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Роберт Льюис Стивенсон — английский писатель шотландского происхождения, крупнейший представитель неоромантизма. В произведении «Странная история доктора Джекила и мистера Хайда», которое до сих пор будоражит умы читателей, автор по-новому взглянул на двойственность человеческой натуры. Данная тема нашла отражение в герое романа — докторе Джекиле, который сумел отделить свое злое «я», выпустив на свободу неуловимого убийцу мистера Хайда.

Текст адаптирован для продолжающих изучать английский язык (уровень 4 — Upper-Intermediate) и сопровождается комментариями и словарем.

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Robert Louis Stevenson
STRANGE CASE
OF DR JEKYLL
AND MR HYDE

STORY OF THE DOOR

Mr. Utterson¹ the lawyer was cold, scanty and embarrassed in discourse; backward in sentiment; lean, long, dusty, dreary, and yet somehow lovable. He was austere with himself; drank gin when he was alone, and though he enjoyed the theatre, had not crossed the doors of one for twenty years. But he had an approved tolerance for other people.

“I let my brother go to the devil in his own way,” he used to say quaintly. And he never marked a shade of change in his demeanour.

Mr. Utterson was undemonstrative. His friends were those of his own blood or those whom he had known the longest. Hence, no doubt, the bond that united him to Mr. Richard

¹ Utterson — Артерсон

Enfield, his distant kinsman, the well-known man about town. People did not know, what these two could see in each other, or what subject they could find in common. It was reported by those who encountered them in their Sunday walks, that they said nothing, looked singularly dull, and would hail with obvious relief the appearance of a friend. But the two men counted these excursions the chief jewel of each week.

One day their way led them down a **by-street**¹ in a busy quarter of London. The street was small and what is called quiet. The inhabitants were all doing well. Even on Sunday, the street shone out in contrast to its dingy neighbourhood, like a fire in a forest; and with its freshly painted shutters, well-polished brasses, and general cleanliness and gaiety of note, instantly caught and pleased the eye.

Two doors from one corner², on the left hand going east, the line was broken by the entry of a court; and just at that point, a certain sinister block of building thrust forward its gable on the street. It was two stories high;

¹ **by-street** — боковая улица

² **two doors from one corner** — за два дома от угла

showed no window, nothing but a door on the lower story and a discoloured wall on the upper.

Mr. Enfield and the lawyer were on the other side of the street; but when they came abreast of the entry, the former lifted up his cane and pointed.

“Did you ever remark that door?” he asked; and when his companion had replied in the affirmative, “It is connected,” added he, “with a very odd story.”

“Indeed?” said Mr. Utterson, with a slight change of voice, “and what was that?”

“Well,” returned Mr. Enfield: “I was coming home about three o’clock of a black winter morning, and my way lay through a part of town where there was literally nothing to be seen. Street after street, and all the folks asleep—street after street, till at last I got into that state of mind when a man listens and listens and begins to look for a policeman. **All at once**¹, I saw two figures: one a little man who was stumping along eastward, and the other a girl of maybe eight or ten who was running hard. Well, sir, the two ran into one another naturally enough at the corner; and then came the horrible part

¹ **all at once** — ВДРУГ

of the thing. The man trampled calmly over the child's body and left her screaming on the ground. It was hellish to see. It wasn't like a man; it was like some devil. I gave a cry, ran to them, collared my gentleman, and brought him back to where there was already quite a group about the screaming child. He was perfectly cool and made no resistance, but gave me one ugly look. The people who had turned out were the girl's own family; and pretty soon, the doctor, for whom she had been sent, appeared. Well, the child was frightened; and there you might have supposed would be an end to it. But there was one curious circumstance. We told the man we could and would make such a scandal out of this, as should make his name stink from one end of London to the other. If he had any friends or any credit, we undertook that he should lose them. And there was the man, really like Satan. 'If you choose to make capital out of this accident,' said he, 'I am naturally helpless. Gentlemen always wish to avoid a scene. How much?'

Well, we demanded a hundred pounds for the child's family. The next thing was to get the money; and where do you think he carried

us but to that place with the door?—whipped out a key, went in, and presently came back with ten pounds in gold and a cheque for the rest, signed with a name that I can't mention, but it was a name at least very well known and often printed. He was quite easy and sneering.

'Set your mind at rest,' says he, 'I will stay with you till the banks open and cash the cheque myself.'

So we all set off, the doctor, and the child's father, and our friend and myself, and passed the rest of the night in my chambers; and next day, when we had breakfasted, went to the bank. I gave in the check myself, and said I had every reason to believe it was a forgery. Not a bit of it. The cheque was genuine."

"**Tut-tut!**"¹ said Mr. Utterson.

"I see you feel as I do," said Mr. Enfield. "Yes, it's a bad story. For my man was a fellow that nobody could have to do with, a really damnable man; and the person that drew the cheque is the celebrated person, and (what makes it worse) one of your fellows who do what they call good. **Black-mail**², I suppose.

¹ **Tut-tut!** — Да неужели!

