

T H E • S T R A N G E
C A S E • O F

Doctor
Jekyll

Mr. Hyde

R O B E R T • L O U I S • S T E V E N S O N

R E I M A G I N E D • F O R • M O D E R N • T I M E S • B Y
J A S O N • P E T T U S

The Story of the Door

Mr. Utterson, the law student, was not a man one would not first think of as enjoyable company; he was stern in nature, tight-lipped, with a certain sense of seriousness and proper decorum in every glance of his eye. Upon spending an evening with the ambitious young man, though, one always found oneself thinking back fondly of the encounter. The man had a cultured taste, with a particular love of fine wines, and the few interjections he would add to the conversation always turned out to be the perfect thing to say at the perfect time. He enjoyed the theatre, even though he hadn't had the time to attend one in a decade, and he often let his opinion be known through a strong yet quiet voice.

What most noticed, however, was the student's remarkable tolerance for the sins and vices of others. "I'm not a big fan of how Cain went about his business," Utterson would sometimes be heard murmuring at a cocktail party or dinner. "I prefer to let others find Hell in whatever way they please." This, plus his penchant for providing legal advice to those who could not usually afford such, often made him both the first and last friend of good character for many of his acquaintances. And, when dealing with these acquaintances, Utterson never changed his demeanor from the way he spoke with everyone, from the dean of his law school to the homeless stranger.

To be truthful, it was easy for Utterson; he was a man who preferred listening to talking, which naturally enamored himself to those around him. His loyalties ran long and deep, and he was often the only member of one's circle of friends who would never give up on him after a messy affair with drug addiction or a nasty break-up. Thus, it was easy in one way to understand the ongoing friendship he had with Richard Enfield, the former student president and general Big Man On Campus, although on closer examination people were hard-pressed to explain just what the actual attraction was between the two men. Those who had spied them on their regular Sunday morning jogs reported that not a single word was usually exchanged between the two, and generally seemed the dull excursions that most assumed they were. Nonetheless, both men found the weekly ritual to be of paramount importance in their lives, and would often leave the warmth and comfort of an attractive woman's bed to continue their light exercise at the break of Sunday dawn.

One such jog found them rounding a side street of their col-
legetown, near a busy section of the downtown commercial zone. It was a street much like ones found in bustling university cities, lined with all manner of head shops, used record stores and funky coffeehouses. The street exuded a certain chaotic charm of its own on busy Saturday nights, but the gentlemen much preferred the abandoned, freshly-scrubbed feel of the street on early Sunday mornings, long before the previous night's residents had stumbled out of their apartments to groggily make to the diner for a greasy plate of eggs and hashbrowns, hoping against hope to eat away their hangovers.

Halfway down the street was a dilapidated building; dark and shuttered by nature, lacking both a doorbell and a doorknob. Punk kids often hung out on its front porch, stealthily drinking their forty-ounce bottles of malt liquor when the authorities successfully passed by them, carving their initials into the porch for posterity's sake. Not once in the overlapping years could anyone remember ever coming to the front door and shooing the teens off; it was assumed by most that it was simply an abandoned building, in much need of repair.

Enfield signaled for a rest when the two passed the building that particular Sunday. Panting, he gestured at it and said, "Have you ever paid any attention to that building?"

"No more than usual," Utterson replied.

"It reminds me of a really strange story I witnessed one night. I had had a particular late night at the bars, and was sort of weaving home

about three o'clock in the morning. At the corner over there, I saw an older, hunched man making his way down one sidewalk, and this little girl running at high speed down this other. I mean, she must've been eight or nine years old; I couldn't figure out for the life of me what she was doing out so late. Well, neither were paying attention and ran into each other as they came to the intersection; but the damndest thing happened. When the girl fell over from the force of running into the man, he simply just stepped on her and kept making his way. I mean, it looked like he must've placed his entire weight on her arm when he trod right over her, like she didn't even exist."

"Amazing," Utterson remarked.

"I mean, it doesn't seem like such a big thing now, recounting the story," Enfield continued. "But it just chilled me to the bone that night, witnessing it. I had never seen a human being so utterly cold and uncaring to another human before. And before I knew it, I had run the man down and had him by a sharp grip, forcing him back to the scene of the crime. Which I don't ever think I've done before, but there was just something about it all that forced me into this automatic action.

"By then the girl's parents had caught up to the action; it turned out that it was all a freak accident, that the girl had just woken from a nightmare and had ran out the front door before anyone could stop her."

"Was she all right?"

"Oh, sure, sure -- more frightened than anything else. A couple of small bruises. But we were pissed. I demanded that the man make an immediate financial restitution to the family, or I would personally take him down to the police and press charges myself. The guy wasn't very happy about the situation, but definitely saw the advantages of forking some quick cash over to a frightened girl than facing battery charges. We got him up to about \$300, but he said that he needed to step in his house and write a check for all but twenty bucks of it.

"And where do you think he went? Right into that abandoned building, and emerged thirty seconds later with the promised check and money. But, see, the check was from someone I already knew, that you know as well, and I knew for a fact that this gentleman was not the same man whose name was on the check. So I let him know as much. 'What do you think you're doing,' I said rather angrily, 'waltzing into an abandoned building and coming out with a check from another man? Who do you think you're fooling?' But the man guaranteed that the check was real; and when the family cashed it later that morning, it did indeed turn out to be valid."

"What was the man like?"

Enfield took a long pause. "I instantly hated him. I can't even tell you what it was; his demeanor was rough but not particularly horrifying, and his manner was definitely curt but not exactly monstrous. I just...instantly hated him. There was something utterly loathsome about the man, and it just made you detest him the moment you spied him. The family was the same way, although they of course had a much stronger reason to hate him anyway. It was just...I don't know. There was just something so disgusting about him. Like he was the very embodiment of disgust."

"So what did our mutual friend have to say about the confrontation?"

