

The Last Night



7 Mr Utterson was sitting by the fire one evening, when Poole came to the house. 'Oh, sir,' he said, 'there's something wrong with Dr Jekyll! He's been in his laboratory for days. I haven't seen him for about a week.'

'Now, Poole, what are you afraid of? Sit down for a minute,' Poole didn't look at Mr Utterson, he looked at the floor. 'We must do something, sir. I think he's done something wrong. Or someone's done something wrong to him.'

'What do you mean?' said Mr Utterson.

'I can't say, sir. You must come and see for yourself.'

Mr Utterson got up and put on his hat and coat, and the two men left the house. It was a cold night and it was windy too, so it was difficult for the two men to talk. As they arrived at the house, Poole took off his hat. 'Here we are, sir. I hope everything is alright.'

'So do I, Poole.'

Inside the hall, it was bright and warm. All the servants were standing together near the fire.

'Why are you all here?' said Mr Utterson, surprised.

'They're all afraid,' said Poole.

One of the younger servants was hiding in the corner and she started to cry.

'Now stop that, Mary,' said Poole, 'Now, sir,' he turned to Mr Utterson, 'Follow me.'

Poole and Mr Utterson walked through the back door into the garden. There was no moon and it was still windy. They could hear London outside the garden, but inside everything was quiet. Now they were near the laboratory, and they could hear the sound of a man walking around the room. They walked over to the laboratory door. 'Keep as quiet as you can, sir. I want you to hear him. And, if he asks you, please don't go in. Please don't go in, sir.'

Now Mr Utterson began to feel afraid. Poole went to the door and said, 'Mr Utterson is here, sir. He wants to talk to you.'

'Tell him I can't see anyone!' said a terrible voice from inside the laboratory.

'Thank you, sir,' said Poole.

The two men moved away from the door. 'Now, sir. Was that the doctor's voice?' asked Poole.

'No, it's different, Poole.'

'Different? It's certainly different. I've worked for Dr Jekyll for twenty years now and I don't know that voice. Someone's murdered him, sir. I'm sure. Dr Jekyll isn't in there ... it's someone else. A thing!'

'Now, Poole, don't worry. I don't think that's possible. Murderers don't usually stay when they murder someone. They run away and hide.'

'Yes, sir,' answered Poole, 'But that thing in there asks for medicine all the time. He writes instructions on pieces of paper and sends us to buy medicine for him. I don't like it; medicine, chemicals* and a closed door.'

'Have you got any of these instructions?'

a chemical - chemists use chemicals to make medicine. They often mix different chemicals together

Poole put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a letter to a chemist. It told the chemist that Dr Jekyll needed more chemicals. It said that the new medicine was wrong and he needed some of the old chemicals.

'This is a very strange letter,' said Mr Utterson, 'Are you sure this is Dr Jekyll's writing?'

'I think so, sir. But it's strange, *he's* strange.'

'What do you mean?'

'He hides his face, sir. He cried like a rat when I saw him. Then he ran away from me. Why? Why is he hiding?'

'Perhaps the doctor is ill.'

'It's not the doctor, sir! The doctor's tall, this man is small! It's not the doctor! He's killed the doctor!'

'Poole, do you know the man in there?'

'Yes, I think I do. I think it's Mr Hyde. And he's the only other person with a key to the laboratory door.'

'Perhaps you're right. Perhaps Hyde *has* killed the poor doctor. Well, let's do it. We must get inside.'

Mr Utterson walked up to the door and shouted, 'Jekyll, come out! I must speak to you.'

'Utterson, no!' said a voice from inside the laboratory.

'That's not Jekyll! It's Hyde! We must get in!' shouted the lawyer, and the two men started to hit the door. The noise was terrible and the wood was strong, but finally the lock broke and the door hit the floor.

Utterson and Poole looked in. There was a small fire. One or two drawers were open. There were some documents on the desk. In the middle of the floor there was the body of a man. He was still moving,



but he was clearly dying. Mr Utterson moved nearer. It was Edward Hyde, but his clothes were too big, like the doctor's clothes. In his hand, there was a test tube full of liquid. 'We're too late,' said Mr Utterson, 'Hyde is dead: he's killed himself. Now we need to find the doctor's body.'

