

Wider CONTEXTS EVIL

The Tell-Tale Heart

By Edgar Allen Poe

Pre-reading

3. Vocabulary. Word classes and translation.

Fill in the missing words.

Adjective	Noun	Danish translation of noun
nervous		
	obsession	
	(ir)rationality	
clever		
superior		
(over-)confident		
terrified		
proud		
wise		
cunning		
premeditated		
	(in)co'herence	
(in)sane		
(over)sensitive		
sa'gacious	sa'gacity	skarpsindighed
cautious		
	triumph	
au'dacious	au'dacity	
horrified		

Translate into English.

bevis		overlagt (mord)	p
terrorisere, skræmme		overlagt, velovervejet	d
motiv		fortæller	
tilståelse		forberedelse	
begå en forbrydelse		forfølge, plage	h
skarpsindighed		forholdsregel	p
skille ad, partere	dismember	afskyelig	`heinous

Wider CONTEXTS EVIL

Post-reading

LEARNING CHECK

1. Vocabulary.

Translate into English.

No study aids.

bevis		overlagt (mord)	p
terrorisere, skræmme		overlagt, velovervejet	d
motiv		fortæller	
tilståelse		forberedelse	
begå en forbrydelse		forfølge, plage	h
skarpsindighed		forholdsregel	p
skille ad, partere	d	afskyelig	h

2. Agree/disagree statements.

Answer the following questions individually. A = agree, D = disagree.

No study aids.

	A	D
“The Tell-Tale Heart” is told as a dialogue.		
“The Tell-Tale Heart” is a story of crime and detection.		
“The Tell-Tale Heart” is a story of crime and confession.		
The narrator is mad.		
The focus of the story is on the murder.		
The focus of the story is on the psychology of the murderer.		
The murder was not premeditated.		
The murderer’s act is rational.		
The murderer’s motive is clear.		
The beating of the heart is a supernatural event.		
The beating of the heart is within the narrator who can’t stand the psychological pressure.		

3. Written assignment: translation.

Translate the following text into English.

No study aids.

Blandt Poe’s berømte fortællinger finder man blandt andet ”The Black Cat” og ”The Tell-Tale Heart”, der begge præges af en ildevarslende og uhyggelig stemning, hvor mord bliver begået og hvor morderen tror, at skarpsindighed, snuhed og diverse forholdsregler kan hindre retfærdigheden i at sejre. I ”The Tell-Tale Heart” insisterer fortælleren på, at han ikke er sindssyg, men at hans sanser er skærpede, ikke sløvede, og at netop det, at han har handlet forsigtigt, er bevis på, at han er ved sine fulde fem.

Wider CONTEXTS **EVIL**

WIDER CONTEXTS

1. Human nature: perverseness in Poe

Excerpt from E.A. Poe's short story "The Black Cat":

And then came, as if to my final and irrevocable overthrow, the spirit of PERVERSENESS. Of this spirit philosophy takes no account. Yet I am not more sure that my soul lives, than I am that perverseness is one of the primitive impulses of the human heart – one of the indivisible primary faculties, or sentiments, which give direction to the character of Man. Who has not, a hundred times, found himself committing a vile or a silly action, for no other reason than because he knows he should not? Have we not a perpetual inclination, in the teeth of our best judgment, to violate that which is Law, merely because we understand it to be such?

Gloser

irrevocable uigenkaldelig
overthrow fald
take no account of ikke regne med, ikke beskæftige sig med
indivisible primary faculties elementære og grundliggende egenskaber
vile ussel
perpetual uophørlig
inclination tilbøjelighed
in the teeth of stik imod
violate overtræde

What does the narrator understand by perverseness? Discuss the narrator's attitude to human nature. Does this add to your understanding of "The Tell-Tale Heart"?

2. Other media: YouTube versions.

Watch one of the versions of "The Tell-Tale Heart" on YouTube. Does it live up to your expectations after having read the short story?

3. Literary context: Todorov and the marvellous, the fantastic and the uncanny.

In his book *The Fantastic: A Structural Approach to a Literary Genre* (1975), the French critic Tzvetan Todorov introduces three main categories of fantastic fiction:

- The Marvellous exemplified by folktales with accepted magic 'fairytale' settings
- The Fantastic where both the characters and the readers must decide if what happened was supernatural, an illusion or something real which could be explained rationally
- The Uncanny where the event, however weird and eerie, can be explained (more or less convincingly) within 'the laws of reality'.

