naturally enough at the corner; and then came  
the horrible part of the thing; for the man trampled calmly over  
the child's body and left her screaming on the ground. It sounds  
nothing to hear, but it was hellish to see. It wasn't like a man; it was  
like some damned Juggernaut. I gave a few halloo, took to my  
90 heels, collared my gentleman, and brought him back to where  
there was already quite a group about the screaming child. He  
was perfectly cool and made no resistance, but gave me one  
look, so ugly that it brought out the sweat on me like running. The  
people who had turned out were the girl's own family; and pretty  
95 soon, the doctor, for whom she had been sent put in his  
appearance. Well, the child was not much the worse, more  
frightened, according to the sawbones; and there you might  
have supposed would be an end to it. But there was one curious  
circumstance. I had taken a loathing to my gentleman at first  
100 sight. So had the child's family, which was only natural. But the  
doctor's case was what struck me. He was the usual cut and dry  
apothecary, of no particular age and colour, with a strong  
Edinburgh accent and about as emotional as a bagpipe. Well, sir,  
he was like the rest of us; every time he looked at my prisoner, I  
105 saw that sawbones turn sick and white with the desire to kill him. I  
knew what was in his mind, just as he knew what was in mine; and  
killing being out of the question, we did the next best. We told the  
man we could and would make such a scandal out of this as  
should make his name stink from one end of London to the other.  
110 If he had any friends or any credit, we undertook that he should  
lose them. And all the time, as we were pitching it in red hot, we  
were keeping the women off him as best we could for they were  
as wild as harpies. I never saw a circle of such hateful faces; and  
there was the man in the middle, with a kind of black sneering  
115 coolness—frightened too, I could see that—but carrying it off, sir,  
really like Satan. 'If you choose to make capital out of this  
accident,' said he, 'I am naturally helpless. No gentleman but



wishes to avoid a scene,' says he. 'Name your figure.' Well, we  
screwed him up to a hundred pounds for the child's family; he  
120 would have clearly liked to stick out; but there was something  
about the lot of us that meant mischief, and at last he struck. The  
next thing was to get the money; and where do you think he  
carried us but to that place with the door?—whipped out a key,  
went in, and presently came back with the matter of ten pounds  
125 in gold and a cheque for the balance on Coutts's,<sup>2</sup> drawn  
payable to bearer and signed with a name that I can't mention,  
though it's one of the points of my story, but it was a name at least  
very well known and often printed. The figure was stiff; but the  
signature was good for more than that if it was only genuine. I  
130 took the liberty of pointing out to my gentleman that the whole  
business looked apocryphal, and that a man does not, in real life,  
walk into a cellar door at four in the morning and come out with  
another man's cheque for close upon a hundred pounds. But he  
was quite easy and sneering. 'Set your mind at rest,' says he, 'I will  
135 stay with you till the banks open and cash the cheque myself.' So  
we all set off, the doctor, and the child's father, and our friend  
and myself, and passed the rest of the night in my chambers; and  
next day, when we had breakfasted, went in a body to the bank.  
I gave in the cheque myself, and said I had every reason to  
140 believe it was a forgery. Not a bit of it. The cheque was genuine."

"Tut-tut!" said Mr. Utterson.

"I see you feel as I do," said Mr. Enfield. "Yes, it's a bad story. For  
my man was a fellow that nobody could have to do with, a really  
damnable man; and the person that drew the cheque is the very  
145 pink of the proprieties, celebrated too, and (what makes it worse)  
one of your fellows who do what they call good. Blackmail, I  
suppose; an honest man paying through the nose for some of the  
capers of his youth. Black Mail House is what I call the place with  
the door, in consequence. Though even that, you know, is far from  
150 explaining all," he added, and with the words fell into a vein of  
musing.

From this he was recalled by Mr. Utterson asking rather suddenly:  
"And you don't know if the drawer of the cheque lives there?"

"A likely place, isn't it?" returned Mr. Enfield. "But I happen to  
155 have noticed his address; he lives in some square or other."

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<sup>2</sup> A private bank used by wealthy people [and remember not many would have banked in the late Victorian era]

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

160 “No, sir; I had a delicacy,” was the reply. “I feel very strongly about putting questions; it partakes too much of the style of the day of judgment. You start a question, and it’s like starting a stone. You sit quietly on the top of a hill; and away the stone goes, starting others; and presently some bland old bird (the last you would have thought of) is knocked on the head in his own back garden and the family have to change their name. No sir, I make  
165 it a rule of mine: the more it looks like Queer Street, the less I ask.”

“A very good rule, too,” said the lawyer.

170 “But I have studied the place for myself,” continued Mr. Enfield. “It seems scarcely a house. There is no other door, and nobody goes in or out of that one but, once in a great while, the gentleman of my adventure. There are three windows looking on the court on the first floor; none below; the windows are always shut but they’re clean. And then there is a chimney which is generally smoking; so somebody must live there. And yet it’s not so  
175 sure; for the buildings are so packed together about the court, that it’s hard to say where one ends and another begins.”

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

“Yes, I think it is,” returned Enfield.

180 “But for all that,” continued the lawyer, “there’s one point I want to ask. I want to ask the name of that man who walked over the child.”

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

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

185 “He is not easy to describe. There is something wrong with his appearance; something displeasing, something down-right detestable. I never saw a man I so disliked, and yet I scarce know why. He must be deformed somewhere; he gives a strong feeling of deformity, although I couldn’t specify the point. He’s an  
190 extraordinary looking man, and yet I really can name nothing out of the way. No, sir; I can make no hand of it; I can’t describe him. And it’s not want of memory; for I declare I can see him this moment.”

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

"My dear sir..." began Enfield, surprised out of himself.

200 "Yes, I know," said Utterson; "I know it must seem strange. The  
fact is, if I do not ask you the name of the other party, it is because  
I know it already. You see, Richard, your tale has gone home. If  
you have been inexact in any point you had better correct it."

205 "I think you might have warned me," returned the other with a  
touch of sullenness. "But I have been pedantically exact, as you  
call it. The fellow had a key; and what's more, he has it still. I saw  
him use it not a week ago."

Mr. Utterson sighed deeply but said never a word; and the  
young man presently resumed. "Here is another lesson to say  
nothing," said he. "I am ashamed of my long tongue. Let us make  
a bargain never to refer to this again."

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

Use this space for a summary of the chapter – some of the bullet points have been done for you, see if you can add further details.

- Utterson is a boring but lovable lawyer who helps people if they are in trouble, but is otherwise a little cold.
- 
- They pass a neglected looking door in a poor area that is frequented by tramps.
- 
- Enfield is unable to describe the man to Utterson
-

# Chapter 1 understanding check

Now check your understanding of the events and characters in chapter one by answering the following questions:

1. What is Utterson's profession?

a] a lawyer	b] a doctor	c] a banker
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2. The door which prompts Enfield to tell his tale has:

a] no bell or knocker	b] no paint	c] no window
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3. Enfield tells Utterson he was coming home at what time?

a] mid afternoon	b] 3 o'clock in the morning	c] midnight
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4. What did the Enfield see the man do to the little girl?

a] speak to her	b] help her up	c] trample over her body
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5. How much did the man finally agree to give to the child's family?

a] nothing	b] £5	c] £100
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6. What was strange about the cheque?

a] it was signed by a different man	b] It was not signed	c] It was torn
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7. Why does Enfield fail to describe the man to Utterson?

a] he was not easy to describe	b] he couldn't remember him	c] he wanted to keep it secret
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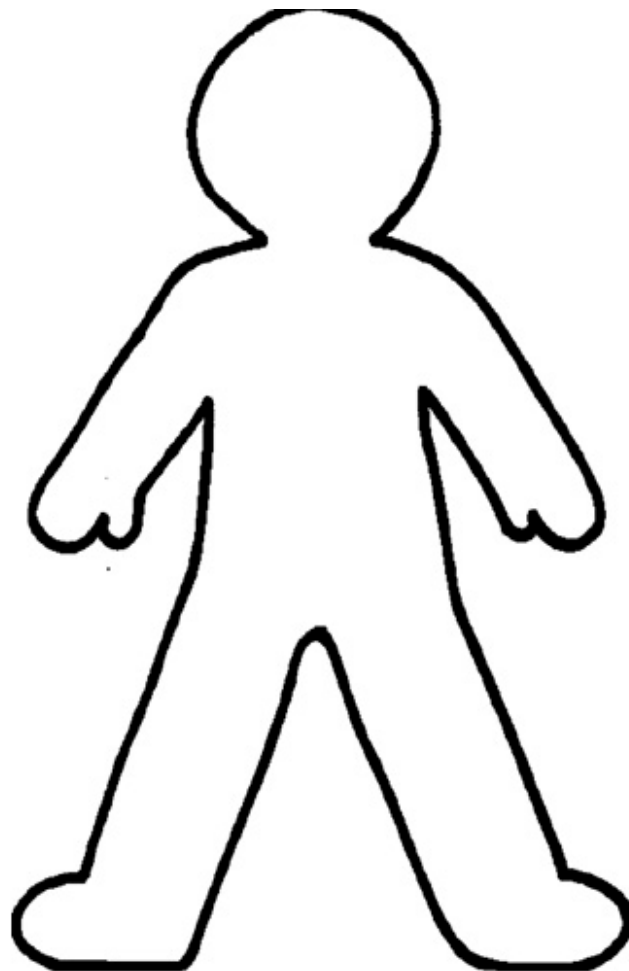
8. What did Utterson and Enfield decide to do about the incident?

a] tell the police	b] never to refer to it again	c] knock on the door
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Character profile – Gabriel Utterson

This chapter has introduced the main narrator of the novel, Gabriel Utterson. Look at the following adjectives, select any you think apply to Utterson and write them around the body shape below. Then find evidence in the text to support the adjective. [One has been done for you]

dull	distant	helpful	reliable
gloomy	curious	discreet	thoughtful



**Discreet** – he easily agrees with Enfield not to say anything further about what they have seen.

## Chapter two – Search for Mr Hyde

That evening Mr. Utterson came home to his bachelor house in sombre spirits and sat down to dinner without relish. It was his custom of a Sunday, when this meal was over, to sit close by the fire, a volume of some dry divinity on his reading desk, until the clock of the neighbouring church rang out the hour of twelve, when he would go soberly and gratefully to bed. On this night however, as soon as the cloth was taken away, he took up a candle and went into his business room. There he opened his safe, took from the most private part of it a document endorsed on the envelope as Dr. Jekyll's Will and sat down with a clouded brow to study its contents. The will was holograph, for Mr. Utterson though he took charge of it now that it was made, had refused to lend the least assistance in the making of it; it provided not only that, in case of the decease of Henry Jekyll, M.D., D.C.L., L.L.D., F.R.S., etc., all his possessions were to pass into the hands of his "friend and benefactor Edward Hyde," but that in case of Dr. Jekyll's "disappearance or unexplained absence for any period exceeding three calendar months," the said Edward Hyde should step into the said Henry Jekyll's shoes without further delay and free from any burthen or obligation beyond the payment of a few small sums to the members of the doctor's household. This document had long been the lawyer's eyesore. It offended him both as a lawyer and as a lover of the sane and customary sides of life, to whom the fanciful was the immodest. And hitherto it was his ignorance of Mr. Hyde that had swelled his indignation; now, by a sudden turn, it was his knowledge. It was already bad enough when the name was but a name of which he could learn no more. It was worse when it began to be clothed upon with detestable attributes; and out of the shifting, insubstantial mists that had so long baffled his eye, there leaped up the sudden, definite presentment of a fiend.

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

With that he blew out his candle, put on a greatcoat, and set forth in the direction of Cavendish Square, that citadel of medicine, where his friend, the great Dr. Lanyon, had his house

40 and received his crowding patients. "If anyone knows, it will be Lanyon," he had thought.

45 The solemn butler knew and welcomed him; he was subjected to no stage of delay, but ushered direct from the door to the dining-room where Dr. Lanyon sat alone over his wine. This was a hearty, healthy, dapper, red-faced gentleman, with a shock of hair prematurely white, and a boisterous and decided manner. At sight of Mr. Utterson, he sprang up from his chair and welcomed him with both hands. The geniality, as was the way of the man, was somewhat theatrical to the eye; but it reposed on genuine feeling. For these two were old friends, old mates both at school and college, both thorough respectors of themselves and of each other, and what does not always follow, men who thoroughly enjoyed each other's company.

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

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

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

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

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

70 This little spirit of temper was somewhat of a relief to Mr. Utterson. "They have only differed on some point of science," he thought; and being a man of no scientific passions (except in the matter of conveyancing), he even added: "It is nothing worse than that!" He gave his friend a few seconds to recover his composure, and then approached the question he had come to put. "Did you ever come across a *protégé* of his—one Hyde?" he asked.

75 "Hyde?" repeated Lanyon. "No. Never heard of him. Since my time."

That was the amount of information that the lawyer carried back with him to the great, dark bed on which he tossed to and fro, until the small hours of the morning began to grow large. It was a night of little ease to his toiling mind, toiling in mere darkness and besieged by questions.

Six o'clock struck on the bells of the church that was so conveniently near to Mr. Utterson's dwelling, and still he was digging at the problem. Hitherto it had touched him on the intellectual side alone; but now his imagination also was engaged, or rather enslaved; and as he lay and tossed in the gross darkness of the night and the curtained room, Mr. Enfield's tale went by before his mind in a scroll of lighted pictures. He would be aware of the great field of lamps of a nocturnal city; then of the figure of a man walking swiftly; then of a child running from the doctor's; and then these met, and that human Juggernaut trod the child down and passed on regardless of her screams. Or else he would see a room in a rich house, where his friend lay asleep, dreaming and smiling at his dreams; and then the door of that room would be opened, the curtains of the bed plucked apart, the sleeper recalled, and lo! there would stand by his side a figure to whom power was given, and even at that dead hour, he must rise and do its bidding. The figure in these two phases haunted the lawyer all night; and if at any time he dozed over, it was but to see it glide more stealthily through sleeping houses, or move the more swiftly and still the more swiftly, even to dizziness, through wider labyrinths of lamplighted city, and at every street corner crush a child and leave her screaming. And still the figure had no face by which he might know it; even in his dreams, it had no face, or one that baffled him and melted before his eyes; and thus it was that there sprang up and grew apace in the lawyer's mind a singularly strong, almost an inordinate, curiosity to behold the features of the real Mr. Hyde. If he could but once set eyes on him, he thought the mystery would lighten and perhaps roll altogether away, as was the habit of mysterious things when well examined. He might see a reason for his friend's strange preference or bondage (call it which you please) and even for the startling clause of the will. At least it would be a face worth seeing: the face of a man who was without bowels of mercy: a face which had but to show itself to



raise up, in the mind of the unimpressionable Enfield, a spirit of enduring hatred.

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

“If he be Mr. Hyde,” he had thought, “I shall be Mr. Seek.”

125 And at last his patience was rewarded. It was a fine dry night; frost in the air; the streets as clean as a ballroom floor; the lamps, unshaken by any wind, drawing a regular pattern of light and shadow. By ten o'clock, when the shops were closed, the by-street was very solitary and, in spite of the low growl of London  
130 from all round, very silent. Small sounds carried far; domestic sounds out of the houses were clearly audible on either side of the roadway; and the rumour of the approach of any passenger preceded him by a long time. Mr. Utterson had been some minutes at his post, when he was aware of an odd light footstep  
135 drawing near. In the course of his nightly patrols, he had long grown accustomed to the quaint effect with which the footfalls of a single person, while he is still a great way off, suddenly spring out distinct from the vast hum and clatter of the city. Yet his attention had never before been so sharply and decisively arrested; and it  
140 was with a strong, superstitious prevision of success that he withdrew into the entry of the court.

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

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

Mr. Hyde shrank back with a hissing intake of the breath. But his fear was only momentary; and though he did not look the lawyer

155 in the face, he answered coolly enough: "That is my name. What do you want?"

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

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

"On your side," said Mr. Utterson "will you do me a favour?"

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

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

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

170 "Yes," returned Mr. Hyde, "It is as well we have met; and à propos, you should have my address." And he gave a number of a street in Soho.

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

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

"By description," was the reply.

"Whose description?"

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

180 "Common friends," echoed Mr. Hyde, a little hoarsely. "Who are they?"

"Jekyll, for instance," said the lawyer.

