

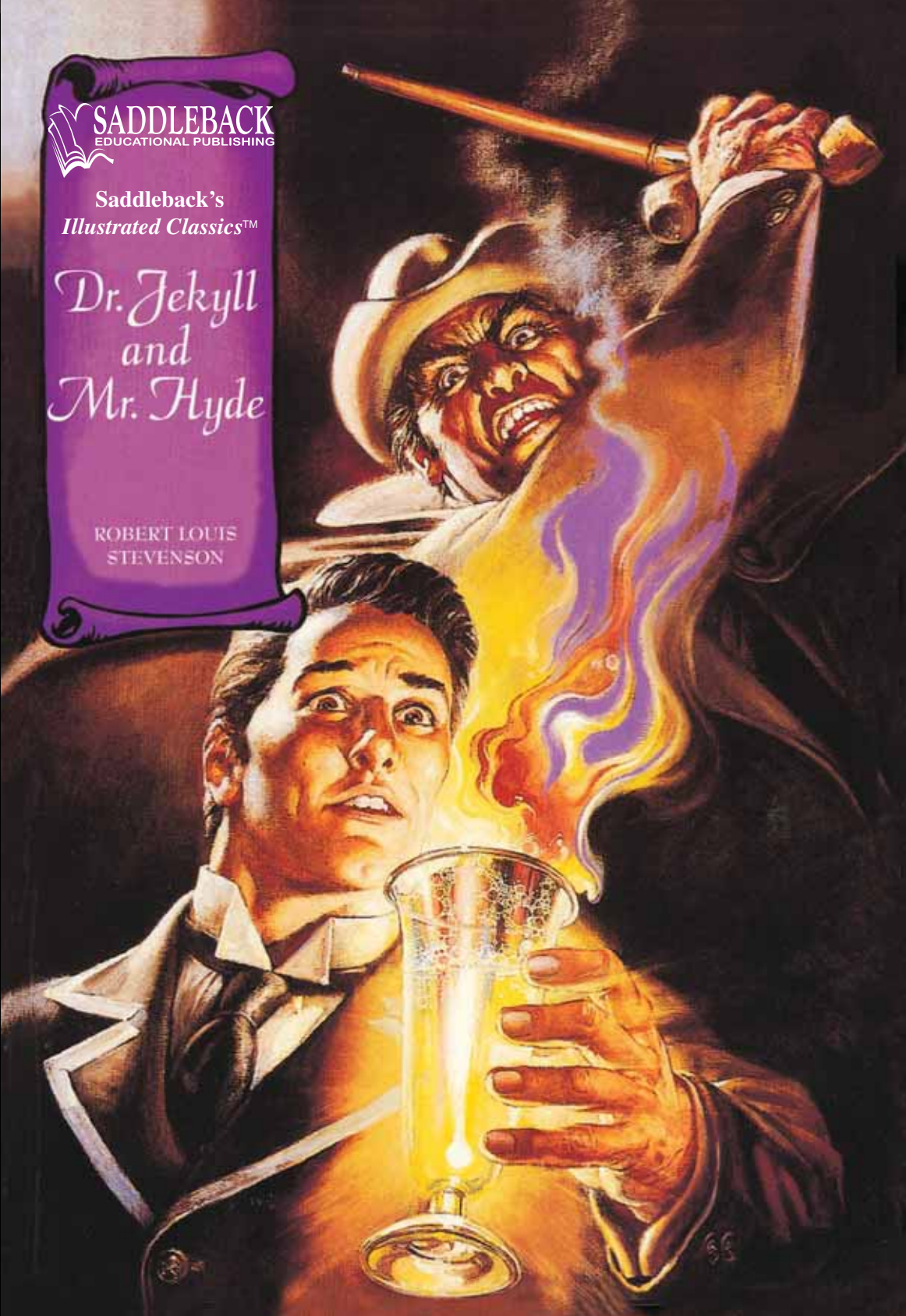


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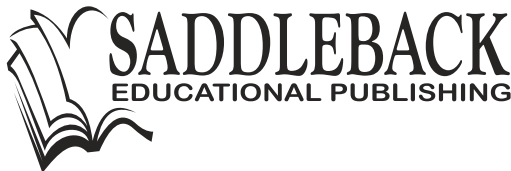
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

ROBERT LOUIS
STEVENSON



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Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*™



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Welcome to Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*[™]

We are proud to welcome you to Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*[™]. Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*[™] was designed specifically for the classroom to introduce readers to many of the great classics in literature. Each text, written and adapted by teachers and researchers, has been edited using the Dale-Chall vocabulary system. In addition, much time and effort has been spent to ensure that these high-interest stories retain all of the excitement, intrigue, and adventure of the original books.

With these graphically *Illustrated Classics*[™], you learn what happens in the story in a number of different ways. One way is by reading the words a character says. Another way is by looking at the drawings of the character. The artist can tell you what kind of person a character is and what he or she is thinking or feeling.

This series will help you to develop confidence and a sense of accomplishment as you finish each novel. The stories in Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*[™] are fun to read. And remember, fun motivates!

Overview

Everyone deserves to read the best literature our language has to offer. Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*[™] was designed to acquaint readers with the most famous stories from the world's greatest authors, while teaching essential skills. You will learn how to:

- Establish a purpose for reading
- Use prior knowledge
- Evaluate your reading
- Listen to the language as it is written
- Extend literary and language appreciation through discussion and writing activities

Reading is one of the most important skills you will ever learn. It provides the key to all kinds of information. By reading the *Illustrated Classics*[™], you will develop confidence and the self-satisfaction that comes from accomplishment—a solid foundation for any reader.

Step-By-Step

The following is a simple guide to using and enjoying each of your *Illustrated Classics*™. To maximize your use of the learning activities provided, we suggest that you follow these steps:

1. ***Listen!*** We suggest that you listen to the read-along. (At this time, please ignore the beeps.) You will enjoy this wonderfully dramatized presentation.
2. ***Pre-reading Activities.*** After listening to the audio presentation, the pre-reading activities in the Activity Book prepare you for reading the story by setting the scene, introducing more difficult vocabulary words, and providing some short exercises.
3. ***Reading Activities.*** Now turn to the “While you are reading” portion of the Activity Book, which directs you to make a list of story-related facts. Read-along while listening to the audio presentation. (This time pay attention to the beeps, as they indicate when each page should be turned.)
4. ***Post-reading Activities.*** You have successfully read the story and listened to the audio presentation. Now answer the multiple-choice questions and other activities in the Activity Book.

Remember,

“Today’s readers are tomorrow’s leaders.”



Robert Louis Stevenson

Robert Louis Balfour Stevenson, who came to be known as Louis to avoid confusion with an older cousin, was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1850. An industrious person, he carried two books with him always—one to read and one in which to write.

Stevenson's interest in human psychology and fascination with the conflict of good and evil in man prompted him to write *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* in 1886. Partially because of his Calvinist upbringing, he thought that man was always suppressing his evil nature. This nature, so long held back, breaks loose violently in the character of Edward Hyde.

Stevenson, a collector of ideas, often borrowed from other writers, but his own style was unmistakable. *Treasure Island*, Stevenson's first successful book, was written in 1881. In 1885, while hard at work on *Kidnapped*, *A Child's Garden of Verses* was published. In 1887, he began *The Master of Ballantrae*, finishing it in 1889. Stevenson died in 1894, never completing his final book, *Weir of Hermiston*, referred to by many critics as his finest work.

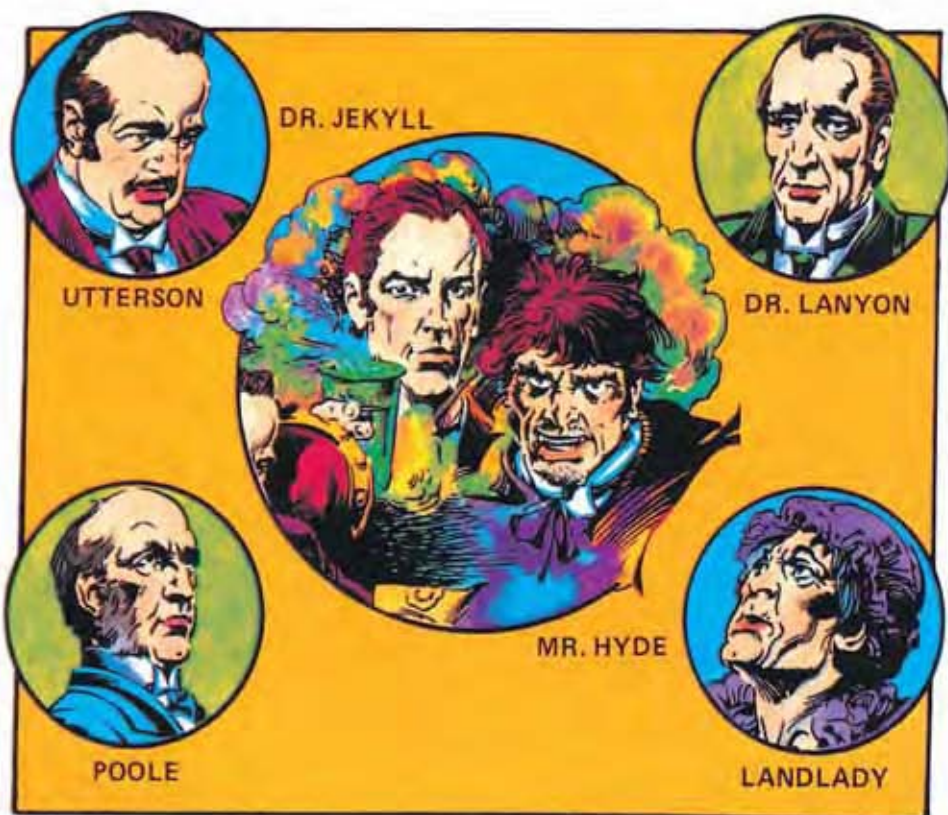
Although plagued by illness throughout his life, Stevenson was a restless adventurer. He traveled extensively, married an American and retreated for health reasons to the South Sea Islands in 1889. Here, he established himself as the "tusitala" or the "teller of tales" to the natives.

Saddleback's *Illustrated Classics*™

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

THE MAIN CHARACTERS





This is a
chance I know
I must take.

For a long time I, Henry Jekyll, M.D., had been studying a way to divide man into separate people—one good and one evil. At last I thought I had found a drug which would work. I knew it would be dangerous, but I also knew that I would take the chance.

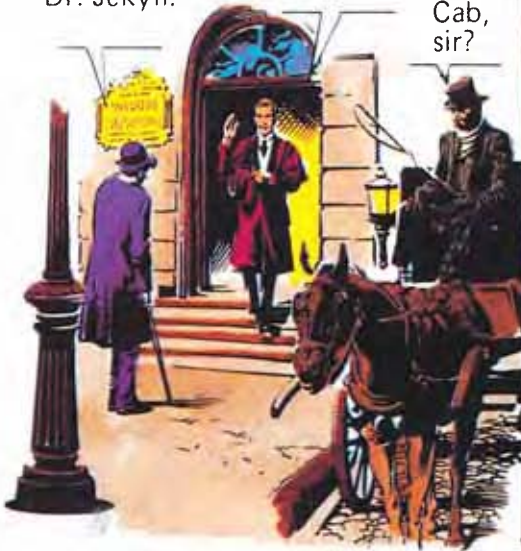
*I was born into a wealthy family.
I became a well-known doctor.*

*As Dr. Jekyll, I was leading
two lives. My evil life, how-
ever, was kept hidden.*

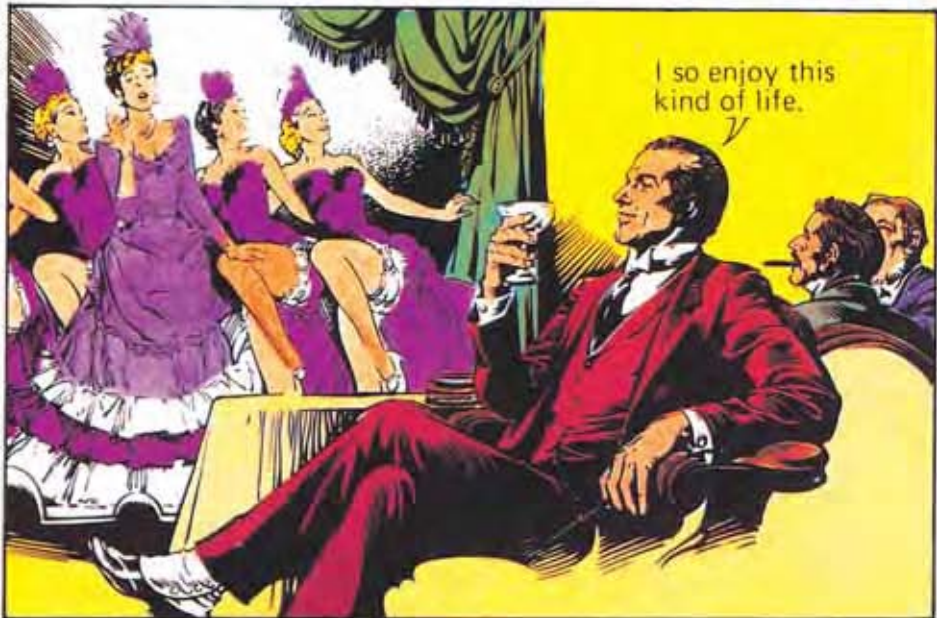
Working
late again,
I see,
Dr. Jekyll.