Discuss which category "The Tell-Tale Heart" belongs to. Does this add to your understanding of the short story?

Wider CONTEXTS **EVIL**

4. Psychological and literary context: our fascination with horror (quote by Stephen King)

Many people seem to be fascinated by horror and psychopathic murderers. In this excerpt from his book *Danse Macabre* which is a non-fiction book about horror, King gives examples of horror. What examples does he give? How does he explain that the work of horror is a dance? How is the room imagery used? How does Stephen King explain our fascination with horror? What do you think causes this fascination? Discuss.

If there is any truth or worth to the danse macabre, it is simply that novels, movies, TV and radio programs – even the comic books – dealing with horror always do their work on two levels. On top is the "gross-out" level – when Regan vomits in the priest's face or masturbates with a crucifix in *The Exorcist*, or when the rawlooking, terribly inside-out monster in John Frankenheimer's *Prophecy* crunches off the helicopter pilot's head like a Tootsie-Pop. The gross-out can be done with varying degrees of artistic finesse, but it's always there.

But on another, more potent level, the work of horror really is a dance – a moving, rhythmic search.

And what it's looking for is the place where you, the viewer or the reader, live at your most primitive level. [...] a room which may sometimes resemble the secret den of a Victorian gentleman, sometimes the torture chamber of the Spanish Inquisition ... but perhaps most frequently and most successfully, the simple and brutally plain hole of a Stone Age cave-dweller.

[...] The good horror tale will dance its way to the center of your life and find the secret door to the room you believed no one but you knew of.

Gloser

gross-out ulækkert, chokerende

crunch off knase

Tootsie-Pop hard candy lollipops

finesse elegance

potent virkningsfuld

fit out udstyre

den hule

Spanish inquisition

organisation

appointed by the

Roman Catholic

Church to suppress

people opposed to

its ideas. They used

torture

cave hule

predate gå forud for

phobic (her) angstskabende

5. Psychological and literary context: attitudes to evil and free will (quote by Stephen King)

Discuss the attitude to evil and free will expressed in the excerpt below from Stephen King's *Danse Macabre*, which is a non-fiction book about horror. Does it add to your understanding of the narrator in "The Tell-Tale Heart"?

Wider CONTEXTS EVIL

The stories of horror which are psychological – those which explore the terrain of the human heart – almost always revolve around the freewill concept; ‘inside evil’, if you will, the sort we have no right laying off on God the Father. This is Victor Frankenstein creating a living being out of spare parts to satisfy his own hubris, and then compounding his sin by refusing to take the responsibility for what he has done. It is Dr. Henry Jekyll, who creates Mr. Hyde essentially out of Victorian hypocrisy – he wants to be able to carouse and party-down without anyone, even the lowliest Whitechapel drab, knowing that he is anything but saintly Dr. Jekyll whose feet are “ever treading the upward path”. Perhaps the best tale of inside evil ever written is Poe's “The Tell-Tale Heart”, where murder is committed out of pure evil, with no mitigating circumstances whatever to tincture the brew. Poe suggests we will call his narrator mad because we must always believe that such perfect, motiveless evil is mad, for the sake of our own sanity.

Gloser

hubris	overmod
compound	øge, forstørre
carouse	svire, drikke
Whitechapel	poor district in London
drab	skøge
tincture	farve

6. Written assignment: comparison with Poe's “Black Cat”

Write an essay where you compare E.A. Poe's short story “The Black Cat” and “The Tell-Tale Heart”. Focus on the narrators and atmosphere.

7. Literary context: other text by a different author: comparison with Robert L. Stevenson, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*

Pre-reading

1. Write the introduction about the author Robert Louis Stevenson. You should include information about main events in his life, health, career, major works and what is characteristic of his literary activities. Use about 150 words.

Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894) ...

2. Arrange the adjectives on a scale:

good *virtuous* *noble* *honourable* *decent* *distinguished*

least

most

bad *villainous* *wicked* *naughty* *vicious* *infamous* *evil*
corrupt *damnable* *degenerate* *cruel*

least

most

Wider CONTEXTS EVIL

3. Place the antonyms correctly. Look up the words you do not know.
vicious, evil, righteous, infamous, hostile, admirable

good	
illustrious	
virtuous	
	damnable
	wicked
amicable	

4.

a. Describe the appearance of a truly ugly and scary male person. Include information about his complexion, his hair and face, his height and build and general appearance.

