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Robert Louis Stevenson

# The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde

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MAIN CHARACTERS



MR UTTERSON

DR JEKYL

MR HYDE

DR LANYON



# The Door



often ate a lot. No-one could really understand why they were friends. Mr Utterson and Mr Enfield went for a walk together every Sunday. People who met them on their Sunday walks often laughed about them. 'They look so unhappy!' they said. 'What do they talk about?' people also said.

For Mr Utterson and Mr Enfield, their Sunday walk was the most important moment of the week.



One Sunday, the two men were walking through London, as usual. The street was quiet on Sundays, but it was always noisy and busy on a week-day. It was quite a rich area of the capital and it was clear that the people from the area wanted to be even richer; the shops were very beautiful with a lot of lovely things in the windows. Even on a Sunday, when it was quieter, it was clear that the street was different from the other streets in the area. The shops and houses were clean and the doors were painted.

Near the end of the street, on the left, there was an entrance to a garden. The building on the left of the garden was different from all the others in the street. It was dark, it had two floors, but no windows. There was a door, but there was no paint on the door. There was no window in the door. There was no colour. It was clear that children played there; there were children's drawings on the door and around it. It was also clear that no-one ever cleaned the door.

Mr Enfield and Mr Utterson were walking past this door on the opposite side of the street, when Mr Enfield lifted his stick\*. 'Look at that door,' he said.

'Why?' said his cousin.  
'I have a very strange story about that door.'

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Mr Utterson was a lawyer, a good lawyer. Like all good lawyers, he preferred listening to speaking and he didn't smile\* very much. He lived alone. He enjoyed food, but he ate very little. He loved the theatre, but he never went to see a play. He was tall, thin and really quite boring. His friends often invited him to dinner and, after a good meal, he sometimes talked a little. After a very good dinner, he sometimes smiled. Everyone trusted\* him and it was strange, but everyone loved him.

Mr Utterson was really a very kind man. He lived a very quiet life, but he tried to understand people who lived in a different way. He knew that some people did bad things, but he still wanted to be their friend. Sometimes, he was the person's last friend. 'Everyone is different,' he often said. When people came to his office, they weren't afraid; they could talk to him. It probably wasn't difficult for Mr Utterson to be kind; he didn't say very much anyway.

His friends were sometimes like him, but not always. They were lawyers and doctors or sometimes they were from his family. Mr Richard Enfield was one of Mr Utterson's friends. He was a cousin, or a cousin of a cousin. Mr Enfield was quite different from his friend. He enjoyed the theatre, so he often went to the theatre. He loved food, so he

to smile - ☺ this face is smiling

to trust - if you believe something that someone says, you trust them

a stick - Hyde is holding a stick in the picture on page 15



'Really?' said Mr Utterson, interested, 'What?'

'Well,' said Mr Enfield, 'it was like this. I was coming home from a dinner one night. It was a cold, black winter's night. Well, it wasn't really night, it was about 3 o'clock in the morning!' He stopped talking. He waited, but there was no answer from Mr Utterson, so he said, 'There weren't many people outside; all the good people in London were sleeping. I couldn't see anything except street lights, street after street of street lights! I was a little afraid, so I began to listen. I listened carefully. I hoped to see a police officer. I was just here.'

Mr Enfield pointed at the corner of two streets with his stick. One street was large and the other was little. 'Then, I heard something. Was someone running? Were there two people? I heard them first and then I saw them. A little girl was running along that street.'

He pointed his stick at the little street. 'She was running along there. She couldn't see him, but a man was walking along the larger street. *He* was walking very quickly and *he* didn't know the girl was there. They met at the corner, where the little girl ran into the man. She was a very little girl, eight or nine years old and she fell down.

'Now this is the horrible part of my story. The girl was lying on the road and she was crying. The man didn't do anything to help. He just walked over her – *he walked on her body* and left her there. It was horrible to see. He wasn't like a man, he was more like an animal.'

'Well?' said Mr Utterson.

'What could I do? I followed the man – I ran after him. I stopped him and I brought him back to the corner. He was very quiet and came back with me, but then he looked at me! My blood went cold. I didn't like him; in fact, I hated him.'