Well, we must
do what we can,
mustn't we?

Cab,
sir?



Driver, take me to
Soho to a night-
club with a good
show.



I so enjoy this
kind of life.

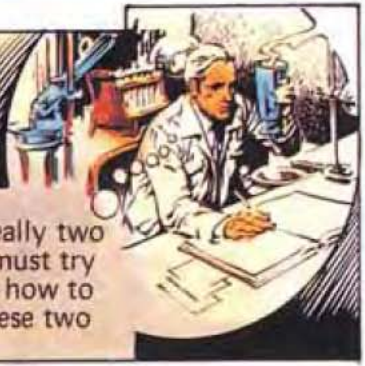
Even though I led two different lives, I did not feel guilty. I enjoyed doing good and I enjoyed being evil.



I was the same person when I enjoyed the evil pleasures of life as when I worked during the day to help the sick who came to me.

About this time I was also studying magic and the supernatural.

A man is really two persons. I must try to discover how to separate these two natures.



I think this drug will work. I can free the evil person in me. Do I dare?



I knew I could die by taking the drug. But the thought of such a great discovery overcame my fear.

Oh God! Let it work.



The most terrible pain followed.



My bones ached.



I thought I would die.



When the pain stopped, I felt weak, as if I had been ill for a long time.



Right away I knew this person I had changed into was ugly and evil. But I was glad.



As I was enjoying these new feelings, I suddenly noticed that my appearance had changed.

Welcome, you are Edward Hyde, the evil side of my nature.





The next morning as Hyde, I found a house in Soho. "It's not fancy, sir, but it will suit your needs," the old house-keeper said. "I'll take it," I said, tossing her some money. "The name is Hyde."



I planned carefully to hide my identity.

Yes, sir.

A friend of mine, a Mr. Hyde, will visit with us here at times. He is to have full freedom of this house and the laboratory beyond.



And to make sure my orders would be followed, I soon returned as Hyde.

Hyde's the name. Your master said I'd be welcome.

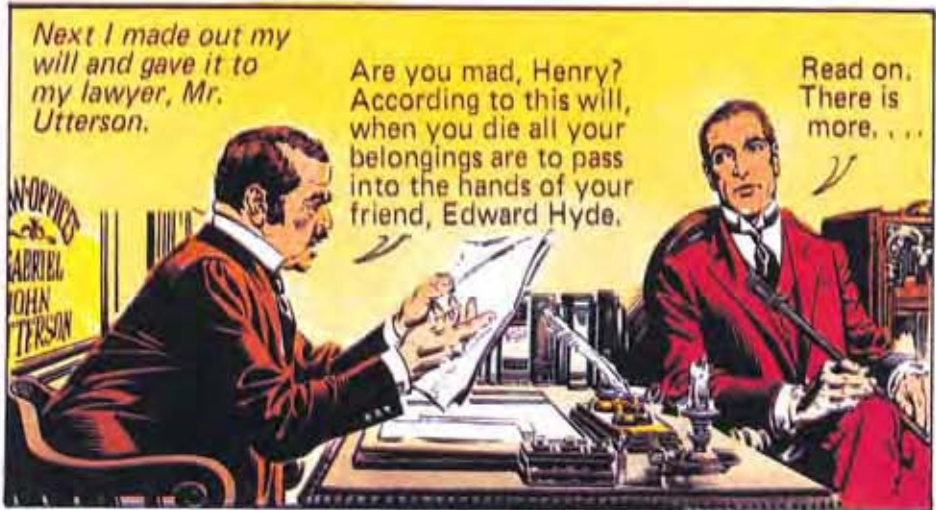
By all means, sir. Dr. Jekyll is out but make yourself at home.



Don't mind me. I'll have a look around.

Ugly man... but it is the master's wish.





. . . And that in the case of Dr. Jekyll's disappearance for any time more than three months, this same Edward Hyde should step into Dr. Jekyll's shoes without delay.



I enjoyed being a well-known doctor who helped the poor and the sick. . . .

This little one is coming along fine, nurse.

It's all your doing, Dr. Jekyll.



Because when I wanted to be rude or wicked I could change into Edward Hyde.

Y-yes, sir!



Sing it again, louder! Do you hear me?

Here, sir — there'll be none of that.

What?



Hyde's my name. I do what I please—understand!

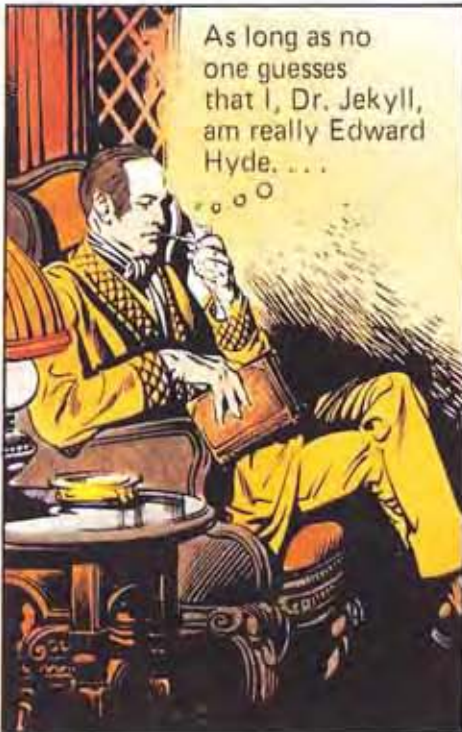


Here's something to remember me by!

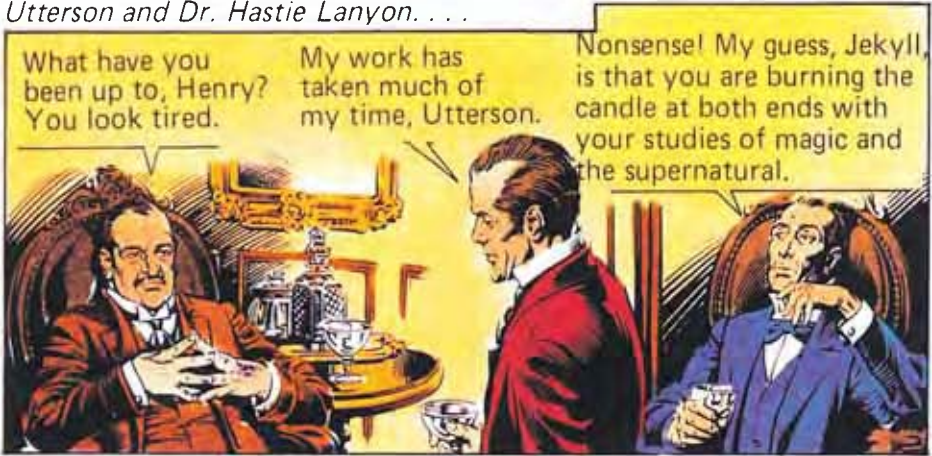




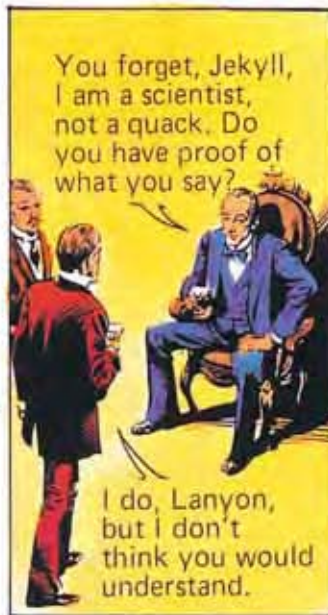
Later, sitting safely at home. . . .



After dinner one night with my old school friends George Utterson and Dr. Hastie Lanyon. . . .



Yes I am, as a matter of fact, Lanyon. I've discovered a good deal about the good and evil parts of man.

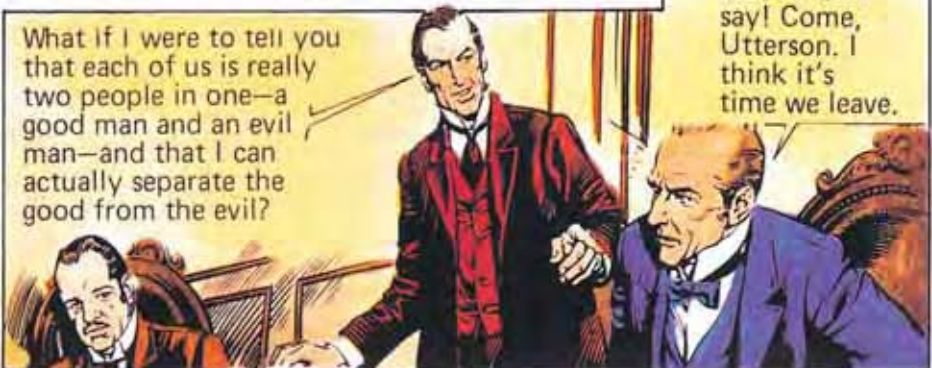


There are certain things created by God that we should obey and not try to change, Henry.

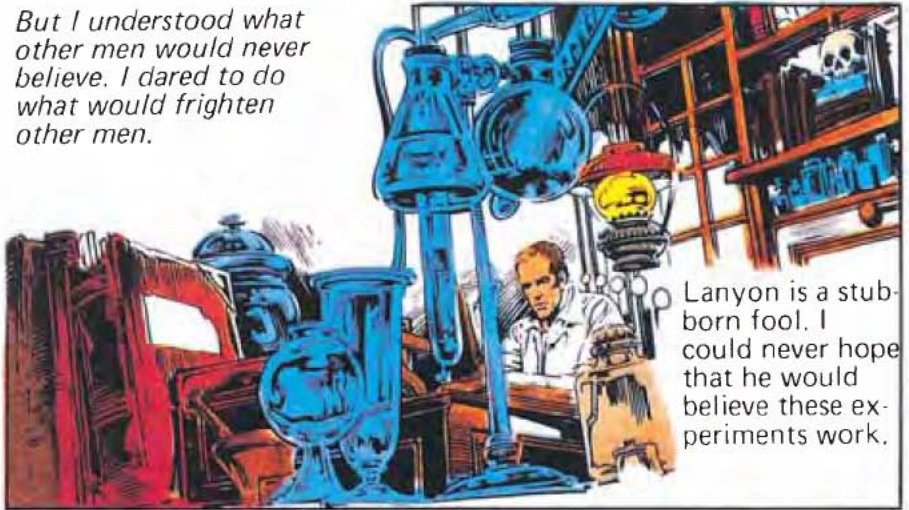
Perhaps . . . and then again, perhaps not.