"Oh, I never mentioned it. Sometimes you just see stones up there at the top of a hill, and you know better than to start them rolling. Before long, one of those stones is eventually going to get up some real steam and come crashing through the back door of your own place if you're not careful. You know?"

"I know. That's a pretty good philosophy."

"I've studied the building a couple of times, though," Enfield said. "I mean, it kind of looks like someone's living there; the windows on the top floor are occasionally cleaned, and I sometimes see smoke coming out of that chimney over there. But see how tightly these buildings are packed together here? It's hard to say where one apartment up there ends and another begins. That smoke could be coming from an adjacent apartment, and the window cleaning a coincidence. Or something a holding company does month in and month out."

The men stared at the building again for another minute, then resumed their jog. "You know, Enfield," Utterson said, "you'd make a good lawyer. Keeping our mutual friend's identity a secret like that."

"Don't tell my mom. There's nothing she'd love more than for me to become a lawyer."

"One question, though," Utterson continued. "I don't suppose you'd tell me the name of the man you met that night, would you?"

Enfield shrugged as he ran. "I don't suppose there'd be any harm. His name was Hyde."

"What did he look like?"

"Short. Squat. Like he was deformed, but you couldn't see any particular abnormality. Just...disagreeable. You can't put it in words. He just exudes disagreeableness."

"And you sure he had a key?"

"Utterson..."

"I know him, Enfield. I know the mutual acquaintance whose name was on the check." They ran some more in silence. "I should've never brought it up. Let's just agree to never talk about this incident again."

"Agreed." The two continued their silent run.

Search for Hyde

Mr. Utterson's usual evening ritual on Sundays was a quiet dinner alone, a hard hit of the books until exactly midnight, then a grateful and sober sleep. That particular Sunday, however, when the midnight hour rolled around, the law student found himself going through his personal papers, reviewing the various legal documents he had helped fill out and file for his campus friends, working poor, and others in need of free legal advice. Presently he pulled the Will of one Dr. Henry Jekyll, a friend from school who was just about to finish up medical school. He had always thought it strange that Jekyll be so adamant about filling out a Will at such a young age, stranger still what the actual Will stipulated: that all of Jekyll's personal estate be immediately turned over to a Mr. Edward Hyde upon Jekyll's death, and that the same be done in the case of any "disappearance or otherwise unexplained absence that lasts longer than three calendar months." Utterson had never been comfortable with such a stipulation in a Will as an unexplained disappearance, and frustrated when Jekyll had refused to provide any information about the mysterious Hyde, assuring him that the man would appear to Utterson himself if the proper day ever came.

Around one in the morning, still unable to find a point of personal comfort about it all, Utterson decided to pay a visit to a Doctor Lanyon, a man who was not only an old friend of Jekyll's but of Utterson's as well. If anyone would know the details behind this strange Hyde character, thought Utterson, it would be Lanyon. And, being in fellow challenging schools of training, the two knew that the other kept strange hours, and usually would visit the other in the dead of night, knowing beforehand that they would find them awake and active.

Twenty minutes later Utterson found himself in Cavendish, a small residential neighborhood near the university hospital where many of the student doctors had taken up residence. Sure enough, Lanyon was still awake and greeted Utterson with the sincere surprise suitable to an old friend's sudden appearance. Lanyon himself was a cheerful and overweight fellow, with a permanent rosininess to his cheeks and an overbearing but friendly manner.

"Utterson, old man," Lanyon said genially. "What brings you by? Come in, come in. How about a little drink of something or other?"

"Yeah, thanks," Utterson said, removing his coat and settling in by a small fire in the living room. "One finger of bourbon, if you have it. Long day tomorrow."

"Coming right up." Presently Lanyon came over with two shot glasses, filled halfway with stained amber liquid. "Here you are. Cheers."

"Cheers." They drank and Utterson continued, "Wouldn't you say that you and I are probably the oldest friends Henry Jekyll has here on campus?"

"Yeah, I'd probably agree with that. Or would used to, anyway. I haven't seen Henry in months, to tell you the truth."

"Really? I thought you two were both specializing in the same subject."

"Yeah, yeah," he muttered, looking into his shot glass. "We've gone very...different directions in our research. He's convinced that he can somehow combine current anti-psychotic drugs with the new human genome map. That somehow you can chemically induce the actual genes that cause...you know, schizophrenia, psychosis. The Big E."

"The Big E?"

"Evil, man. You know what I'm saying. He's, uh..." Lanyon turned to face Utterson. "I probably shouldn't say anything, you in law school and all."

"I can keep a secret when I need to."

Lanyon lowered his voice. "Henry's set up a lab in his apartment. He's cooking drugs back there."

"Ecstasy, crystal meth? He's selling to dealers?"

"No, no," Lanyon snorted. "Nothing so pedestrian for Henry. He's concocting his own anti-psychosis medication, after the school banned him from working on it any more in the campus labs. He's breaking the Hippocratic Oath so many ways these days, I don't know where to begin. I've been disassociating myself from him gradually so that I wouldn't get pulled down when he's eventually caught."

"It's that bad, huh?"

"He's cooking up some weird stuff, let's say that. And using no scientific principles towards finding volunteers and conducting clinical tests. He's starting to lose it. You see it in med school sometimes. Some of them lose their shit near the end."

"Hmm. And what about an acquaintance of his? Ed Hyde?"

Lanyon shook his head. "Can't say I've heard of him."

Which is what Utterson took home with him that night, and where it left things the next morning when he awoke. To be frank, he was having a hard time reconciling the relationship of the two men in his mind: Jekyll, the mild-mannered, intense medical student, a friend he had always enjoyed spending time with; and Hyde, the hunched, callous trampler who instantly produced revulsion in his friend upon meeting. He couldn't figure out why the considerable sums of money owned by Henry, due to a lifelong trust fund that had recently become payable, would be going to this despicable man upon the former's disappearance or mysterious death. It just didn't smell right. The chances were good that Jekyll really was cooking up a little MDMA on the side, perhaps to fund his mad scientist ideas, and that Hyde was someone from that world with whom he had fallen into company and then into debt. Whatever the case, something just didn't feel right.