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

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

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

190 The lawyer stood awhile when Mr. Hyde had left him, the picture of disquietude. Then he began slowly to mount the street, pausing

every step or two and putting his hand to his brow like a man in mental perplexity. The problem he was thus debating as he walked, was one of a class that is rarely solved. Mr. Hyde was pale and dwarfish, he gave an impression of deformity without any nameable malformation, he had a displeasing smile, he had borne himself to the lawyer with a sort of murderous mixture of timidity and boldness, and he spoke with a husky, whispering and somewhat broken voice; all these were points against him, but not all of these together could explain the hitherto unknown disgust, loathing and fear with which Mr. Utterson regarded him. “There must be something else,” said the perplexed gentleman. “There is something more, if I could find a name for it. God bless me, the man seems hardly human! Something troglodytic, shall we say? or can it be the old story of Dr. Fell? or is it the mere radiance of a foul soul that thus transpires through, and transfigures, its clay continent? The last, I think; for, O my poor old Harry Jekyll, if ever I read Satan’s signature upon a face, it is on that of your new friend.”

Round the corner from the by-street, there was a square of ancient, handsome houses, now for the most part decayed from their high estate and let in flats and chambers to all sorts and conditions of men; map-engravers, architects, shady lawyers and the agents of obscure enterprises. One house, however, second from the corner, was still occupied entire; and at the door of this, which wore a great air of wealth and comfort, though it was now plunged in darkness except for the fanlight, Mr. Utterson stopped and knocked. A well-dressed, elderly servant opened the door.

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

“I will see, Mr. Utterson,” said Poole, admitting the visitor, as he spoke, into a large, low-roofed, comfortable hall paved with flags, warmed (after the fashion of a country house) by a bright, open fire, and furnished with costly cabinets of oak. “Will you wait here by the fire, sir? or shall I give you a light in the dining-room?”

“Here, thank you,” said the lawyer, and he drew near and leaned on the tall fender. This hall, in which he was now left alone, was a pet fancy of his friend the doctor’s; and Utterson himself was wont to speak of it as the pleasantest room in London. But tonight there was a shudder in his blood; the face of Hyde sat heavy on his memory; he felt (what was rare with him) a nausea

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

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

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

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

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

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

245 "O, dear no, sir. He never *dines* here," replied the butler. "Indeed we see very little of him on this side of the house; he mostly comes and goes by the laboratory."

"Well, good-night, Poole."

"Good-night, Mr. Utterson."

And the lawyer set out homeward with a very heavy heart.  
250 "Poor Harry Jekyll," he thought, "my mind misgives me he is in deep waters! He was wild when he was young; a long while ago to be sure; but in the law of God, there is no statute of limitations. Ay, it must be that; the ghost of some old sin, the cancer of some concealed disgrace: punishment coming, *pede claudo*, years after memory has forgotten and self-love condoned the fault."  
255 And the lawyer, scared by the thought, brooded awhile on his own past, groping in all the corners of memory, least by chance some Jack-in-the-Box of an old iniquity should leap to light there. His past was fairly blameless; few men could read the rolls of their  
260 life with less apprehension; yet he was humbled to the dust by the many ill things he had done, and raised up again into a sober and fearful gratitude by the many he had come so near to doing yet avoided. And then by a return on his former subject, he conceived a spark of hope. "This Master Hyde, if he were studied,"  
265 thought he, "must have secrets of his own; black secrets, by the look of him; secrets compared to which poor Jekyll's worst would be like sunshine. Things cannot continue as they are. It turns me cold to think of this creature stealing like a thief to Harry's bedside;

270 poor Harry, what a wakening! And the danger of it; for if this Hyde suspects the existence of the will, he may grow impatient to inherit. Ay, I must put my shoulders to the wheel—if Jekyll will but let me," he added, "if Jekyll will only let me." For once more he saw before his mind's eye, as clear as transparency, the strange clauses of the will.

**Complete this cloze activity to summarise the events of chapter two**

Once back at home Utterson is troubled by Jekyll's \_\_\_\_\_ as it leaves everything to Edward \_\_\_\_\_ and says that if Jekyll disappears for three months or more, Hyde gets all Jekyll's possessions. Utterson worries the will might indicate madness or a personal disgrace on Jekyll's part. He goes to see Dr \_\_\_\_\_, a friend to both Utterson and Jekyll. He finds that Lanyon and Jekyll have fallen out because of a clash over one of Jekyll's \_\_\_\_\_ theories.

After the two men part, Utterson suffers from \_\_\_\_\_ and dreams of Hyde trampling the child and in another the same figure approaches a sleeping Jekyll and makes Jekyll do what he wants. The figure has no \_\_\_\_\_ so Utterson decides to find Hyde so he can see him for himself.

Whenever he finds time, Utterson waits near the \_\_\_\_\_ where Hyde went to retrieve money to pay the blackmail. When he finally sees Hyde approaching the door, Utterson taps him on the shoulder. Hyde is frightened but talks to him. He learns some facts about Hyde, like his address in \_\_\_\_\_. Utterson cannot decide what makes Hyde's appearance so distasteful. He concludes that it bears "\_\_\_\_\_ signature" and is marked by "something troglodytic."

When he goes to visit Jekyll, we realise what Utterson has known all along – the house that Hyde lives in is actually at the back of Jekyll's house. Jekyll's servant, \_\_\_\_\_, tells him Jekyll isn't home. Utterson tells Poole he saw Hyde enter through the "\_\_\_\_\_ room door" and asks if it is okay. Poole tells Utterson that Hyde has a key. This troubles Utterson and makes him more certain than ever that something is wrong in Jekyll's life, and he wonders whether his friend is being \_\_\_\_\_ by Hyde.

Will	face	Lanyon	Satan's
Hyde	nightmares	scientific	Poole
Soho	door	dissecting	blackmailed

## Chapter 2 understanding check

1. Why did Lanyon and Jekyll fall out?

a] Lanyon disagreed with Jekyll's scientific ideas	b] Jekyll refused to do what Lanyon wanted	c] Lanyon was blackmailing Jekyll
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2. In his nightmares, Utterson sees 'labyrinths' of streets. What does the word labyrinth mean:

a] a wide circle	b] a complex and irregular pattern	c] a regular and careful layout
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3. What does Hyde think Utterson lies about?

a] Utterson's address	b] Jekyll speaking to Utterson about Hyde	c] Jekyll's scientific views
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4. Hyde is described as pale and:

a] small	b] ugly	c] dwarfish
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5. Whose house wore a 'great air of wealth and comfort'?

a] Lanyon's	b] Utterson's	c] Jekyll's
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6. How is Jekyll's hall described by Utterson?

a] as 'the pleasantest room in London'	b] as a 'citadel of medicine'	c] as a 'bachelor' place
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7. What does Poole tell Utterson about Hyde?

a] that they all have orders to obey him	b] that none of the staff like him	c] that he is blackmailing Jekyll
--	------------------------------------	-----------------------------------

8. What does Utterson think Hyde has to make him so frightening?

a] black secrets	b] a disgrace	c] a punishment
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## Settings

In each space, draw a picture of the setting and annotate with short quotations. Line numbers are given to help you find the right part of the text. Don't worry about the quality of your drawing, it is more important to focus on the impression created by Stevenson's descriptions.

Hyde's house [ch. 1, 45 – 65]

Jekyll's house [ch. 2, 203 – 227]

### Chapter three – Dr Jekyll was quite at ease

A fortnight later, by excellent good fortune, the doctor gave one of his pleasant dinners to some five or six old cronies, all intelligent, reputable men and all judges of good wine; and Mr. Utterson so  
5 contrived that he remained behind after the others had departed. This was no new arrangement, but a thing that had befallen many scores of times. Where Utterson was liked, he was liked well. Hosts loved to detain the dry lawyer, when the light-hearted and loose-tongued had already their foot on the threshold; they liked to sit a  
10 while in his unobtrusive company, practising for solitude, sobering their minds in the man's rich silence after the expense and strain of gaiety. To this rule, Dr. Jekyll was no exception; and as he now sat on the opposite side of the fire—a large, well-made, smooth-faced man of fifty, with something of a stylish cast perhaps, but every mark  
15 of capacity and kindness—you could see by his looks that he cherished for Mr. Utterson a sincere and warm affection.

“I have been wanting to speak to you, Jekyll,” began the latter. “You know that will of yours?”

A close observer might have gathered that the topic was  
20 distasteful; but the doctor carried it off gaily. “My poor Utterson,” said he, “you are unfortunate in such a client. I never saw a man so distressed as you were by my will; unless it were that hide-bound pedant, Lanyon, at what he called my scientific heresies. O, I know he's a good fellow—you needn't frown—an excellent fellow, and I  
25 always mean to see more of him; but a hide-bound pedant for all that; an ignorant, blatant pedant. I was never more disappointed in any man than Lanyon.”

“You know I never approved of it,” pursued Utterson, ruthlessly disregarding the fresh topic.

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

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

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

“What I heard was abominable,” said Utterson.

“It can make no change. You do not understand my position,”  
40 returned the doctor, with a certain incoherency of manner. “I am painfully situated, Utterson; my position is a very strange—a very



strange one. It is one of those affairs that cannot be mended by talking.”

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

10 “My good Utterson,” said the doctor, “this is very good of you, this is downright good of you, and I cannot find words to thank you in. I believe you fully; I would trust you before any man alive, ay, before myself, if I could make the choice; but indeed it isn’t what you fancy; it is not as bad as that; and just to put your good heart at rest, I will tell you one thing: the moment I choose, I can be rid of Mr. Hyde. I give you my hand upon that; and I thank you again and again; and I will just add one little word, Utterson, that I’m sure you’ll take in good part: this is a private matter, and I beg of you to let it sleep.”

15 Utterson reflected a little, looking in the fire.

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

20 “Well, but since we have touched upon this business, and for the last time I hope,” continued the doctor, “there is one point I should like you to understand. I have really a very great interest in poor Hyde. I know you have seen him; he told me so; and I fear he was rude. But I do sincerely take a great, a very great interest in that young man; and if I am taken away, Utterson, I wish you to promise me that you will bear with him and get his rights for him. I think you would, if you knew all; and it would be a weight off my mind if you would promise.”

25 “I can’t pretend that I shall ever like him,” said the lawyer.

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

Utterson heaved an irrepressible sigh. “Well,” said he, “I promise.”

### Chapter three summary

Read this summary of chapter three and correct the mistakes in spelling, punctuation and grammar by re-writing in the bottom box. As an extra challenge you might want to improve some of the vocabulary and make more sophisticated choices.

A fortnite after Utterson first meets hyde, he goes to a dinner party at Jekylls house. When the other guests leave, Uterson stays on in order to talk to Jekyll about his worrlys about his friends will. Jekyll doesnt want to talk about it, but he does say that lanyon is as upset by his will as Utterson is. when Utterson explanes that he has learned things about Hyde, Jekyll asks him to drop the subject. Jekyl tells him he can be trusted and urges Jekyll to tell him if he is being black mailed Jekyll says he isnt and declares that he can get rid of Hyde at any time he wants Utterson agrees to drop the subject, but Jekyll asks one more thing of him. If he disapears, he wants Utterson to take care of Hyde. Utterson reluctantly agrees.

## Chapter 3 Vocabulary Check

For each of these words, select the correct meaning from the three provided.

### **Unobtrusive**

loud and obvious	quiet and unassuming	rude and demanding
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### **Pedant**

casual and slack	concerned with minor details	a necklace
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### **Heresies**

beliefs or opinions that go against generally accepted ideas	religious views that everybody believes	very strong opinions about science
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### **Slyish cast**

a funny or strange look	a threatening look	a deceitful or cunning look
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### **Irrepressible**

hard to stop	easy to misunderstand	Hard to take seriously
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### **Loose tongues**

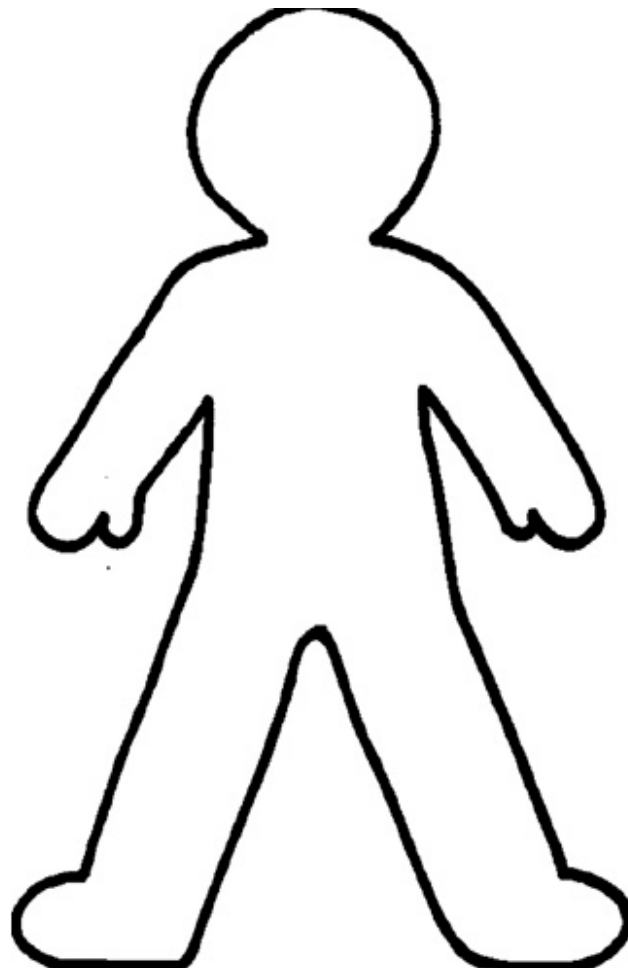
talking too freely	talking without sense	not able to talk
--------------------	-----------------------	------------------

Now make a note of any other unfamiliar words and look up their meanings:


**Character profile – Edward Hyde**

The last three chapters have introduced important information about Edward Hyde. Look at the following adjectives, select any you think apply to Hyde, and write them around the body shape below. Then find evidence in the text to support the adjective, either using quotations or your own words. [One has been done for you]. You can add any other adjectives you think are appropriate provided you use evidence.

frightening	animalistic	callous	brutal
mysterious	dark	bold	remorseless



**Frightening** - Enfield is unable to describe him, saying he must be 'deformed' but unable to adequately describe him

## Chapter four – The Carew Murder Case

Nearly a year later, in the month of October, 18—, London was startled by a crime of singular ferocity and rendered all the more notable by the high position of the victim. The details were few and startling. A maid servant living alone in a house not far from the river, had gone upstairs to bed about eleven. Although a fog rolled over the city in the small hours, the early part of the night was cloudless, and the lane, which the maid's window overlooked, was brilliantly lit by the full moon. It seems she was romantically given, for she sat down upon her box, which stood immediately under the window, and fell into a dream of musing. Never (she used to say, with streaming tears, when she narrated that experience), never had she felt more at peace with all men or thought more kindly of the world. And as she so sat she became aware of an aged beautiful gentleman with white hair, drawing near along the lane; and advancing to meet him, another and very small gentleman, to whom at first she paid less attention. When they had come within speech (which was just under the maid's eyes) the older man bowed and accosted the other with a very pretty manner of politeness. It did not seem as if the subject of his address were of great importance; indeed, from his pointing, it sometimes appeared as if he were only inquiring his way; but the moon shone on his face as he spoke, and the girl was pleased to watch it, it seemed to breathe such an innocent and old-world kindness of disposition, yet with something high too, as of a well-founded self-content. Presently her eye wandered to the other, and she was surprised to recognise in him a certain Mr. Hyde, who had once visited her master and for whom she had conceived a dislike. He had in his hand a heavy cane, with which he was trifling; but he answered never a word, and seemed to listen with an ill-contained impatience. And then all of a sudden he broke out in a great flame of anger, stamping with his foot, brandishing the cane, and carrying on (as the maid described it) like a madman. The old gentleman took a step back, with the air of one very much surprised and a trifle hurt; and at that Mr. Hyde broke out of all bounds and clubbed him to the earth. And next moment, with ape-like fury, he was trampling his victim under foot and hailing down a storm of blows, under which the bones were audibly shattered and the body jumped upon the roadway. At the horror of these sights and sounds, the maid fainted.

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

This was brought to the lawyer the next morning, before he was out of bed; and he had no sooner seen it and been told the circumstances, than he shot out a solemn lip. "I shall say nothing till  
55 I have seen the body," said he; "this may be very serious. Have the kindness to wait while I dress." And with the same grave countenance he hurried through his breakfast and drove to the police station, whither the body had been carried. As soon as he came into the cell, he nodded.

