

Excerpt 1: A Child in the Night

Two well-dressed men were about to cross a London street on a sunny Sunday morning. They were Mr. Gabriel John Utterson, an elderly lawyer, and his young cousin, Richard Enfield. A horse-drawn hansom cab drew up beside them, and the cabman leaned down from his perch, waving his whip.

“Mornin’, gentlemen,” the cabman called with a hopeful smile. “Off to church on this fine Sunday, I’ll bet. I’ll have you there in two winks or less.”

Mr. Utterson never spoke unless it was important. He frowned at the cabman and waved him away. But Richard gave the man a friendly smile and shook his head.

“No, my good man, we are out for a walk, which we take every Sunday. That’s the way to see interesting things in London.”

They crossed several streets and soon found themselves in a dingy neighborhood. As they slowly walked down a small street full of shops, Mr. Utterson stopped to admire an interesting display in a store window.

Suddenly Richard tugged at his sleeve and spoke with a serious note in his voice. “See that door across the street, Cousin? It is involved with something rather odd that happened to me.”

Mr. Utterson looked at the scarred, weatherbeaten door Richard was pointing to. It belonged to a two-story building that was one of several built around a courtyard. Because there were no windows at the front of the building, it looked deserted and somewhat sinister.

Excerpt 2: Witness to a Murder

Now the inspector broke in, for the story was getting confused. He explained to the lawyer that two men happened to meet across the road from where Sarah watched at her window. The older man was apparently asking for directions, for he pointed in one direction after bowing politely. The second man was Hyde. The inspector ordered Sarah to resume her story.

“Mr. Hyde didn’t answer him, that I could tell. He waved his big cane about and seemed to want the old gentleman out of the way. He stamped his feet, almost like he was taken by a fit.

“Well sir, the old gentleman was surprised, and he stepped back. I guess he was a little afraid. I know I was, and I was safe indoors. But as soon as he stepped back, Mr. Hyde was on him! He lifted up that cane and brought it down ever so hard on the gentleman’s head. He hit him and hit him. When the gentleman fell down, Mr. Hyde hit him some more. Then he jumped right on him, up and down. Just like them apes in the zoo do. That’s when I left my senses.”

“She had fainted, “ explained the inspector. “By the time she came to and called the police, it was two o’clock this morning. Mr. Hyde was gone, of course, but his victim lay in the road dead, horribly mangled. We found the bottom half of the cane in the gutter where it had rolled. It had been broken, even though it was made from some very tough and heavy wood. No doubt the murderer carried the top half away with him.

Excerpt 3: The Twins of Good and Evil

...My scientific studies forced me to the following truth—a man is not truly one person, but actually two. But my discovery has come only part of the way. I believe that scientists who come after me will discover that a man is not only two men, but many men.

Even before I began my experiments to prove this “two-ness” of men, I daydreamed about it. I longed to separate these two identities and place each one in its own body. Then there would be no unhappiness such as I had experienced. The upright twin could walk with his head held high, doing good, and no longer exposed to the disgrace brought about by his evil twin. The latter—this evil twin—could walk his downward path, free of the ideals and regrets of his good self. The struggle within man could then cease. He would be free to be both selves.

When I began to experiment in my laboratory, I found that certain compounds had the effect of changing a man’s flesh, of waving it aside like a wind blowing curtains. I will not write down my formula for two reasons: the first reason is that my experiments were incomplete, as this document will show. I managed to reach only a certain point in dividing the twins. My second reason is that I now realize that we cannot throw off the burden of our life. We cannot experience happiness, forever untouched by troubles. When we try, even one unhappiness returns to haunt us.