Which is how Utterson found himself going more and more by that abandoned building, the one with the shuttered windows and gang graffiti. Hoping to catch a peek of this Hyde gentleman for himself, he supposed. He didn't know. Just curious, he guessed. And then one night it happened; a particularly quiet night, where you could easily go twenty minutes without seeing another pedestrian or a passing car. He heard the man's footsteps long before seeing him; a certain plodding, heavy and steady. Finally he saw the man across the corner, looking every inch the despicable fellow described to him before, and pulling a key out of his pocket. Utterson walked quickly over to the man and grasped him by the shoulder. "Edward Hyde?" he said with as much courage as he could muster.

The man was shaken at first, then strangely calm, saying, "That's me," without looking him in the eye.

"Got a key to this place, I see."

"Yeah, that's right. What business is it of yours?"

"We have a mutual acquaintance. Dr. Henry Jekyll. I've been trying to hunt him down recently and thought maybe he had been by here."

"Jekyll never comes by this place," the man muttered, still keeping his face half-hidden.

"Would you do me a favor, Mr. Hyde? I have yet to see your full face, and I don't like talking with people until I've seen their full face. If you don't mind."

The shorter, bent gentleman hesitated at first, then suddenly thrust his full face into Utterson's view, almost in a defiant manner. The two looked at each other with intensity for a few seconds.

"How'd you know it was me?" Hyde asked.

"A friend described you to me."

"Who?"

"Why wouldn't you think it was Jekyll?"

A tone of menace entered Hyde's voice. "Jekyll would never mention me to you. You're lying."

"You're calling me a liar? Interesting."

Hyde stared at him another moment, then laughed suddenly and loudly, unlocking the building's door and slipping behind it before Utterson could make a move.

Utterson walked back home, more confused than ever. It was true that Hyde had some kind of deformity that refused easy explanation; a hunched back, perhaps, or a fairly serious case of scoliosis. He had unevenly spaced teeth, dark yellow in color, and a phlemish growl to his voice that was quite disagreeable indeed. Still, though, none of this explained the instant disgust Utterson felt when meeting the man, much like Enfield had experienced during his first rendezvous as well. It was almost, Utterson thought to himself, like the man was hardly human; that he had been born with almost no inherent traits of goodness whatsoever. It was frustrating for Utterson to not be able to pin down just what he disliked about the man; after all, Utterson was a man used to relying on his instincts and ability to understand the situation.

Around the next street up, Utterson came to a pretty, tree-lined lane of two-story buildings, most of them shared by three or four graduate students, trying to make homes for themselves cheaply while pursuing their courses of higher education. He came to a stop in front of one of them, ringing the doorbell. A young, good-looking blonde man opened the door, tan and wearing a surf t-shirt.

"Poole," Utterson said, smiling.

"Utterson!" the man said back, smiling himself. "Dude, we haven't seen you by in awhile."

"Yeah, yeah. I was just stopping by to see if I could catch Henry."

"Oh...yeah...I don't know. He might be up in his room. You wanna come in while I check it out?"



"Thanks, Poole." The man walked in and sat down in the living room, thinking not for the first time what a great, almost perfect living room the guys had assembled there. The place was homely, warm, comfortable, yet full of cool furniture and interesting knick-knacks and thrift-store pop-culture items. Jekyll and Poole had been living with each other for a number of years now, and the arrangement seemed to work for some reason; Jekyll's intensity, privacy and late hours complimented Poole's stoned, laid-back, more Zen approach to both life and studies.

Poole eventually came back to the living room. "Nope. Henry's not in, man."

"Tell me, Poole. Has a guy named Hyde been coming by recently?"

"Yeah, I've seen that dude going up and down the stairs back there sometimes." (Jekyll's room also had a separate back door that one could access through the rear of the house.) "I think he's got a key, actually."

"Trusts him that much, huh?"

"Eh, yeah, I guess." Poole looked backwards to the porch. "Jekyll says he's cool, but I don't know. I don't like the vibe he gives off."

"I hear Henry's set up a lab."

"Yeah, man, yeah. It can get real Frankenstein back there sometimes."

"Anything for the street?"

"No, man, heavy-duty shit. Pills to help crazy people."

"How do you think Jekyll knows this Hyde guy?"

Poole just shrugged and pulled out a joint. "Wanna partake, Utterson?"

"I've got...I've got classes tomorrow." He stood up, putting on his coat.

"Yeah, that law school scene," Poole said, nodding and lighting the joint. "Glad I know someone who can get me out of jail for that eventual possession charge."

"Right," Utterson said, emitting a quiet laugh. "Tell Henry I was by, if you see him."

"No problem."

The talk left Utterson more convinced than ever that his friend Henry had gotten over his head somehow, and that something very bad was awaiting him as a result. It was time, he had decided, to step in and find out just a little bit more about the enigmatic Edward Hyde.

Dr. Jekyll Was Quite At Ease

A few weeks later, as luck would have it, Dr. Jekyll in fact threw one of his famous dinner parties. A smaller affair this time than normal, about six people total, but with the same delicious food and scintillating conversation that made the parties famous in the first place. Utterson found himself making an excuse to stay around just a little longer than everyone else, pouring another glass of wine whenever yet another fellow diner would lean back, yawn, and declare that they really did need to be on their way. This was not so unusual; the two often ended up being the last ones at the party, where Utterson would help his friend with the dishes and the two would talk about the various events going on in their lives.

"I'm glad we've got a chance to talk alone," Utterson said in the kitchen, handing Henry a plate to dry. "I wanted to talk to you about that Will of yours we filled out not so long ago."

"God, you must hate me as a client," Henry replied, cool as could be. "That Will just seems to get you so upset. Just about as upset as Lanyon gets by my non-university research."

"Well," Utterson replied, "I don't deny that I'm uncomfortable about the Will."

"Yes, you've mentioned that several times now."