They looked everywhere. They looked in all the rooms, then they looked in all the cupboards. They couldn't find Dr Jekyll anywhere, and there wasn't a dead body in the laboratory. They couldn't understand it. 'Where is he?' said Mr Utterson, 'Is he hiding from us?' They looked in the laboratory and the study again. Everything was normal, but there were chemicals, test tubes and different types of medicine everywhere. Then they looked at the mirror. 'That has seen some terrible things,' said Poole.

'Yes,' said Mr Utterson, 'But why did Dr Jekyll need a mirror in here?'

Then, they looked at the desk. There were a lot of documents on it. There were also some books open on the desk and there were strange notes in them. Some of the books were medical and some were about God. Then Mr Utterson saw a large envelope. His name was on the front! He opened it quickly and some letters fell out. The first was a will. It was a new will, not the old one. This time, in place of Edward Hyde, the name was his own, Gabriel John Utterson. 'This is strange,' said Mr Utterson, 'Hyde had time to put this will in the fire, but he didn't. Why?'

The next document was a letter. 'Oh, Poole,' said the lawyer, 'Dr Jekyll wrote this today! Look, it's today's date at the top. He isn't dead! Perhaps he's left the house!'

Mr Utterson started to read the letter.



If you are reading this, I am dead. I know Lanyon sent you a letter. Please read it and then, when you have read it, read the other documents in this envelope.

One of the documents was quite heavy. The lawyer put it in his pocket. 'It's ten o'clock, Poole. Don't tell anyone what has happened here. I must go home and read these documents. I will be back before midnight and then we'll tell the police.'



Mr Utterson sat in his study. His face was white as he opened Dr Lanyon's letter. He read:

Four days ago, I received a letter from Henry Jekyll, our old school friend. I was surprised; we didn't usually write to each other. The letter said that his life was in danger. He asked me to go to his laboratory, get a box from his cupboard and take it back to my house. He told me to break the lock on the cupboard. Jekyll also told me to wait for a man to come for the box at midnight. The man needed some chemicals from the box. Jekyll and I didn't agree about science, but I wanted to know everything. Why midnight? Who was the man? What were the chemicals for? I went straight to Jekyll's house, where Poole was waiting. We broke the lock on the cupboard and I

took the box. I brought it straight home.

When I looked inside the box, I saw different chemicals. There was a test tube and it was about half full of liquid. It wasn't water, it looked like blood, but it wasn't. There was also a book in the box, but it had no information in it, just a list of dates. The dates were from many years ago, but they stopped a year ago. I couldn't understand. Why was Jekyll's life in danger?

The servants were all in bed and I was alone. I was a little afraid. At midnight, I heard someone at the door. I went to see and I found a short, dark man waiting to see me. 'Have you come from Dr Jekyll?' I asked.

In the light of my study, I could now see the man better. I didn't know him, but I didn't like him at all. My blood went cold when I looked at him. He was dark and strong and was wearing very strange clothes. They were very good, very expensive clothes, but they were too big for him! His trousers were too long and he was wearing a tall man's jacket. It was strange, but I didn't feel like laughing.

My visitor didn't want to wait. 'Have you got it? Have you got it?' he asked in an excited voice.

I showed him the box on the floor. He jumped up and ran to it. He turned and looked at me with a terrible smile. He pulled the test tube out of the box and started to mix some of the chemicals together. Some of the red liquid went into the test tube with some of the chemicals. The liquid in the test tube turned brighter



and started to smoke. Then the liquid went purple. Then it changed again to a dark green. My visitor smiled and put the test tube down on the table. Then, he spoke, 'Shall I leave this house with this test tube in my hand? Or do you want to know? Think before you answer, because I will do what you say. If I go, you will never know why I came. If I drink it here, you will learn new things. If I drink it here, you will not believe your eyes.'

'Drink it,' I said.

God help me, I told him to drink it there, in front of me.