'By now, there were a lot of people at the corner. The child's father and mother were there and her uncle was there. A doctor was there, too. Well, he isn't really a doctor, but he sells medicine. I know him; he's Scottish and a kind man.'

'Was the little girl badly hurt?' asked Mr Utterson.

'No, not really. But the doctor was very angry. I think the doctor wanted to *kill* the man. It was strange; everyone hated the man. Everyone thought he was evil. We *all* wanted to kill him, and the women hated him the most.'

'Of course, we couldn't kill him, so we decided that the man had to pay. But do you know something? The man didn't care. He was cold. He smiled and his smile was black and evil, "If you want me to pay, I'll pay," he said. "How much?" A hundred pounds\*, we said.' Mr Ehfield stopped for a moment.

'A hundred pounds?' said Mr Utterson.

'Yes,' said Mr Ehfield, 'but I was worried. He didn't have any money with him.'

'Did the man pay?' asked Mr Utterson.

'Oh yes!' said his cousin, 'And where did he go to get the money? He went into that door there. That old door.'

Mr Ehfield pointed his stick at the old door again, 'He had a key.'

'Mmm. Did he pay in cash, or did he give you a cheque\*?' asked the lawyer, always a very careful man.

'He gave us ten pounds in gold and a cheque for the other ninety pounds. The name on the cheque was a very famous name.'

'I see,' said Mr Utterson.

**a pound** - (here) British money

**a cheque** - a piece of paper that you can take to the bank instead of money



'It's a strange story, isn't it? A man doesn't usually go into another man's house and come out with a cheque for ninety pounds!'

'No, no,' answered Mr Utterson, 'Did the little girl get the money from the bank?'

'Oh yes,' said Mr Enfield, 'I waited with the man until the bank opened. Well, we all waited: the doctor, the girl's father and I! The little girl got her hundred pounds. There was no problem with the cheque.'

'Oh dear,' said the lawyer, 'I don't like this story at all. What do you think? Does your evil man live in the house with the door?'

'No, he doesn't. He gave his address at the bank. He lives in a square, not in a street.'

'Did you ask the man about this house?'

'No, I didn't. I didn't want to know. I think it's better not to ask too many questions. I can't explain why, but sometimes I watch the door. No-one goes in or out, except my horrible man and he doesn't come here very often. I don't know who lives in the house with the door. There are a lot of houses around here. It's difficult to see where one house ends and another one begins.'

'What's your man's name?' asked Mr Utterson.

'Hyde.'

'And what does he look like?'

Mr Enfield thought for a minute. 'I don't really know,' he said, 'There's something I don't like about him, but I don't know what. He's a strange-looking man. Horrible. But I don't really know why.'

'I have another question,' said the lawyer, 'Are you sure he used a key?'

'I'm certain.'



'You see, my dear cousin, I know the man who lives in that house. That door is the door to his laboratory. His name isn't Hyde, his name is Jekyll, Dr Henry Jekyll!'

'Well, isn't that interesting?' answered Mr Enfield, 'Jekyll was the name I saw on the cheque! But Hyde had a key to that door that night and he still has a key to that door. I know this, because I saw him use it last week!'



# Who is Mr Hyde?



Mr Utterson was a good lawyer and he was angry about the will. 'It's not right!' he said to himself, 'I didn't like the will before and I hate it now. I thought it was mad. Now I think it's worse than mad. I need to talk to Dr Lanyon.'

Mr Utterson put the will back in the drawer and locked\* it. Then he put on his coat and left his house. He walked to Cavendish Square, where most of the famous doctors in London live.

When Mr Utterson arrived, Dr Lanyon was just finishing his dinner. He left the table. 'Come in, Utterson, come in! How are you, my dear friend?'

Dr Lanyon was a happy, healthy man with a big red face and a lot of white hair. He was a very well-known doctor. He enjoyed life, loved parties and was always happy to spend time with his old school friend.

The two men talked for a while about the usual things. Then, Utterson was able to ask his questions. 'Are we Henry Jekyll's oldest friends?'

'I'd like to be younger, but yes, we are his oldest friends!' answered Dr Lanyon, laughing. 'But I don't see him very much these days.'

'Really? Why's that? You're both doctors.'

'Yes, but I didn't like some of his work and I told him he was wrong. It was about ten years ago now. Jekyll began to go wrong, wrong in his mind. He wasn't very scientific, you know.' Dr Lanyon's red face became purple.