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

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

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

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

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

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

It was by this time about nine in the morning, and the first fog of the season. A great chocolate-coloured pall lowered over heaven, but the wind was continually charging and routing these embattled vapours; so that as the cab crawled from street to street, Mr.  
80 Utterson beheld a marvellous number of degrees and hues of twilight; for here it would be dark like the back-end of evening; and

there would be a glow of a rich, lurid brown, like the light of some strange conflagration; and here, for a moment, the fog would be quite broken up, and a haggard shaft of daylight would glance in  
85 between the swirling wreaths. The dismal quarter of Soho seen under these changing glimpses, with its muddy ways, and slatternly passengers, and its lamps, which had never been extinguished or had been kindled afresh to combat this mournful reinvasion of darkness, seemed, in the lawyer's eyes, like a district of some city in  
90 a nightmare. The thoughts of his mind, besides, were of the gloomiest dye; and when he glanced at the companion of his drive, he was conscious of some touch of that terror of the law and the law's officers, which may at times assail the most honest.

As the cab drew up before the address indicated, the fog lifted  
95 a little and showed him a dingy street, a gin palace, a low French eating house, a shop for the retail of penny numbers and twopenny salads, many ragged children huddled in the doorways, and many women of many different nationalities passing out, key in hand, to have a morning glass; and the next moment the fog settled down  
100 again upon that part, as brown as umber, and cut him off from his blackguardly surroundings. This was the home of Henry Jekyll's favourite; of a man who was heir to a quarter of a million sterling.

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

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

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

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

120 In the whole extent of the house, which but for the old woman remained otherwise empty, Mr. Hyde had only used a couple of rooms; but these were furnished with luxury and good taste. A closet

125 was filled with wine; the plate was of silver, the napery elegant; a  
good picture hung upon the walls, a gift (as Utterson supposed)  
from Henry Jekyll, who was much of a connoisseur; and the carpets  
were of many plies and agreeable in colour. At this moment,  
however, the rooms bore every mark of having been recently and  
hurriedly ransacked; clothes lay about the floor, with their pockets  
inside out; lock-fast drawers stood open; and on the hearth there  
130 lay a pile of grey ashes, as though many papers had been burned.  
From these embers the inspector disinterred the butt end of a green  
cheque book, which had resisted the action of the fire; the other  
half of the stick was found behind the door; and as this clinched his  
suspicions, the officer declared himself delighted. A visit to the  
135 bank, where several thousand pounds were found to be lying to  
the murderer's credit, completed his gratification.

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

145 This last, however, was not so easy of accomplishment; for Mr.  
Hyde had numbered few familiars—even the master of the servant  
maid had only seen him twice; his family could nowhere be traced;  
he had never been photographed; and the few who could  
describe him differed widely, as common observers will. Only on  
one point were they agreed; and that was the haunting sense of  
unexpressed deformity with which the fugitive impressed his  
beholders.

150



## Chapter four summary

Fill in the gaps to complete this summary of Chapter four.

Nearly a year later, a \_\_\_\_ is sitting at her window in the early hours of the morning. She witnesses an elderly gentleman being brutally clubbed to death in the street by \_\_\_\_\_. She sees the \_\_\_\_\_ he uses split in two, with one half rolling into the \_\_\_\_\_. The maid faints and when she awakes, she contacts the police.

A letter addressed to \_\_\_\_\_ is found on the body and the police contact him. He identifies the body as Sir \_\_\_\_\_, one of his clients. He recognises the murder weapon as the broken half of a walking cane he gave to \_\_\_\_\_ years earlier. When he hears that the murderer is \_\_\_\_\_, he offers to lead the police to his house. There they are told that \_\_\_\_\_ has not been at home for two months. They search the house and find the other half of the murder weapon and signs of a hasty exit.

## Chapter four vocabulary

Match the word or phrase with the correct definition:

gin palace		without feeling
accosted		pub
pall		serious expression
insensate		friend
grave countenance		a dark cloud of smoke, or a cloth over a coffin
conflagration		showed fear
napery		address someone boldly
familiar		an extensive fire
quailed		table cloths or linen

## Chapter four analysis

Now read this analysis of the importance of this chapter, and use it, and your knowledge of the chapter, to answer the questions that follow.

The mood at the start of the chapter is almost romantic, the Maid, an innocent and perhaps therefore reliable witness, tells the police that she had never felt happier in her life. This provides an extreme contrast to what she witnesses through her window. It is also important to notice here that the maidservant gives a very precise description of Sir Danvers, which contrasts sharply with that of Hyde. In fact, it might be said at this point that the two men represent opposing sides of the human personality.

This chapter also illustrates the full extent of Hyde's capacity for evil. Whereas earlier Hyde could be seen as callous in his trampling of the girl, he was perhaps more of an unscrupulous opportunist, perhaps manipulating Jekyll. The vicious murder of Sir Danvers Carew changes this, as Hyde is seen to be violent at random, with no apparent motive, and with little concern for his own safety. This is certainly the most horrific passage in the book and Stevenson does not spare the reader gruesome details. His complete disappearance after the murder, along with his utter lack of family, friends, and people who can identify him, heightens the sense of mystery and horror surrounding him.

It is interesting to consider the behaviour of some of the minor characters in response to the murder. The shock of the police officer when the body is revealed as that of Sir Danvers is immediately replaced by his thoughts of 'professional ambition'. When the old woman at the rooms of Hyde realises that the police want to speak to her she has a 'flash of odious joy' on her face. This creates the impression that she would genuinely delight in the misfortunes of others.

1. One of the themes of the novel is duality – how is it shown in this chapter?

2. In your own words, explain how Hyde could be seen as an 'unscrupulous opportunist' in earlier chapters.
  
3. How does the splitting of the cane used in the murder also reflect ideas about duality? [hint – one part ends in the gutter]
  
4. How do the minor characters also reflect ideas about duality?
  
5. Re-read lines 76 – 90 and look at the ideas below. For each one, select a very short quotation and explain the link. One has been done for you:

creates a menacing atmosphere	<i>'great chocolate-coloured pall lowered over heaven'</i>	<i>'pall' has connotations of funerals and brown is a dirty colour, 'heaven' is linked to wellbeing, so suggesting something hideous is 'lowered' over it suggests all hope is lost.</i>
foreshadows danger		
links to theme of duality		
reflects Hyde's character		

## Chapter five – Incident of the Letter

It was late in the afternoon, when Mr. Utterson found his way to Dr. Jekyll's door, where he was at once admitted by Poole, and carried down by the kitchen offices and across a yard which had once been a garden, to the building which was indifferently known as the laboratory or dissecting rooms. The doctor had bought the house from the heirs of a celebrated surgeon; and his own tastes being rather chemical than anatomical, had changed the destination of the block at the bottom of the garden. It was the first time that the lawyer had been received in that part of his friend's quarters; and he eyed the dingy, windowless structure with curiosity, and gazed round with a distasteful sense of strangeness as he crossed the theatre, once crowded with eager students and now lying gaunt and silent, the tables laden with chemical apparatus, the floor strewn with crates and littered with packing straw, and the light falling dimly through the foggy cupola. At the further end, a flight of stairs mounted to a door covered with red baize; and through this, Mr. Utterson was at last received into the doctor's cabinet. It was a large room fitted round with glass presses, furnished, among other things, with a cheval-glass and a business table, and looking out upon the court by three dusty windows barred with iron. The fire burned in the grate; a lamp was set lighted on the chimney shelf, for even in the houses the fog began to lie thickly; and there, close up to the warmth, sat Dr. Jekyll, looking deathly sick. He did not rise to meet his visitor, but held out a cold hand and bade him welcome in a changed voice.

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

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

"One word," said the lawyer. "Carew was my client, but so are you, and I want to know what I am doing. You have not been mad enough to hide this fellow?"

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

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

"I am quite sure of him," replied Jekyll; "I have grounds for certainty that I cannot share with any one. But there is one thing on which you

45 may advise me. I have—I have received a letter; and I am at a loss whether I should show it to the police. I should like to leave it in your hands, Utterson; you would judge wisely, I am sure; I have so great a trust in you.”

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

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

Utterson ruminated awhile; he was surprised at his friend’s selfishness, and yet relieved by it. “Well,” said he, at last, “let me see the letter.”

55 The letter was written in an odd, upright hand and signed “Edward Hyde”: and it signified, briefly enough, that the writer’s benefactor, Dr. Jekyll, whom he had long so unworthily repaid for a thousand generosities, need labour under no alarm for his safety, as he had means of escape on which he placed a sure dependence. The lawyer liked this letter well enough; it put a better colour on the intimacy than he had looked for; and he blamed himself for some of  
60 his past suspicions.

“Have you the envelope?” he asked.

“I burned it,” replied Jekyll, “before I thought what I was about. But it bore no postmark. The note was handed in.”

65 “Shall I keep this and sleep upon it?” asked Utterson.

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

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

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

“I knew it,” said Utterson. “He meant to murder you. You had a fine escape.”

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

80 On his way out, the lawyer stopped and had a word or two with Poole. “By the bye,” said he, “there was a letter handed in to-day: what was the messenger like?” But Poole was positive nothing had come except by post; “and only circulars by that,” he added.

This news sent off the visitor with his fears renewed. Plainly the letter had come by the laboratory door; possibly, indeed, it had been

85 written in the cabinet; and if that were so, it must be differently judged,  
and handled with the more caution. The newsboys, as he went, were  
crying themselves hoarse along the footways: "Special edition.  
Shocking murder of an M.P." That was the funeral oration of one friend  
and client; and he could not help a certain apprehension lest the  
90 good name of another should be sucked down in the eddy of the  
scandal. It was, at least, a ticklish decision that he had to make; and  
self-reliant as he was by habit, he began to cherish a longing for  
advice. It was not to be had directly; but perhaps, he thought, it might  
be fished for.

Presently after, he sat on one side of his own hearth, with Mr. Guest,  
95 his head clerk, upon the other, and midway between, at a nicely  
calculated distance from the fire, a bottle of a particular old wine that  
had long dwelt unsunned in the foundations of his house. The fog still  
slept on the wing above the drowned city, where the lamps  
glimmered like carbuncles; and through the muffle and smother of  
100 these fallen clouds, the procession of the town's life was still rolling in  
through the great arteries with a sound as of a mighty wind. But the  
room was gay with firelight. In the bottle the acids were long ago  
resolved; the imperial dye had softened with time, as the colour grows  
richer in stained windows; and the glow of hot autumn afternoons on  
105 hillside vineyards, was ready to be set free and to disperse the fogs of  
London. Insensibly the lawyer melted. There was no man from whom  
he kept fewer secrets than Mr. Guest; and he was not always sure that  
he kept as many as he meant. Guest had often been on business to  
the doctor's; he knew Poole; he could scarce have failed to hear of  
110 Mr. Hyde's familiarity about the house; he might draw conclusions:  
was it not as well, then, that he should see a letter which put that  
mystery to right? and above all since Guest, being a great student  
and critic of handwriting, would consider the step natural and  
obliging? The clerk, besides, was a man of counsel; he could scarce  
115 read so strange a document without dropping a remark; and by that  
remark Mr. Utterson might shape his future course.

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

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

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

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

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

Just then the servant entered with a note.

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

130 “Only an invitation to dinner. Why? Do you want to see it?”

“One moment. I thank you, sir;” and the clerk laid the two sheets of paper alongside and sedulously compared their contents. “Thank you, sir,” he said at last, returning both; “it’s a very interesting autograph.”

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

“Well, sir,” returned the clerk, “there’s a rather singular resemblance; the two hands are in many points identical: only differently sloped.”

“Rather quaint,” said Utterson.

140 “It is, as you say, rather quaint,” returned Guest.

“I wouldn’t speak of this note, you know,” said the master.

“No, sir,” said the clerk. “I understand.”

But no sooner was Mr. Utterson alone that night, than he locked the note into his safe, where it reposed from that time forward. “What!”

145 he thought. “Henry Jekyll forge for a murderer!” And his blood ran cold in his veins.

**Use this space for a summary of the chapter.**

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## Chapter Five analysis

Fill in the blanks in this analysis of chapter five.

Like the weather and the disappearance of Hyde, the atmosphere of \_\_\_\_\_ continues in this chapter. The \_\_\_\_ not only surrounds the building but even enters its interior, lying thickly.

The theme of \_\_\_\_\_ is also continued - Jekyll looks 'deadly sick', his hand is 'cold' and he has a 'feverish manner', creating a marked \_\_\_\_\_ to his presentation in chapter three, where he was described as a 'large, well-made, \_\_\_\_\_ man'. Contrasts are also made between the interior of the room and the city outside, as well as between the colours and flavours of the bottle of wine which Utterson had previously kept hidden in his cellar.

In terms of character, it is interesting that \_\_\_\_\_ is more perceptive than his master in recognising the similarity between the two types of handwriting. Utterson remains the proper Victorian gentleman, even as he plays the \_\_\_\_\_, his principal desire appears to be the maintenance of \_\_\_\_\_ and the avoidance of scandal, rather than the discovery of truth. Thus, even when he suspects Jekyll of covering up for a murderer, he reports nothing of it to anyone, preferring to set the matter aside in the hopes of \_\_\_\_\_ his client's reputation. \_\_\_\_\_ seems to be suggesting that such a close focus on outward appearances and respectability blinds people to the truth. Even when faced with \_\_\_\_\_, Utterson remains rather naïve as he cannot see that a seemingly upstanding person can also possess a hidden \_\_\_\_\_ side.

detective	fog	Guest	smooth-faced
secrecy	evidence	duality	reputation
preserving	contrast	darker	Stevenson



## Chapter Five extract analysis

Here is a short extract from chapter five with some language and structure annotations. Re-read the extract and then the annotations carefully. Then match up the annotations to the underlined sections of the extract. One has been done for you.

Suggests secrecy, Jekyll has not even allowed his friends in before

Suggests secrecy, inability to see in or out. Creates a link to description of Hyde's house in chapter 1

Adjectives suggest illness, create atmosphere of sadness and despair

Negative verbs convey impression of neglect

Creates an image of a prison, perhaps represents Jekyll's state of mind

It was the first time that the lawyer had been received in that part of his friend's quarters; and he eyed the dingy, windowless structure with curiosity, and gazed round with a distasteful sense of strangeness as he crossed the theatre, once crowded with eager students and now lying gaunt and silent, the tables laden with chemical apparatus, the floor strewn with crates and littered with packing straw, and the light falling dimly through the foggy cupola. At the further end, a flight of stairs mounted to a door covered with red baize; and through this, Mr. Utterson was at last received into the doctor's cabinet. It was a large room fitted round with glass presses, furnished, among other things, with a cheval-glass and a business table, and looking out upon the court by three dusty windows barred with iron. The fire burned in the grate; a lamp was set lighted on the chimney shelf, for even in the houses the fog began to lie thickly; and there, close up to the warmth, sat Dr. Jekyll, looking deathly sick. He did not rise to meet his visitor, but held out a cold hand and bade him welcome in a changed voice.

Perhaps a metaphor for Utterson's inability to see the truth

Jekyll's appearance and body match the description of the room. He appears to be on the verge of death

Pathetic fallacy of weather to create mysterious atmosphere – links to secrecy

## Chapter 6 – Remarkable Incident of Dr Lanyon

Time ran on; thousands of pounds were offered in reward, for the death of Sir Danvers was resented as a public injury; but Mr. Hyde  
5 had disappeared out of the ken of the police as though he had never existed. Much of his past was unearthed, indeed, and all disreputable: tales came out of the man's cruelty, at once so callous and violent; of his vile life, of his strange associates, of the hatred that seemed to have surrounded his career; but of his  
10 present whereabouts, not a whisper. From the time he had left the house in Soho on the morning of the murder, he was simply blotted out; and gradually, as time drew on, Mr. Utterson began to recover from the hotness of his alarm, and to grow more at quiet with himself. The death of Sir Danvers was, to his way of thinking, more  
15 than paid for by the disappearance of Mr. Hyde. Now that that evil influence had been withdrawn, a new life began for Dr. Jekyll. He came out of his seclusion, renewed relations with his friends, became once more their familiar guest and entertainer; and whilst he had always been known for charities, he was now no less  
20 distinguished for religion. He was busy, he was much in the open air, he did good; his face seemed to open and brighten, as if with an inward consciousness of service; and for more than two months, the doctor was at peace.