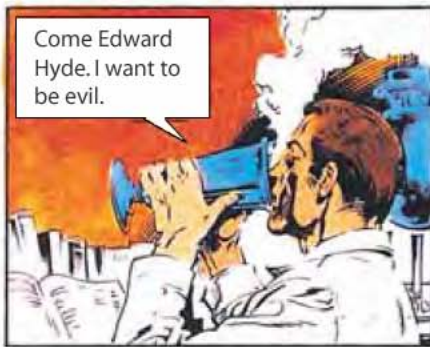
What if I were to tell you that each of us is really two people in one—a good man and an evil man—and that I can actually separate the good from the evil?



But I understood what other men would never believe. I dared to do what would frighten other men.



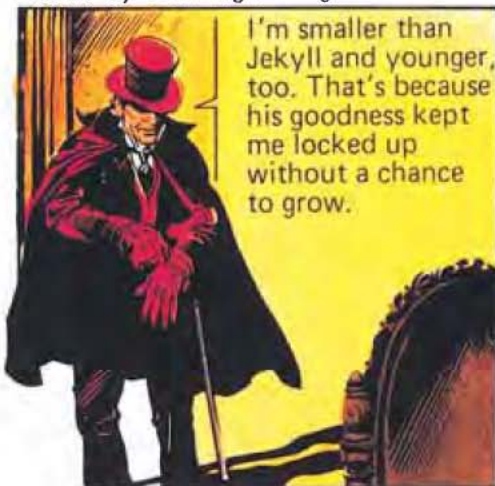
Lanyon is a stubborn fool. I could never hope that he would believe these experiments work.



Come Edward Hyde. I want to be evil.



The goodness in me was overcome by the magic drug.



I'm smaller than Jekyll and younger, too. That's because his goodness kept me locked up without a chance to grow.

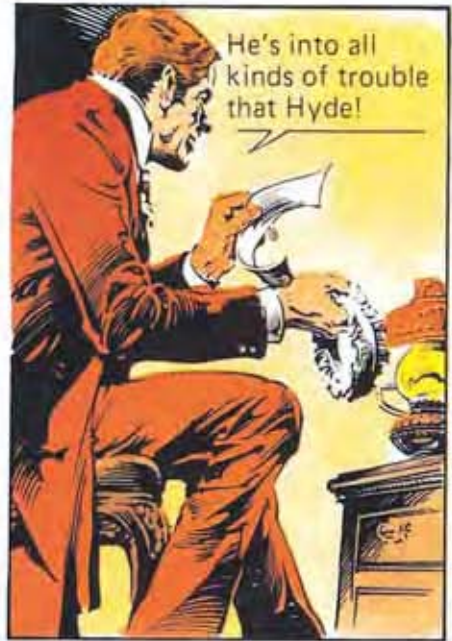
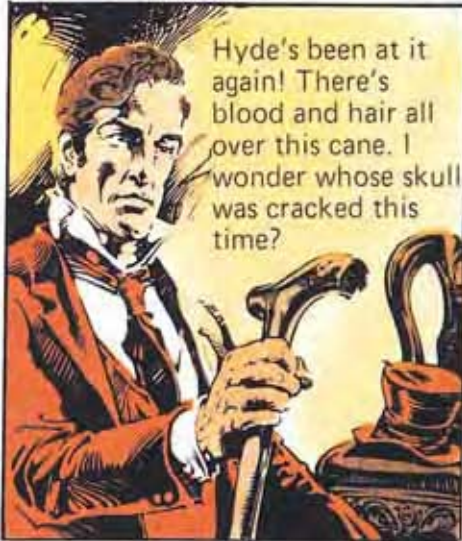


But I'm free now for any adventure and pleasure. The beast is loose and will do its worst!

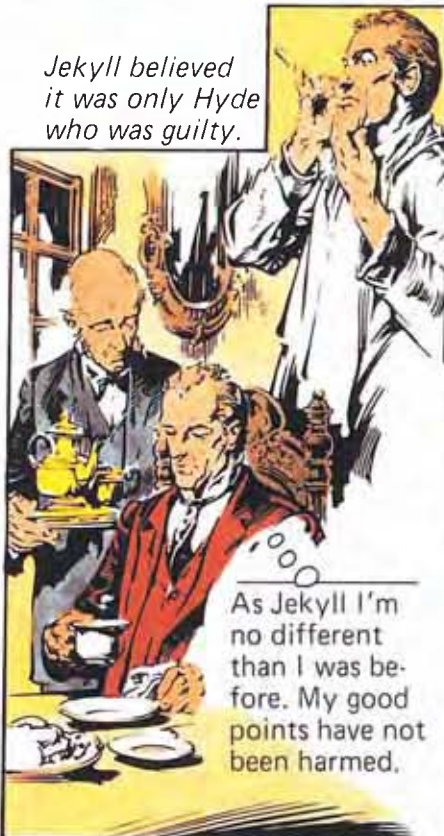
Again, as Hyde, a creature evil and wicked, I went after pleasure. Everything I did was for myself. I enjoyed hurting people. I was like a man of stone with no feelings.



I, Henry Jekyll, was at times troubled by what Hyde had done.



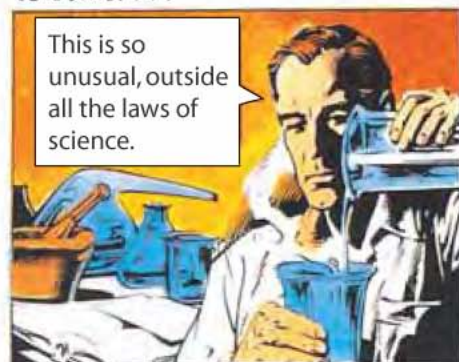
Jekyll believed it was only Hyde who was guilty.



But Jekyll did try to make up for Hyde's evil doings.



I had no idea of the trouble to come. . . .



Free at last! The night awaits me.

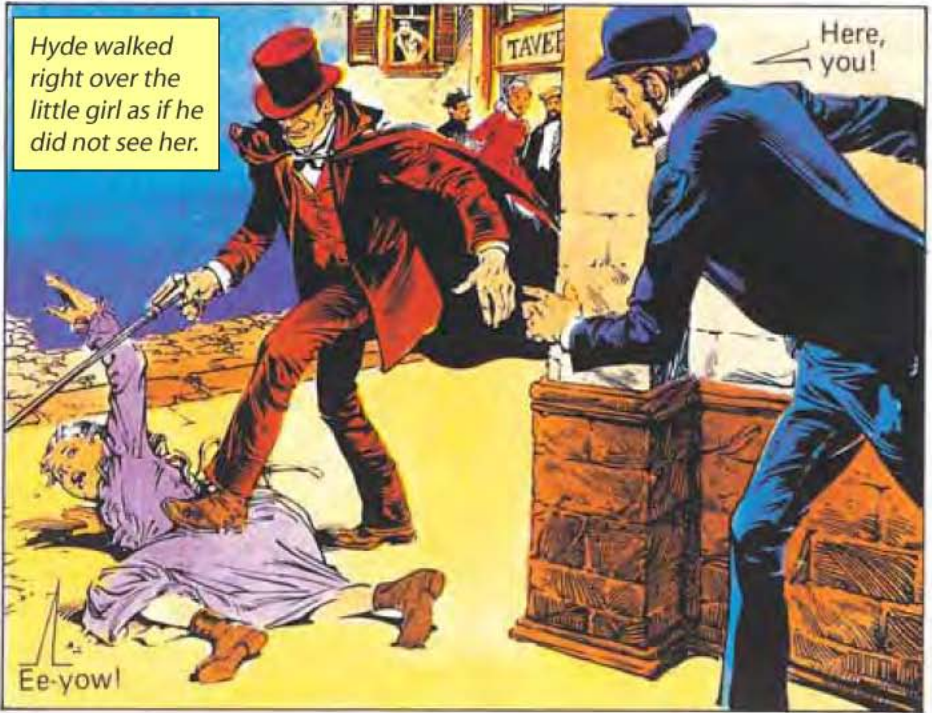


Later, filled with a lively evening, I walked into danger.



I saw a child and yet did not see her. My mood was too high to take notice.





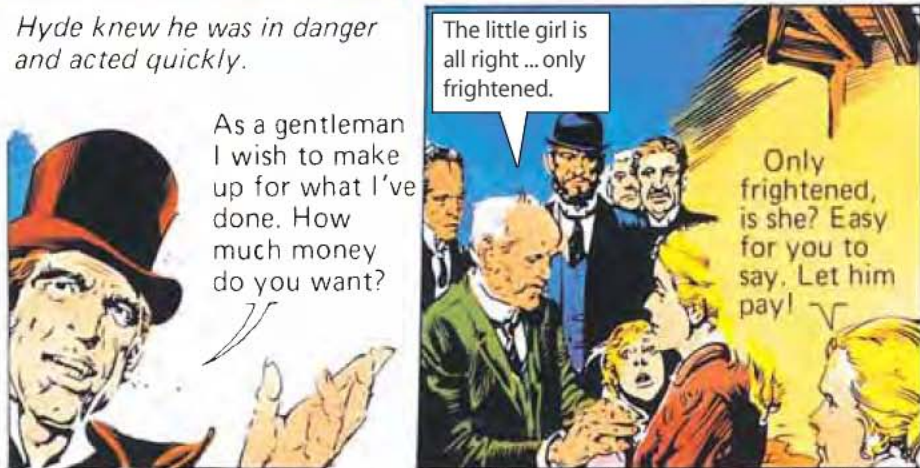
Only to be stopped by a man who saw the accident.



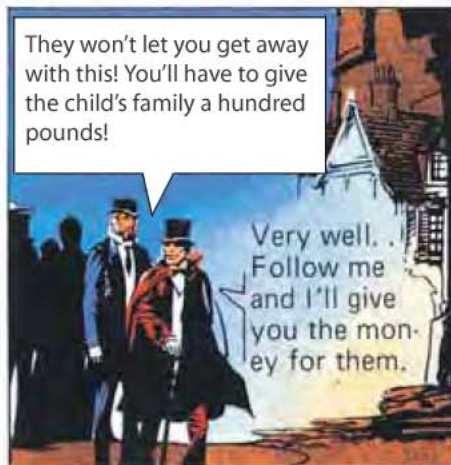
The accident with the child made her family and the whole neighborhood angry when they heard her cries.



Hyde knew he was in danger and acted quickly.



The people waited outside the door to Jekyll's laboratory as Hyde went in.



I knew the man who had grabbed me was a relative to Utterson, Jekyll's lawyer. He stared at the signature on the check.



I knew I had to get a bank account in the name of Edward Hyde.



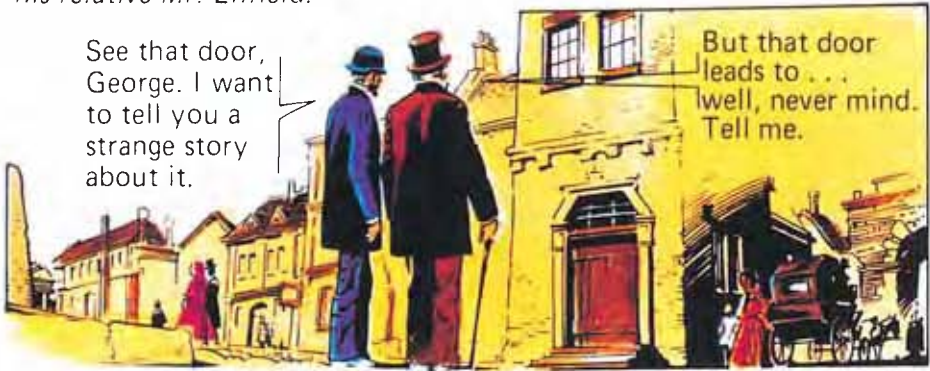
I changed my signature by slanting my handwriting backwards.