'So, you didn't agree about science. Oh dear,' said Mr Utterson, who was not at all interested in science. He was pleased that the problem between the two men was about science. 'And have you ever met a friend of Jekyll's, Edward Hyde?'

'Hyde?' repeated Dr Lanyon, 'No, I've never heard of him.'

3 That evening, Mr Utterson was worried. He ate his dinner, but he didn't enjoy it. He usually spent Sunday evenings reading a long book. He liked to read until midnight and then go to bed. That Sunday evening, things were different. Immediately after dinner, he went into his office. There, he opened a drawer in his desk and took out an envelope. On the front of the envelope were the words *Dr Jekyll's Will*\*. Mr Utterson opened the envelope and looked at the will. 'I've never liked this will,' he said to himself, 'Why did Jekyll make it?'

Mr Utterson started to read.

*'When I die, I, Dr Henry Jekyll, leave all my money and my house to my good friend, Mr Edward Hyde.'*

That was quite normal. The second sentence was not so normal.

*'If I disappear\*, if no-one sees me for three months, I want Mr Edward Hyde to have all my money and my house.'*

**a will** - a document that you write. It says what you want to happen when you die

**to disappear** - if you disappear, you go away and people don't see you again

**to lock** - to close something with a key



Mr Utterson didn't sleep well that night. He couldn't stop thinking about Dr Jekyll's will and he couldn't stop thinking about Mr Enfield's story. He thought about the little girl. He thought about Jekyll. Why was Edward Hyde important to Jekyll? Why did he have a key to a door in Jekyll's house? And what about the cheque? Utterson thought about Hyde, 'I don't know what he looks like! I must meet him! His name is Hyde, but he can't hide\* from me!'

The following morning, Mr Utterson started to look for Mr Hyde. He visited the street with the door open. Sometimes he went there in the morning, before the shops were open. Sometimes he went at lunchtime, when everyone was busy. Sometimes he went there at night, in the fog or in the moonlight.

At last, one night, he was lucky. It was a fine, dry night. It was cold and clear and the streets were light and clean. The street with the door was quiet, but Utterson could hear the sounds of London around him. He could hear sounds from the houses – doors closing and voices\*. Then, he heard someone walking. Hyde! It was Hyde! He was small and was wearing very dark clothes. Hyde walked straight across the road, took a key from his pocket and went up to the door.

Mr Utterson crossed the road and put his hand on the man's arm. 'Mr Hyde?'

Mr Hyde jumped back. He looked afraid, but only for a second. He didn't look at the lawyer, but wasn't worried when he said, 'Yes. That's my name. What do you want?'

'I'm an old friend of Dr Jekyll's. My name is Utterson. I see that you're going in. Let's go in together and see Dr Jekyll.'

**to hide** – to go somewhere where people can't see you e.g. behind a tree  
**a voice** – you use your voice when you speak



'Dr Jekyll is away from home.'

'Let me see your face,' said Mr Utterson.

Hyde was quiet for a minute. Then, he looked at Mr Utterson. The two men looked at each other for a few seconds.

'Thank you,' said the lawyer, 'Now I will know you again, if we meet in the future.'

'Yes, I agree. You need to know my address, too.' Mr Hyde gave the lawyer his address. Mr Utterson didn't say anything, but it was clear.

Mr Hyde was thinking about the will! Then Mr Hyde asked a difficult question. 'How did you know my name was Hyde?'

'Friends.'

'What friends? We don't know the same people!'

'Jekyll,' said Mr Utterson.

'Jekyll didn't tell you! That isn't true!' Mr Hyde laughed, then opened the door and went quickly into the house. The door closed behind him.

Mr Utterson began to walk away, then he stopped. He walked a little more, then he stopped again. He was trying to understand this difficult problem. Mr Hyde was small and pale. He looked normal, but he wasn't. His voice was quiet, but he was angry. Perhaps he was afraid, but only a little. Mr Utterson couldn't understand it: he didn't hate anyone else, why did he hate Mr Hyde so much?

Just around the corner from the laboratory door, there was a house. Mr Utterson walked quickly up to it. An old man, Jekyll's servant\*, opened the door.