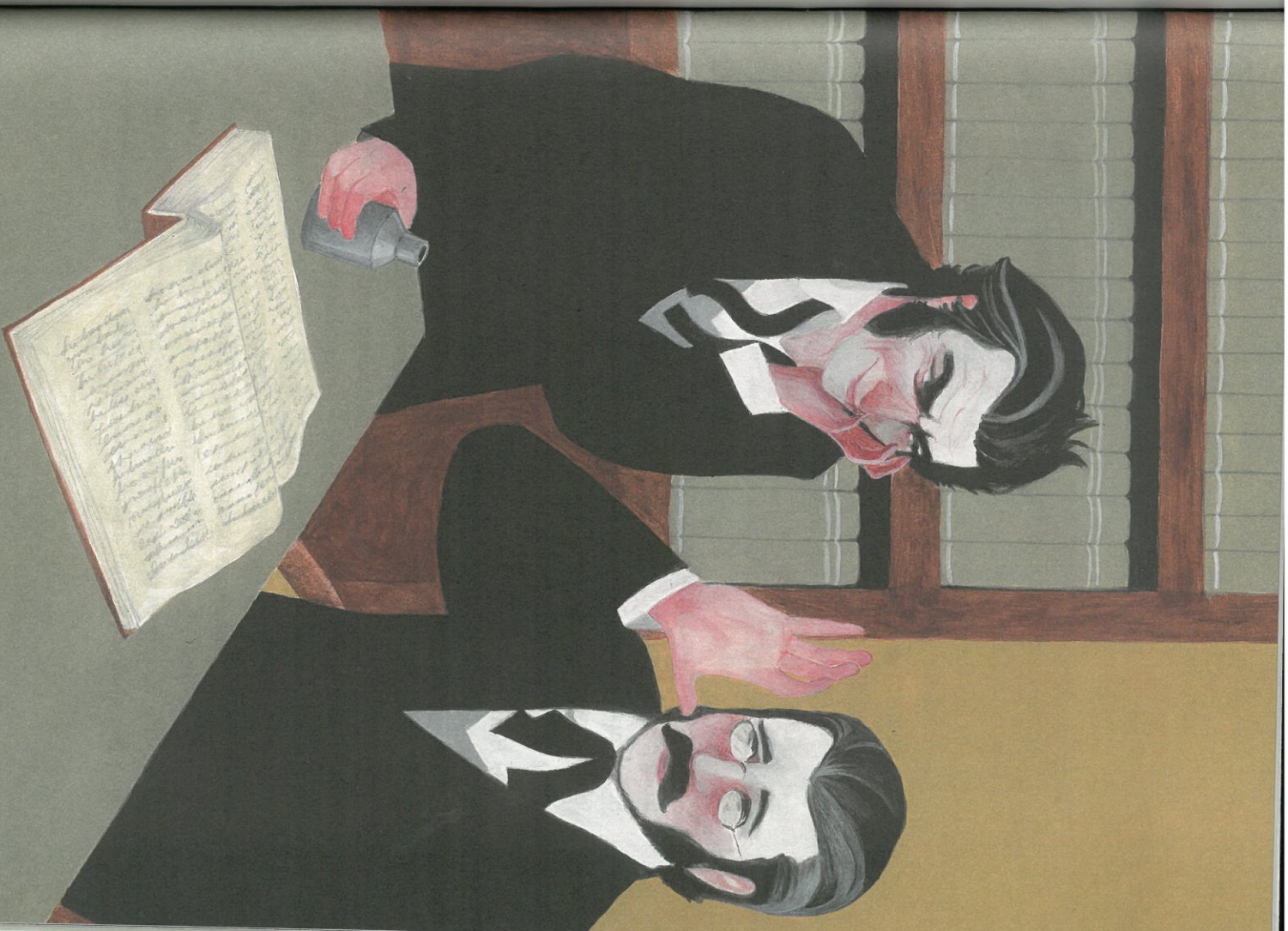
Mr Utterson put down the letter for a moment. His blood went cold.

Dr Henry Jekyll's Life and Work

8 Mr Utterson felt very alone. He walked over to the window and opened it. He could see the street lights and hear the sounds of London outside. Then, he picked up Dr Lanyon's letter again. He was afraid.

My visitor didn't drink the liquid straight away. First, he said, 'You can't tell anyone my secret. I know you. You're not a true scientist. You follow the old ways and not the new. I'm the real scientist — watch!'

He picked up the test tube and drank everything in it. There was a loud shout. He almost fell, but held on to the table. I saw a change. Was he growing? Yes, he was growing, he was really growing! His face was black and then, oh horror, it changed. I jumped to my feet and ran to the wall. 'Oh God! Oh God!' I shouted again and again. There, in front of my eyes, white and half-dead, stood Henry Jekyll! Jekyll told me so much. I cannot write it down, because I cannot believe what I saw. I cannot work. I cannot eat and above all, I cannot sleep. I



*Know I will die and that I will die soon. One thing you need to know, my good friend Utterson, is that the man who came to my house that night was a murderer. Police are looking for him all over the country for the murder of Sir Danvers Carew: his name is Edward Hyde, Your friend,
Hastie Lanyon*

9 There was one final document for Mr Utterson to read. On the front it said, *Dr Henry Jekyll's Life and Work*. Mr Utterson didn't wait; he opened the envelope quickly and started to read. This was Henry Jekyll's own story!