You may find some of the following words useful:

pale dwarfish bald receding hair crew-cut obese
plump stout wavy hair chubby face wrinkled slim muscular fair
dark stocky scruffy untidy-looking anorexic unattractive
freckled thin-faced deformed scarred greasy hair smelly hairy

b. Compare your description with Stevenson's descriptions of Mr. Hyde below. The first excerpt is a gentleman's description of Mr. Hyde. The second one is when Dr. Jekyll has taken the mixture and sees himself for the first time in the appearance of Mr. Hyde. Why do you think Stevenson has chosen to be so vague in his description?

1. 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 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.

2. The evil side of my nature, to which I had now transferred the stamping efficacy, was 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. (excerpt from chapter 10)

Gloser

transfer the stamping

efficacy (her) overføre
evnen til at
præge legemet

depose afsætte, fjerne
hence derfor

countenance

ansigtsudtryk
imprint præge, mærke

Wider CONTEXTS EVIL

c. Find pictures of Mr. Hyde on the internet. How well do they fit your description and how well Stevenson's description? Choose your favourite picture. Present it in class and explain why you chose it.

5. Discuss how a person can be both good and evil. Can you think of an example of a person who is solely good or purely evil?

6. Find information on the internet about Freud's model of the mind. Make a drawing and list the most important features of the three components. You may find the following link useful:
<http://wilderdom.com/personality/L8-4StructureMindIdEgoSuperego.html>

Through experiments in his laboratory the honourable and respectable Dr. Jekyll has discovered a chemical mixture which can transform him into the evil Mr. Hyde who commits monstrous crimes, even murder. Little by little Mr. Hyde becomes the dominant persona and Dr. Jekyll loses the ability to control the transformations. In the end just before he commits suicide to avoid the gallows, Dr. Jekyll explains his fascination of the duality of man's nature and the consequences of his experiments.

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 some times 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

Gloser

startle forskrække
singular enestående
fe'rocity grusomhed
render gøre
'notable bemærkelsesværdig
lane smal vej
muse gruble
a'ccost antaste, tiltale
in'quire spørge om
dispo'sition natur, gemyt

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. A purse and gold watch were found upon the victim: but no cards or papers, except a sealed and stamped 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 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.

"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 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 recognized it for one that he had himself 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 with me in my cab," he said, "I think I can take you to his house."

Gloser

con'ceive	fatte
cane	stok
trifle with	lege med
ill-contained	(her) som han næsten ikke kunne beherske
brandish	svinge
carry on	(her) opføre sig, tage på vej
trifle	smule
break out of all bounds	(her) gå helt amok
club	slå (her) med stokken
trample	trampe
hail	lade det hagle med
audibly	hørligt, tydeligt
shatter	splintre, knuse
mangle	lemlæste
in'sensate	blind, ufølsom
gutter	rendesten
'countenance	ansigtsudtryk
whither	hvortil
quail	vige forfærdet tilbage
batter	slå I stykker
'stature	højde

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. Utterson beheld a marvelous 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 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 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 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 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.

Gloser

pall	mørkt tæppe (af røg)
charge	bestorme
rout	rode op i
em'battled	(her) omsuste
vapour	['veipə] tåge
behold	se, betragte
hue	farve, nuance
twilight	tusmørke
lurid	glødende
confla'gration	(kæmpe)brand
haggard	tynd
shaft	stråle
swirlwreath	tågespiral
dismal	trist, dystert
slatternly	(adj) sjuksket
kindle afresh	tænde påny
'combat	bekæmpe
gloomy	mørk, dystert
dye	farve
a'ssail	angribe
dingy	snusket
a gin palace	værtshus
low	(her) tarveligt
a shop for the retail of penny numbers ragged	['rægid]
	pjaltet
huddle	krybe sammen
a morning glass	en morgensjus
settle down	slå sig ned
umber	umbra, the darkest part of a shadow created by any light source
blackguardly	(adj) sjofel, gemen

While-reading

Comprehension and analysis

1. What was it about the crime that particularly startled the population in London?
2. In pairs. One of you is the policeman who questions the maid about what she has seen. The other one is the maid who answers the questions. Together write the policeman's report. Keep it as neutral as possible. Use about 50 words.

3. Look at the description of the elderly gentleman. List the positive words used to describe him and his behaviour. What does the author want to achieve?