"And I've been looking a little more into this Hyde fellow."

Henry stopped for a moment, a cold tone coming into his voice. "I'd rather you wouldn't."

"Haven't heard much but bad things about him, Henry."

Henry tried resuming a voice of calmness, nearly succeeding. "I've found myself in some strange positions lately, Utterson. Extraordinary projects make sometimes for strange bedfellows. Don't worry about it; it's not your concern."

"Technically, I'm bound by the same client-attorney confidentiality that a member of the Bar would be. You want to get something off your chest, I'm the guy to talk to."

Henry picked up another plate. "That's an awfully good thing of you to offer, Utterson. But I'm afraid I've given the wrong impression. It's not nearly as dire a situation as I may make it seem. Hyde's harmless. And I could get rid of him anytime I wanted to. He's just an...interesting man to have around."

Utterson stayed quiet for a moment, then said, "Yes. Of course. I'm sure you're right."

The two finished the dishes and Henry saw Utterson to the front door. Helping him with his coat, he said, "I know most people meet Hyde and just see a deplorable asshole. But really, I care very much for his welfare, and see him very much as a victim of his surroundings. If anything should happen to me, I do hope that you'll do everything in your power to make things go smoothly with getting my estate transferred to him."

"I can't promise to like him," Utterson said, taking out his gloves.

"I wouldn't ask you to. Just to do your duties as a good lawyer. If I could explain the whole story, you'd come to like his company just as much as I, and you'd see the importance in having those directions in my Will carried out. You just have to trust me."

"Okay, Henry, I will. But please. Take care of yourself." He thought of the unmentioned lab rumor. "Be careful."

"I will, Utterson. I will."

The Carew Murder Case

A few months later, the sleepy college home of Utterson, Jekyll, Enfield and the rest was rocked by a particularly gruesome and brutal murder, made all the more spectacular by the local celebrity status of the victim involved. It was witnessed by an undergraduate student who went by the name "Butterfly" and was a casual follower of Paganism and the Wiccan religion. Sitting next to her window one night, grooving to the light of the full moon and writing a particularly beautiful poem about the Great Mother, she happened to spy two gentlemen meet on the sidewalk in front of her apartment. One was middle-aged and dapper in appearance; the other hunched over, wearing tattered, dusty clothes. The dapper gentlemen approached the other with great civility, grasping the man's hand and speaking words of obvious politeness. Butterfly was amazed to watch the random positive energy suddenly flowing between gentlemen of such obviously different social classes (Butterfly having digested a small plastic bag's worth of psychedelic mushrooms just a few hours previous), so was summarily "bummed" to see the poorer man react in such an opposite way, pushing the dapper gentleman away and shouting a string of curses towards him.

The dapper gentlemen lost his balance and fell to the sidewalk; Butterfly was then apparently "majorly freaked out" to witness the poorer gentlemen suddenly jump on the dapper gentlemen, and with a fierce animal-like quality attack the man, kicking him repeatedly in the face and beating him on the shoulders and abdomen with a sturdy wooden cane. The assailant was described as "real Manson-like" by our peace-loving witness, and when bits of the dapper man's brain started appearing on the sidewalk, the poor constitution of Butterfly finally gave out, and she fainted.

Coming to at nearly two in the morning, she finally called 911; the assailant was long gone by then, of course, though the bloodied and mangled corpse still remained on the sidewalk. The victim lacked identification, except for an unmarked envelope bearing the address of Mr. Utterson. It was brought to him by police the next morning, at which point the law student opened it and read through its contents.

"We were hoping you could help us identify the victim," the police said.

"Of course, of course," said Utterson, and made his way to the morgue with the officers. Upon viewing the body, Utterson was quick to speak. "Yes. That's what I was afraid of. It's Dan Carew."

"Dan Carew of Carew Cadillac?" exclaimed one cop.

"City Councilman Dan Carew?" exclaimed the other.

Utterson nodded.

"This is going to cause some news," one of the detectives said. "Anything you can help us with, Mr. Utterson? Any ideas behind who would be behind an attack like this?"

"We found this with the victim," one of the cops said, displaying the bottom half of a particularly sturdy cane. Utterson had been hesitant about mentioning the strange behavior of Edward Hyde, but couldn't help himself once seeing the cane; it was, in fact, the exact cane Utterson had gotten Jekyll on a trip to Bavaria a few years back, bought as a joke because Henry had always acted in some ways like an old man, no matter what his actual age.

"A short man?" Utterson said, picking up the cane. "An obvious deformity, like a hunched back?"

The cops looked at each other. "Yeah, that's what the witness said."

"Edward Hyde. An acquaintance of mine." He paused. "I can take you to where he lives."

The police found no one at home at the abandoned building; in fact, they found it as abandoned on the inside as it appeared on the outside, devoid of any furniture or any other details of being lived in, other

than a notepad with the handwritten address of an SRO hotel across town. The hotel in the midst of the worst neighborhood in the city, with dirty children wandering the sidewalks and each streetcorner filled with walk-in liquor stores. They rang the front buzzer of the hotel and summoned the landlord, a surly woman who had obviously seen better days.

"We're trying to track down a Mr. Edward Hyde," they told the woman. "We have reason to believe that he may rent a room here."

"He does," the woman said in a craggly voice, eyeing first one cop then another. She smiled. "What'd he do?"

"Not a big fan of Mr. Hyde, ma'am?"

"No. Can't say I care for him."

"Why don't you just lead us to his room? Leave the investigating up to us."

An inspection of the room revealed a surprise - a small, dingy studio apartment, as expected, but expensively and luxuriously decorated. Several bottles of imported wine were found in a makeshift rack, and a thousand-dollar stereo graced the main room. Several original watercolors adorned the walls as well -- a subject, it should be noted, that Dr. Jekyll collected with great interest. A fire had recently been started in the hearth, and it was obvious that several documents had been burned in it recently. A detective reached into the ashes and pulled out the half-melted remains of a plastic checkbook cover. They also found the remains of the cane behind the door.