I, Dr Henry Jekyll, was born into a good family. We had money and we had another important thing: the need to work hard. I also wanted to be famous. I had very few problems growing up, except perhaps that I enjoyed fun too much. This part of me was different from my need to work hard. I was worried about it, so I began to hide that part of me. I started to think that I had a bad side and a good side. Later, I began to understand that we all have a good and a bad side.

When I was good, I worked hard as a doctor and I helped people. I understood two important things: first, as I have said, that man has a good half and a bad half. The second important thing, is that I can make two men from one man. This means that the good half of a man can always be good and the bad half can always be bad. This



way, the good half doesn't stop the bad half from doing bad things. My work is not complete, other scientists will finish it for me.

All I need to say is that I tried a lot of different chemicals for years and years. Then, one night, I found it! The liquid I mixed in the test tube boiled and smoked and then, I drank it. I was in terrible pain. My body hurt, I felt ill. Was I dying? Then, I began to feel better, much better. It was strange – it was new and sweet: I was younger, I was happier. I really liked the younger me.

I knew immediately that this side of me was bad, very bad. Worse than very bad, I was evil. But I was so excited: I could finally make two men only from myself. There was just one thing I didn't like: my clothes were too big. I was smaller than the good me.

At that time, there was no mirror in my laboratory, so I couldn't see myself. It was late at night – a dark, black night. My servants were sleeping and I decided to walk across the garden into the big house. The stars looked down on me. Perhaps they were surprised. I went into the house and into my room, and that was the first time I saw my other side, my evil side, Mr Edward Hyde.

My hands were large and dark so, why was I so short? Perhaps it was because the good side of me was stronger than the bad side. Perhaps that's why Edward Hyde was younger and shorter than Henry Jekyll. I looked at myself in the mirror. I was horrible.

Later, I understood that everyone else hated Mr Hyde. I think this was because we are usually a mix of good and evil. Hyde was the only man in the world who was evil with no good at all.

It was almost morning, and I knew that it was important for me to return to being Dr Jekyll. I went back to the laboratory and drank some more of the liquid. I felt the same pain, but soon I had the body and face of Henry Jekyll again.