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

There at least he was not denied admittance; but when he came  
35 in, he was shocked at the change which had taken place in the doctor's appearance. He had his death-warrant written legibly upon his face. The rosy man had grown pale; his flesh had fallen away; he was visibly balder and older; and yet it was not so much these tokens of a swift physical decay that arrested the lawyer's  
40 notice, as a look in the eye and quality of manner that seemed to testify to some deep-seated terror of the mind. It was unlikely that

the doctor should fear death; and yet that was what Utterson was tempted to suspect. "Yes," he thought; "he is a doctor, he must know his own state and that his days are counted; and the  
45 knowledge is more than he can bear." And yet when Utterson remarked on his ill looks, it was with an air of great firmness that Lanyon declared himself a doomed man.

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

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

But Lanyon's face changed, and he held up a trembling hand. "I wish to see or hear no more of Dr. Jekyll," he said in a loud, unsteady  
55 voice. "I am quite done with that person; and I beg that you will spare me any allusion to one whom I regard as dead."

"Tut, tut!" said Mr. Utterson; and then after a considerable pause, "Can't I do anything?" he inquired. "We are three very old friends, Lanyon; we shall not live to make others."

60 "Nothing can be done," returned Lanyon; "ask himself."

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

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

As soon as he got home, Utterson sat down and wrote to Jekyll, complaining of his exclusion from the house, and asking the cause  
70 of this unhappy break with Lanyon; and the next day brought him a long answer, often very pathetically worded, and sometimes darkly mysterious in drift. The quarrel with Lanyon was incurable. "I do not blame our old friend," Jekyll wrote, "but I share his view that we must never meet. I mean from henceforth to lead a life of  
75 extreme seclusion; you must not be surprised, nor must you doubt my friendship, if my door is often shut even to you. You must suffer me to go my own dark way. I have brought on myself a punishment and a danger that I cannot name. If I am the chief of sinners, I am the chief of sufferers also. I could not think that this earth contained  
80 a place for sufferings and terrors so unmanning; and you can do but one thing, Utterson, to lighten this destiny, and that is to respect my silence." Utterson was amazed; the dark influence of Hyde had

85 been withdrawn, the doctor had returned to his old tasks and  
amities; a week ago, the prospect had smiled with every promise  
of a cheerful and an honoured age; and now in a moment,  
friendship, and peace of mind, and the whole tenor of his life were  
wrecked. So great and unprepared a change pointed to madness;  
but in view of Lanyon's manner and words, there must lie for it some  
deeper ground.

90 A week afterwards Dr. Lanyon took to his bed, and in something  
less than a fortnight he was dead. The night after the funeral, at  
which he had been sadly affected, Utterson locked the door of his  
business room, and sitting there by the light of a melancholy  
95 candle, drew out and set before him an envelope addressed by  
the hand and sealed with the seal of his dead friend. "PRIVATE: for  
the hands of G. J. Utterson ALONE, and in case of his predecease to  
*be destroyed unread,*" so it was emphatically superscribed; and  
the lawyer dreaded to behold the contents. "I have buried one  
friend to-day," he thought: "what if this should cost me another?"  
100 And then he condemned the fear as a disloyalty, and broke the  
seal. Within there was another enclosure, likewise sealed, and  
marked upon the cover as "not to be opened till the death or  
disappearance of Dr. Henry Jekyll." Utterson could not trust his eyes.  
Yes, it was disappearance; here again, as in the mad will which he  
105 had long ago restored to its author, here again were the idea of a  
disappearance and the name of Henry Jekyll bracketed. But in the  
will, that idea had sprung from the sinister suggestion of the man  
Hyde; it was set there with a purpose all too plain and horrible.  
Written by the hand of Lanyon, what should it mean? A great  
110 curiosity came on the trustee, to disregard the prohibition and dive  
at once to the bottom of these mysteries; but professional honour  
and faith to his dead friend were stringent obligations; and the  
packet slept in the inmost corner of his private safe.

115 It is one thing to mortify curiosity, another to conquer it; and it may  
be doubted if, from that day forth, Utterson desired the society of  
his surviving friend with the same eagerness. He thought of him  
kindly; but his thoughts were disquieted and fearful. He went to call  
indeed; but he was perhaps relieved to be denied admittance;  
perhaps, in his heart, he preferred to speak with Poole upon the  
120 doorstep and surrounded by the air and sounds of the open city,  
rather than to be admitted into that house of voluntary bondage,  
and to sit and speak with its inscrutable recluse. Poole had, indeed,  
no very pleasant news to communicate. The doctor, it appeared,  
now more than ever confined himself to the cabinet over the

125 laboratory, where he would sometimes even sleep; he was out of spirits, he had grown very silent, he did not read; it seemed as if he had something on his mind. Utterson became so used to the unvarying character of these reports, that he fell off little by little in the frequency of his visits.

Put these events from Chapter six into the correct order by numbering them:

Lanyon tells Utterson he has had a great shock and doubts he will recover; he wants no more to do with Jekyll	
On 12 <sup>th</sup> , 14 <sup>th</sup> and 15 <sup>th</sup> the door of Dr Jekyll's is shut against Utterson	
Lanyon leaves Utterson a sealed letter containing another letter labelled: not to be opened till the death or disappearance of Dr Henry Jekyll	
Utterson writes to Jekyll and receives a reply stating that Jekyll will henceforth lead a life of extreme seclusion	
Utterson dines with Jekyll on 8 <sup>th</sup> January	
Utterson goes to Lanyon's and is shocked by the Doctor's appearance	
Dr Lanyon takes to his bed and dies	
Utterson's visits to Jekyll become more infrequent as Jekyll never admits him	
Dr Jekyll began to come out of his seclusion	
Thousands of pounds were offered as a reward for finding the murderer of Danvers Carew	

**Chapter six character check**

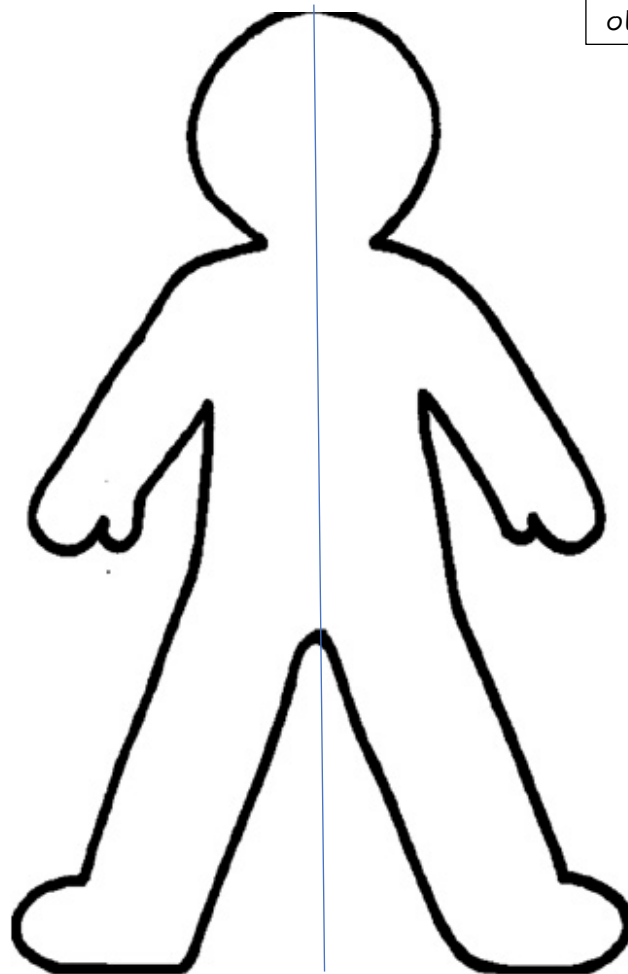
**Dr Lanyon**

Look at lines 229 – 262 and consider how Lanyon has changed. Look back at chapter two where Lanyon is first introduced and annotate this body shape with the quotations that show the changes in his appearance and demeanour. Two have been done for you.

Chapter two	Chapter six
-------------	-------------

*'hearty, healthy'  
dapper, red-faced*

*Visibly balder and  
older*



## Chapter six theme check

Events in this chapter can be linked to themes from the novel such as secrecy, reputation, duality and friendship. For each of these themes, find examples from the text and explain the link. You can either use quotations or paraphrase into your own words. One has been done for you:

Secrecy	
Reputation	
Friendship	<p><i>Despite being turned away from Jekyll's twice, Utterson still goes back. The fact that he tries three times shows the strength of Utterson's loyalty to his friend, as Utterson is a reserved man who tries not to judge others, so this type of persistence would be out of character.</i></p>
Duality	

## Chapter seven – Incident at the window

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

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

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

“It was impossible to do the one without the other,” returned Enfield. “And by the way, what an ass you must have thought me, not to know that this was a back way to Dr. Jekyll’s! It was partly your own fault that I found it out, even when I did.”

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

The court was very cool and a little damp, and full of premature twilight, although the sky, high up overhead, was still bright with sunset. The middle one of the three windows was half-way open; and sitting close beside it, taking the air with an infinite sadness of mien, like some disconsolate prisoner, Utterson saw Dr. Jekyll.

“What! Jekyll!” he cried. “I trust you are better.”

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

“You stay too much indoors,” said the lawyer. “You should be out, whipping up the circulation like Mr. Enfield and me. (This is my cousin—Mr. Enfield—Dr. Jekyll.) Come now; get your hat and take a quick turn with us.”

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

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

“That is just what I was about to venture to propose,” returned the doctor with a smile. But the words were hardly uttered, before the smile was struck out of his face and succeeded by an expression of



such abject terror and despair, as froze the very blood of the two gentlemen below. They saw it but for a glimpse for the window was instantly thrust down; but that glimpse had been sufficient, and they turned and left the court without a word. In silence, too, they

45 traversed the by-street; and it was not until they had come into a neighbouring thoroughfare, where even upon a Sunday there were still some stirrings of life, that Mr. Utterson at last turned and looked at his companion. They were both pale; and there was an answering horror in their eyes.

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

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

This is a very short chapter but it contains a scene that highlights key ideas and themes in the novel. Here are some of the ideas: put them order of importance by numbering them from 1 – 6 and then adding one of your own.

The window is a symbol of secrecy – it is ‘half-way open’ at the start suggesting there is still some good left in Jekyll, but it is ‘thrust down’ suggesting whatever is within him needs safely and tightly containing.	
This chapter mirrors the opening chapter as Utterson and Enfield are again taking a Sunday walk, but this time they go further and see windows, rather than just a door.	
The two men see something that creates ‘horror in their eyes’, but still they walk away in silence - perhaps Stevenson is highlighting the damaging nature of secrecy.	
It is not made clear exactly what Utterson and Enfield see ‘but for a glimpse’; this heightens the mystery.	
Stevenson actually describes Jekyll as like a ‘disconsolate prisoner’ in this chapter.	
Duality is evident in the weather and the sky; it is ‘very cool and a little damp’ and ‘full of premature twilight’ but ‘still bright with sunset’.	

## Chapter seven character analysis

In this chapter, Jekyll has changed into someone sad and imprisoned. Go back over previous chapters to fully understand this change in his character and find evidence to support the following adjectives. For each piece of evidence, add an explanation. You could analyse the language in a quotation if you use one – an example has been done for you.

	<b>Evidence</b>	<b>Explanation</b>
Determined	<i>When talking about Hyde in chapter three he says: "I do sincerely take a great, a very great interest in that young man:</i>	The repetition of 'great' emphasises how determined Jekyll is and illustrates how he feels about Mr Hyde. The use of 'sincerely' shows that his determination is very real and passionate.
Respected		
Intelligent		
Wealthy		
Friendly		
Erratic		

## Chapter seven language and structure analysis

Look at this short extract from chapter seven. Consider how language and structure have been used to present Jekyll's state of mind. Key parts of the extract have been underlined for you. Annotate these with analysis.

The court was very cool and a little damp, and full of premature twilight, although the sky, high up overhead, was still bright with sunset. The middle one of the three windows was half-way open; and sitting close beside it, taking the air with an infinite sadness of mien, like some disconsolate prisoner, Utterson saw Dr. Jekyll.

“What! Jekyll!” he cried. “I trust you are better.”

“I am very low, Utterson,” replied the doctor drearly, “very low. It will not last long, thank God.”

## Chapter eight – The Last Night

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

5 “Bless me, Poole, what brings you here?” he cried; and then taking a second look at him, “What ails you?” he added; “is the doctor ill?”

“Mr. Utterson,” said the man, “there is something wrong.”

10 “Take a seat, and here is a glass of wine for you,” said the lawyer. “Now, take your time, and tell me plainly what you want.”

“You know the doctor’s ways, sir,” replied Poole, “and how he shuts himself up. Well, he’s shut up again in the cabinet; and I don’t like it, sir—I wish I may die if I like it. Mr. Utterson, sir, I’m afraid.”

15 “Now, my good man,” said the lawyer, “be explicit. What are you afraid of?”

“I’ve been afraid for about a week,” returned Poole, doggedly disregarding the question, “and I can bear it no more.”

20 The man’s appearance amply bore out his words; his manner was altered for the worse; and except for the moment when he had first announced his terror, he had not once looked the lawyer in the face. Even now, he sat with the glass of wine untasted on his knee, and his eyes directed to a corner of the floor. “I can bear it no more,” he repeated.

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

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

30 “Foul play!” cried the lawyer, a good deal frightened and rather inclined to be irritated in consequence. “What foul play! What does the man mean?”

“I daren’t say, sir,” was the answer; “but will you come along with me and see for yourself?”

35 Mr. Utterson’s only answer was to rise and get his hat and greatcoat; but he observed with wonder the greatness of the relief that appeared upon the butler’s face, and perhaps with no less, that the wine was still untasted when he set it down to follow.

It was a wild, cold, seasonable night of March, , and flying wrack of the most diaphanous and lawny texture. The wind made talking difficult, and flecked the blood into the face. It seemed to have

40 swept the streets unusually bare of passengers, besides; for Mr. Utterson thought he had never seen that part of London so deserted. He could have wished it otherwise; never in his life had he been conscious of so sharp a wish to see and touch his fellow-creatures; for struggle as he might, there was borne in upon his mind  
45 a crushing anticipation of calamity. The square, when they got there, was full of wind and dust, and the thin trees in the garden were lashing themselves along the railing. Poole, who had kept all the way a pace or two ahead, now pulled up in the middle of the pavement, and in spite of the biting weather, took off his hat and  
50 mopped his brow with a red pocket-handkerchief. But for all the hurry of his coming, these were not the dews of exertion that he wiped away, but the moisture of some strangling anguish; for his face was white and his voice, when he spoke, harsh and broken.

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

“Amen, Poole,” said the lawyer.

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

60 “It’s all right,” said Poole. “Open the door.”

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

“What, what? Are you all here?” said the lawyer peevishly. “Very irregular, very unseemly; your master would be far from pleased.”

“They’re all afraid,” said Poole.

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

“Hold your tongue!” Poole said to her, with a ferocity of accent that testified to his own jangled nerves; and indeed, when the girl had so suddenly raised the note of her lamentation, they had all  
75 started and turned towards the inner door with faces of dreadful expectation. “And now,” continued the butler, addressing the knife-boy, “reach me a candle, and we’ll get this through hands at once.” And then he begged Mr. Utterson to follow him, and led the way to the back garden.

80 “Now, sir,” said he, “you come as gently as you can. I want you to hear, and I don’t want you to be heard. And see here, sir, if by any chance he was to ask you in, don’t go.”

Mr. Utterson’s nerves, at this unlooked-for termination, gave a jerk that nearly threw him from his balance; but he recollected his  
85 courage and followed the butler into the laboratory building through the surgical theatre, with its lumber of crates and bottles, to the foot of the stair. Here Poole motioned him to stand on one side and listen; while he himself, setting down the candle and making a great and obvious call on his resolution, mounted the  
90 steps and knocked with a somewhat uncertain hand on the red baize of the cabinet door.

“Mr. Utterson, sir, asking to see you,” he called; and even as he did so, once more violently signed to the lawyer to give ear.

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

“Thank you, sir,” said Poole, with a note of something like triumph in his voice; and taking up his candle, he led Mr. Utterson back across the yard and into the great kitchen, where the fire was out and the beetles were leaping on the floor.

100 “Sir,” he said, looking Mr. Utterson in the eyes, “Was that my master’s voice?”

“It seems much changed,” replied the lawyer, very pale, but giving look for look.