"Excellent," the officer said, getting off the phone. "Several thousand dollars in the bank account of Mr. Edward Hyde. Something major had to have happened for this Hyde fellow to just leave major evidence behind in his apartment, and not go cash out the rest of his account. We've got a hot trail, guys."

But the trail of Edward Hyde was to cool off quickly; no family was to be tracked down, hardly any friends. There was no trace of Edward Hyde in the police reports, no credit record, no social security number. For all intents and purposes, Mr. Hyde effectively disappeared after the brutal attack of City Councilman Dan Carew.



Incident of the Letter

A few weeks later Utterson paid another visit to Dr. Jekyll; Poole answered the door again, leading Utterson back to Jekyll's living space in the back of the house. Surprisingly, opening the door led to Utterson being directly confronted with what turned out to be the correct rumor of a homemade chemical lab; an entire half of Henry's bedroom had been turned over to a complex and overflowing series of tubes, beacon burners and metal racks.

"Uh..." Utterson said, looking over the equipment. "Hi there, Henry."

"Hey, Utterson," he replied, calmly indulging in his equipment.

"Have you...uh..." It looked like Jekyll wasn't going to mention the sudden appearance of the lab equipment, so Utterson decided not to bring it up. "Have you heard about the attack? On Dan Carew?"

"Yeah. It's all anyone can seem to talk about."

"Yeah, yeah. Well, here's the thing, Henry. I gave some legal advice to Dan, and I've given you some legal advice, and part of your legal advice involves Ed Hyde, and Hyde is an official suspect in the attack. It's getting pretty damn complicated for me, Henry. You follow? And I really need to get some more answers before I start getting interviewed in any more serious way by the cops." He paused. "The police don't know anything at this point about Hyde receiving your estate after your death. I'm not an official attorney, though, so they can eventually track down the information if they start looking hard enough."

Henry, now called to attention, put a beaker down and looked intensely at Utterson. "I promise you, old man," he said sincerely, "that Hyde's out of my life. Serious. He doesn't want my help, and I no longer crave his company. You'll never be hearing about Edward Hyde again."

"Hmm." Utterson cupped his chin and stroked it. "Well, that's good to hear."

"I do, uh, have some advice to ask of you, though," Henry continued. "I've received a letter from Hyde, and wasn't sure whether it would be a good or bad idea to turn it over to the police."

"Afraid it's going to incriminate him?"

"Um, more that it'll look badly on me, Utterson. Would you mind taking a look at it and giving me your best legal advice?"

Grateful to hear Henry finally being a little selfish when it came to the subject of Ed Hyde, Utterson agreed to look at the letter. It was a confession of sorts, written and signed in the handwriting of Hyde, explaining that he had to leave town suddenly and that Henry shouldn't worry about his well-being. Utterson saw nothing bad about the letter, and thought that Henry should indeed turn it over to the police; if nothing else, it would corroborate that Henry had nothing to do with Edward fleeing town.

"Do you have the envelope?" Utterson asked.

Jekyll shook his head. "It was on my desk here in my room the day after the attack."

"You want me to sleep on it and give you some advice tomorrow?"

"No. I want you to make the final decision for me. Take the letter with you and either turn it in to the police or throw it away. I trust your judgment."

Utterson looked at the letter again, then folded it and put it in his pocket. "Okay, Henry. Okay. But you have to answer a question for me. Was Hyde the one who convinced you to write all those stipulations in your Will?"

Henry looked guilty and fear-stricken. Silently, he nodded.

"I thought as much," Utterson continued. "You're very lucky, Henry. My guess is that Hyde was planning on killing you, and collecting your estate for himself."

"I've learned a lesson from all this," Henry said, collapsing into a chair and running a hand over his suddenly sweaty brow. "A big goddamn lesson."

On his way out, Utterson stopped to talk a few minutes with Poole. "Say," he mentioned off-handedly. "Did you happen to be home on Sunday when Hyde came over with his note?"

"Hyde didn't come over with a note on Sunday," Poole said.

"Are you sure?"

"Dude, I got wasted and spent the whole day in the backyard with Ash and Bruce. Football, barbeque, pony keg, the works. Hyde never showed up the entire time."

Utterson paused. "Okay. Thanks, Poole."

So, Henry was lying about the circumstances behind the letter; what else might he be lying about as well? Utterson was in desperate need of advice, so went to who he always went to see about such matters -- Professor Guest, his mentor in law school. Guest had taken an early shining to Utterson in school, and had eventually grown to be more of a father figure to him than a traditional teacher. The two often got together, at least once or twice a week, for a regular ritual of sherry and discussion of theoretical legal complications. This time Utterson pulled out Hyde's letter and showed it to the professor, explaining the entire situation.

"Interesting, interesting," Guest said, looking at the letter. "What do you think of this Hyde character?"

"He's crazy, professor. Nuts."

"Hmm," he said, looking at the letter more. "Maybe. Maybe not. Definitely with an odd handwriting style, though. Do you happen to have any samples of Dr. Jekyll's handwriting?"

"Um, yeah," Utterson replied, surprised. "I do."

"May I see it, please?" The professor laid both sheets of paper on the coffeetable between them, staring back and forth between them. "Just what I thought. Henry Jekyll wrote this letter, the one supposedly signed by Hyde."

"How do you know?"

"You can point to dozens of similarities here," he said, showing him examples. "The curve of the g, the crossing of the t, the dots over the i's. Here's what gave it away, though; Hyde's handwriting has been made in an obviously fake slant. It's Jekyll's normal handwriting, just leaning to the left instead of the usual right. A typical amateur way to take the heat off oneself during a handwriting analysis, which of course is the first thing a handwriting analyst then looks for."

"So you're telling me that Henry Jekyll wrote this letter, supposedly written by Edward Hyde and exonerating him from any wrongdoing?"

"Yes, that's exactly what I'm saying." He put a hand on Utterson's shoulder. "And I suggest that you go to the police with all this at this point. This is starting to sound really fishy."

