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Robert Louis Stevenson's

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde



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About the Author

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

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DR. Jekyll and MR. Hyde

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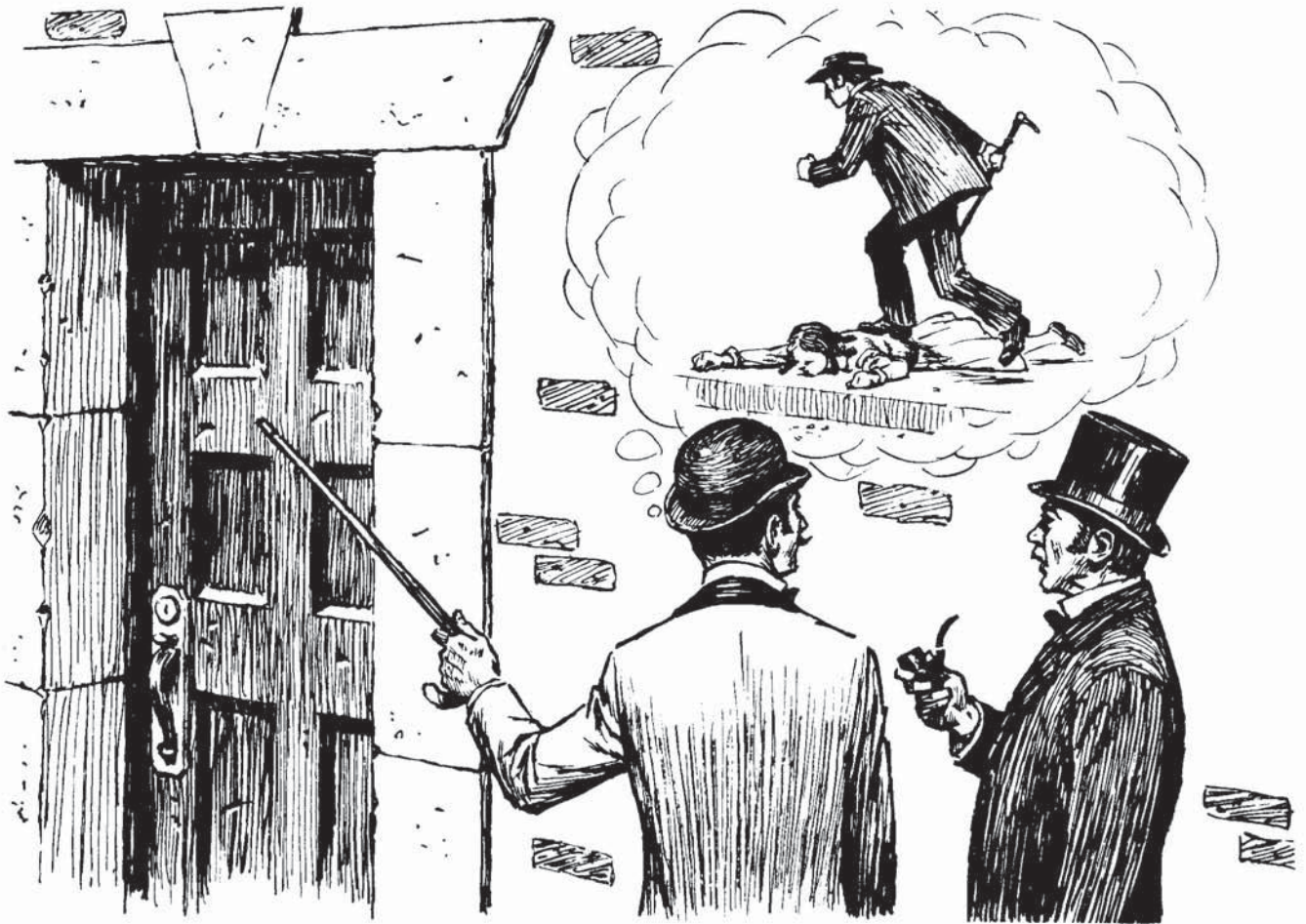
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THE STORY OF THE STRANGE BUILDING



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

THE STORY OF THE STRANGE BUILDING

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mr. Enfield was again pointing at the dreadful property.

