

The Murder

4 Almost a year later, one night in October, a young woman was alone in the house where she worked as a servant. The house was near the river. It was a little foggy that night, but there was a lot of light from the moon. At about 11 o'clock, the young woman went up to bed. She saw the beautiful moon and the lights on the river. She sat for a while, looking out of the window, thinking of a young man she knew. 'What a beautiful world we live in,' she thought to herself.

5 As she looked out of the window, she saw an old man, with white hair and a kind face walking along the road. He was tall and good-looking. She watched him for a while, smiling. Then she saw a small, dark man walking quickly along the road. The old man took off his hat; he was clearly very polite. He asked the small man a question. Was he asking the way? In the light of the moon, the young girl could see the old man's happy, kind face. Then she saw the other man's face and she was surprised. 'That's Mr Hyde,' she said to herself.

Mr Hyde sometimes visited the house where she worked. The girl didn't like Mr Hyde at all, but she couldn't explain why. Hyde had a heavy stick in his hand, as usual. Then, it happened: Mr Hyde lifted his arm and she watched, in horror, as he hit the kind old man with his stick.

'It was Mr Hyde. He was mad, mad, like an animal!' the young woman told the police later. 'He hit the old man again and again. I



could hear the terrible sounds. I felt ill and I don't remember anything else: I think I hit my head on the floor. When I woke up, it was two o'clock in the morning and I called for you.'

The police officers went to look. They found the body of the old man in the road, near the river. Part of the heavy stick was next to his body: it was broken and red with the old man's blood. Mr Hyde was no longer there. There was some money and a gold watch on the body. No-one knew who the old man was, but there was a letter in his pocket. The letter had a stamp on it and a name and address; the name and address of Mr Utterson.

It was very early the next morning, when Inspector Newcomen of Scotland Yard went to speak to Mr Utterson. The inspector told him about the dead body and the letter. Mr Utterson was quiet for a moment, then asked to see the body. The two men didn't speak as they walked to the police station. There, they went into a small, dark room, and Mr Utterson looked at the dead man's face. 'This is the body of Sir Danvers Carew,' he said, in a quiet voice.

'Are you sure, sir?' said the inspector.
'Oh yes.'

'Well,' said Inspector Newcomen, 'this story will be in all the newspapers. Perhaps you can help us, sir.'

So, Inspector Newcomen told Mr Utterson everything. When he heard the name Hyde, Mr Utterson's face went white. 'Is this Mr Hyde tall or short?' he asked.

'Oh, short, sir. And', he stopped for a minute to read from his notebook, 'the servant girl said "dark and horrible".'

Mr Utterson thought for a moment, then he said, 'Follow me Inspector, I can take you to Mr Hyde's house.'

It was now about nine o'clock in the morning. It was foggy and quite cold. It was also quite windy, so in some places, there was no fog at all. Sometimes, the men could see the street lights, sometimes they couldn't see anything. Mr Utterson felt dark, dark like the streets.

They arrived at a little street in the city centre. There was a cheap hotel on the corner, next to a cheap restaurant and near some cheap shops. Small children in dirty, old clothes were playing. The two men walked down the street and arrived at the home of Henry Jekyll's friend; the home of Mr Hyde.

An old woman opened the door. She had silver hair and a very white face. The woman was polite, but it was clear she wasn't very kind. 'Mr Hyde?' she said, 'No, he isn't here. He was here last night, very late. He went away after about an hour.'

'Is that normal?' asked the inspector.

'Oh, yes. Sometimes I don't see him for a month or two.'

'Mmm,' said Mr Utterson, 'Please show us his rooms. I'm a lawyer, and this is Inspector Newcomen, of Scotland Yard.'

The woman smiled, almost laughed, 'Has he done something wrong? I knew he was bad!'

The men followed the old woman upstairs. Mr Hyde had two rooms in the house. The rooms were very fine, with beautiful furniture and lovely paintings. The carpets looked very expensive and so did the silver plates. But the rooms weren't tidy.

'Look at this!' said the old woman. 'Someone's left in a hurry!'

There were clothes all over the floor and the drawers were all open.

'There are documents in there!' said Inspector Newcomen, looking at some pieces of paper in the fire, 'Someone didn't want us to read them!'





'And look,' said Mr Utterson, 'here's part of Hyde's stick. Is that blood?'

'Yes, that's blood and I think it's probably Sir Danvers Carew's blood.'