"Yeah, professor," he said absently, still looking at the letters. "Thanks." But Utterson would not, after all, turn the letter over to the police. That night he stuck it in a folder with his other personal papers, put the folder in his fireproof file cabinet and locked the door, like he did at the end of every night.



Incident of Dr. Lanyon

The weeks continued; a hefty reward was offered for information on the whereabouts of Ed Hyde, Dan Carew being the popular local figure that he was, but it was as if Hyde had literally disappeared from the face of the earth. A composite sketch was distributed around town, and stories quickly started appearing about previous public behavior; an altercation at a bar, a particularly offensive comment at a party, the permanent foul mood and insulting behavior of the suspect. But a trace of his current location, nonetheless, continued to fail to appear.

Life continued, and the general panic Utterson would experience in the weeks following the attack, every time he opened his front door to wade into public space, eventually ebbed. Dr. Jekyll regained much of his same composure as well, returning to the regular dinner parties and continuing up his friendships with his old friends. For two months following the attack, Henry seemed like his old self again, much to the relief of his friends.

On January 8th Henry held a particularly boisterous party, attended by Utterson and Dr. Lanyon, Jekyll looking fondly back and forth between them during the evening as if remembering the tight undergraduate friendship the three had once shared. But both on the 12th and 16th Utterson was refused admittance to Jekyll's chambers; "Dude, he said he didn't want to see anyone," Poole remarked, "and then locked his door and hasn't come back out." Frustrated with the situation, and worried about Henry's well-being, Utterson paid Dr. Lanyon a visit a week later.

Lanyon wasn't his usual self; it was as if a death-warrant had been written across his narrower, paler face, and all the subsequent life drawn out of his normally jolly frame. "My God," Utterson said to him upon entering the apartment. "You look like death warmed over."

"Yeah," Lanyon said, sitting heavily in a chair. "I've felt better."

"Henry's sick as well," Utterson said. "Have you seen him lately?"

"Henry Jekyll is dead to me," Lanyon suddenly said with unexpected bitterness. "That fucker has just crossed too many lines this time."

"What the hell?" Utterson asked. "We've been friends of Henry for over a decade now. Surely he couldn't have done something so quickly that would make you throw away that friendship so fast?"

"I don't know," Lanyon replied with a dark giggle. "Why don't you ask him about it?"

"He won't see me."

"Typical." Lanyon sighed. "Look, old man, maybe if you knew the details of the situation you'd understand my reaction more. But believe me. You don't want to know the details of the situation. Believe me." He paused. "Now, if you want to hang around and talk about anything else, I'm welcome to it. But please, let's not talk about that goddamned Henry again, okay? I'm just not in the mood for it."

That night Utterson sent a harried email to Henry, begging him to explain what was going on and asking to admit him to his residence soon. Henry sent a rambling, apology-filled email back a few hours later, basically confirming what Lanyon had said but not explaining the reasons behind it:

"Unfortunately, Lanyon was correct; I doubt that he and I will ever be spending time again," the letter read at one point. "I'm just in need of some seclusion right now, Utterson; I hope you understand. I'm on the verge of a breakthrough with my anti-psychosis medication -- the steps are so neatly lined up right now, and it's just a matter of putting certain chemicals in a certain order that I haven't yet found. Everything is about to change, and it's an exhilarating time to be doing the things that I do. But I have to be by myself these days and work the final steps out. So little time, so much to do.

"I'm afraid, Utterson, that I've had to reach into some very dark

areas of my life to get to the point in my research that I have. I'm not proud of some of the things I've done recently, but rest assured that they were all done in the name of science. One day soon I will have what effectively will be a cure for psychosis, and eventually everyone will see the logic behind the price I had to pay. The Curies died of radiation poisoning, but look how many positive things they left to the world of medicine. I beg you, friend, to let me go down my dark trip alone, and to trust that they will produce the same profound results."

Utterson was shocked by the tone of the letter; just a week ago, Jekyll had seemed like his old happy self, and it was a blow to see such a dark cloud pass over the man in such a short amount of time. Utterson knew that there was something bad going on here, and was determined to find out what it was.

A few days later, Dr. Lanyon checked himself into the university hospital, complaining of a "particularly bad case of the flu that I just can't seem to shake." Less than two days later, to the shock of an already disrupted city, he died in his sleep. Utterson didn't handle the funeral well, and was even more saddened to see the absence of Henry Jekyll. A few days later Dr. Lanyon's lawyer delivered an envelope to Utterson, included in the estate. Hand-addressed to Utterson in Lanyon's handwriting, the interior revealed another sealed envelope. It read, "ONLY TO BE OPENED IN THE CASE OF DR. HENRY JEKYLL'S DEATH."

Utterson sat for a long time, the sealed envelope laying squarely in front of him on his desk. Morally he was bound to follow Lanyon's wishes and not open the envelope unless on the case of Jekyll's actual death; on the other hand, didn't his withdrawal from the world count as a realistic miniature death? But Utterson knew that he was playing around with his ethics in his mind, and that a lawyer should avoid the habit of playing around with his ethics. Ultimately he respected the wishes of his departed friend, and left the envelope unopened, locked as always with the rest of his personal papers, in the fireproof metal cabinet in the corner of his office.

It actually came of somewhat of a relief when he was continued to be denied admittance to Henry's lab; he felt obliged, after all, to continue making the attempt, but found a certain sense of fear to what he might actually find in that now-mysterious living quarter, and preferred instead the company of Poole on the front porch during a warm day, drinking a beer and watching the cars drive by. Poole confirmed the worst; that Jekyll was now sometimes spending weeks alone in his rooms, venturing out only in the dead of night and barely showering or socializing anymore. Utterson worried about his old friend, and wondered if he would have the truly surreal duty soon of burying yet a third friend in the space of a year.

Incident at the W Window

On one of their usual Sunday morning jogs, Utterson and Enfield happened to pass the abandoned house of note again, and again used the opportunity to pause. "Well," said Enfield between breaths, "at least we'll never be seeing that Hyde guy again, huh?"