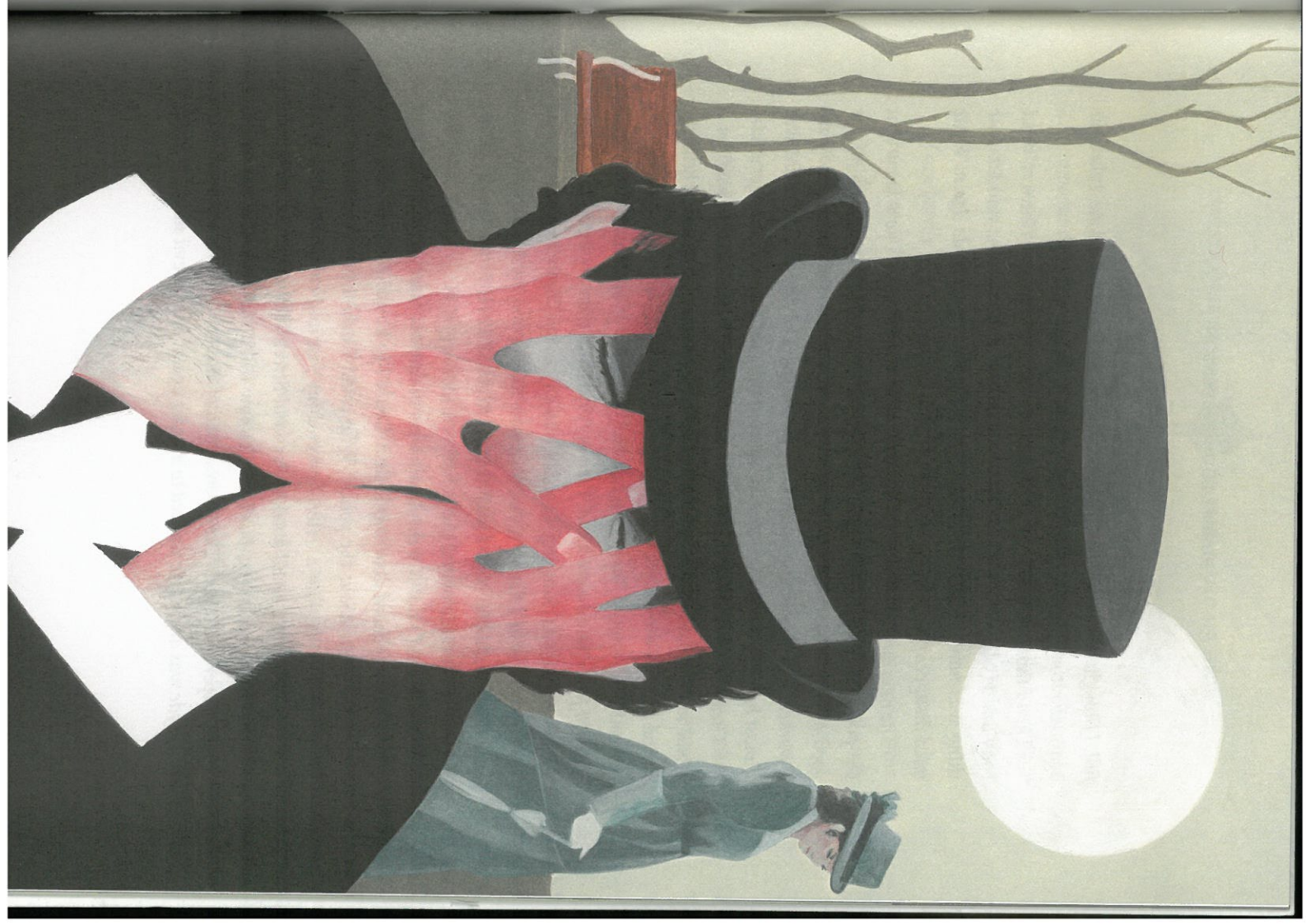
That night, my life changed. I could be good or I could be evil: I had to choose. I wanted to know more about Mr Hyde. Dr Jekyll was getting older, but Hyde was young. I planned everything very carefully. I rented the rooms in Soho that you visited. I gave myself a new name. I made the new will that you, Utterson, hated so much. Now, if I wanted, or if there was an accident, I could stay Edward Hyde and still be rich.

Edward Hyde was a bad man from the beginning. He did terrible things. He loved being evil and he loved hurting people. I, Henry Jekyll, could not believe Edward Hyde's actions and sometimes he tried to make things better, but not often.

My Mr Hyde was in danger once. He hurt a small child and your cousin saw him. The child's family was there and I understood that everyone hated him: they all wanted to kill him. Of course, they took money from Hyde and everything was fine.

As time went on, Edward Hyde grew taller. I knew that I was in danger: I was slowly becoming more evil. My two sides remembered everything, but Hyde didn't think about Jekyll. Jekyll was interested, like a father. Hyde didn't care: he was more like a son. Which should I choose? Hyde – an evil man with no friends but an exciting life, or the good Dr Jekyll? I chose the older man. I chose the doctor and his kind friends, but I kept Hyde's house and clothes. Of course, after two months as Jekyll, I was bored. I wasn't strong enough; I drank the liquid.

This time, Hyde was worse. This time, he murdered Sir Danvers Carew. It was even more terrible because he enjoyed it so much. Now I had to act; Hyde must disappear or die. I ran to the rooms in Soho and put my documents in the fire. Back in his room, Hyde drank the liquid from the test tube. The usual pains ran through his, no, my body and then, there I was. I was Henry Jekyll again, lying on the floor, crying like a baby. I felt very bad. I saw my life in



full. I thought about when I was a child, when my father helped me. I thought again about my hard life of study.

Then I thought about that terrible evening. I could see Sir Danvers' dead body and Hyde's broken stick. I could hear the sounds of the murder. One thing was now clear: it wasn't possible ever to become Hyde again. Hyde must disappear for ever. The evil side of me must disappear.

The next day, I read about the murder in the newspaper. I now knew that the police were looking for Hyde. I decided to forget evil and work for the good of men. I worked hard to help people. You, Utterson, know how hard I worked. You know how much I did for others. The days passed and I was almost happy; I knew I had an evil side, but the good side was stronger again.