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

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

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

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

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

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

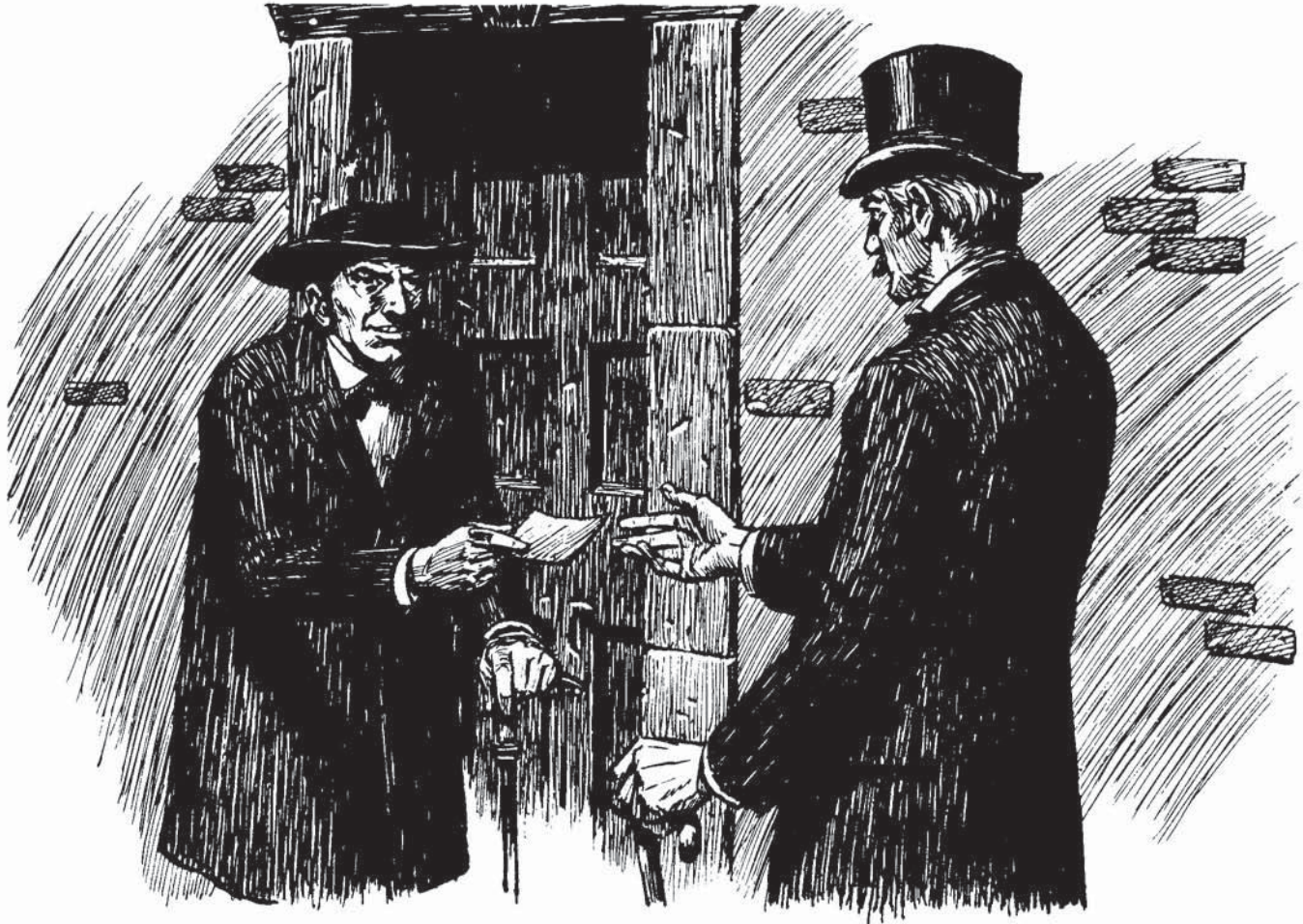
"I agree," said Mr. Utterson. "But there's one point I want to ask: I want to ask the name of the man who walked over the child."

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

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

The two men shook hands on their bargain.