"Let's hope," Utterson replied. "Did I tell you I actually saw him myself once? Confronted him and spoke with him a few minutes."

"Oh yeah? What was that like?"

"Was as repulsed by him as you were."

"I think it's impossible to meet that gentleman and not be," Enfield replied. "I'm a moron, by the way. I never noticed this until I started thinking about it, after our conversation. Jekyll's backyard hooks up with the backyard of this abandoned house."

"Yeah," Utterson said, "I was wondering if you were going to figure that out." He paused. "Hey, let's go take a peek at Jekyll's windows. He hasn't let me in for weeks, and I'm worried about him. I feel like he could use a friend, even if that friend is just standing outside the apartment and trying to look in the windows."

"Okay. I'm with you."

The two made their way through the backyard of the abandoned building and into the yard of Jekyll and Poole. The window was easy enough to spot; and, framed inside of it, near the window itself, sat the dejected personage of Henry Jekyll, looking disconcertingly like a prisoner in his home.

"Henry!" Utterson yelled, getting the man's attention. "How's it going?"

"Utterson," he said, looking down from the ledge. "Not so well. Heavy load. It's almost over, though, thank God. Almost over."

"You're not getting enough exercise!" Utterson yelled back. "Hey, Enright and me are on a jog right now. We'll slow it down to a walk if you want. Grab some tennis shoes and take a stroll with us. We'll all go have breakfast over at the L&L, like we used to."

Jekyll went into a stupor again, then awoke suddenly from it. "I'm sorry, old man," he said, a look of sadness and resignation on his face. "I'd like to, I really would, but I'm afraid I just can't do it at the moment. And I'd invite you guys up, but the place is really in no condition to accept visitors."

"Well..." Utterson stalled, still standing outside the window. "How about we just talk for a bit from these locations? Me down here and you at the window."

Henry smiled, a small amount of humanity returning to his face. "You'd do that, Utterson? That's awfully kind of you. Yeah, I think I'd like that." But then, for an instant, the cowl of abject terror and pain crossed the face of their friend; the next instant, the blinds of the window came clattering down and Henry was gone. Utterson and Enfield both exited the yard in silence, and stayed in silence until reaching the business district again, now late enough in the morning that the first breakfast stragglers had started appearing. The men stopped and looked at each other; both had the pale faces of pure fright plastered on their cheeks.

"God help us," Utterson said.

Enfield just looked at him seriously and started up his run again, not saying a word.

The Last Night

Utterson was home one night, studying for an upcoming midterm, when Poole showed up at his door, agitated.

"Poole, come in," he said, offering him a seat. "You look like you've seen a ghost."

"It's Henry, man," he said, shaky and sweaty. "I don't think there's something right going on."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't know, man. I don't know. I just haven't seen him, man, for like a week straight now. Not a single sign of him; no glimpses in the kitchen, the bathroom, nothing. And something weird's been happening when I talk to him through the door."

"What kind of weird?"

"I don't know, man. Will you just come over and check it out for yourself? You're a lawyer. You'll know better than me what to do."

"Lawyer in training."

"Whatever, dude! That's more qualified than me."

So Utterson made his way to Jekyll's residence, that unusually cold spring evening. He wasn't sure he had ever seen the streets so deserted, except for his weekly Sunday morning jogs; while that seclusion was always welcomed, though, this weekday evening seclusion was not. Something seemed wrong in the very air he was breathing that night; a certain sense of doom and fate hung over everything.

Poole made a "quiet" gesture with his finger and lips when they got close to the back staircase. "Before he knows you're here, Utterson," Poole said quietly, "I want you to listen to his voice. Okay? And for God's sake, if he invites you in, don't go, no matter what he might say to you." A chill ran down Utterson's spine at that last sentence, but he followed Poole's instructions. The two tiptoed to the back door of Jekyll's rooms and knocked quietly.

"Henry?" Poole asked.

"Poole?" a rough voice replied.

"Yeah, Henry. Look, I have Utterson here. He was hoping to talk to you."

"Too busy." A pause. "Try your call again later."

"Yeah, Henry. All right." Poole motioned Utterson back down the stairway again, and said, "See what I mean?"

"It didn't exactly sound like Henry, if that's what you meant."

"Didn't sound exactly like him, bullshit. I've lived with Henry for six years now. I know his voice better than my girlfriend or my parents. That ain't him. It ain't."

"What are you saying, Poole?"

"I'm saying..." He looked up the stairway in fear. "I'm saying I think that's Ed Hyde in there, pretending to be Henry, and God only knows where Henry is."

"You serious?"

"Yeah, I am." He looked up the stairway again. "I'm scared shitless, man."

"Yeah, yeah," Utterson said off-handedly, looking up the stairs himself. "But it just doesn't make sense. Why would Hyde come back into town, wanted for questioning like he is, get rid of Jekyll and then proceed to hang around in Henry's bedroom for a week? It just doesn't make sense."

"Yeah?" Poole replied. "Well, get this, man. Like, for a week or so now, I've been doing a little courier business for Henry. He's got this..." He looked around the backyard suspiciously, then lowered his voice. "This friend, man, over at the university pharmacy, who slips shit out sometimes for Henry to use in his experiments. Real hush-hush, you know, with some money exchanging hands each time. But Henry's been all booked up in his lab, so's been asking me to do the runs for him this week, which I'm happy

to do 'cause he's my friend. But he keeps sending the shit back, see? The same ingredient, over and over, and every time this hookup at the pharmacy gets him a new batch, Henry sends it right back. Last time he included this letter." Poole pulled out a folded piece of stationary and showed it to Utterson, handwritten in Jekyll's signature:

March the 18th, our year 200-

Dr. H.J. is very pleased with the continued work of Mssr. H.W. at the physics laboratory. However, sad to report that latest sample is worthless in its integrity and quite unsatisfactory for the Doctor's purposes. The Doctor refers to the week of August 18th of last year for reference, and the successful sample that was obtained at that date. If Mssr. H.W. can by any means track down any available supply of that specific sample, the Doctor would be much pleased. Expense is no object. Sincerely, Doctor H.J.