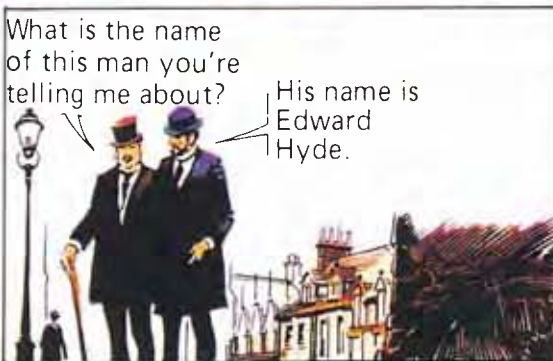
I thought I was safe.



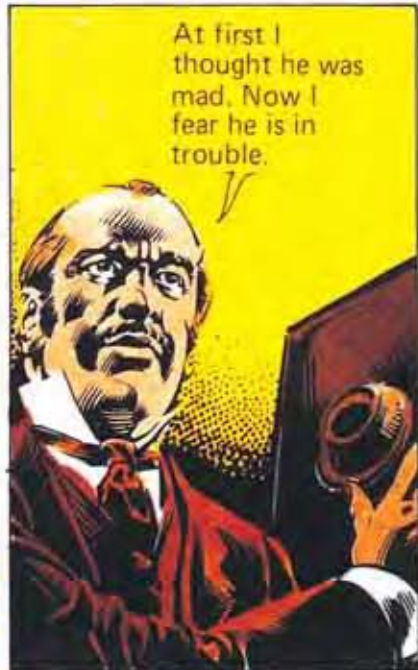
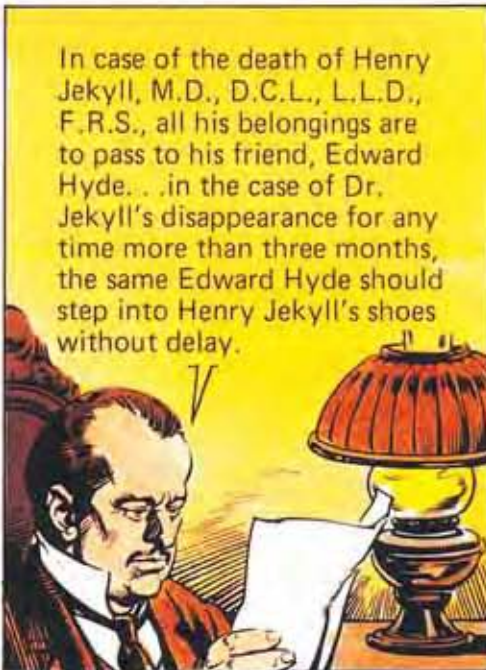
One day my friend and lawyer, George Utterson, was walking with his relative Mr. Enfield.



Enfield then told the story of Hyde's accident with the girl.

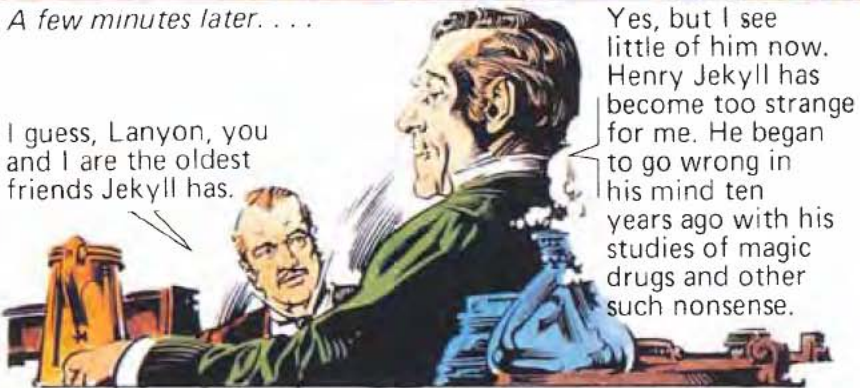


Utterson went home sadly when Enfield told him Hyde had his own key to Jekyll's door.





A few minutes later. . . .



When six o'clock struck the next morning on the bells of the church near Utterson's home, he was still awake. Wild ideas passed through his mind.

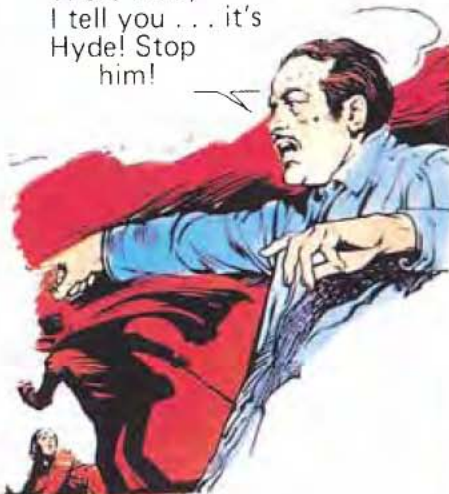




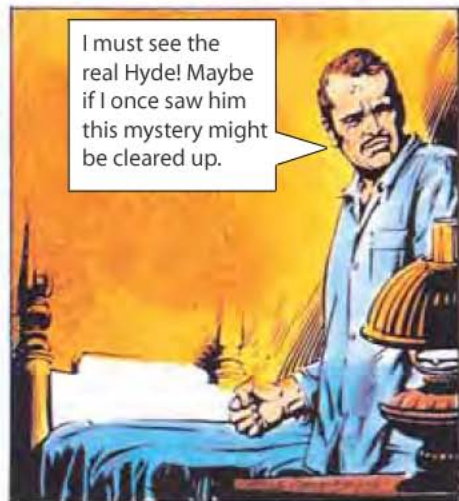
The ghost of Hyde continued to fill Utterson's dreams.



There he is, I tell you . . . it's Hyde! Stop him!



It's Hyde.



The mystery of Hyde made Utterson watch the door to Jekyll's laboratory from morning to night.



He watched at noon when the streets were busy.



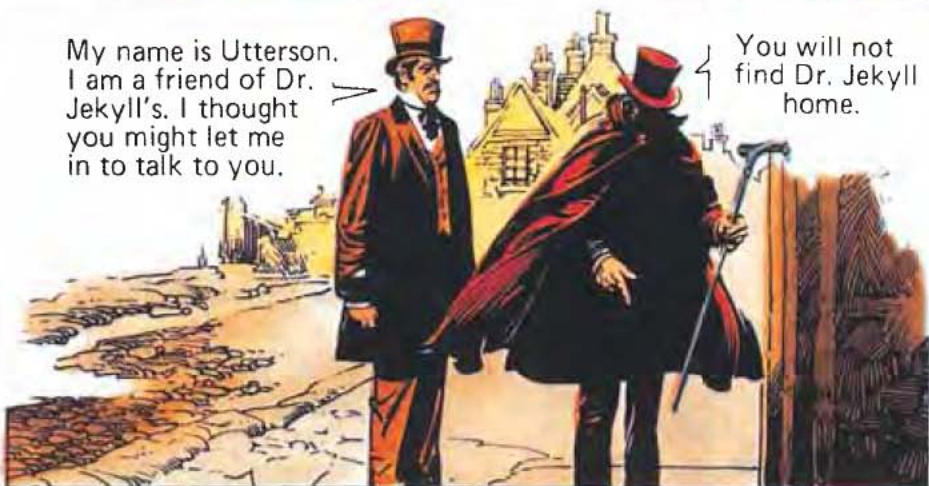
He watched at night under the face of the moon.



Utterson watched in all kinds of weather.



Finally. . .



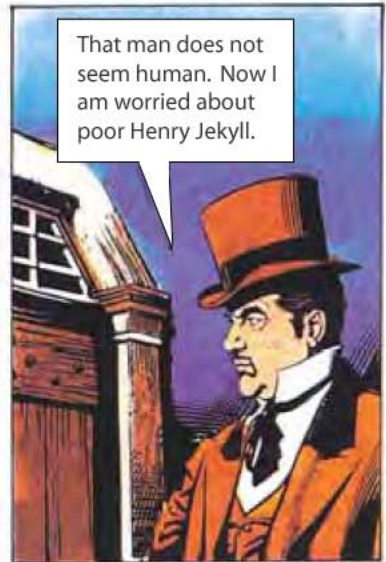
But Utterson would not give up.

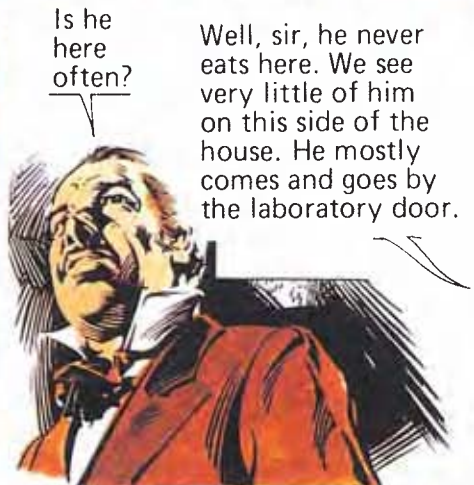
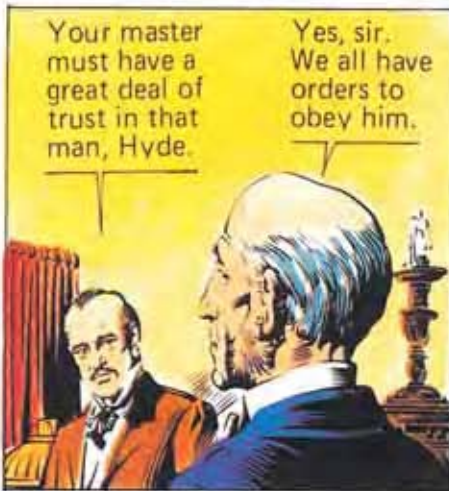
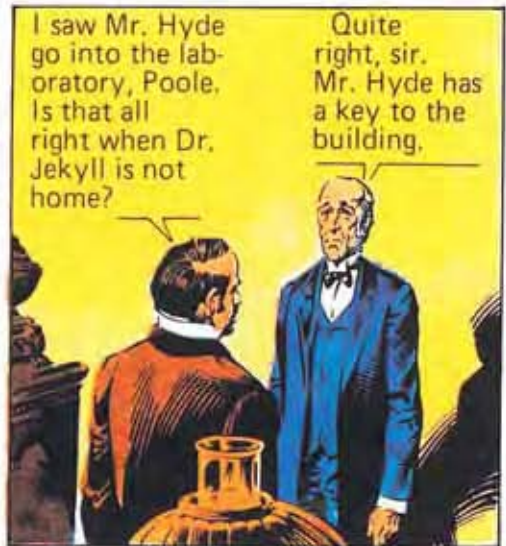
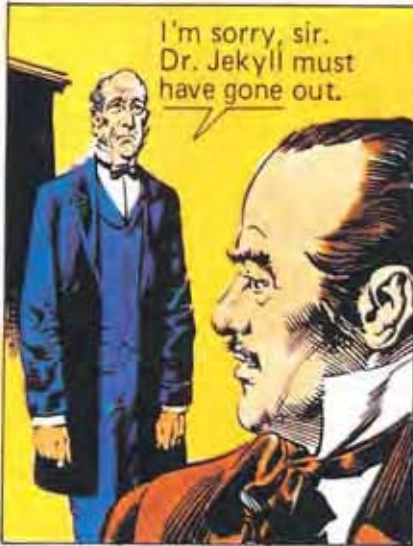


Hyde turned his head.



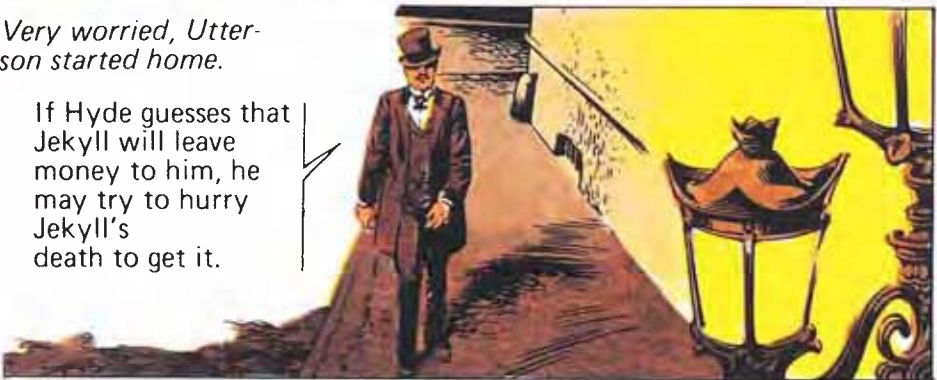
Hyde's ugly laugh could be heard as he disappeared into the house.