The inspector was very pleased. They looked around the rooms carefully, then they decided to visit Mr Hyde's bank. There, they found out that Hyde was a rich man. The inspector decided to leave a police officer at the bank. 'He'll come here sooner or later: no-one can live without money!' he said, 'We need a picture of the man. We'll find him.'

It wasn't easy to find a picture of Mr Hyde. Very few people knew him and there were no photographs of him. Some people tried to describe him, but it was very difficult. No-one really knew what he looked like. The only thing people could say was that he was small, dark and evil.

It was very late in the afternoon, when Mr Utterson arrived at Dr Jekyll's house. Poole opened the door. 'Good afternoon, sir,' he said.

'Is Dr Jekyll at home?' asked Mr Utterson.

'Follow me, please, sir.'

Mr Utterson followed Poole through the house, through the kitchen and across the garden to the laboratory.

'The doctor's working in here,' said Poole.

'I've never been here before,' said the lawyer.

'No,' answered Poole, 'Only the doctor comes here. And Mr Hyde.'

Mr Utterson looked around. It was a strange building with no windows. Poole opened the old, dirty door. 'Come in, sir.'

Mr Utterson walked into the room and looked around.

'Before Dr Jekyll bought the house, another very important doctor lived here. He worked in this room, too,' explained Poole.

The two men walked across the room to some stairs. Mr Utterson could see old tables, chairs, test tubes and boxes in the room. A little light came from a small, dirty window above. They went up the stairs to a small, red door and, finally, Poole opened the door to Dr Jekyll's study. Mr Utterson went in alone.

The study was a large room with cupboards on the wall. There was a desk in the corner with more test tubes and boxes on it. Near the desk, there was a large mirror. There were three small, dirty windows in the room. There was a fire, but it was still very cold. Dr Jekyll was sitting near the fire. He looked cold and ill and he didn't stand up to meet his visitor.

'Have you heard about the murder?' said Mr Utterson.

'Yes, I heard the newspaper boy shouting in the street.'

'Where's Hyde? I'm your lawyer, but I was also Danvers Carew's lawyer!' said Mr Utterson, 'I'm very angry about this. Is he here? Is Hyde here?'

'No! No! I'll never invite him here again. I never want to see Hyde again! Never, Utterson, I'll never see Hyde again! Hyde's safe. No-one will ever see Hyde again.'

The lawyer was worried. 'How can you be so sure? I hope you're right. This is murder!'

'I'm sure. I know I'm right. No-one will ever see Hyde again. But, I need your help, Utterson.'

'I'll help you as much as I can.'

'Thank you, my friend. I've received a letter. Should I give it to the police? Utterson, will you decide?'

'Will it help the police find Hyde?'

'No. No-one will ever find Hyde. No, the problem is me. I don't

want the police to come here and ask me questions about Hyde. I don't want to be in the newspapers.'

Utterson was surprised. 'Give me the letter. I'll read it and decide.'

Dr Jekyll gave him the letter and the lawyer read it.

*I'm sorry, Jekyll, but please don't worry about me.
I've left London and you'll never see me again.
I really am sorry, because you've always been so kind
to me.
Edward Hyde*

'Mmm,' said Mr Utterson, 'I'll keep this letter and think about it. I must ask you one thing. Why did you make that will? Why did you leave everything to Hyde?'

'I don't know,' said the doctor in a quiet voice.

'I think he wanted to murder you, Jekyll. You're a very lucky man.

I think Hyde had a plan: to murder you and take this house and all your money.'

'I've learnt from this, Utterson,' answered the doctor, 'This has been a very important lesson. No-one will ever see Hyde again.'

On his way out, Mr Utterson spoke to Poole, 'Dr Jekyll received a letter today. When did it come?'

'We didn't have any post today,' said Poole, 'No-one brought a letter to the house.'

'Thank you, Poole. My mistake.'

Mr Utterson was still worried when he left. 'Hyde!' he said to



himself, 'There was no post today. Perhaps Hyde brought the letter to the laboratory this morning. Perhaps he wrote it in the laboratory! How can Jekyll be so sure? Why isn't he telling me everything?'

As he walked home, Mr Utterson could hear the newspaper boys shouting in the street, 'Read all about it! Sir Danvers Carew dead! Read all about it!'

'Horrible murder in London! Read all about it!'