105 “Changed? Well, yes, I think so,” said the butler. “Have I been twenty years in this man’s house, to be deceived about his voice? No, sir; master’s made away with; he was made away with eight days ago, when we heard him cry out upon the name of God; and *who’s* in there instead of him, and *why* it stays there, is a thing that cries to Heaven, Mr. Utterson!”

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

115 “Well, Mr. Utterson, you are a hard man to satisfy, but I’ll do it yet,” said Poole. “All this last week (you must know) him, or it, whatever it is that lives in that cabinet, has been crying night and day for some sort of medicine and cannot get it to his mind. It was sometimes his way—the master’s, that is—to write his orders on a sheet of paper

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

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

130 Poole felt in his pocket and handed out a crumpled note, which  
the lawyer, bending nearer to the candle, carefully examined. Its  
contents ran thus: "Dr. Jekyll presents his compliments to Messrs.  
Maw. He assures them that their last sample is impure and quite  
useless for his present purpose. In the year 18—, Dr. J. purchased a  
135 somewhat large quantity from Messrs. M. He now begs them to  
search with most sedulous care, and should any of the same quality  
be left, forward it to him at once. Expense is no consideration. The  
importance of this to Dr. J. can hardly be exaggerated." So far the  
letter had run composedly enough, but here with a sudden splutter  
140 of the pen, the writer's emotion had broken loose. "For God's sake,"  
he added, "find me some of the old."

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

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

"This is unquestionably the doctor's hand, do you know?"  
resumed the lawyer.

150 "I thought it looked like it," said the servant rather sulkily; and then,  
with another voice, "But what matters hand of write?" he said. "I've  
seen him!"

"Seen him?" repeated Mr. Utterson. "Well?"

155 "That's it!" said Poole. "It was this way. I came suddenly into the  
theatre from the garden. It seems he had slipped out to look for this  
drug or whatever it is; for the cabinet door was open, and there he  
was at the far end of the room digging among the crates. He  
looked up when I came in, gave a kind of cry, and whipped upstairs  
into the cabinet. It was but for one minute that I saw him, but the  
hair stood upon my head like quills. Sir, if that was my master, why  
had he a mask upon his face? If it was my master, why did he cry

160 out like a rat, and run from me? I have served him long enough.  
And then..." The man paused and passed his hand over his face.

"These are all very strange circumstances," said Mr. Utterson, "but I think I begin to see daylight. Your master, Poole, is plainly seized with one of those maladies that both torture and deform the  
165 sufferer; hence, for aught I know, the alteration of his voice; hence the mask and the avoidance of his friends; hence his eagerness to find this drug, by means of which the poor soul retains some hope of ultimate recovery—God grant that he be not deceived! There is my explanation; it is sad enough, Poole, ay, and appalling to  
170 consider; but it is plain and natural, hangs well together, and delivers us from all exorbitant alarms."

"Sir," said the butler, turning to a sort of mottled pallor, "that thing was not my master, and there's the truth. My master"—here he looked round him and began to whisper—"is a tall, fine build of a  
175 man, and this was more of a dwarf." Utterson attempted to protest. "O, sir," cried Poole, "do you think I do not know my master after twenty years? Do you think I do not know where his head comes to in the cabinet door, where I saw him every morning of my life? No, sir, that thing in the mask was never Dr. Jekyll—God knows what it was, but it was never Dr. Jekyll; and it is the belief of my heart that  
180 there was murder done."

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

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

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

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

190 "That's very well said," returned the lawyer; "and whatever comes of it, I shall make it my business to see you are no loser."

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

The lawyer took that rude but weighty instrument into his hand, and balanced it. "Do you know, Poole," he said, looking up, "that  
195 you and I are about to place ourselves in a position of some peril?"

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



200 “It is well, then that we should be frank,” said the other. “We both think more than we have said; let us make a clean breast. This masked figure that you saw, did you recognise it?”

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

“Yes,” said the lawyer, “I once spoke with him.”

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

“I own I felt something of what you describe,” said Mr. Utterson.

215 “Quite so, sir,” returned Poole. “Well, when that masked thing like a monkey jumped from among the chemicals and whipped into the cabinet, it went down my spine like ice. O, I know it’s not evidence, Mr. Utterson; I’m book-learned enough for that; but a man has his feelings, and I give you my bible-word it was Mr. Hyde!”

220 “Ay, ay,” said the lawyer. “My fears incline to the same point. Evil, I fear, founded—evil was sure to come—of that connection. Ay truly, I believe you; I believe poor Harry is killed; and I believe his murderer (for what purpose, God alone can tell) is still lurking in his victim’s room. Well, let our name be vengeance. Call Bradshaw.”

225 The footman came at the summons, very white and nervous.

“Pull yourself together, Bradshaw,” said the lawyer. “This suspense, I know, is telling upon all of you; but it is now our intention to make an end of it. Poole, here, and I are going to force our way into the cabinet. If all is well, my shoulders are broad enough to bear the blame. Meanwhile, lest anything should really be amiss, or any malefactor seek to escape by the back, you and the boy must go round the corner with a pair of good sticks and take your post at the laboratory door. We give you ten minutes to get to your stations.”

235 As Bradshaw left, the lawyer looked at his watch. “And now, Poole, let us get to ours,” he said; and taking the poker under his arm, led the way into the yard. The scud had banked over the

240 moon, and it was now quite dark. The wind, which only broke in puffs and draughts into that deep well of building, tossed the light of the candle to and fro about their steps, until they came into the shelter of the theatre, where they sat down silently to wait. London hummed solemnly all around; but nearer at hand, the stillness was only broken by the sounds of a footfall moving to and fro along the cabinet floor.

245 "So it will walk all day, sir," whispered Poole; "ay, and the better part of the night. Only when a new sample comes from the chemist, there's a bit of a break. Ah, it's an ill conscience that's such an enemy to rest! Ah, sir, there's blood foully shed in every step of it! But hark again, a little closer—put your heart in your ears, Mr. Utterson, and tell me, is that the doctor's foot?"

The steps fell lightly and oddly, with a certain swing, for all they went so slowly; it was different indeed from the heavy creaking tread of Henry Jekyll. Utterson sighed. "Is there never anything else?" he asked.

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

"Weeping? how that?" said the lawyer, conscious of a sudden chill of horror.

"Weeping like a woman or a lost soul," said the butler. "I came away with that upon my heart, that I could have wept too."

260 But now the ten minutes drew to an end. Poole disinterred the axe from under a stack of packing straw; the candle was set upon the nearest table to light them to the attack; and they drew near with bated breath to where that patient foot was still going up and down, up and down, in the quiet of the night.

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

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

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

275 Poole swung the axe over his shoulder; the blow shook the building, and the red baize door leaped against the lock and hinges. A dismal screech, as of mere animal terror, rang from the cabinet. Up went the axe again, and again the panels crashed and the frame bounded; four times the blow fell; but the wood was

280 tough and the fittings were of excellent workmanship; and it was not until the fifth, that the lock burst and the wreck of the door fell inwards on the carpet.

285 The besiegers, appalled by their own riot and the stillness that had succeeded, stood back a little and peered in. There lay the cabinet before their eyes in the quiet lamplight, a good fire glowing and chattering on the hearth, the kettle singing its thin strain, a drawer or two open, papers neatly set forth on the business table, and nearer the fire, the things laid out for tea; the quietest room, you would have said, and, but for the glazed presses full of chemicals, the most commonplace that night in London.

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

"We have come too late," he said sternly, "whether to save or punish. Hyde is gone to his account; and it only remains for us to find the body of your master."

300 The far greater proportion of the building was occupied by the theatre, which filled almost the whole ground storey and was lighted from above, and by the cabinet, which formed an upper storey at one end and looked upon the court. A corridor joined the theatre to the door on the by-street; and with this the cabinet  
305 communicated separately by a second flight of stairs. There were besides a few dark closets and a spacious cellar. All these they now thoroughly examined. Each closet needed but a glance, for all were empty, and all, by the dust that fell from their doors, had stood long unopened. The cellar, indeed, was filled with crazy lumber,  
310 mostly dating from the times of the surgeon who was Jekyll's predecessor; but even as they opened the door they were advertised of the uselessness of further search, by the fall of a perfect mat of cobweb which had for years sealed up the entrance. Nowhere was there any trace of Henry Jekyll, dead or  
315 alive.

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

320 “Or he may have fled,” said Utterson, and he turned to examine the door in the by-street. It was locked; and lying near by on the flags, they found the key, already stained with rust.

“This does not look like use,” observed the lawyer.

“Use!” echoed Poole. “Do you not see, sir, it is broken? much as if a man had stamped on it.”

325 “Ay,” continued Utterson, “and the fractures, too, are rusty.” The two men looked at each other with a scare. “This is beyond me, Poole,” said the lawyer. “Let us go back to the cabinet.”

330 They mounted the stair in silence, and still with an occasional awestruck glance at the dead body, proceeded more thoroughly to examine the contents of the cabinet. At one table, there were traces of chemical work, various measured heaps of some white salt being laid on glass saucers, as though for an experiment in which the unhappy man had been prevented.

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

335 This brought them to the fireside, where the easy-chair was drawn cosily up, and the tea things stood ready to the sitter’s elbow, the very sugar in the cup. There were several books on a shelf; one lay beside the tea things open, and Utterson was amazed to find it a copy of a pious work, for which Jekyll had several times expressed  
340 a great esteem, annotated, in his own hand with startling blasphemies.

345 Next, in the course of their review of the chamber, the searchers came to the cheval-glass, into whose depths they looked with an involuntary horror. But it was so turned as to show them nothing but the rosy glow playing on the roof, the fire sparkling in a hundred repetitions along the glazed front of the presses, and their own pale and fearful countenances stooping to look in.

“This glass has seen some strange things, sir,” whispered Poole.

350 “And surely none stranger than itself,” echoed the lawyer in the same tones. “For what did Jekyll”—he caught himself up at the word with a start, and then conquering the weakness—“what could Jekyll want with it?” he said.

“You may say that!” said Poole.

355 Next they turned to the business table. On the desk, among the neat array of papers, a large envelope was uppermost, and bore, in the doctor’s hand, the name of Mr. Utterson. The lawyer unsealed it, and several enclosures fell to the floor. The first was a will, drawn

in the same eccentric terms as the one which he had returned <sup>SIX</sup> months before, to serve as a testament in case of death and as a deed of gift in case of disappearance; but in place of the name of Edward Hyde, the lawyer, with indescribable amazement read the name of Gabriel John Utterson. He looked at Poole, and then back at the paper, and last of all at the dead malefactor stretched upon the carpet.

365 “My head goes round,” he said. “He has been all these days in possession; he had no cause to like me; he must have raged to see himself displaced; and he has not destroyed this document.”

He caught up the next paper; it was a brief note in the doctor’s hand and dated at the top. “O Poole!” the lawyer cried, “he was 370 alive and here this day. He cannot have been disposed of in so short a space; he must be still alive, he must have fled! And then, why fled? and how? and in that case, can we venture to declare this suicide? O, we must be careful. I foresee that we may yet involve your master in some dire catastrophe.”

375 “Why don’t you read it, sir?” asked Poole.

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

380 “My dear Utterson,—When this shall fall into your hands, I shall have disappeared, under what circumstances I have not the penetration to foresee, but my instinct and all the circumstances of my nameless situation tell me that the end is sure and must be early. Go then, and first read the narrative which Lanyon warned me he was to place in your hands; and if you care to hear more, turn to 385 the confession of

“Your unworthy and unhappy friend,

“HENRY JEKYLL.”

“There was a third enclosure?” asked Utterson.

390 “Here, sir,” said Poole, and gave into his hands a considerable packet sealed in several places.

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

395 They went out, locking the door of the theatre behind them; and Utterson, once more leaving the servants gathered about the fire in the hall, trudged back to his office to read the two narratives in which this mystery was now to be explained.

### Chapter eight analysis

If this were a traditional detective mystery, this chapter would be the start of the climax – the part where the detective has put together all the clues and started to solve the case. Fingers would be pointed at the culprit and a chase would ensue to find him/her before another crime is committed. But, in spite of Utterson's loyalty to Jekyll, and his determined efforts in investigating the cause of his friend's distress, he has made no progress in solving the mystery.

400 It seems as if Stevenson uses this chapter to emphasise just how far away from the truth Utterson is. In fact, the servants appear to be more in touch with the reality of the situation as they know something terrible has happened to their master and they are huddling together in fright. Utterson's reaction to this is predictable – his concern is for reputation and discretion. Instead of looking for the cause of their fear, he seems more concerned with the breakdown of the traditional social hierarchy – questioning the irregularity of them all being gathered in one place.

405 In terms of setting, Stevenson continues with gothic genre conventions – the description of the weather contains a 'pale moon lying on her back', the streets are deserted and the wind swirls dust around the square. Candles flicker, closets are dark and full of cobwebs and distant footsteps are heard.

The tension reaches its peak when the door is broken down. Up until this point Utterson has seemed desperate to maintain his friend's reputation by avoiding any action. Crucially, it is only when Utterson thinks the voice he hears is Hyde, that he is prepared to break in. The door is symbolic of the power and strength of secrets, it takes several blows with the axe to break it down. It finally breaks inwards, perhaps to suggest the extent of the damage done to Jekyll by his experimentation.

410 Despite the breaking down of the door, and the dramatic finding of the body, the feeling of secrecy descends once more at the end of the chapter. The documents are mysterious and Utterson is again concerned to save his friend's reputation. The door is then securely locked behind him.

## Chapter eight genre

The novel contains elements of several genres, including gothic, mystery, science fiction and horror. In the boxes below, gather quotations that you can link to each of the genres, and explain the link. One quotation has been provided for you.

	Quotation	Explanation
Gothic		
Mystery		
Science fiction		
Horror	<i>A dismal screech, as of mere animal terror</i>	





## Chapter eight practice extract question

Read the question below, then read the short extract. Before writing your answer, underline short quotations that relate to the question and annotate them with ideas about the language and structure. Go back over the analysis for this chapter and use your earlier answers for ideas. Think about genre, theme and character and how they are used to create atmosphere.

In this extract, Utterson decides to break down the door to Jekyll's cabinet.

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

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

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

The besiegers, appalled by their own riot and the stillness that had succeeded, stood back a little and peered in. There lay the cabinet before their eyes in the quiet lamplight, a good fire glowing and chattering on the hearth, the kettle singing its thin strain, a drawer or two open, papers neatly set forth on the business table, and nearer the fire, the things laid out for tea; the quietest room, you would have said, and, but for the glazed presses full of chemicals, the most commonplace that night in London.

Explore how Stevenson creates an atmosphere of mystery and suspense in this extract.

Give examples from the extract to support your ideas.

## Chapter nine – Dr Lanyon’s narrative

On the ninth of January, now four days ago, I received by the evening delivery a registered envelope, addressed in the hand of my colleague and old school companion, Henry Jekyll. I was a good deal surprised by this; for we were by no means in the habit of correspondence; I had seen the man, dined with him, indeed, the night before; and I could imagine nothing in our intercourse that should justify formality of registration. The contents increased my wonder; for this is how the letter ran:

10 “10th December, 18—.

“Dear Lanyon,—You are one of my oldest friends; and although we may have differed at times on scientific questions, I cannot remember, at least on my side, any break in our affection. There was never a day when, if you had said to me, ‘Jekyll, my life, my honour, my reason, depend upon you,’ I would not have sacrificed my left hand to help you. Lanyon, my life, my honour, my reason, are all at your mercy; if you fail me to-night, I am lost. You might suppose, after this preface, that I am going to ask you for something dishonourable to grant. Judge for yourself.

20 “I want you to postpone all other engagements for to-night—ay, even if you were summoned to the bedside of an emperor; to take a cab, unless your carriage should be actually at the door; and with this letter in your hand for consultation, to drive straight to my house. Poole, my butler, has his orders; you will find him waiting your arrival with a locksmith. The door of my cabinet is then to be forced; and you are to go in alone; to open the glazed press (letter E) on the left hand, breaking the lock if it be shut; and to draw out, *with all its contents as they stand*, the fourth drawer from the top or (which is the same thing) the third from the bottom. In my extreme distress of mind, I have a morbid fear of misdirecting you; but even if I am in error, you may know the right drawer by its contents: some powders, a phial and a paper book. This drawer I beg of you to carry back with you to Cavendish Square exactly as it stands.