4. How is Mr. Hyde described? Do we get information about his appearance? Why/why not? What are we told about his behaviour?

5. How is the victim identified?

6. How does the officer react when he finds out who the victim is?

Overall questions

1. In groups. Take turns reading from “It was by this time ...” to “... blackguardly surroundings.” Each student reads to a full stop or a semicolon, then the next one takes over. Try to create as ominous an atmosphere as possible. Identify details which have to do with colour and light and discuss the effect.

What kind of area is this?

2.

- a. What is the significance of the description of Mr. Hyde?
- b. Comment on the name “Hyde”.

3.

- a. Read the description of Dr Jekyll’s rooms below and try to judge from it what he is like. In pairs take turns choosing one of the adjectives in the grid and decide whether you can use it to characterize Dr. Jekyll.
- b. How do the rooms represent the duality of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde?

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 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 lay a pile of grey ashes, as though many papers had been burned.

Gloser

but for	bortset fra
plate	(her) service
napery	dækketøj
connoisseur	kender
ply	tråd
ransack	gennemse, gennemrode
lock-fast	aflåselig
hearth	kamin

Wider CONTEXTS EVIL

altruistic	industrious	respectable
honourable	distinguished	conceited
shameful	Virtuous	ambitious
hypocritical	Amicable	proud
remorseful	Curious	arrogant

4. What effect does the setting have on the theme of evil?

5. Some of the main issues in the novel are

- identity and man's dual nature
- the possibilities in science
- the restrictions of science
- the responsibility of scientists
- violence
- freedom
- the power of evil
- a criticism of the noble façade of Victorian England

Which of these do you see represented in the excerpt?

Post-reading

Learning check

1. Decide whether the following statements are true (T) or false (F).

No study aids.

	T	F
The crime committed on October 18 were particularly ferocious.		
There were many details about the crime.		
The night of the murder of Sir Carew was particularly foggy.		
Sir Carew was an aged, polite and well-mannered man.		
Mr Hyde killed the old gentleman with a single blow to the head.		
The cane had broken in the middle even though it was made of tough and heavy wood.		
Mr. Hyde attacked the old gentleman to rob him of his valuables.		
Mr. Hyde is described as small and wicked-looking.		
The area Mr. Utterson and the officer go to is dismal, gloomy and dingy.		

2. Write four lines about Stevenson and his life.

Wider CONTEXTS EVIL

Wider contexts

1. Historical context

The Victorian period stretched from the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign in 1837 until her death in 1901. It was a period of prosperity and progress. Victorians were preoccupied with and impressed by science and development and felt that science and technology could improve society. Also Victorian morality was based on values that supported sexual restraint, low tolerance of crime and strict rules of social conduct. Find more information about the period in which the text was written i.e. the political, moral, social and cultural aspects of Victorian England in the late 19th century. You may find the following link useful:

<http://www.english.uwosh.edu/roth/VictorianEngland.htm>

Does this knowledge enhance our understanding of Robert Louis Stevenson's text? Discuss.

2. Psychological context

Use Freud's model of the mind to interpret the text (see pre-reading task 6). What does this way of interpreting the text add to our understanding of it?

3. Literary context

Find information about the Gothic novel (see Toolbox). To what extent would you call Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde a Gothic tale?

4. Literary context

Compare the idea of evil expressed in Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde and the idea of evil presented in one or more of the texts you have read in the chapter *Evil*.

5. Literary context

Read chapter 10 where Dr. Jekyll explains what his fascination and experiments with the duality of man's nature led to. Answer the questions below.

Chapter 10

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 fellow-men, and thus, as 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 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 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

Wider

CONTEXTS EVIL

degradation in my faults, that made me what I was and, with even a deeper 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-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 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 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 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 recognize 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 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 elements. If each, I told myself, could but 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 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 agonized womb of consciousness these polar twins should be continuously struggling. How, then, were they 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 mist-like transience, of this seemingly so solid body in which we walk attired. Certain agents I found to have the power to shake and to 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 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 recognized my natural body for the mere aura and 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 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 inopportunitiy in the moment 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 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, 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, happier in body; within I was conscious of a heady recklessness, a current of disordered sensual images running like a mill race 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 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 beside me as I write was brought there later on, and for the very purpose of those 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 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 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 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 yet conquered my aversion 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 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 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 humorous; 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 housekeeper a creature whom I well knew to be silent and unscrupulous. On the 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 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 did so for his pleasures. I was the first that could thus 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 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 a 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 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 towards the monstrous. When I would come back from these excursions, I was 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 centred on self; drinking pleasure with 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 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 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 passerby, whom I recognized the other day in the person of your kinsman; the doctor and the child's family joined 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 Hyde himself; and when, by sloping my own hand backwards, 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 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 recognized 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 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 engaged when, in one of my more wakeful moments, my eye 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 bed-clothes, was lean, corded, knuckly, of a dusky pallor, and thickly shaded with a swart growth of hair. It was the hand of Edward Hyde.