Then, it happened. It was a fine, clear January day. There was not a cloud in the cold sky. I sat in the sun, in Regent's Park. I could hear the sound of birds around me and spring was in the air. The bad side of me was remembering things from the past. The good side of me was a little tired. Then, I felt a pain in my hand, then my arms and then my legs. I felt ill and I knew that I was changing. I couldn't do anything. The evil side of me was too strong. I looked down; my clothes were too big and my hand ... my hand was large and dark. Now I was here, in Regent's Park, in the middle of the day. I was a murderer and the police were looking for me.

What could I do? My chemicals were in the laboratory. How could I get them? The cupboard door was locked. Could I go home? No, what about the servants? What about the police? Who could I ask? I thought of Lanyon. I decided to write him a letter. I covered my face and called a cab. The cab driver took me to a small hotel in Portland Street. He laughed at me and my big clothes. I was angry, but I didn't show it. At the hotel, they gave me a room, paper and a pen. They were afraid of me.

Hyde was angry. He wanted to murder again, but the evil side was clever.



He didn't hit anyone and he didn't kill anyone. He sat in the room and wrote two important letters: one to Poole and one to Lanyon. He sat in that room all day, waiting for the night. Then, when night came, he walked quickly to Lanyon's house. Once, a woman spoke to him. He hit her in the face and she ran away.

I can hardly remember what happened at Lanyon's. When I became Jeekyll again, I was no longer afraid of the police and I wasn't afraid of dying. Now, I was afraid of becoming Hyde again. I was almost in a dream when I spoke to Lanyon and I was almost in a dream when I came home and got into bed. I slept and slept. When I finally woke up, I was tired and ill. Now I was at home and close to my liquid, I was happy. I began to feel hope.

After breakfast, I was walking across the garden to the laboratory, when I felt myself changing again. The air was cold as I ran into the laboratory. This time, I needed two test tubes full of the liquid before I was myself again. Then, six hours later, I began to change again. This happened again and again. If I went to sleep, I woke up as Hyde. I became ill. I didn't want to sleep and I began to be very afraid. As Jeekyll felt worse, Hyde got stronger. I, Jeekyll, hated Hyde and Hyde hated Jeekyll. But Hyde hated Jeekyll in a different way. He didn't want to return to being Jeekyll, but he had to. Hyde was a murderer, the police were looking for him, and the police wanted Hyde to die. Every time that Hyde became Jeekyll, he died for a while. He understood that this was important, but he hated it. He was horrible to me. He wrote terrible things in my books and notebooks.

There is no time left. No-one has ever felt like I am feeling now. Perhaps I'm lucky: my life is coming to an end. I have no more chemicals. I have tried to find more, but it isn't possible. I have tried all the chemists in London. I'm now sure that there was something wrong with the first chemical I used, and I didn't know.

I'm now finishing my story, there is very little of the liquid left. This is the last time that Henry Jekyll will be able to think his own thoughts or see his own face in the mirror. I must finish my story. I hope that Hyde will not put these documents in the fire because, in less than thirty minutes, Jekyll will disappear and become Hyde for ever. What will happen? Will Hyde die for killing Sir Danvers Carew? Will he kill himself? I don't know. Now I will die. I will put down my pen and put this letter in an envelope. Then I will bring the life of Henry Jekyll to an end.

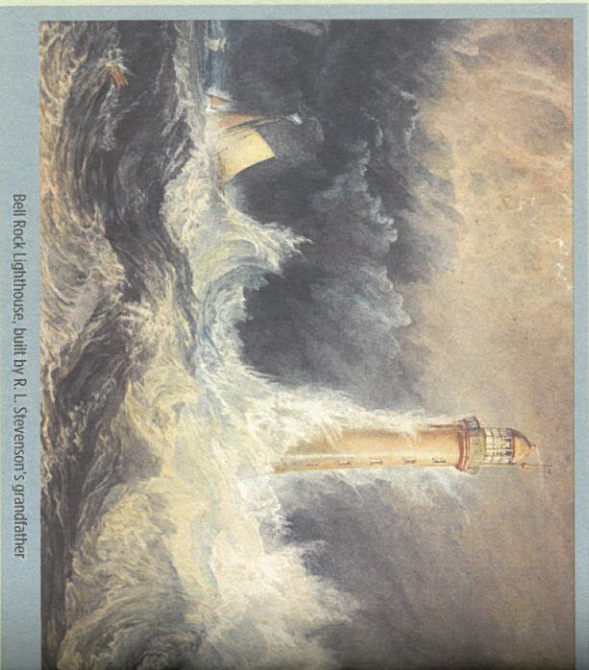


Robert Louis Stevenson

(1850 – 1894)