35 “That is the first part of the service: now for the second. You should be back, if you set out at once on the receipt of this, long before midnight; but I will leave you that amount of margin, not only in the fear of one of those obstacles that can neither be prevented nor foreseen, but because an hour when your servants are in bed is to be preferred for what will then remain to do. At midnight, then, I have to ask you to be alone in your consulting room, to admit with

your own hand into the house a man who will present himself in my name, and to place in his hands the drawer that you will have brought with you from my cabinet. Then you will have played your part and earned my gratitude completely. Five minutes afterwards,  
45 if you insist upon an explanation, you will have understood that these arrangements are of capital importance; and that by the neglect of one of them, fantastic as they must appear, you might have charged your conscience with my death or the shipwreck of my reason.

50 “Confident as I am that you will not trifle with this appeal, my heart sinks and my hand trembles at the bare thought of such a possibility. Think of me at this hour, in a strange place, labouring under a blackness of distress that no fancy can exaggerate, and yet well aware that, if you will but punctually serve me, my troubles will roll  
55 away like a story that is told. Serve me, my dear Lanyon and save

“Your friend,

“H.J.

“P.S.—I had already sealed this up when a fresh terror struck upon my soul. It is possible that the post-office may fail me, and this letter  
60 not come into your hands until to-morrow morning. In that case, dear Lanyon, do my errand when it shall be most convenient for you in the course of the day; and once more expect my messenger at midnight. It may then already be too late; and if that night passes without event, you will know that you have seen the last of Henry  
65 Jekyll.”

Upon the reading of this letter, I made sure my colleague was insane; but till that was proved beyond the possibility of doubt, I felt bound to do as he requested. The less I understood of this farrago, the less I was in a position to judge of its importance; and an appeal  
70 so worded could not be set aside without a grave responsibility. I rose accordingly from table, got into a hansom, and drove straight to Jekyll’s house. The butler was awaiting my arrival; he had received by the same post as mine a registered letter of instruction, and had sent at once for a locksmith and a carpenter. The  
75 tradesmen came while we were yet speaking; and we moved in a body to old Dr. Denman’s surgical theatre, from which (as you are doubtless aware) Jekyll’s private cabinet is most conveniently entered. The door was very strong, the lock excellent; the carpenter avowed he would have great trouble and have to do much

80 damage, if force were to be used; and the locksmith was near  
despair. But this last was a handy fellow, and after two hour's work,  
the door stood open. The press marked E was unlocked; and I took  
out the drawer, had it filled up with straw and tied in a sheet, and  
returned with it to Cavendish Square.

85 Here I proceeded to examine its contents. The powders were  
neatly enough made up, but not with the nicety of the dispensing  
chemist; so that it was plain they were of Jekyll's private  
manufacture; and when I opened one of the wrappers I found  
what seemed to me a simple crystalline salt of a white colour. The  
90 phial, to which I next turned my attention, might have been about  
half full of a blood-red liquor, which was highly pungent to the sense  
of smell and seemed to me to contain phosphorus and some  
volatile ether. At the other ingredients I could make no guess. The  
book was an ordinary version book and contained little but a series  
95 of dates. These covered a period of many years, but I observed that  
the entries ceased nearly a year ago and quite abruptly. Here and  
there a brief remark was appended to a date, usually no more than  
a single word: "double" occurring perhaps six times in a total of  
several hundred entries; and once very early in the list and followed  
100 by several marks of exclamation, "total failure!!!" All this, though it  
whetted my curiosity, told me little that was definite. Here were a  
phial of some salt, and the record of a series of experiments that  
had led (like too many of Jekyll's investigations) to no end of  
practical usefulness. How could the presence of these articles in my  
105 house affect either the honour, the sanity, or the life of my flighty  
colleague? If his messenger could go to one place, why could he  
not go to another? And even granting some impediment, why was  
this gentleman to be received by me in secret? The more I reflected  
the more convinced I grew that I was dealing with a case of  
110 cerebral disease; and though I dismissed my servants to bed, I  
loaded an old revolver, that I might be found in some posture of  
self-defence.

Twelve o'clock had scarce rung out over London, ere the knocker  
sounded very gently on the door. I went myself at the summons,  
115 and found a small man crouching against the pillars of the portico.

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

He told me "yes" by a constrained gesture; and when I had  
bidden him enter, he did not obey me without a searching  
backward glance into the darkness of the square. There was a

120 policeman not far off, advancing with his bull's eye open; and at  
the sight, I thought my visitor started and made greater haste.

These particulars struck me, I confess, disagreeably; and as I  
followed him into the bright light of the consulting room, I kept my  
hand ready on my weapon. Here, at last, I had a chance of clearly  
125 seeing him. I had never set eyes on him before, so much was  
certain. He was small, as I have said; I was struck besides with the  
shocking expression of his face, with his remarkable combination of  
great muscular activity and great apparent debility of constitution,  
and—last but not least—with the odd, subjective disturbance  
130 caused by his neighbourhood. This bore some resemblance to  
incipient rigour, and was accompanied by a marked sinking of the  
pulse. At the time, I set it down to some idiosyncratic, personal  
distaste, and merely wondered at the acuteness of the symptoms;  
but I have since had reason to believe the cause to lie much  
135 deeper in the nature of man, and to turn on some nobler hinge than  
the principle of hatred.

This person (who had thus, from the first moment of his entrance,  
struck in me what I can only describe as a disgusting curiosity) was  
dressed in a fashion that would have made an ordinary person  
140 laughable; his clothes, that is to say, although they were of rich and  
sober fabric, were enormously too large for him in every  
measurement—the trousers hanging on his legs and rolled up to  
keep them from the ground, the waist of the coat below his  
haunches, and the collar sprawling wide upon his shoulders.  
145 Strange to relate, this ludicrous accoutrement was far from moving  
me to laughter. Rather, as there was something abnormal and  
misbegotten in the very essence of the creature that now faced  
me—something seizing, surprising and revolting—this fresh disparity  
seemed but to fit in with and to reinforce it; so that to my interest in  
150 the man's nature and character, there was added a curiosity as to  
his origin, his life, his fortune and status in the world.

These observations, though they have taken so great a space to  
be set down in, were yet the work of a few seconds. My visitor was,  
indeed, on fire with sombre excitement.

155 “Have you got it?” he cried. “Have you got it?” And so lively was  
his impatience that he even laid his hand upon my arm and sought  
to shake me.

I put him back, conscious at his touch of a certain icy pang along  
my blood. “Come, sir,” said I. “You forget that I have not yet the  
160 pleasure of your acquaintance. Be seated, if you please.” And I

showed him an example, and sat down myself in my customary seat and with as fair an imitation of my ordinary manner to a patient, as the lateness of the hour, the nature of my preoccupations, and the horror I had of my visitor, would suffer me to muster.

165 “I beg your pardon, Dr. Lanyon,” he replied civilly enough. “What you say is very well founded; and my impatience has shown its heels to my politeness. I come here at the instance of your colleague, Dr. Henry Jekyll, on a piece of business of some moment; and I understood...” He paused and put his hand to his throat, and I could see, in spite of his collected manner, that he was wrestling against the approaches of the hysteria—“I understood, a drawer...”

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

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

180 He sprang to it, and then paused, and laid his hand upon his heart; I could hear his teeth grate with the convulsive action of his jaws; and his face was so ghastly to see that I grew alarmed both for his life and reason.

“Compose yourself,” said I.

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

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

190 He thanked me with a smiling nod, measured out a few minims of the red tincture and added one of the powders. The mixture, which was at first of a reddish hue, began, in proportion as the crystals melted, to brighten in colour, to effervesce audibly, and to throw off small fumes of vapour. Suddenly and at the same moment, the ebullition ceased and the compound changed to a dark purple, which faded again more slowly to a watery green. My visitor, who had watched these metamorphoses with a keen eye, smiled, set down the glass upon the table, and then turned and looked upon me with an air of scrutiny.

200 “And now,” said he, “to settle what remains. Will you be wise? will you be guided? will you suffer me to take this glass in my hand and

to go forth from your house without further parley? or has the greed  
of curiosity too much command of you? Think before you answer,  
for it shall be done as you decide. As you decide, you shall be left  
as you were before, and neither richer nor wiser, unless the sense of  
205 service rendered to a man in mortal distress may be counted as a  
kind of riches of the soul. Or, if you shall so prefer to choose, a new  
province of knowledge and new avenues to fame and power shall  
be laid open to you, here, in this room, upon the instant; and your  
sight shall be blasted by a prodigy to stagger the unbelief of Satan.”

210 “Sir,” said I, affecting a coolness that I was far from truly  
possessing, “you speak enigmas, and you will perhaps not wonder  
that I hear you with no very strong impression of belief. But I have  
gone too far in the way of inexplicable services to pause before I  
see the end.”

215 “It is well,” replied my visitor. “Lanyon, you remember your vows:  
what follows is under the seal of our profession. And now, you who  
have so long been bound to the most narrow and material views,  
you who have denied the virtue of transcendental medicine, you  
who have derided your superiors—behold!”

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

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

What he told me in the next hour, I cannot bring my mind to set  
on paper. I saw what I saw, I heard what I heard, and my soul  
sickened at it; and yet now when that sight has faded from my  
235 eyes, I ask myself if I believe it, and I cannot answer. My life is shaken  
to its roots; sleep has left me; the deadliest terror sits by me at all  
hours of the day and night; and I feel that my days are numbered,  
and that I must die; and yet I shall die incredulous. As for the moral  
turpitude that man unveiled to me, even with tears of penitence, I  
240 cannot, even in memory, dwell on it without a start of horror. I will  
say but one thing, Utterson, and that (if you can bring your mind to

credit it) will be more than enough. The creature who crept into my house that night was, on Jekyll's own confession, known by the name of Hyde and hunted for in every corner of the land as the murderer of Carew.

HASTIE LANYON.

**Chapter nine summary and analysis**

This chapter fills in some gaps in the plot by telling readers events from Lanyon's perspective. In the table below are five key points from the chapter, for each one explain why it is important. One has been done for you.

Despite the formality of Jekyll's request to Lanyon, his curiosity causes him to obey the instructions.	
The strange man replies 'civilly enough' in a 'collected manner' to Lanyon's questions.	
Lanyon stays to witness the taking of the potion.	
Lanyon witnesses the transformation of Hyde into Jekyll.	
Lanyon does not write of what he hears from Jekyll he 'cannot bring my mind to set it on paper'.	<i>This increases the tension as readers still do not have the full story. It might also suggest that Lanyon' terror is partly caused by the realisation that if the well-respected Jekyll has such a terrible dark side then he himself perhaps has the same.</i>



## Chapter nine language and structure practice

Annotate the following extracts with explanations of Stevenson's use of language and structure.

How does Stevenson use sentence structure here to show Lanyon's character?

The press marked E was unlocked; and I took out the drawer, had it filled up with straw and tied in a sheet, and returned with it to Cavendish Square.

Here I proceeded to examine its contents.

How does Stevenson use language and sentence structure to convey ideas about duality?

"I beg your pardon, Dr. Lanyon," he replied civilly enough. "What you say is very well founded; and my impatience has shown its heels to my politeness. I come here at the instance of your colleague, Dr. Henry Jekyll, on a piece of business of some moment; and I understood..."

How does Stevenson use language and sentence structure to suggest ideas about duality?


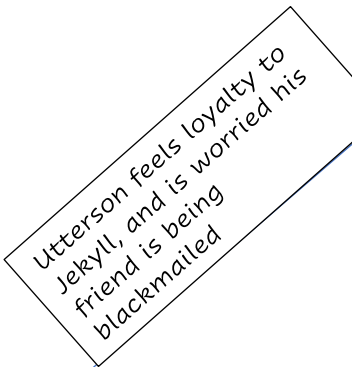
"I beg your pardon, Dr. Lanyon," he replied civilly enough. "What you say is very well founded; and my impatience has shown its heels to my politeness. I come here at the instance of your colleague, Dr. Henry Jekyll, on a piece of business of some moment; and I understood..."

How does Stevenson use language and sentence structure to create tension?

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

## The story so far

Fill the white space with ideas about how the events of the first nine chapters link to the themes of the novel. One link has been made for you.

<p>Utterson and Enfield are taking a walk, during which they find a bizarre and very mysterious looking door. This door is attached to Dr Jekyll's house – who is a friend of Utterson's.</p>	<p>The door reminds Enfield of the person who lives there, a Mr Hyde, and recalls an incident where Hyde trampled over a young girl without feeling any apparent guilt.</p>	<p>Utterson is intrigued by Hyde and wants to find out more about him, and so he begins to gather information and see if he can meet him.</p>					
<div style="text-align: center;">  </div>		<p>Utterson meets Hyde and is shocked by his appearance and blunt speech. <u>Utterson heads to Dr Jekyll's house to warn him</u>, but Poole says his master is not there. Poole reveals that Jekyll has told all the staff to let Mr Hyde go in and out of the house whenever he likes.</p>					
<div style="text-align: center;">  </div>		<p>After two weeks, Utterson speaks to Jekyll at a mutual friend's dinner party. As a lawyer, Utterson has seen Jekyll's latest will, which names Hyde as the man to inherit his fortune. Jekyll tells Utterson not to worry and requests that he does not speak of Hyde anymore as he has everything firmly under control.</p>					
<div style="text-align: center;"> <table border="1" data-bbox="193 1122 906 1193"> <tr> <td>Duality</td> <td>Secrecy</td> <td>Reputation</td> <td>Friendship</td> <td>Violence</td> </tr> </table> </div>		Duality	Secrecy	Reputation	Friendship	Violence	<p>After a year, Sir Danvers Carew – a very well respected individual – is murdered by Hyde. The murder weapon is Dr Jekyll's walking cane, linking Utterson's friend to the crime. A maid, who witnessed the attack, is distraught at the sheer violence she saw. Utterson is now further motivated to solve this mystery and help his friend.</p>
Duality	Secrecy	Reputation	Friendship	Violence			
<p>Poole arrives at Utterson's house and requests that he go with him to Jekyll's home. Outside of Jekyll's lab he can hear strange noises. Poole reveals that the door has been locked for several days. Whoever is inside keeps asking for different chemicals. This person has complained to Poole that the chemicals provided to him contain impurities.</p>	<p>Out of nowhere, Jekyll once more becomes isolated and will not speak to Utterson. Utterson goes to Dr Lanyon, who is one of Jekyll's oldest friends. Lanyon is very ill and will soon die – but refuses to speak about Jekyll. He leaves a letter for Utterson to read once Jekyll has either disappeared or died – further adding to the mystery of the novella.</p>	<p>After the murder, Jekyll no longer sees his friends and becomes increasingly isolated. Jekyll tells Utterson that he no longer has any links to Hyde. The police investigating Carew's murder say Hyde has disappeared. When Jekyll hears of this, he seems to become happier and more social with his friends.</p>					

## Chapter ten – Henry Jekyll’s Full Statement of the Case

I was born in the year 18— to a large fortune, endowed besides with excellent parts, inclined by nature to industry, fond of the respect of the wise and good among my fellowmen, and thus, as  
5 might have been supposed, with every guarantee of an honourable and distinguished future. And indeed the worst of my faults was a certain impatient gaiety of disposition, such as has made the happiness of many, but such as I found it hard to reconcile with my imperious desire to carry my head high, and wear  
10 a more than commonly grave countenance before the public. Hence it came about that I concealed my pleasures; and that when I reached years of reflection, and began to look round me and take stock of my progress and position in the world, I stood already committed to a profound duplicity of life. Many a man  
15 would have even blazoned such irregularities as I was guilty of; but from the high views that I had set before me, I regarded and hid them with an almost morbid sense of shame. It was thus rather the exacting nature of my aspirations than any particular degradation in my faults, that made me what I was, and, with even a deeper  
20 trench than in the majority of men, severed in me those provinces of good and ill which divide and compound man’s dual nature. In this case, I was driven to reflect deeply and inveterately on that hard law of life, which lies at the root of religion and is one of the most plentiful springs of distress. Though so profound a double-  
25 dealer, I was in no sense a hypocrite; both sides of me were in dead earnest; I was no more myself when I laid aside restraint and plunged in shame, than when I laboured, in the eye of day, at the furtherance of knowledge or the relief of sorrow and suffering. And it chanced that the direction of my scientific studies, which led  
30 wholly towards the mystic and the transcendental, reacted and shed a strong light on this consciousness of the perennial war among my members. With every day, and from both sides of my intelligence, the moral and the intellectual, I thus drew steadily nearer to that truth, by whose partial discovery I have been  
35 doomed to such a dreadful shipwreck: that man is not truly one, but truly two. I say two, because the state of my own knowledge does not pass beyond that point. Others will follow, others will outstrip me on the same lines; and I hazard the guess that man will be ultimately known for a mere polity of multifarious, incongruous  
40 and independent denizens. I, for my part, from the nature of my life, advanced infallibly in one direction and in one direction only. It was on the moral side, and in my own person, that I learned to recognise

the thorough and primitive duality of man; I saw that, of the two  
natures that contended in the field of my consciousness, even if I  
45 could rightly be said to be either, it was only because I was radically  
both; and from an early date, even before the course of my  
scientific discoveries had begun to suggest the most naked  
possibility of such a miracle, I had learned to dwell with pleasure, as  
a beloved daydream, on the thought of the separation of these  
50 elements. If each, I told myself, could be housed in separate  
identities, life would be relieved of all that was unbearable; the  
unjust might go his way, delivered from the aspirations and remorse  
of his more upright twin; and the just could walk steadfastly and  
securely on his upward path, doing the good things in which he  
55 found his pleasure, and no longer exposed to disgrace and  
penitence by the hands of this extraneous evil. It was the curse of  
mankind that these incongruous faggots were thus bound  
together—that in the agonised womb of consciousness, these polar  
twins should be continuously struggling. How, then were they  
60 dissociated?