Mr Utterson was sad about Sir Danvers and worried about Dr Jekyll. Two people that he knew, and two of his oldest friends: one was dead and the other? The other was in terrible, terrible trouble. ■

The Window



At that moment, a servant came into the room, 'A letter for you, Mr Utterson, sir.'

'Ah,' said Guest, 'From Dr Jekyll I think, sir. I know his writing.'

'Yes, it's a dinner invitation. Would you like to see it?'

Mr Guest put the two letters next to each other. He studied them both carefully. After a few minutes, he looked at Mr Utterson, 'Well, well! The writing in these two letters is almost the same. I think the same man wrote them.'

'Mmm,' Mr Utterson answered, 'Please don't talk to anyone about this. I'll think about it. Perhaps I'll speak to Dr Jekyll.'

'I understand, sir.'

When Mr Utterson was alone, he took both letters and put them in a drawer in his desk. He locked the drawer. He was very angry. 'Henry Jekyll! I can't believe it. Henry Jekyll wrote those letters. He's helping an evil murderer!'



Time passed, but people were still angry about the murder of Sir Danvers Carew. His friends offered ten thousand pounds to anyone who found Hyde. Nothing.

Everyone was talking about Hyde's past. There were hundreds of stories in the newspapers about him and about his horrible life. He was an evil animal, and his friends were evil animals, too. Everyone hated him, but no-one knew where he was. Where was Mr Hyde?

Mr Utterson was beginning to feel a little better. Yes, Sir Danvers was dead, but perhaps Hyde was also dead. Dr Jekyll was much happier without Hyde. He began to invite people to dinner again. He saw all his old friends, he helped poor people and he went to church.

6 After dinner, that same night, Mr Utterson sat for a while in the dining room. His secretary, Mr Guest, sat on one side of the fire and he sat on the other. They could see the fog through the window: London was quiet, sitting in the middle of these low grey clouds. The city was dark, but the room was light and warm. Mr Utterson didn't keep secrets from Mr Guest and Guest often visited Dr Jekyll for him on business. Guest knew Poole and perhaps he also knew something about Mr Hyde.

'It's a sad story about Sir Danvers,' Mr Utterson said.

'Yes, sir, it is. He was a very fine man. People are very angry about it,' said Guest.

'I'm very interested in the murder and I'd like to hear what you think. I have a short letter here: Mr Hyde wrote it. I don't know what to do about it. You know something about how people write, don't you?'

'Yes, I'm interested in understanding people from their writing, sir.' 'Well, here is the writing of a murderer.'

There was a light in Guest's eyes as he took the letter. He studied it carefully. 'That's a surprise!' he said, looking up. 'This man isn't mad, sir. The writing is strange, but your murderer isn't mad.'

'Yes, Guest. The writing is strange and I think the writer is strange too.'

He was busy all the time and his face was brighter and more open. For more than two months, Dr Jekyll was happy, but things soon changed.

On 8th January, Mr Utterson had dinner with Dr Jekyll. Dr Lanyon was also there. Mr Utterson was pleased that Lanyon and Jekyll were friends again: just like the old days. It was a very happy evening.

Then, when Mr Utterson went to visit on 12th January, things were different. Poole opened the door as usual.

'Is the doctor at home?' asked Mr Utterson.

'I'm sorry, sir,' said Poole, 'the doctor is ill. He doesn't want to see anyone.'

The same thing happened two days later. Then, the next day, he tried again, and again Dr Jekyll couldn't see anyone. Two more days later, Mr Utterson decided to speak to Dr Lanyon.

He was surprised when he saw Lanyon. He wasn't the happy doctor with the red face any more. His face was white and he was thinner. He looked older, but Mr Utterson was more worried about his mind. Dr Lanyon was clearly afraid. 'Lanyon's going to die,' thought the lawyer. 'He knows he's ill, and he's afraid of dying.'

'You look ill, my dear friend,' Mr Utterson said to Dr Lanyon.

'Oh, yes. I've seen something terrible. It has changed my life and I can't live any longer. I'm going to die, I know, probably in a few weeks. I've enjoyed my life very much, well in the past I enjoyed it. Now I'm ready to die. Now I know, I'm happy to go.'

'Jekyll is ill, too. Have you seen him?'

Lanyon's face changed and he held up his hand. 'Don't ever talk to me about Jekyll. I never want to see him or hear about him again. I've finished with that person. In my eyes, he's dead.'



'Oh dear,' said Mr Utterson. After a long time, he asked, 'Can't I do anything? We're three very old friends and we won't live to make many more friends.'