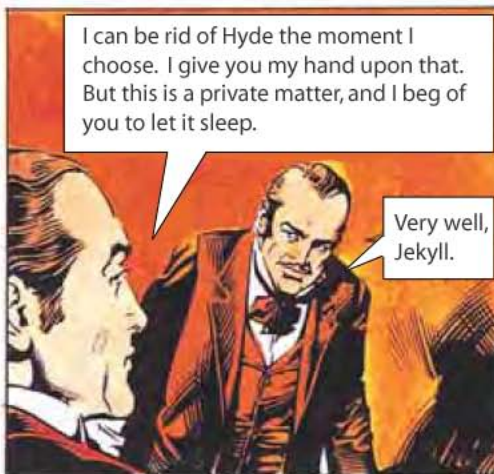
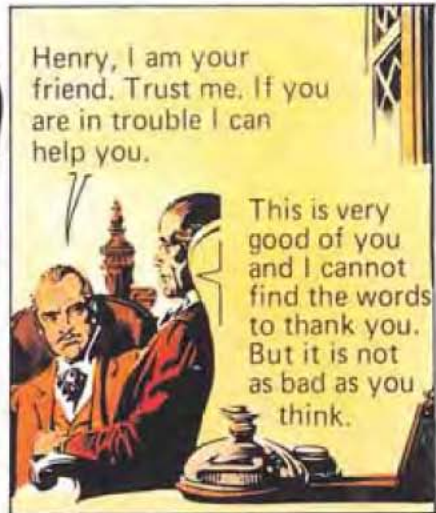
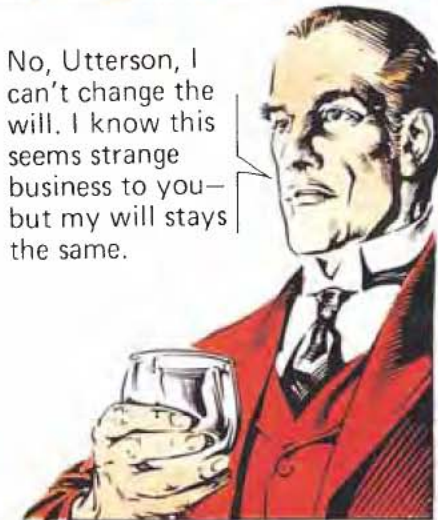
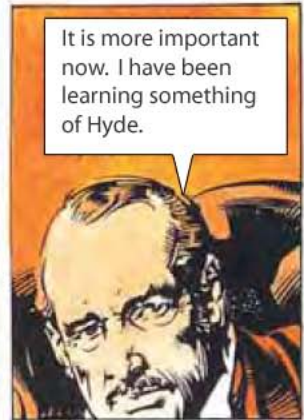




Very worried, Utterson started home.

If Hyde guesses that Jekyll will leave money to him, he may try to hurry Jekyll's death to get it.







One morning following a night of evil activities as Hyde...

I awoke feeling very strange.



I knew I, Henry Jekyll, had gone to bed in my own room, in my own house, but I felt as if I were in Soho in the room of Edward Hyde.

I thought I was dreaming until I saw my hand.



Good Lord! This is not the hand of Henry Jekyll.

Jumping from my bed I ran to the mirror.



My blood was changed to ice when I saw not myself but ...

But I had gone to bed as Henry Jekyll!



Edward Hyde!

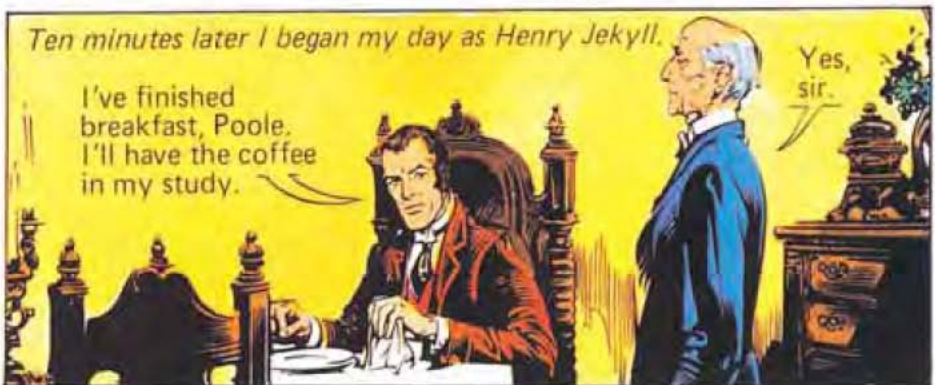




Hyde dressed in the clothes of Jekyll which were too large.



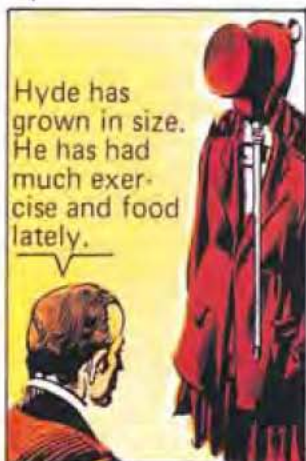
As soon as I got to the laboratory, I drank the waiting drug.



Changing into Hyde without drinking the magic drug seemed to spell out my future fate. . .Death!



I thought a lot about my double life.



I was worried that I might become Hyde forever—not be able to change back.



Lately as Hyde I've felt very strong.



Perhaps the drug is losing its power.



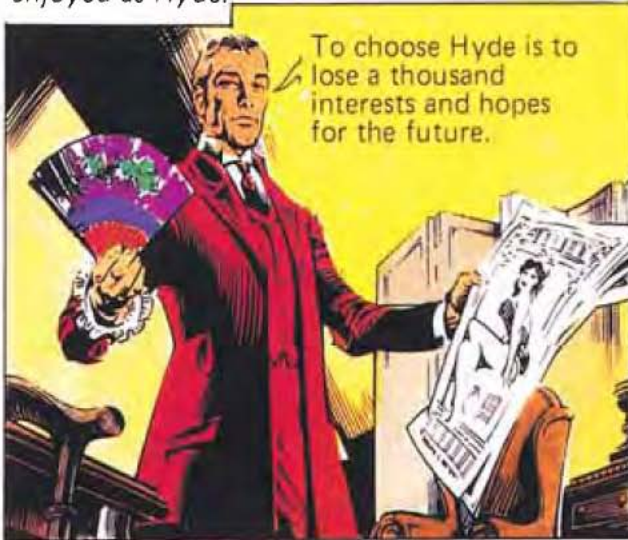
Changing into Hyde had been hard at first. Now it became easier and easier.



I knew I had to choose between the two. . . Jekyll helped plan and enjoyed the things Hyde did. . . but Hyde wanted to know nothing of Jekyll.



To always remain as Jekyll would mean giving up the fun that I now openly enjoyed as Hyde.



But if I remain as Hyde, I would have no friends and even be hated.



The choice is unequal.
The risk of always being
Edward Hyde is too great!



I chose Jekyll the better part of me and for two months I was true to my choice.



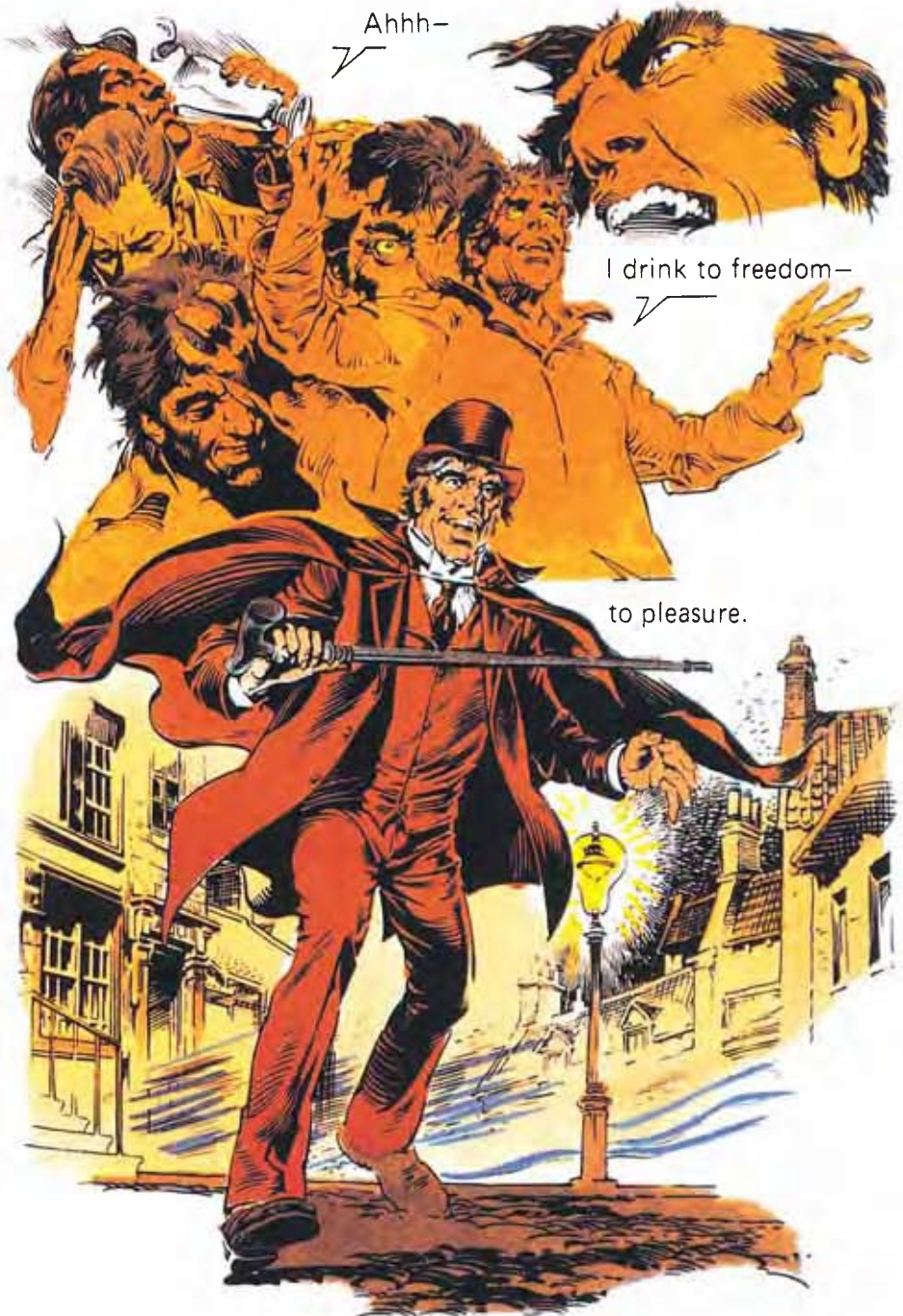
I worked harder at being a good doctor than ever before.



But time began at last to take away fears. The joy of hard work faded. The Hyde in me longed to be free.



At last, in an hour of weakness, I once again mixed and swallowed the drug.



In an instant the spirit of the devil awoke in me, and I was again Hyde.



When suddenly...

I beg your pardon. ...

What do you want?



I wonder if you could tell me ...

Out of my way, old fool!



The devil in me had been shut up too long. It came roaring out.

I beat the old man, enjoying every blow.



Take that, old bag of bones ... and that!



Meanwhile, from across the road, a maid watched what happened. . . .



Suddenly, in my madness, cold terror filled my heart.