I was so far in my reflections when, as I have said, a side light  
began to shine upon the subject from the laboratory table. I began  
to perceive more deeply than it has ever yet been stated, the  
trembling immateriality, the mistlike transience, of this seemingly so  
65 solid body in which we walk attired. Certain agents I found to have  
the power to shake and pluck back that fleshly vestment, even as  
a wind might toss the curtains of a pavilion. For two good reasons, I  
will not enter deeply into this scientific branch of my confession. First,  
because I have been made to learn that the doom and burthen of  
70 our life is bound for ever on man's shoulders, and when the attempt  
is made to cast it off, it but returns upon us with more unfamiliar and  
more awful pressure. Second, because, as my narrative will make,  
alas! too evident, my discoveries were incomplete. Enough then,  
that I not only recognised my natural body from the mere aura and  
75 effulgence of certain of the powers that made up my spirit, but  
managed to compound a drug by which these powers should be  
dethroned from their supremacy, and a second form and  
countenance substituted, none the less natural to me because  
they were the expression, and bore the stamp of lower elements in  
80 my soul.

I hesitated long before I put this theory to the test of practice. I  
knew well that I risked death; for any drug that so potently  
controlled and shook the very fortress of identity, might, by the least  
scruple of an overdose or at the least inopportunity in the moment

85 of exhibition, utterly blot out that immaterial tabernacle which I  
looked to it to change. But the temptation of a discovery so singular  
and profound at last overcame the suggestions of alarm. I had long  
since prepared my tincture; I purchased at once, from a firm of  
wholesale chemists, a large quantity of a particular salt which I  
90 knew, from my experiments, to be the last ingredient required; and  
late one accursed night, I compounded the elements, watched  
them boil and smoke together in the glass, and when the ebullition  
had subsided, with a strong glow of courage, drank off the potion.

The most racking pangs succeeded: a grinding in the bones,  
95 deadly nausea, and a horror of the spirit that cannot be exceeded  
at the hour of birth or death. Then these agonies began swiftly to  
subside, and I came to myself as if out of a great sickness. There was  
something strange in my sensations, something indescribably new  
and, from its very novelty, incredibly sweet. I felt younger, lighter,  
100 happier in body; within I was conscious of a heady recklessness, a  
current of disordered sensual images running like a millrace in my  
fancy, a solution of the bonds of obligation, an unknown but not an  
innocent freedom of the soul. I knew myself, at the first breath of  
this new life, to be more wicked, tenfold more wicked, sold a slave  
105 to my original evil; and the thought, in that moment, braced and  
delighted me like wine. I stretched out my hands, exulting in the  
freshness of these sensations; and in the act, I was suddenly aware  
that I had lost in stature.

There was no mirror, at that date, in my room; that which stands  
110 beside me as I write, was brought there later on and for the very  
purpose of these transformations. The night however, was far gone  
into the morning—the morning, black as it was, was nearly ripe for  
the conception of the day—the inmates of my house were locked  
in the most rigorous hours of slumber; and I determined, flushed as I  
115 was with hope and triumph, to venture in my new shape as far as  
to my bedroom. I crossed the yard, wherein the constellations  
looked down upon me, I could have thought, with wonder, the first  
creature of that sort that their unsleeping vigilance had yet  
disclosed to them; I stole through the corridors, a stranger in my own  
120 house; and coming to my room, I saw for the first time the  
appearance of Edward Hyde.

I must here speak by theory alone, saying not that which I know,  
but that which I suppose to be most probable. The evil side of my  
nature, to which I had now transferred the stamping efficacy, was  
125 less robust and less developed than the good which I had just

deposed. Again, in the course of my life, which had been, after all, nine tenths a life of effort, virtue and control, it had been much less exercised and much less exhausted. And hence, as I think, it came about that Edward Hyde was so much smaller, slighter and younger than Henry Jekyll. Even as good shone upon the countenance of the one, evil was written broadly and plainly on the face of the other. Evil besides (which I must still believe to be the lethal side of man) had left on that body an imprint of deformity and decay. And yet when I looked upon that ugly idol in the glass, I was conscious of no repugnance, rather of a leap of welcome. This, too, was myself. It seemed natural and human. In my eyes it bore a livelier image of the spirit, it seemed more express and single, than the imperfect and divided countenance I had been hitherto accustomed to call mine. And in so far I was doubtless right. I have observed that when I wore the semblance of Edward Hyde, none could come near to me at first without a visible misgiving of the flesh. This, as I take it, was because all human beings, as we meet them, are commingled out of good and evil: and Edward Hyde, alone in the ranks of mankind, was pure evil.

I lingered but a moment at the mirror: the second and conclusive experiment had yet to be attempted; it yet remained to be seen if I had lost my identity beyond redemption and must flee before daylight from a house that was no longer mine; and hurrying back to my cabinet, I once more prepared and drank the cup, once more suffered the pangs of dissolution, and came to myself once more with the character, the stature and the face of Henry Jekyll.

That night I had come to the fatal cross-roads. Had I approached my discovery in a more noble spirit, had I risked the experiment while under the empire of generous or pious aspirations, all must have been otherwise, and from these agonies of death and birth, I had come forth an angel instead of a fiend. The drug had no discriminating action; it was neither diabolical nor divine; it but shook the doors of the prisonhouse of my disposition; and like the captives of Philippi, that which stood within ran forth. At that time my virtue slumbered; my evil, kept awake by ambition, was alert and swift to seize the occasion; and the thing that was projected was Edward Hyde. Hence, although I had now two characters as well as two appearances, one was wholly evil, and the other was still the old Henry Jekyll, that incongruous compound of whose reformation and improvement I had already learned to despair. The movement was thus wholly toward the worse.

Even at that time, I had not conquered my aversions to the dryness of a life of study. I would still be merrily disposed at times; and as my pleasures were (to say the least) undignified, and I was  
170 not only well known and highly considered, but growing towards the elderly man, this incoherency of my life was daily growing more unwelcome. It was on this side that my new power tempted me until I fell in slavery. I had but to drink the cup, to doff at once the  
175 body of the noted professor, and to assume, like a thick cloak, that of Edward Hyde. I smiled at the notion; it seemed to me at the time to be humourous; and I made my preparations with the most studious care. I took and furnished that house in Soho, to which Hyde was tracked by the police; and engaged as a housekeeper a creature whom I knew well to be silent and unscrupulous. On the  
180 other side, I announced to my servants that a Mr. Hyde (whom I described) was to have full liberty and power about my house in the square; and to parry mishaps, I even called and made myself a familiar object, in my second character. I next drew up that will to which you so much objected; so that if anything befell me in the  
185 person of Dr. Jekyll, I could enter on that of Edward Hyde without pecuniary loss. And thus fortified, as I supposed, on every side, I began to profit by the strange immunities of my position.

Men have before hired bravos to transact their crimes, while their own person and reputation sat under shelter. I was the first that ever  
190 did so for his pleasures. I was the first that could plod in the public eye with a load of genial respectability, and in a moment, like a schoolboy, strip off these lendings and spring headlong into the sea of liberty. But for me, in my impenetrable mantle, the safety was complete. Think of it—I did not even exist! Let me but escape into  
195 my laboratory door, give me but a second or two to mix and swallow the draught that I had always standing ready; and whatever he had done, Edward Hyde would pass away like the stain of breath upon a mirror; and there in his stead, quietly at home, trimming the midnight lamp in his study, a man who could  
200 afford to laugh at suspicion, would be Henry Jekyll.

The pleasures which I made haste to seek in my disguise were, as I have said, undignified; I would scarce use a harder term. But in the hands of Edward Hyde, they soon began to turn toward the monstrous. When I would come back from these excursions, I was  
205 often plunged into a kind of wonder at my vicarious depravity. This familiar that I called out of my own soul, and sent forth alone to do his good pleasure, was a being inherently malign and villainous; his every act and thought centered on self; drinking pleasure with

210 bestial avidity from any degree of torture to another; relentless like  
a man of stone. Henry Jekyll stood at times aghast before the acts  
of Edward Hyde; but the situation was apart from ordinary laws, and  
insidiously relaxed the grasp of conscience. It was Hyde, after all,  
and Hyde alone, that was guilty. Jekyll was no worse; he woke  
215 again to his good qualities seemingly unimpaired; he would even  
make haste, where it was possible, to undo the evil done by Hyde.  
And thus his conscience slumbered.

Into the details of the infamy at which I thus connived (for even  
now I can scarce grant that I committed it) I have no design of  
entering; I mean but to point out the warnings and the successive  
220 steps with which my chastisement approached. I met with one  
accident which, as it brought on no consequence, I shall no more  
than mention. An act of cruelty to a child aroused against me the  
anger of a passer-by, whom I recognised the other day in the  
person of your kinsman; the doctor and the child's family joined  
225 him; there were moments when I feared for my life; and at last, in  
order to pacify their too just resentment, Edward Hyde had to bring  
them to the door, and pay them in a cheque drawn in the name  
of Henry Jekyll. But this danger was easily eliminated from the future,  
by opening an account at another bank in the name of Edward  
230 Hyde himself; and when, by sloping my own hand backward, I had  
supplied my double with a signature, I thought I sat beyond the  
reach of fate.

Some two months before the murder of Sir Danvers, I had been  
out for one of my adventures, had returned at a late hour, and  
235 woke the next day in bed with somewhat odd sensations. It was in  
vain I looked about me; in vain I saw the decent furniture and tall  
proportions of my room in the square; in vain that I recognised the  
pattern of the bed curtains and the design of the mahogany frame;  
something still kept insisting that I was not where I was, that I had  
240 not wakened where I seemed to be, but in the little room in Soho  
where I was accustomed to sleep in the body of Edward Hyde. I  
smiled to myself, and in my psychological way, began lazily to  
inquire into the elements of this illusion, occasionally, even as I did  
so, dropping back into a comfortable morning doze. I was still so  
245 engaged when, in one of my more wakeful moments, my eyes fell  
upon my hand. Now the hand of Henry Jekyll (as you have often  
remarked) was professional in shape and size; it was large, firm,  
white and comely. But the hand which I now saw, clearly enough,  
in the yellow light of a mid-London morning, lying half shut on the  
250 bedclothes, was lean, corded, knuckly, of a dusky pallor and thickly



shaded with a swart growth of hair. It was the hand of Edward Hyde.

255 I must have stared upon it for near half a minute, sunk as I was in the mere stupidity of wonder, before terror woke up in my breast as sudden and startling as the crash of cymbals; and bounding from my bed I rushed to the mirror. At the sight that met my eyes, my blood was changed into something exquisitely thin and icy. Yes, I had gone to bed Henry Jekyll, I had awakened Edward Hyde. How was this to be explained? I asked myself; and then, with another bound of terror—how was it to be remedied? It was well on in the morning; the servants were up; all my drugs were in the cabinet—a long journey down two pairs of stairs, through the back passage, across the open court and through the anatomical theatre, from where I was then standing horror-struck. It might indeed be possible to cover my face; but of what use was that, when I was unable to conceal the alteration in my stature? And then with an overpowering sweetness of relief, it came back upon my mind that the servants were already used to the coming and going of my second self. I had soon dressed, as well as I was able, in clothes of my own size: had soon passed through the house, where Bradshaw stared and drew back at seeing Mr. Hyde at such an hour and in such a strange array; and ten minutes later, Dr. Jekyll had returned to his own shape and was sitting down, with a darkened brow, to make a feint of breakfasting.

275 Small indeed was my appetite. This inexplicable incident, this reversal of my previous experience, seemed, like the Babylonian finger on the wall, to be spelling out the letters of my judgment; and I began to reflect more seriously than ever before on the issues and possibilities of my double existence. That part of me which I had the power of projecting, had lately been much exercised and nourished; it had seemed to me of late as though the body of Edward Hyde had grown in stature, as though (when I wore that form) I were conscious of a more generous tide of blood; and I began to spy a danger that, if this were much prolonged, the balance of my nature might be permanently overthrown, the power of voluntary change be forfeited, and the character of Edward Hyde become irrevocably mine. The power of the drug had not been always equally displayed. Once, very early in my career, it had totally failed me; since then I had been obliged on more than one occasion to double, and once, with infinite risk of death, to treble the amount; and these rare uncertainties had cast hitherto the sole shadow on my contentment. Now, however, and

295 in the light of that morning's accident, I was led to remark that  
whereas, in the beginning, the difficulty had been to throw off the  
body of Jekyll, it had of late gradually but decidedly transferred  
itself to the other side. All things therefore seemed to point to this;  
that I was slowly losing hold of my original and better self, and  
becoming slowly incorporated with my second and worse.

300 Between these two, I now felt I had to choose. My two natures  
had memory in common, but all other faculties were most  
unequally shared between them. Jekyll (who was composite) now  
with the most sensitive apprehensions, now with a greedy gusto,  
projected and shared in the pleasures and adventures of Hyde; but  
305 Hyde was indifferent to Jekyll, or but remembered him as the  
mountain bandit remembers the cavern in which he conceals  
himself from pursuit. Jekyll had more than a father's interest; Hyde  
had more than a son's indifference. To cast in my lot with Jekyll, was  
to die to those appetites which I had long secretly indulged and  
had of late begun to pamper. To cast it in with Hyde, was to die to  
310 a thousand interests and aspirations, and to become, at a blow  
and forever, despised and friendless. The bargain might appear  
unequal; but there was still another consideration in the scales; for  
while Jekyll would suffer smartingly in the fires of abstinence, Hyde  
would be not even conscious of all that he had lost. Strange as my  
315 circumstances were, the terms of this debate are as old and  
commonplace as man; much the same inducements and alarms  
cast the die for any tempted and trembling sinner; and it fell out  
with me, as it falls with so vast a majority of my fellows, that I chose  
the better part and was found wanting in the strength to keep to it.

320 Yes, I preferred the elderly and discontented doctor, surrounded  
by friends and cherishing honest hopes; and bade a resolute  
farewell to the liberty, the comparative youth, the light step,  
leaping impulses and secret pleasures, that I had enjoyed in the  
disguise of Hyde. I made this choice perhaps with some  
325 unconscious reservation, for I neither gave up the house in Soho,  
nor destroyed the clothes of Edward Hyde, which still lay ready in  
my cabinet. For two months, however, I was true to my  
determination; for two months, I led a life of such severity as I had  
never before attained to, and enjoyed the compensations of an  
330 approving conscience. But time began at last to obliterate the  
freshness of my alarm; the praises of conscience began to grow  
into a thing of course; I began to be tortured with throes and  
longings, as of Hyde struggling after freedom; and at last, in an hour

335 of moral weakness, I once again compounded and swallowed the transforming draught.

I do not suppose that, when a drunkard reasons with himself upon his vice, he is once out of five hundred times affected by the dangers that he runs through his brutish, physical insensibility; neither had I, long as I had considered my position, made enough  
340 allowance for the complete moral insensibility and insensate readiness to evil, which were the leading characters of Edward Hyde. Yet it was by these that I was punished. My devil had been long caged, he came out roaring. I was conscious, even when I took the draught, of a more unbridled, a more furious propensity to  
345 ill. It must have been this, I suppose, that stirred in my soul that tempest of impatience with which I listened to the civilities of my unhappy victim; I declare, at least, before God, no man morally sane could have been guilty of that crime upon so pitiful a provocation; and that I struck in no more reasonable spirit than that  
350 in which a sick child may break a plaything. But I had voluntarily stripped myself of all those balancing instincts by which even the worst of us continues to walk with some degree of steadiness among temptations; and in my case, to be tempted, however slightly, was to fall.