'You can't do anything. No-one can do anything. Ask Jekyll.'

'He doesn't want to see me.'

'I'm not surprised,' answered Dr Lanyon, 'Perhaps, when I'm dead, you'll find out everything about this. I can't tell you, now. Please come and sit with me and talk about something else. If you can't do that, please go.'

As soon as he got home, Mr Utterson sat down at his desk and wrote a letter to Jekyll. He was worried about the problem between his two friends.

The next day, Mr Utterson received an answer. It was a long, dark letter. It was quite strange in places.

Lanyon and I can never be friends again. I agree with him that we must never meet again. I have decided to live my life alone. I will stay at home and never go out. Don't be surprised if I don't want to see you. You must leave me to live my dark life alone. I have made a mistake and I must pay for it. I'm in terrible danger and I'm afraid, but I must pay. You can do one thing to help, Utterson. Help me to live alone – leave me alone.

Mr Utterson was very surprised. Hyde wasn't a part of Jekyll's life any more. What did he mean? After two months of a happy, hard-



working Dr Jekyll, why did he now have a problem? Why did he want to live alone in that house? Was he mad? And, what did Dr Lanyon know?



A week later, Dr Lanyon was ill in bed. Then, less than two weeks after that, he was dead.

The next day, Mr Utterson was at home in his study. He sat at the desk and took out a letter from the drawer. It was from Dr Lanyon. He looked at it, feeling sad. *SECRET: FOR J. G. UTTERSON ALONE*, it said on the front. The lawyer was afraid to open it. 'One of my friends died yesterday,' he said to himself, 'I hope that I don't lose another friend because of this.'

He opened the letter. Inside there was another letter from Dr Lanyon which said, on the front, *DO NOT OPEN UNTIL DR HENRY JEKYL DIES OR DISAPPEARS*.

Mr Utterson couldn't believe his eyes. Here it was again, that word 'disappear'. Just like Jekyll's will. Why was Jekyll worried about disappearing? Why was Lanyon worried about the same thing? Mr Utterson wanted to know, he wanted to open the letter. He stopped himself. 'I'm a lawyer, people must trust me. I can't read this,' he said to himself, as he put the letter back into the drawer and locked it.

After that, Mr Utterson thought about Dr Jekyll very often, but visited him a little less. He never went into the house. He was always happy to speak to Poole at the door; there he could still hear the sounds of London and feel the open air. Jekyll's house was quiet, but Poole never had anything good to say. Dr Jekyll spent all his time in the study above the laboratory. Sometimes he slept there.



One Sunday, when Mr Utterson was walking as usual with Mr Enfield, they walked down the street with the door. When they came to the front of the door, they stopped. 'Well,' said Enfield, 'that story's finished. We'll never see Hyde again.'

'I hope not,' said Mr Utterson, 'Did I tell you that I met him once? I hated him, just like you hated him.'

'No-one could see him without hating him.'

'I'd like to walk through the garden to the house, to ask about Dr Jekyll,' said Utterson, 'I'm worried about him and perhaps he'll feel better if he sees a friend. We don't have to go inside.'

The two men walked into the garden. Outside, in the street, it was warm and light, but in the garden it was cold and dark. One of the three windows upstairs was open and Dr Jekyll was sitting near it. He looked like a sad, ill man trying to get a little air.

'Hello, Jekyll, I hope you're feeling better!' shouted Mr Utterson.

'I'm not well, Utterson,' answered the doctor, 'But don't worry, it'll pass.'

'You spend too much time inside,' said the lawyer, 'Come for a walk with us. Oh, this is my cousin, Mr Enfield. Get your hat and come for a walk with us!'

'You're very kind,' said the doctor, 'I would like to come, but it's too dangerous. No, it isn't possible. I'm very happy to see you, Utterson. I can't ask you and Mr Enfield to come in; my study isn't very tidy.'

'Well, we'll stay here and talk to you through the window, then!' answered Mr Utterson.



'That's a good idea,' answered Jekyll.

Then, Jekyll's face changed. It was terrible, he was clearly afraid. Then, very quickly, the window closed.

Mr Utterson and Mr Enfield looked at each other. Their faces were white. They had only seen it for a second, but a second was enough. They turned and almost ran out of the garden. They walked quickly through the empty streets without speaking. Then, when they arrived at a street full of people, they stopped, 'God help us!' said Mr Utterson, 'God help us!'