Shaking with fear, but glad at what I had done, I turned and ran.





To be sure I was safe, I burned everything.

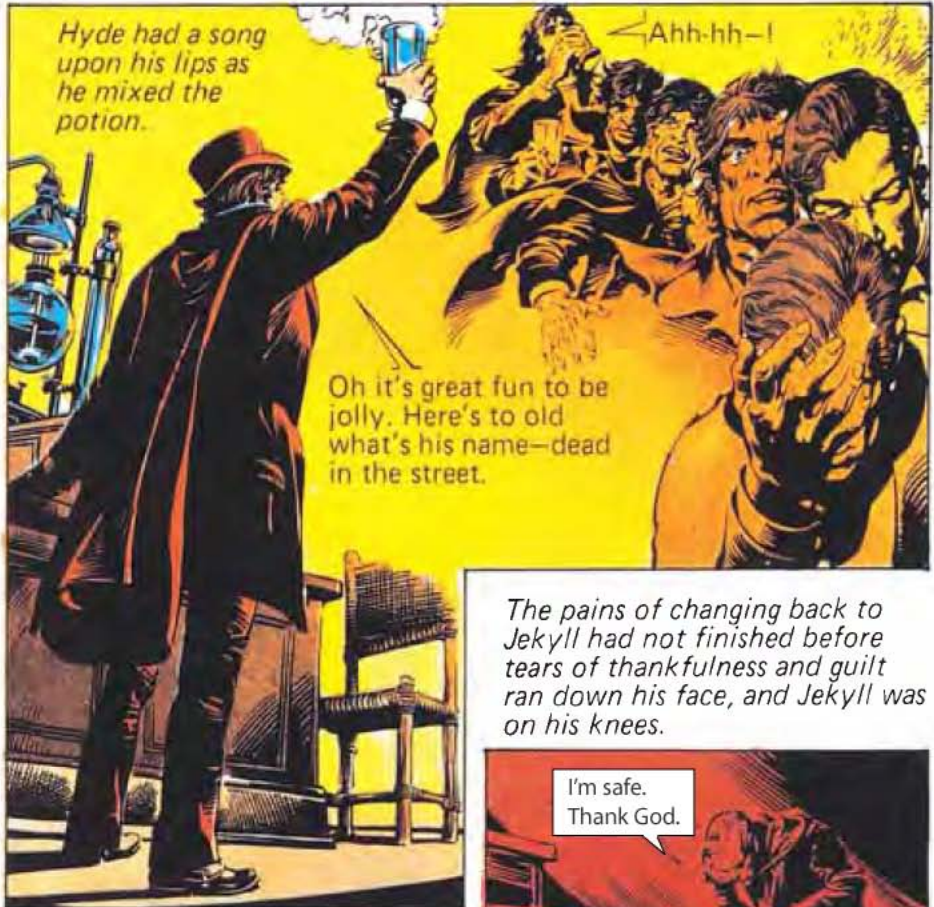


I left quickly to change safely into Jekyll.

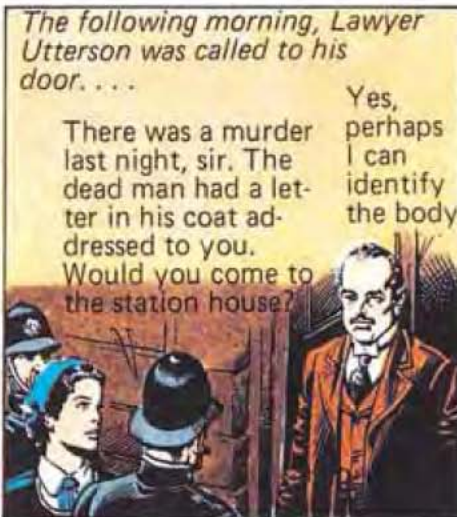


I set out for Jekyll's house – enjoying my crime and yet afraid of being caught.

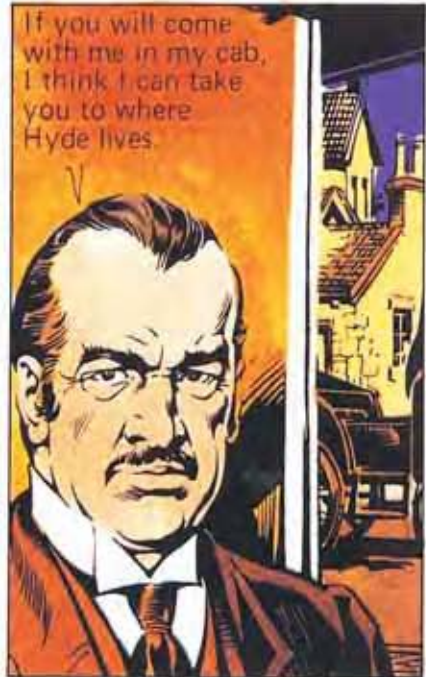




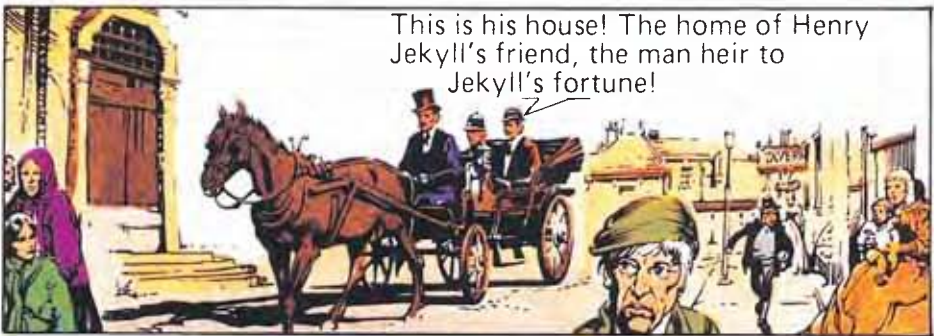
The pains of changing back to Jekyll had not finished before tears of thankfulness and guilt ran down his face, and Jekyll was on his knees.

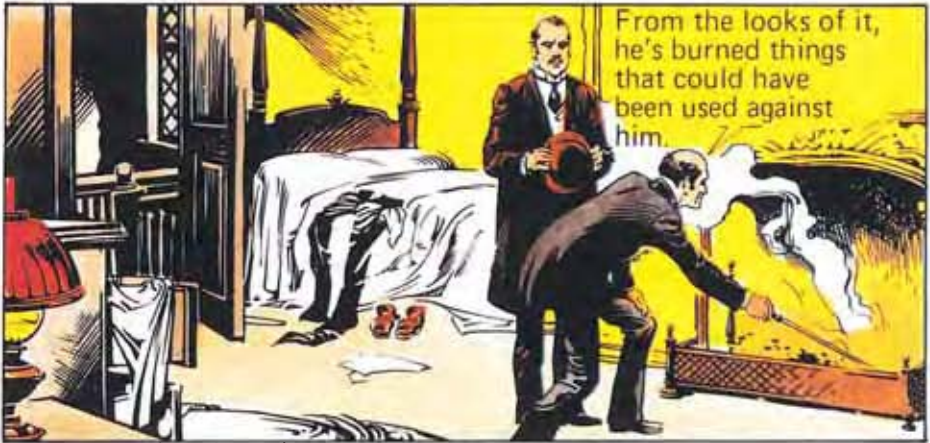


Utterson knew that the broken cane was one he had given Jekyll many years before.



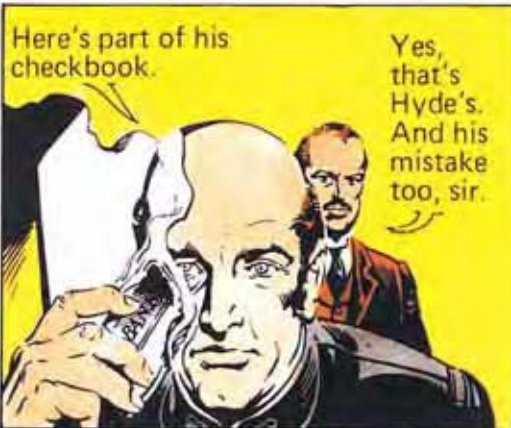
Soon the cab arrived at Hyde's house in Soho.





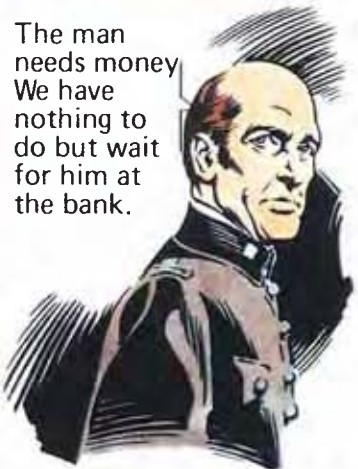
From the looks of it, he's burned things that could have been used against him.

From the fireplace the Inspector took some half burned papers.



Here's part of his checkbook.

Yes, that's Hyde's. And his mistake too, sir.

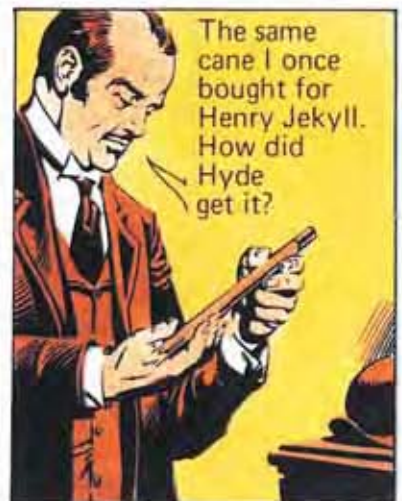


The man needs money. We have nothing to do but wait for him at the bank.



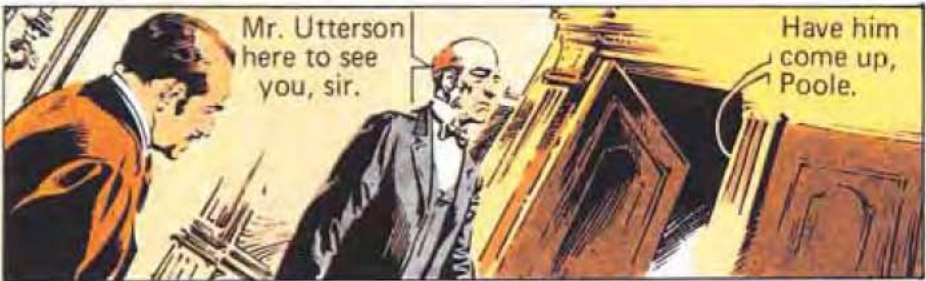
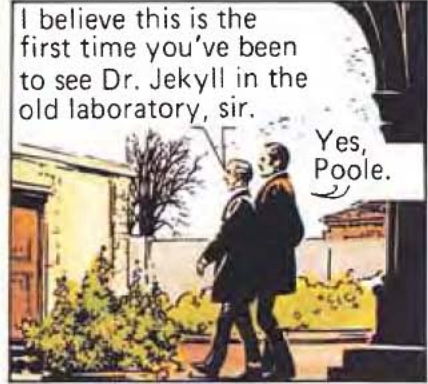
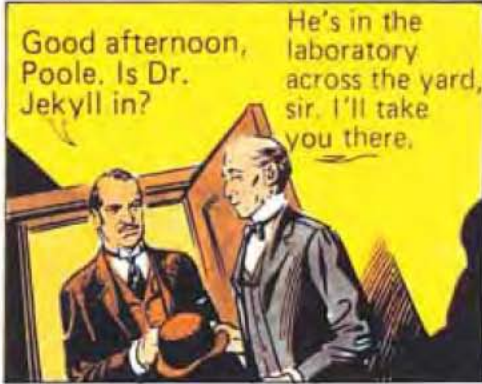
And behind the door. . . .

It's got to be Hyde, Inspector. Here's the second half of the cane that he used to beat poor Carew.