355 Instantly the spirit of hell awoke in me and raged. With a transport of glee, I mauled the unresisting body, tasting delight from every blow; and it was not till weariness had begun to succeed, that I was suddenly, in the top fit of my delirium, struck through the heart by a cold thrill of terror. A mist dispersed; I saw my life to be forfeit; and  
360 fled from the scene of these excesses, at once glorying and trembling, my lust of evil gratified and stimulated, my love of life screwed to the topmost peg. I ran to the house in Soho, and (to make assurance doubly sure) destroyed my papers; thence I set out through the lamplit streets, in the same divided ecstasy of mind,  
365 gloating on my crime, light-headedly devising others in the future, and yet still hastening and still hearkening in my wake for the steps of the avenger. Hyde had a song upon his lips as he compounded the draught, and as he drank it, pledged the dead man. The pangs of transformation had not done tearing him, before Henry Jekyll,  
370 with streaming tears of gratitude and remorse, had fallen upon his knees and lifted his clasped hands to God. The veil of self-indulgence was rent from head to foot. I saw my life as a whole: I followed it up from the days of childhood, when I had walked with my father's hand, and through the self-denying toils of my  
375 professional life, to arrive again and again, with the same sense of

unreality, at the damned horrors of the evening. I could have screamed aloud; I sought with tears and prayers to smother down the crowd of hideous images and sounds with which my memory swarmed against me; and still, between the petitions, the ugly face  
380 of my iniquity stared into my soul. As the acuteness of this remorse began to die away, it was succeeded by a sense of joy. The problem of my conduct was solved. Hyde was thenceforth impossible; whether I would or not, I was now confined to the better part of my existence; and O, how I rejoiced to think of it! with what  
385 willing humility I embraced anew the restrictions of natural life! with what sincere renunciation I locked the door by which I had so often gone and come, and ground the key under my heel!

The next day, came the news that the murder had not been overlooked, that the guilt of Hyde was patent to the world, and that  
390 the victim was a man high in public estimation. It was not only a crime, it had been a tragic folly. I think I was glad to know it; I think I was glad to have my better impulses thus buttressed and guarded by the terrors of the scaffold. Jekyll was now my city of refuge; let but Hyde peep out an instant, and the hands of all men would be  
395 raised to take and slay him.

I resolved in my future conduct to redeem the past; and I can say with honesty that my resolve was fruitful of some good. You know yourself how earnestly, in the last months of the last year, I laboured to relieve suffering; you know that much was done for others, and  
400 that the days passed quietly, almost happily for myself. Nor can I truly say that I wearied of this beneficent and innocent life; I think instead that I daily enjoyed it more completely; but I was still cursed with my duality of purpose; and as the first edge of my penitence wore off, the lower side of me, so long indulged, so recently  
405 chained down, began to growl for licence. Not that I dreamed of resuscitating Hyde; the bare idea of that would startle me to frenzy: no, it was in my own person that I was once more tempted to trifle with my conscience; and it was as an ordinary secret sinner that I at last fell before the assaults of temptation.

There comes an end to all things; the most capacious measure is filled at last; and this brief condescension to my evil finally destroyed the balance of my soul. And yet I was not alarmed; the fall seemed natural, like a return to the old days before I had made my discovery. It was a fine, clear, January day, wet under foot where  
415 the frost had melted, but cloudless overhead; and the Regent's Park was full of winter chirrupings and sweet with spring odours. I sat

in the sun on a bench; the animal within me licking the chops of  
memory; the spiritual side a little drowsed, promising subsequent  
penitence, but not yet moved to begin. After all, I reflected, I was  
420 like my neighbours; and then I smiled, comparing myself with other  
men, comparing my active good-will with the lazy cruelty of their  
neglect. And at the very moment of that vainglorious thought, a  
qualm came over me, a horrid nausea and the most deadly  
shuddering. These passed away, and left me faint; and then as in  
425 its turn faintness subsided, I began to be aware of a change in the  
temper of my thoughts, a greater boldness, a contempt of danger,  
a solution of the bonds of obligation. I looked down; my clothes  
hung formlessly on my shrunken limbs; the hand that lay on my knee  
was corded and hairy. I was once more Edward Hyde. A moment  
430 before I had been safe of all men's respect, wealthy, beloved—the  
cloth laying for me in the dining-room at home; and now I was the  
common quarry of mankind, hunted, houseless, a known murderer,  
thrall to the gallows.

My reason wavered, but it did not fail me utterly. I have more than  
435 once observed that in my second character, my faculties seemed  
sharpened to a point and my spirits more tensely elastic; thus it  
came about that, where Jekyll perhaps might have succumbed,  
Hyde rose to the importance of the moment. My drugs were in one  
of the presses of my cabinet; how was I to reach them? That was  
440 the problem that (crushing my temples in my hands) I set myself to  
solve. The laboratory door I had closed. If I sought to enter by the  
house, my own servants would consign me to the gallows. I saw I  
must employ another hand, and thought of Lanyon. How was he to  
be reached? how persuaded? Supposing that I escaped capture  
445 in the streets, how was I to make my way into his presence? and  
how should I, an unknown and displeasing visitor, prevail on the  
famous physician to rifle the study of his colleague, Dr. Jekyll? Then  
I remembered that of my original character, one part remained to  
me: I could write my own hand; and once I had conceived that  
450 kindling spark, the way that I must follow became lighted up from  
end to end.

Thereupon, I arranged my clothes as best I could, and summoning  
a passing hansom, drove to an hotel in Portland Street, the name  
of which I chanced to remember. At my appearance (which was  
455 indeed comical enough, however tragic a fate these garments  
covered) the driver could not conceal his mirth. I gnashed my teeth  
upon him with a gust of devilish fury; and the smile withered from his  
face—happily for him—yet more happily for myself, for in another

460 instant I had certainly dragged him from his perch. At the inn, as I  
entered, I looked about me with so black a countenance as made  
the attendants tremble; not a look did they exchange in my  
presence; but obsequiously took my orders, led me to a private  
room, and brought me wherewithal to write. Hyde in danger of his  
465 life was a creature new to me; shaken with inordinate anger, strung  
to the pitch of murder, lusting to inflict pain. Yet the creature was  
astute; mastered his fury with a great effort of the will; composed  
his two important letters, one to Lanyon and one to Poole; and that  
he might receive actual evidence of their being posted, sent them  
470 out with directions that they should be registered. Thenceforward,  
he sat all day over the fire in the private room, gnawing his nails;  
there he dined, sitting alone with his fears, the waiter visibly quailing  
before his eye; and thence, when the night was fully come, he set  
forth in the corner of a closed cab, and was driven to and fro about  
the streets of the city. He, I say—I cannot say, I. That child of Hell  
475 had nothing human; nothing lived in him but fear and hatred. And  
when at last, thinking the driver had begun to grow suspicious, he  
discharged the cab and ventured on foot, attired in his misfitting  
clothes, an object marked out for observation, into the midst of the  
nocturnal passengers, these two base passions raged within him like  
480 a tempest. He walked fast, hunted by his fears, chattering to  
himself, skulking through the less frequented thoroughfares,  
counting the minutes that still divided him from midnight. Once a  
woman spoke to him, offering, I think, a box of lights. He smote her  
in the face, and she fled.

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

500 I was stepping leisurely across the court after breakfast, drinking  
the chill of the air with pleasure, when I was seized again with those  
indescribable sensations that heralded the change; and I had but  
the time to gain the shelter of my cabinet, before I was once again  
raging and freezing with the passions of Hyde. It took on this  
505 occasion a double dose to recall me to myself; and alas! six hours  
after, as I sat looking sadly in the fire, the pangs returned, and the  
drug had to be re-administered. In short, from that day forth it  
seemed only by a great effort as of gymnastics, and only under the  
immediate stimulation of the drug, that I was able to wear the  
510 countenance of Jekyll. At all hours of the day and night, I would be  
taken with the premonitory shudder; above all, if I slept, or even  
dozed for a moment in my chair, it was always as Hyde that I  
awakened. Under the strain of this continually impending doom  
and by the sleeplessness to which I now condemned myself, ay,  
515 even beyond what I had thought possible to man, I became, in my  
own person, a creature eaten up and emptied by fever, languidly  
weak both in body and mind, and solely occupied by one thought:  
the horror of my other self. But when I slept, or when the virtue of the  
medicine wore off, I would leap almost without transition (for the  
520 pangs of transformation grew daily less marked) into the possession  
of a fancy brimming with images of terror, a soul boiling with  
causeless hatreds, and a body that seemed not strong enough to  
contain the raging energies of life. The powers of Hyde seemed to  
have grown with the sickliness of Jekyll. And certainly the hate that  
525 now divided them was equal on each side. With Jekyll, it was a  
thing of vital instinct. He had now seen the full deformity of that  
creature that shared with him some of the phenomena of  
consciousness, and was co-heir with him to death: and beyond  
these links of community, which in themselves made the most  
530 poignant part of his distress, he thought of Hyde, for all his energy  
of life, as of something not only hellish but inorganic. This was the  
shocking thing; that the slime of the pit seemed to utter cries and  
voices; that the amorphous dust gesticulated and sinned; that  
what was dead, and had no shape, should usurp the offices of life.  
535 And this again, that that insurgent horror was knit to him closer than  
a wife, closer than an eye; lay caged in his flesh, where he heard it  
mutter and felt it struggle to be born; and at every hour of  
weakness, and in the confidence of slumber, prevailed against him,  
and deposed him out of life. The hatred of Hyde for Jekyll was of a  
540 different order. His terror of the gallows drove him continually to  
commit temporary suicide, and return to his subordinate station of

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

It is useless, and the time awfully fails me, to prolong this  
555 description; no one has ever suffered such torments, let that suffice; and yet even to these, habit brought—no, not alleviation—but a certain callousness of soul, a certain acquiescence of despair; and my punishment might have gone on for years, but for the last calamity which has now fallen, and which has finally severed me  
560 from my own face and nature. My provision of the salt, which had never been renewed since the date of the first experiment, began to run low. I sent out for a fresh supply and mixed the draught; the ebullition followed, and the first change of colour, not the second; I drank it and it was without efficiency. You will learn from Poole how  
565 I have had London ransacked; it was in vain; and I am now persuaded that my first supply was impure, and that it was that unknown impurity which lent efficacy to the draught.

About a week has passed, and I am now finishing this statement under the influence of the last of the old powders. This, then, is the  
570 last time, short of a miracle, that Henry Jekyll can think his own thoughts or see his own face (now how sadly altered!) in the glass. Nor must I delay too long to bring my writing to an end; for if my narrative has hitherto escaped destruction, it has been by a combination of great prudence and great good luck. Should the throes of change take me in the act of writing it, Hyde will tear it in  
575 pieces; but if some time shall have elapsed after I have laid it by, his wonderful selfishness and circumscription to the moment will probably save it once again from the action of his ape-like spite. And indeed the doom that is closing on us both has already  
580 changed and crushed him. Half an hour from now, when I shall again and forever reindue that hated personality, I know how I shall sit shuddering and weeping in my chair, or continue, with the most strained and fearstruck ecstasy of listening, to pace up and down



585 this room (my last earthly refuge) and give ear to every sound of  
menace. Will Hyde die upon the scaffold? or will he find courage  
to release himself at the last moment? God knows; I am careless;  
this is my true hour of death, and what is to follow concerns another  
than myself. Here then, as I lay down the pen and proceed to seal  
590 up my confession, I bring the life of that unhappy Henry Jekyll to an  
end.

**Chapter ten – the full story.**

Re-read the final chapter. Then, in your own words, explain the motivation behind Jekyll's experiments. What was he hoping to achieve? Some sophisticated vocabulary has been provided for support.

repression	respect	temptation	sin
perverse	dilemma	vicarious	irony

## Jekyll and Hyde – character profiles

To help you remember the order of events, use this table to record what is learned about each character in each chapter of the novel.

Chapter	Jekyll	Hyde
Incident of the Door		
Search for Mr Hyde		
Dr Jekyll was Quite at Ease		
The Carew Murder Case		
Incident of the Letter		
Remarkable Incident of Dr Lanyon		
Incident at the Window		
The Last Night		
Dr Lanyon's Narrative		
Henry Jekyll's Full Statement of the Case		

## Jekyll and Hyde – full question

From 'The Carew Murder Case'; the maid is describing the murder of Sir Danvers Carew by Hyde.

It did not seem as if the subject of his address were of great importance; indeed, from his pointing, it sometimes appeared as if he were only inquiring his way; but the moon shone on his face as he spoke, and the girl was pleased to watch it, it seemed to breathe such an innocent and old-world kindness of disposition, yet with something high too, as of a well-founded self-content. Presently her eye wandered to the other, and she was surprised to recognise in him a certain Mr. Hyde, who had once visited her master and for whom she had conceived a dislike. He had in his hand a heavy cane, with which he was trifling; but he answered never a word, and seemed to listen with an ill-contained impatience. And then all of a sudden he broke out in a great flame of anger, stamping with his foot, brandishing the cane, and carrying on (as the maid described it) like a madman. The old gentleman took a step back, with the air of one very much surprised and a trifle hurt; and at that Mr. Hyde broke out of all bounds and clubbed him to the earth. And next moment, with ape-like fury, he was trampling his victim under foot and hailing down a storm of blows, under which the bones were audibly shattered and the body jumped upon the roadway. At the horror of these sights and sounds, the maid fainted.

It was two o'clock when she came to herself and called for the police. The murderer was gone long ago; but there lay his victim in the middle of the lane, incredibly mangled. The stick with which the deed had been done, although it was of some rare and very tough and heavy wood, had broken in the middle under the stress of this insensate cruelty; and one splintered half had rolled in the neighbouring gutter—the other, without doubt, had been carried away by the murderer.

3. [a] Explore how Stevenson presents violence in this extract.

Give examples from the extract to support your ideas. (20)

(b) In this extract, the maid describes witnessing Hyde commit a horrific crime. Explain how Hyde is portrayed elsewhere in the novel.

In your answer, you must consider:

- what Hyde says or does
- how other characters are affected by Hyde. (20)

### Section A Model Paragraph

Below is a model paragraphs for section A, for which you need to analyse the language and structure used in the extract. Link the exam skill to where it is displayed in the paragraph.

Short quotation	<p>As if to emphasise the horrific nature of the violence inflicted upon him, Stevenson starts the paragraph with an image of Danvers Carew as a kindly and pleasant old man. The phrase 'the moon shone on his face' suggests wisdom as well as innocence, traits which are further highlighted by the very positive noun phrases 'old-world kindness' and 'well-founded self-content'. The use of a long multi-clause sentence to introduce Carew slows the pace of this description and ensures that readers fully appreciate and value his character. This not only contrasts horribly with the violence to come, but perhaps also echoes the Maid's shock as it suggests she dwells on the innocent victim as she still cannot believe the severity and random nature of the attack.</p>	Close focus on the question
Language analysis		Subject terminology
Structure analysis		Development

Now, using this paragraph as a model, write another paragraph of analysis. When you have finished, annotate your paragraph to show where you have displayed the key exam skills.

Short quotation		Close focus on the question
Language analysis		Subject terminology
Structure analysis		Development

### Section B Model Paragraph

Below is a model paragraphs for section B, for which you need to interpret the events in the whole novel. Link the exam skill to where it is displayed in the paragraph.

Reference to text	<p><i>Violence is an important theme in the novel as it is presented from the start as a direct consequence of Jekyll's desire to indulge his darker side with impunity. The first encounter readers have with Hyde is of him callously 'trampling calmly' over a young girl and showing no remorse; the event is all the more shocking as the victim is innocent. Here, Stevenson uses violence to emphasise the extreme depravity of Jekyll's hidden dark side. However, despite describing the event, Enfield is unable to adequately describe Hyde to Utterson. This perhaps implies that all men have a darker side that they are unable or unwilling to confront.</i></p>	Close focus on the question
Interpretation		
Detached critical style		Development

Now, using this paragraph as a model, write another paragraph of interpretation. When you have finished, annotate your paragraph to show where you have displayed the key exam skills.

Reference to text		Close focus on the question
Interpretation		Development
Detached critical style		