² **black-mail** — шантаж

Black-Mail House is what I call that place with the door, in consequence. Though even that, you know, is far from explaining all," he added.

Mr. Utterson asked rather suddenly:

"And you don't know if the drawer of the cheque lives there?"

"A **likely place**¹, isn't it?" returned Mr. Enfield. "But I happen to have noticed his address; he lives in some square or other."

"And you never asked about the place with the door?" said Mr. Utterson.

"No, sir: I had a delicacy," was the reply. "I feel very strongly about putting questions. You start a question, and it's like starting a stone. You sit quietly on the top of a hill; and away the stone goes, starting others; and presently some man (the last you would have thought of) is knocked on the head in his own back-garden. No, sir, I make it a rule of mine: the more it looks queer, the less I ask."

"A very good rule," said the lawyer.

"But I have studied the place for myself," continued Mr. Enfield. "It seems scarcely a house. There is no other door, and nobody goes in or out of that one. There are three windows

¹ **likely place** — подходящее место

looking on the court on the first floor; none below; the windows are always shut but they're clean. And then there is a chimney which is generally smoking; so somebody must live there. And yet it's not so sure; for the buildings are so packed together about that court, that it's hard to say where one ends and another begins."

The pair walked on again for a while in silence; and then, "Enfield," said Mr. Utterson, "that's a good rule of yours."

"Yes, I think it is," returned Enfield.

"But for all that," continued the lawyer, "there's one point I want to ask: I want to ask the name of that man who walked over the child."

"Well," said Mr. Enfield, "I can't see what harm it would do. It was a man of the name of Hyde."

"Hm," said Mr. Utterson. "What sort of a man is he?"

"He is not easy to describe. There is something wrong with his appearance; something displeasing, something 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 say nothing about him. No, sir; I can't describe him."

Mr. Utterson again walked some way in silence.

"You are sure he used a key?" he inquired at last.

"My dear sir..." began Enfield, surprised out of himself.

"Yes, I know," said Utterson; "I know it must seem strange. The fact is, if I do not ask you the name of the other man, it is because I know it already. You see, Richard, your tale can be useful for me."

"The fellow had a key," returned the other, "and he has it still. I saw him use it, not a week ago."

Mr. Utterson sighed deeply but did not say a word; and the young man presently resumed.

"I am ashamed of my long tongue. Let us make a bargain never to refer to this again."

"With all my heart," said the lawyer.

SEARCH FOR MR. HYDE

That evening Mr. Utterson came home to his bachelor house **in somber spirits**¹ and sat down to dinner without relish. It was his custom of a Sunday, when this meal was over, to sit close by the fire and to read, until the clock of the neighbouring church rang out the hour of twelve, when he would go to bed. On this night, however, as soon as the cloth was taken away, he took up a candle and went into his **business-room**². There he opened his safe, took from the most private part of it a document endorsed on the envelope as Dr. Jekyll's Will, and sat down to study its contents. It provided not only that, in case of the decease of Henry Jekyll, M.D., etc.,

¹ **in somber spirits** — в угрюмом настроении

² **business-room** — кабинет

all his possessions were to pass into the hands of his “friend and benefactor Edward Hyde,” but that in case of Dr. Jekyll’s “disappearance or unexplained absence for any period exceeding three calendar months,” the said Edward Hyde should inherit the said Henry Jekyll’s possessions without further delay and free from any burden or obligation. This document offended him both as a lawyer and as a lover of regular life. It was already bad enough when the name was but a name of which he could learn no more.

“I thought it was madness,” he said, as he replaced the obnoxious paper in the safe, “and now I begin to fear it is disgrace.”

With that he blew out his candle, put on his coat, and set forth in the direction of **Cavendish Square**¹, that citadel of medicine, where his friend, Dr. **Lanyon**², had his house and received his patients.

“If any one knows, it will be Lanyon,” he had thought.

The butler welcomed him; he was ushered direct from the door to the dining-room where Dr. Lanyon sat alone. This was a hearty, healthy,

¹ **Cavendish Square** — Кавендиш-сквер

² **Lanyon** — ЛЭНЬОН

dapper, red-faced gentleman, with a boisterous and decided manner. At sight of Mr. Utterson, he sprang up from his chair and welcomed him with both hands. The geniality was somewhat theatrical to the eye; but it reposed on genuine feeling. For these two were old friends, old mates both at school and college, and enjoyed each other's company.

After a little talk, the lawyer led up to the subject which so disagreeably pre-occupied his mind.

"I suppose, Lanyon," said he "you and I must be the two oldest friends that Henry Jekyll has?"

"I wish the friends were younger," chuckled Dr. Lanyon. "But I suppose we are. And what of that? I see little of him now."

"Indeed?" said Utterson. "I thought you had some common interest."

"We had," was the reply. "But it is more than ten years since Henry Jekyll became too fanciful for me. He began to go wrong, wrong in mind; and though of course I continue to take an interest in him, as they say, I see and I have seen little of the man. Such unscientific