THE SEARCH FOR MR. HYDE



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

THE SEARCH FOR MR. HYDE

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

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

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

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

"I suppose, Lanyon," said

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes," said Mr. Hyde. "It

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

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

"How did you know me?" questioned Hyde.

"From Dr. Jekyll," answered Utterson quickly.

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

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

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

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

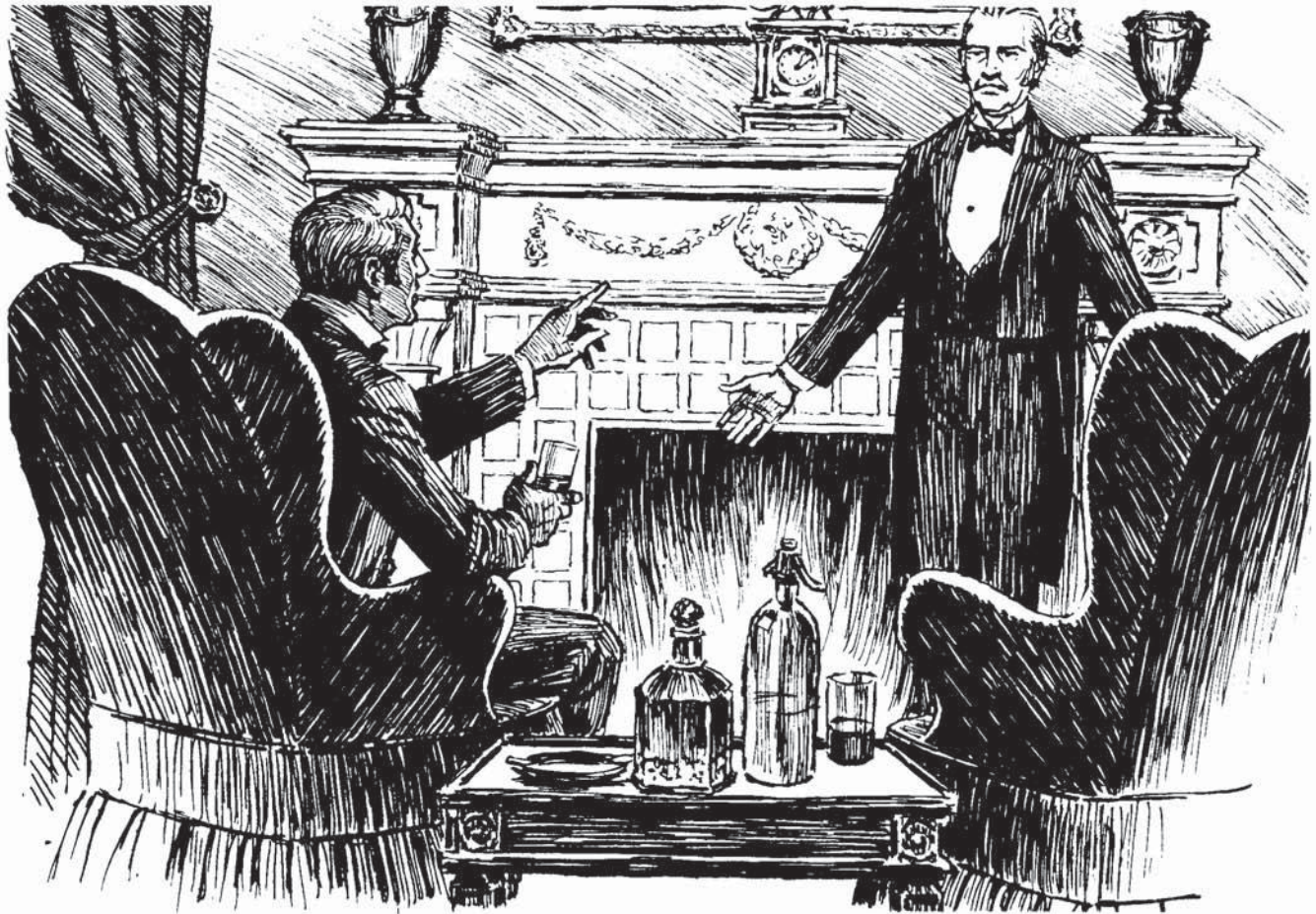
"I saw Mr. Hyde go in by the old laboratory door, Poole," he said. "Is that right when Dr. Jekyll is not at home?"