Early Life

Robert Louis Stevenson was born in Edinburgh on November 13th, 1850. His full name was Robert Lewis Balfour Stevenson, but he later changed the name Lewis to Louis, and he didn't use the name Balfour. His father, Thomas, was an engineer and had a family business building lighthouses (see picture). Thomas built a lot of lighthouses around the coast of Scotland. Robert's mother, Margaret Balfour, was the daughter of Lewis Balfour, a churchman of the Church of Scotland, and the family were quite religious people.



Bell Rock Lighthouse, built by R. L. Stevenson's grandfather

Robert was often ill when he was a child. He had a lot of coughs and colds and the wet weather in Scotland wasn't very good for him.	The family employed a nurse to look after him. He called her Cummy and he loved her very much. She was very important to him.
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Education

When Robert was six years old, he started school. He didn't have any brothers and sisters and so he found school quite difficult at first. He was also ill for a lot of the time, so he was often away from school. Sometimes he had a private teacher at home to help him. When he was 11 years old, he started secondary school: he spent some time in Edinburgh and some time in England. Later, he studied engineering at Edinburgh University but he didn't like it, so he changed and studied law.



Burke

In the nineteenth century, Edinburgh was a big city, and like many other cities, it had a dark side. Some parts of the city were very rich and others were very poor. Like many other rich students, Robert visited these poor areas, particularly the Old Town, for fun and entertainment. This area was very different from the New Town where he lived. Perhaps Robert got some ideas for *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* from the dark and light sides of his home city, because there were also some very famous murders in Edinburgh. Two of the most horrible murderers were Burke and Hare: they killed people and sold their bodies to doctors at the city's medical school.

A Double Life?



Hare



R. L. Stevenson with King Kalakoua in his boathouse, 1889

From Edinburgh to Samoa

Robert left Edinburgh in 1873 and started to travel. He visited many places in Europe and the United States, looking for somewhere with good weather for his health. He met his future wife, Fanny, on one of his trips to America. The couple tried living in a lot of different places, but Robert was often ill. In 1888, he visited the South Seas for the first time and, two years later, he bought some land in Samoa and built a house there. He died there in December, 1894.

Writing

Robert Louis Stevenson started writing stories when he was a young child. His first important story was *Treasure Island*, which he wrote in 1883. It was very successful. *The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* (1886) and *Kidnapped* (1886) followed. Robert was also famous for short stories, travel writing and poetry. There are translations of his work in most languages and his stories are still very popular today.

Task

Complete the form with the information about the author.

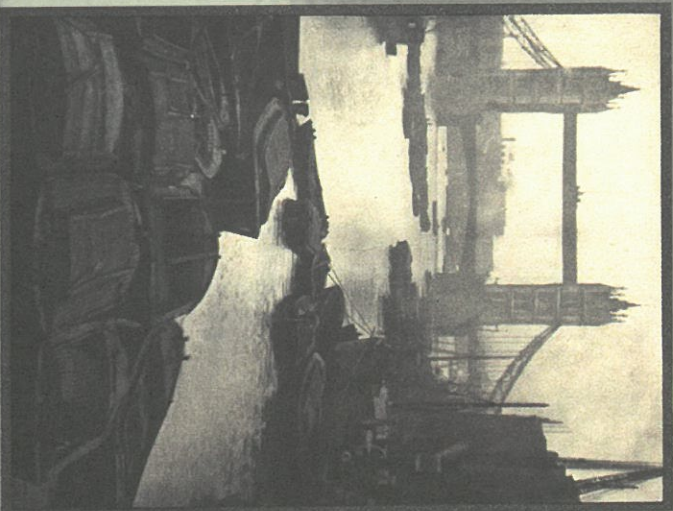
- Place of birth: _____
- Date of birth: _____
- Studied: _____
- Name of wife: _____
- Some countries he visited: _____
- Year of death: _____

Victorian London

Periods of British history usually have the name of the king or queen at the time. The Victorian age is from 1837 to 1901, the time Queen Victoria was queen. This was a time when London changed a lot.