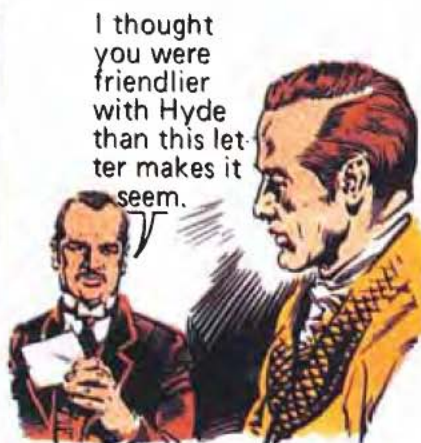
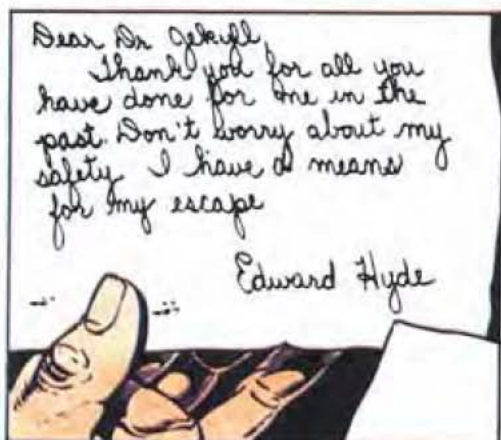


The same cane I once bought for Henry Jekyll. How did Hyde get it?

Later, Utterson went to the home of his friend, Jekyll. . . .







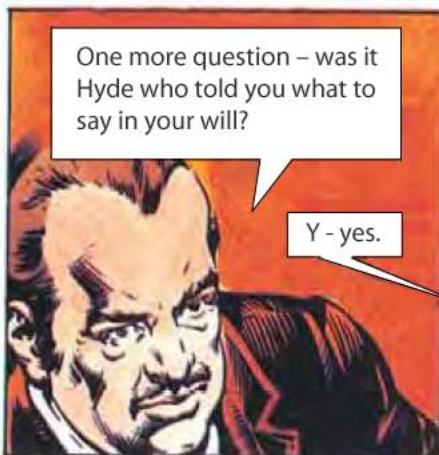
Have you the
 envelope?

I burned it before
 I thought what I
 was doing. But
 it had no post-
 mark. The note
 was handed in.



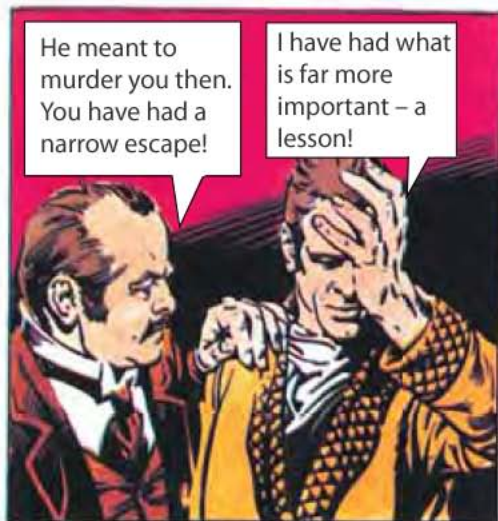
One more question – was it
 Hyde who told you what to
 say in your will?

Y - yes.



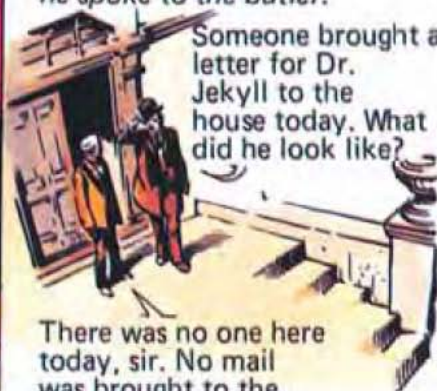
He meant to
 murder you then.
 You have had a
 narrow escape!

I have had what
 is far more
 important – a
 lesson!

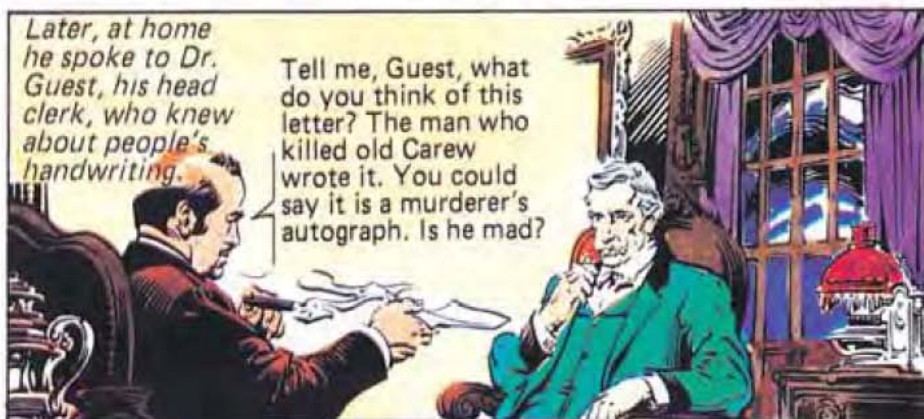


*As Utterson left the house,
 he spoke to the butler.*

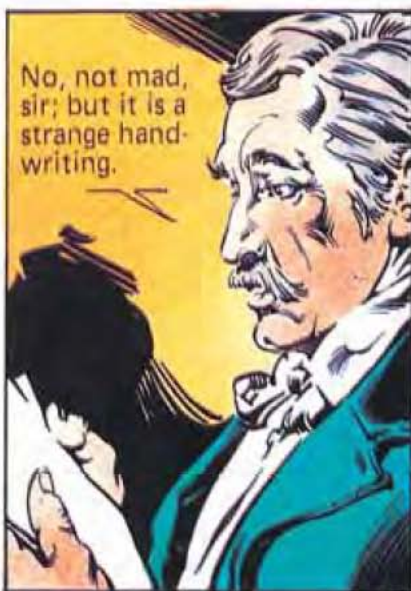
Someone brought a
 letter for Dr.
 Jekyll to the
 house today. What
 did he look like?

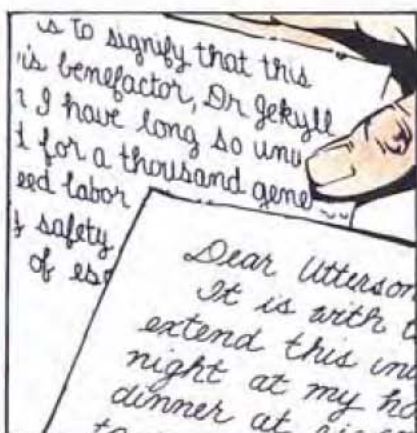


There was no one here
 today, sir. No mail
 was brought to the
 house.



At that moment the butler delivered a message.





After Utterson left, my conscience began to trouble me again.



Slowly the guilt began to die away.



The problem is solved. I cannot risk being Hyde again. The gallows are waiting for him.

I firmly decided to give up Hyde forever. I locked the door to the laboratory and crushed the key under my foot.



I swear to remain as Jekyll, the better of my two identities.

With Hyde's guilt known to the world, I was safe as Jekyll.



Edward Hyde wanted for murder. Paper, sir?

Shocking! I'll take one, boy.

I decided that I would try to make good for the past.



Bring me her chart, nurse. We might try another medicine.

Yes, Doctor.

*For two months
I worked helping
people in pain, and
the days passed
quietly and
happily.*

*You're looking
better, Miss Gray!*

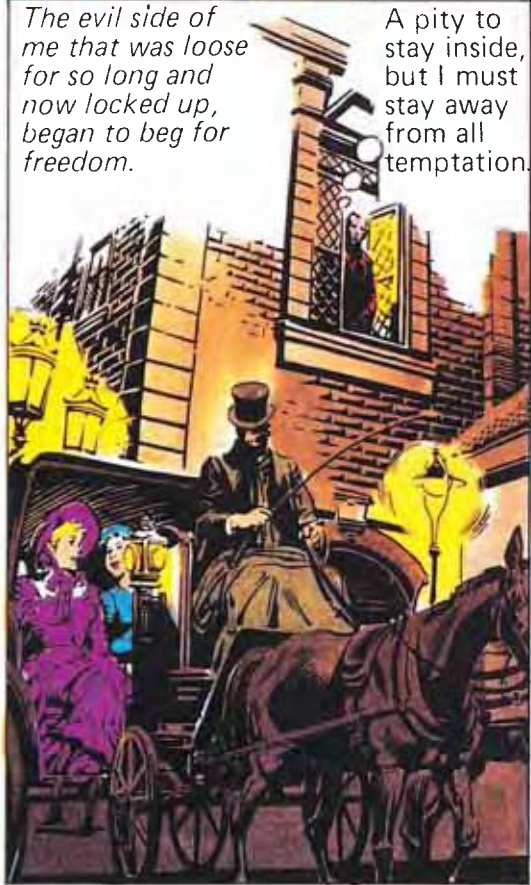
*It's all due to you,
sir, makin' me
whole
again.*



*But I was still troubled
with my double nature.*

*The evil side of
me that was loose
for so long and
now locked up,
began to beg for
freedom.*

*A pity to
stay inside,
but I must
stay away
from all
temptation.*



Even as Henry Jekyll I now had to fight to control my evil desires.



Pretty girl, she is ...
just a nurse, but
awfully pretty.

*But my promises for
good came to an end.
The evil in me broke
loose.*



What am I
waiting for?
What am I
afraid of?

*Suddenly a terrible
sickness and the
most deadly shak-
ing came over me.*



Ahh,
what's
happening?
I feel
faint.

*As I looked down,
the hand on my
knee became hairy
and ugly.*



Good lord! I've
changed to Edward
Hyde!

A moment before I was a man respected by other men. Now I was Hyde—hunted, a known murderer headed for the gallows.



Jekyll would have gone to the police, but Hyde wished only to protect himself.



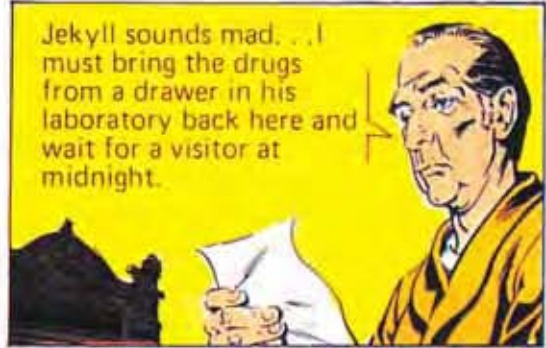
When I was safe in a room, I wrote two letters—one to Dr. Lanyon and one to my butler, Poole.



And shortly afterward. . .

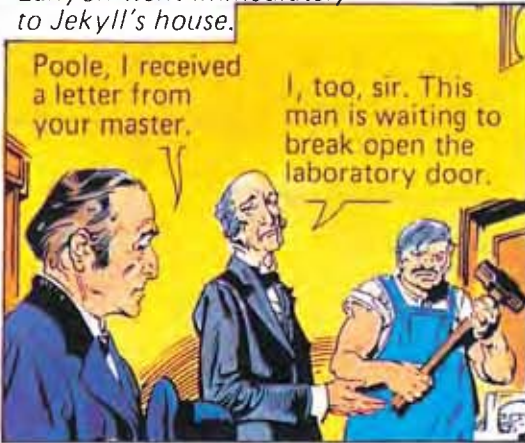


Lanyon went immediately to Jekyll's house.



Dear Lanyon,

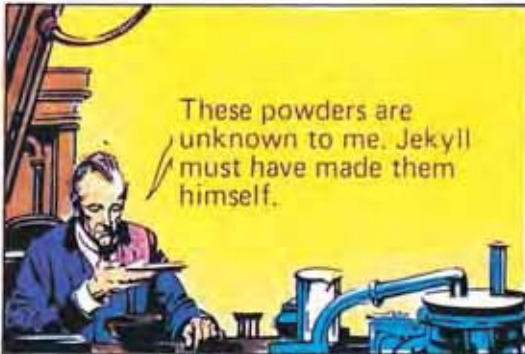
You are one of my oldest friends; and although we may have disagreed at times on scientific matters, I cannot remember any break in our friendship. My life, my reason, my honor are all at your mercy. . . if you fail me tonight.



