



Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde

by Robert Louis Stevenson



7. Incident at the window

It chanced on Sunday, when Mr Utterson was on his usual walk with Mr Enfield, that their way lay once again through the by-street; and that when they came in front of the door, both stopped to gaze on it.

“Well,” said Enfield, “that story’s at an end at least. We shall never see more of Mr Hyde. And what an ass you must have thought me, not to know that this was a back way to Dr Jekyll’s!”

“To tell you the truth,” said Utterson, “I am uneasy about poor Jekyll. I feel as if the presence of a friend might do him good.”

The court was very cool and a little damp. The middle one of the three windows was half-way open; and sitting close beside it, taking the air with an infinite sadness like some disconsolate prisoner, Utterson saw Dr Jekyll.

“What! Jekyll!” he cried. “I trust you are better.”

“I am very low, Utterson,” replied the doctor drearily, “very low. It will not last long, thank God.”

“You stay too much indoors,” said the lawyer. “You should be out, whipping up the circulation like Mr Enfield and me.”

“I should like to very much; but no it is quite impossible; I dare not. I am very glad to see you; this is really a great pleasure.”

But the words were hardly uttered, before the smile was struck out of his face and succeeded by an expression of such abject terror and despair, as froze the very blood of the two gentlemen below.

They saw it but for a glimpse, for the window was instantly thrust down; but that glimpse had been sufficient, and they turned and left the court without a word.

It was not until they had come into a neighbouring thoroughfare that Mr Utterson turned and looked at his companion. They were both pale; and there was an answering horror in their eyes.

“God forgive us,” said Mr Utterson.

But Mr Enfield only nodded his head very seriously, and walked on once more in silence.