I must have stared upon it for near half a minute, sunk as I was in the mere stupidity of wonder, before tenor 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.

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.

Wider CONTEXTS EVIL

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 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.

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 a composite) now with the most sensitive apprehensions, now with a greedy gusto, projected and shared in the pleasures and adventures of Hyde; but 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 a thousand interests and aspirations, and to become, at a blow and for ever, 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 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.

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 pulses and secret pleasures, that I had enjoyed in the disguise of Hyde. I made this choice perhaps with some 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 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 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 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 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 in which a sick child may break a play-thing. 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.

Wider CONTEXTS **EVIL**

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 tenor. A mist dispersed; I saw my life to be forfeit; and 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, gloating on my crime, light-headedly devising others in the future, and yet still hastening and still harkening 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 and transformation had not done tearing him, before Henry Jekyll, 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 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 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 henceforth impossible; whether I would or not, I was now confined to the better part of my existence; and, oh, how I rejoiced to think it! with what 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 been overlooked, that the guilt of Hyde was patent to the world, and that 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; but let Hyde peep out an instant, and the hands of all men would be 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 last year I laboured to relieve suffering; you know that much was done for others, and 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 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 the frost had melted, but cloudless overhead; and the Regents 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 like my

neighbours; and then I smiled, comparing myself with other men, comparing my active goodwill 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 its turn the 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 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 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 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 Canyon. How was he to be reached? how persuaded? Supposing that I escaped capture 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 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 indeed comical enough, however tragic a fact 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 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 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 Canyon and one to Poole, and, that he might receive actual evidence of their being posted, sent them 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 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 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.

When I came to myself at Canyon'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 received Canyon'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. 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.

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 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 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 a Hyde that I awakened. Under the strain of this continually impending doom and by the sleeplessness to which I now condemned myself, ay, even beyond what I had thought possible to man, I became, in my own person, 'creature eaten up and emptied by fever, languidly weal 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 lead almost without transition (for the 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 power: of Hyde seemed to have grown with the sickliness of Jekyll. And certainly the hate that 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 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. And this again, that that insurgent horror was knit to him closer than a wife, closer than an eye; lay caged in hi flesh, where he heard it mutter and felt it struggle to be born; and at every hour of weakness, and in the confidences of slumber, prevailed against him, and deposed him out of life. The hatred of Hyde for Jekyll was of 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 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: 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 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 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 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 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 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 changed and crushed him. Half an hour from now, when I shall again and for ever 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 this room (my last earthly refuge) and give ear to every sound of menace. Will Hyde die upon the scaffold? or will he find the 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 up my confession, I bring the life of that unhappy Henry Jekyll to an end.

Comprehension, analysis and interpretation

1. Describe Dr. Jekyll's background both as regards financial situation and values.
2. What personal faults does he mention?
3. Why did he "conceal his pleasures" and how did this concealment influence him?
4. How does he try to convince the reader that he was not a hypocrite? Why is this so important to him?
5. What do you think he did when he "laid aside restraint and plunged in shame"?
6. What did he do when he showed his respectable side?
7. What discovery did Dr. Jekyll's research lead him to?
8. What did he hope to achieve from his research? What would the advantages be?
9. Account for Dr. Jekyll's considerations in connection with his research. What were the risks and what might the reward be. Why did he carry on after all?
10. Describe the transformation process. At what time of day did it take place? How is the chemical process described? What was the effect on him to begin with? Later on? How did he feel about his achievement?
11. Mr. Hyde was much smaller than Dr. Jekyll. How did he explain that?

Wider

CONTEXTS **EVIL**

12. How did he feel about the way he looked as Mr. Hyde? What was other people's reaction to him?

13. Describe the point of view used in the extract. What is the effect of it? Is the narrator reliable?