Lanyon returned to his home as he had been told to do.

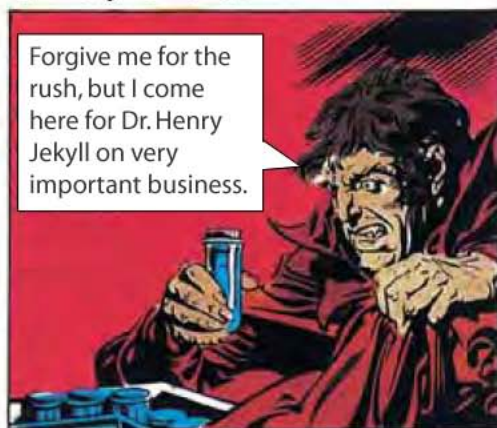


Exactly at midnight. . .

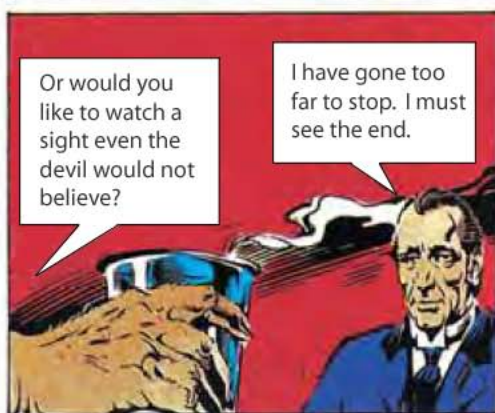




At the sight of the drugs, Hyde gave out a sigh of relief.

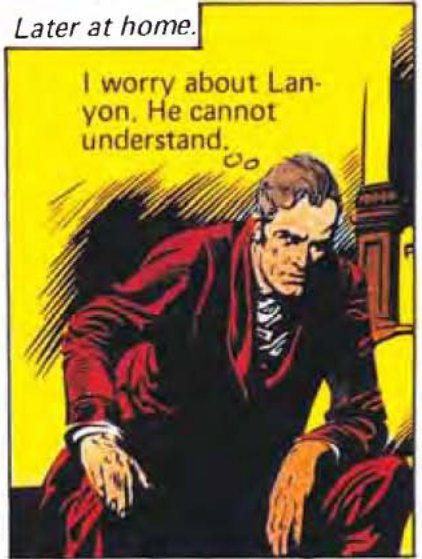
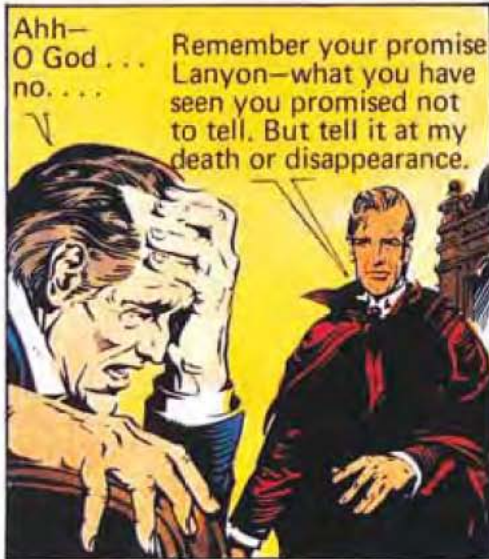


Taking a glass, Lanyon's visitor quickly mixed the drugs.



And now you who refused to believe in the powers of magic drugs. . .you who would not believe those who knew more than you . . . Watch!

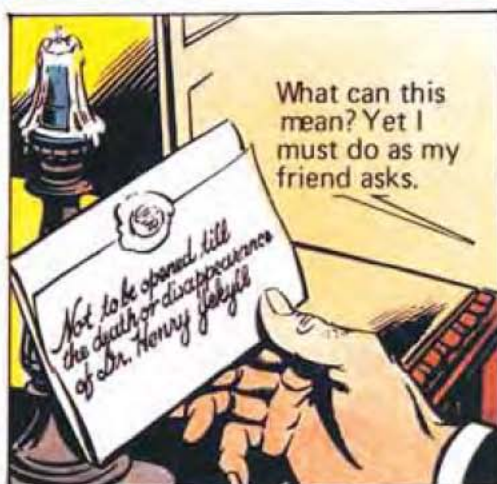


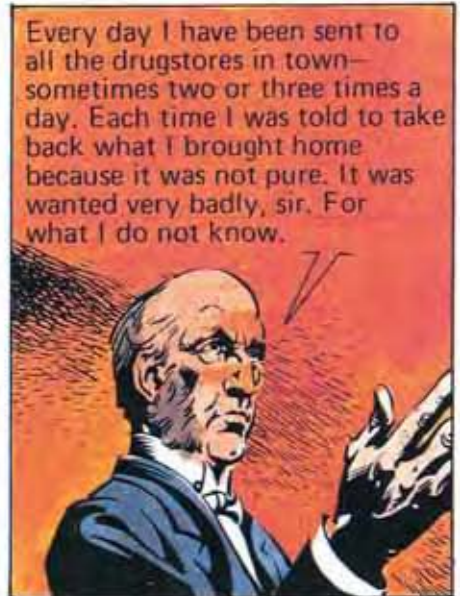
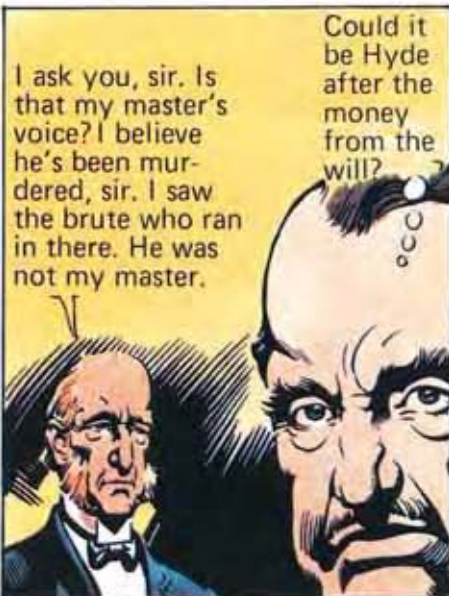
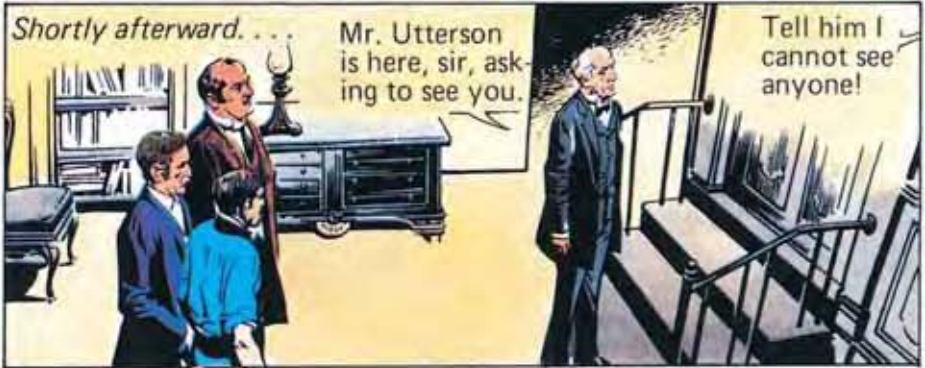


It took a double dose this time to change myself back to Jekyll.



A week later, Dr. Lanyon became ill, and in less than two weeks, he was dead.





Jekyll, I am worried about you. If you do not let us in, we will break in.

Go away.



That's not Jekyll's voice. Break down the door, Poole.



As the door flew open ...

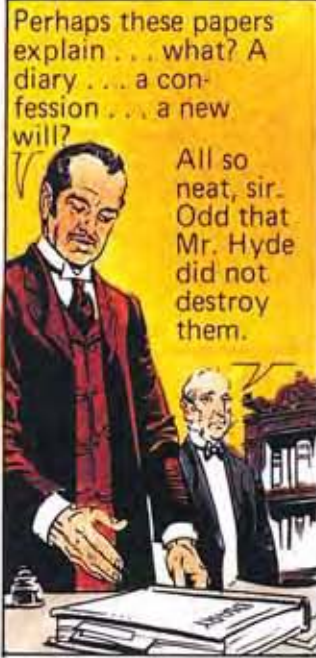
It's not Jekyll ... it's Hyde.



We have come too late to save or to punish.

Then where is my master?





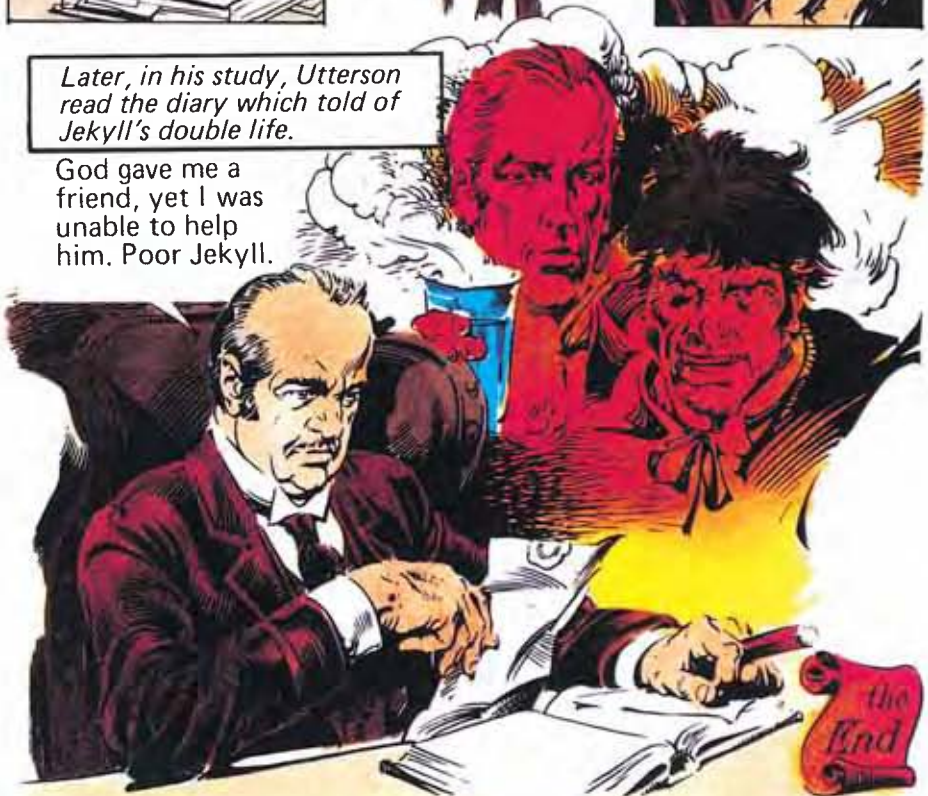
It's from Jekyll.
"My dear Utterson,
when you see this I
shall be gone. The end
is sure. . . and near.
Read Lanyon's letter
and then read the diary
of your troubled and
unhappy friend, Henry
Jekyll."

Jekyll's new will
is made out to me
now, not Hyde!
Yet Hyde has been
in here these past
days. Why did he
not destroy it?
I'm confused.



*Later, in his study, Utterson
read the diary which told of
Jekyll's double life.*

God gave me a
friend, yet I was
unable to help
him. Poor Jekyll.



Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

A classic tale of good versus evil, and one of the most haunting stories ever written.

The strange case of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* is a classic tale of haunting terror. Dr. Henry Jekyll's studies of transcendental medicine lead him to a fascinating discovery. . . . He develops a magic potion that can split his dual nature into two separate identities—one good and one evil. As the evil Edward Hyde, Jekyll is able to live out his wicked fantasies without shame or remorse. But his experiments soon turn into a nightmare when Jekyll no longer has control over the transformations. He eventually retreats to his laboratory where he remains in seclusion until his terrible secret is finally revealed.



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