'Hello, Poole,' said Mr Utterson, 'Is Dr Jekyll at home?'

'I'm not sure, sir\*. Please come in.' The old man showed Mr

**a servant** – a person who cooks, cleans or works in a rich person's house (an old word)

**sir** – you say this to a man to be polite, or because the man is more important than you



Urterson into a lovely, warm room. 'Please sit down, sir. I'll see if the doctor's at home.'

Mr Utterson sat down and waited. After a few minutes, Poole came back into the room. 'I'm sorry, sir. Dr Jekyll isn't here.'

'Thank you, Poole. Don't worry. Just one thing. I saw Mr Hyde a few minutes ago. He came in through the door to the old laboratory. Is that right? With Dr Jekyll away from home?'

'Yes, sir,' answered Poole. 'Mr Hyde has a key to the old laboratory.'  
'Dr Jekyll must trust that young man.'

'Yes, sir, he does. But we never see Mr Hyde in this part of the house. He never has dinner here. He comes to the old laboratory and leaves from there.'

'Well, thank you, Poole, and good night.'

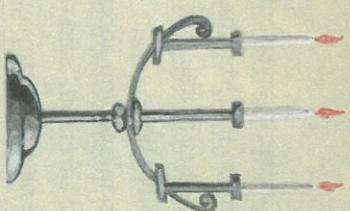
'Good night to you Mr Utterson, sir,' said Poole, as he opened the door for the lawyer.

Mr Utterson walked home. He was not a happy man. 'Poor Dr Jekyll,' he thought, 'I'm sure he has a terrible problem. He was a very wild young man, but that was when he was young! Perhaps he has a secret\*. Does Hyde know this secret? Is that why Henry Jekyll gives him money? But then, Mr Hyde looks like a man who has secrets. Black secrets, too. I must do something. Poor Henry Jekyll. What if Mr Hyde wants his money? All he needs to do is to murder\* Henry. I must help, I must talk to Henry Jekyll.'

The problem was the will – Mr Utterson was sure.



Mr Utterson didn't have to wait very long. About two weeks later, Dr Jekyll invited five or six of his friends for dinner. After a very good



**a secret** - a piece of information that you don't want other people to know about

**to murder** - to kill someone, the person is a murderer



dinner, Mr Utterson stayed behind. This was quite normal, as Dr Jekyll liked him very much: Mr Utterson was quiet and a very good listener. They sat together by the fire. Dr Jekyll was a tall, good-looking man. His face was healthy.

'I want to talk to you about your will,' said Mr Utterson.

'My poor Utterson,' said the doctor, 'I'm sorry that you don't like my will! I've never *seen* anyone so unhappy about another man's will. Lanyon is just like you – *he's* unhappy about my scientific work and *you're* unhappy about my will!'

'I have never liked your will,' said Mr Utterson.

'I know, you've told me before!' This time Dr Jekyll was a little angry.

'Well, I'm telling you again. I've found out some things about Mr Hyde.'

Dr Jekyll's large, happy face went white. His eyes were almost black. 'I don't want to talk about this any more!' he said.

'But I've heard something terrible about Mr Hyde.'

'Nothing will change. You don't understand, and I can never explain. My life is different from yours, Utterson. It won't change, so there's no reason to talk about it.'

'Jekyll,' said the lawyer, 'you can trust me. You know you can trust me. Tell me about your problem. I'm sure I can help.'

'My dear Utterson, you're very kind. This is very good of you. I don't have the words to thank you. I know I can trust you; I can trust you better than I can trust myself. But don't worry about me, things aren't as bad as you think. I'll tell you one thing, if I want to make Hyde go away, I can. I can make him go away any time I want. Now, one last thing: I never want to talk about this again.'



Utterson didn't say anything, he just looked into the fire.

'No, there *is* another thing I need to say about Hyde,' said Dr Jekyll, 'I'm very interested in poor Hyde. I know you've seen him, he told me. I'm sure he wasn't polite. But I'm really very interested in him. If I die, he must get my house and my money. If you help me with this, I'll be a very happy man.'

'I don't like him. I'm sure I'll *never* like him.'

'Fine,' answered Jekyll, 'I can't ask you to like him. But please help him when I die.'

'Well,' answered Mr Utterson, 'yes. Of course I'll help him.'