A Growing City Buildings

The number of people living in London in the year 1800 was about a million, but in 1900 it was almost seven million. Of course, all those people needed houses, work, food and transport. The city grew very fast and the problems grew very fast, too. Victorian London was rich and poor, clean and dirty, and both beautiful and ugly.



The River Thames around 1900.

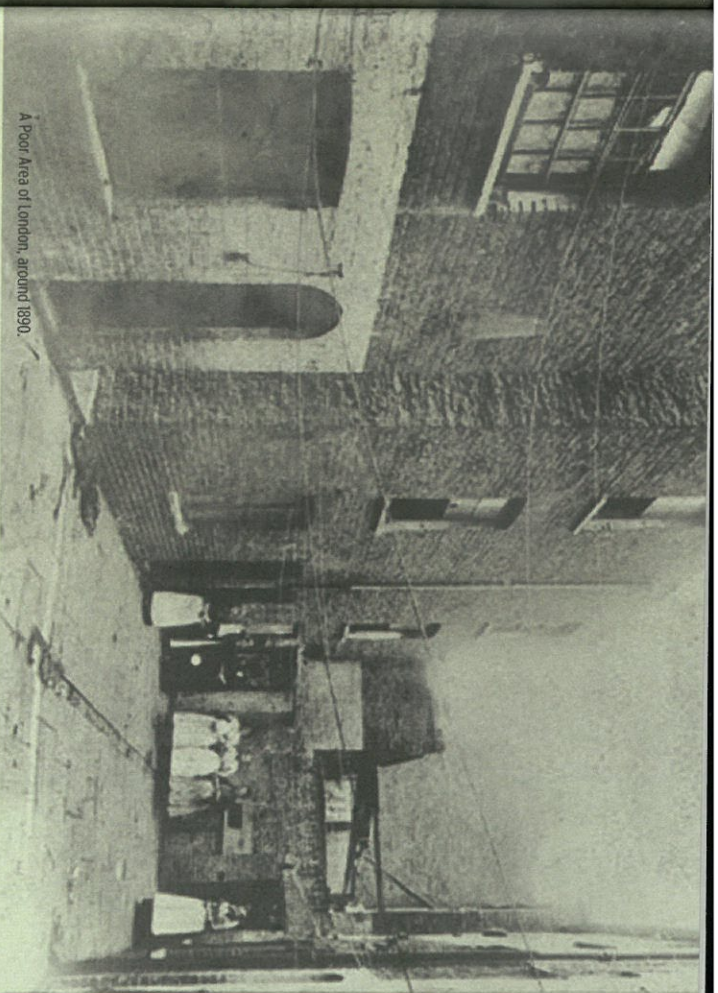
Buildings

There were some very beautiful buildings in London. Of course, some were where rich people lived and where governments worked. Not all rich people liked their London houses: Queen Victoria didn't like Buckingham Palace at first, because it was dirty and very cold.

Then there were poor people's houses, some of which were called *slums*. They were horrible places, where a lot of people lived very close together. Houses in the slums didn't have bathrooms and people were often ill.

Fog

In *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*, Stevenson often talks about the London weather and he often talks about fog. Fog in Victorian times was a killer. Smoke from the factories and from people's houses mixed with fog to make something called *smog*. People often died young because of very bad air. Because of the smog, it was often dark in the middle of the afternoon, even in summer. This wasn't just a Victorian problem: it continued until the 1960s.



A Poor Area of London, around 1890.

The River Thames

Today, the River Thames is clean: a lot of different types of fish and birds live in, and on, the river. In Victorian times, the river was very dirty. It was also very busy: it was important for transport in the city. Boats made the river even dirtier. There were very few fish, except for dead fish. It was very difficult for people to live near the River Thames, but many people *had* to live and work there.

Mr Hyde's London

Mr Hyde lived in a poor area of London, he was a man who murdered people and hit people. Was this common at the time? Probably not. There were fewer murders at the end of the nineteenth century than in the 1850s. The most common problem was stealing. Stealing was common in poor areas, but it was also common in business: a lot of people made a lot of money from false companies and from selling things that didn't belong to them.

Task

Find out about a big city in your country in the past. Find out about the number of people who lived there, what their houses were like and what the weather was like.