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

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

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

THE CAREW KILLING



Dr. Jekyll set Mr. Utterson's fears about Mr. Hyde to rest.

THE CAREW KILLING

A week later, Dr. Jekyll gave one of his pleasant dinners for five or six old friends. Mr. Utterson stayed on after the others had left. The two men went into the study where they sat beside a blazing fire.

Dr. Jekyll was a tall, handsome man of fifty years. His pleasing smile and kind eyes showed that he was quite comfortable, and glad to be with his old friend.

"I have been wanting to speak with you, Jekyll," began Mr. Utterson. "You know that will of yours?"

A stern look crossed Jekyll's face for but a moment. Smiling again, he said, "My poor Utterson, I never saw a man as worried as you about my will; unless it is that know-it-all Lanyon about my scientific studies. Oh, I know he's a good fellow, but he's always finding fault with my work."

"Well," continued Utterson, "I have been learning a few things about Mr. Hyde. And what I heard was awful."

Jekyll's face went pale. "I do not care to hear more," he said. "I thought we agreed to drop this. You do not understand. This matter is a very strange one." The doctor paused and looked into the fire. Then he began to mutter to himself. "It cannot be helped by talking."

"Jekyll," said Utterson, "you know I am a man to be trusted. Come clean with this matter and I will help you."

"Utterson," said the doctor, "this is very good of you. But it isn't as bad as you think. The moment I choose, I can be rid of Hyde. Why, I can make him disappear like a magician waving a magic wand."

Utterson thought for a while. "I guess you are right," he said, at last, getting to his feet.

"One more thing," continued

the doctor. "I really do take great interest in poor Hyde. I want you to promise to carry out the will in his favor should something happen to me."

"I can't say that I will ever like Hyde," said the lawyer, sighing. "But, well, I promise."

Nearly a year later, in the month of October, London was startled by the cruel killing of a highly-respected citizen.

A maid saw the awful crime. One night, while sitting by her window, she noticed a handsome gentleman walking down the lane. Another small man was approaching from the other direction. As the two came closer, she saw that the small man was Mr. Hyde. He had once visited her master and she did not like him. As the men talked, Mr. Hyde began fiddling with his heavy cane. Then, all of a sudden, he broke out in a great flame of anger. Stomping his feet, he swung the cane and hammered the man to the ground.

The night was filled with the sound of breaking bones as Mr. Hyde continued to beat the poor man, who lay groaning in the street. At the horror of these sights and sounds, the maid fainted.

When the woman awoke, she called the police. Next to the body they found half of the cane, which had broken under the weight of such heavy blows. On the body, there was a sealed, stamped envelope, bearing the name of Mr. Utterson.

The letter was brought to Mr. Utterson early the next morning. The lawyer dressed quickly and took a carriage to the police station to look at the dead man. He went into the cold, gray room and glanced quickly at the beaten body.

"Yes," said he, "I know him. I am sorry to say that this is

Sir Danvers Carew."

"Good gravy, sir!" exclaimed the officer. "Perhaps you can help us find the killer." He told Mr. Utterson what had happened and showed him the broken cane.

Mr. Utterson's eyes widened. Broken and ragged as it was, he recognized the cane as one that he himself had given to Henry Jekyll many years before.

Utterson thought for a moment. "If you will come with me, I will take you to his house."

The men went to the address that Hyde had given the lawyer. The street was dark and dirty. Ragged children were begging for a coin, and people were staggering into the local bar for a morning drink.

A wicked-looking old woman answered the door. Her manners were excellent.

"Scotland Yard," said the officer. "We wish to see Mr. Hyde's rooms."

One could see it was a thrill for the woman to hear this. "Ah," she muttered, "he is in trouble."

The men found Hyde's place torn apart. Clothes were thrown about, and coins were scattered on the floor. Some papers had been burned. From the ashes, the officer pulled part of a check book. The other half of the cane was found behind the door.

The officer was thrilled. "Hyde is in our hands now!" he shouted. "He has money in the bank. All we must do is wait for him to cash a check!"

But this was not to happen. And Utterson remembered Jekyll's words. "Perhaps," thought the lawyer, "the magician had waved his magic wand."

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