P.S. For God's sake, find me the good shit. --H.

"Weird shit, huh?" Poole said.

"Yeah," Utterson agreed, giving the note back to him. "How did H.W. take the news?"

"Not well. Threw the note back in my face and said Henry could go fuck himself for all he cared."

"Still, though. It's Henry's handwriting. I can see that for myself."

"Yeah, but dude, you're missing my point. I saw the guy!"

"Hyde? Why didn't you say this at the beginning?"

"Well," Poole said, meekness creeping into his voice. "Maybe not Hyde per se, but I saw something weird. I've been making some meals for Henry, just because I thought he needed them, and leaving them at the door of his bedroom. Usually he never retrieves them until hours after I've left them there, but one night I happened to be going by the door and saw it open. And whoever was at that door was all hunched over, and he was..." He whispered the end of the sentence. "...He was wearing a mask. Why the hell would Henry be wearing a mask, man? And all hunched over like that? And why did he squeal like a frightened rat and run back into the room so quickly when he spotted me?" He looked up at the rooms. "I don't like it one bit, man."

"Yeah, Poole. Neither do I." He looked at the ground a moment. "Here's what I think is afraid has happened, Poole. I'm afraid Henry's been cooking up a bunch of stuff he shouldn't have. Designer drugs, a new form of speed, something. I think he's been testing it out on himself on a regular basis, and that it's fried his brain. It would certainly explain the mask and the strange voice."

"I don't know, man," Poole replied. "There's definitely been some bad mojo going on back there, though."

"Well, only one course of action, I guess." Utterson looked at him. "We've got to knock that door in and confront him."

"Really?" Poole asked worryingly.

"You really want to call the cops on him? Hand a secret drug lab over to them?" He paused. "One that's technically in your apartment?"

Poole looked at the door, then at Utterson. "Yeah," he said with dejection. "I guess you're right."

"All right. You're in on this, then?"

"Yeah, I'm in."

"Good. Follow my lead." Utterson led the man back up the staircase, and the two stood close to the door. Utterson banged loudly on the antique wooden frame, calling out, "Henry! Henry, it's Utterson. I'm serious this time. You have to let me in."

"Leave me alone, please!" cried a deep voice from behind the door. "Show some mercy."

"That's it," Utterson said in a panic. "That's not Henry's voice, not by a long shot. One, two, three! Hit!" The men leaned their shoulders into the already-creaky door at the same time, loosening the hasp of the locked knob.

It took another five or six good hits to get the door open, and the two men fled in. They found the homemade lab, lit and boiling, as if in the middle of an experiment. In the middle of the floor laid the man they knew as Ed Hyde, twisted in a particularly clawed version of a fetal position, wearing clothes obviously too big for him and tattered around the edges. He seemed to be in the midst of a seizure, shaking violently on his side.

"Henry!" Utterson yelled to Poole. "Check the rooms and see if we can find Henry!" But alas, they couldn't, and an inspection of the apartment found several other strange items. The lab itself was definitely in the middle of a chemical experiment, and there was even a fresh cup of hot espresso sitting on a nearby table. Sitting on the arm of an overstuffed chair was Henry's Bible, a thing of great value to him and his constant companion to his biweekly visits to the local Catholic church; scrawled on the margins of the opened pages, though, were a series of crude insults and blasphemies, including

"GOD THINKS HE'S SO COOL" and "JESUS CAN SUCK MY DICK."

"There's definitely been some bad mojo going on in here," Poole whispered.

"Yeah. I think I agree with you on that."

Utterson spied an envelope on a side table bearing his name. Opening it, two objects dropped out; the first, a new Will, filled out in the same disturbing terms as the previous one, sent back to Henry again by Utterson after the unpleasant business with Carew and the departure of Hyde. To his shock, however, the new recipient of the new Will was not Ed Hyde again but rather his own name, Gabriel John Utterson.

"I don't understand," Utterson declared, looking at the Will. "Hyde's been here with this document for God only knows how long now. Why didn't he destroy it?"

"I'm going to look around again," Poole said, starting to leave the room.

"Wait," Utterson exclaimed, looking at the other enclosure. "Wait, this is important. Henry was here today. He signed this letter today."

"What does it say?" Poole asked, so Utterson read it out loud.

UTTERSON.

By the time you read this, I will unfortunately have disappeared. I'm afraid I cannot explain to you the circumstances behind my leaving, but rest assured that the signs are upon me and I know that the end is soon near. I hereby now give you permission to read the sealed packet Dr. Lanyon purportedly threatened to send to you, at least according the last conversation we ever had; it seems like as good a time as any. If you're still interested and want to learn more, I encourage you to read the enclosed memoirs of

Your sad and screwed-up friend,

DR. HENRY JEKYLL.

"Is there something else over there?" Utterson asked Poole. Poole picked up the envelope, sliding out a tightly-packed, fully-filled notebook. Utterson pocketed the notebook, then did the same with the letter and the Will.

"Okay, Poole," he said finally. "You want my legal advice?"

"You know I do."

"I advise that you clear out this chemical lab before anything else, and hopefully the subject will never come up with the police. Then I suggest that you call the police and report everything that happened, leaving my name out of it and omitting the drug details. And I suggest that you not mention anything about the packet Henry left for me. If it incriminates him in any way, it'd be best for the police to never see it. Better to keep Henry's reputation intact, if we can at all help it."

"Got it."

"I'm going home, Poole. You get this cleaned up and then call the police. Turn Hyde in. I've got some reading to do. I'll let you know what I find."

Utterson took his leave and went straight home. He poured himself a double bourbon, took out Lanyon's envelope, slit it open, and started to read.

Dr. Lanyon's Narrative

On January 9th, four days ago, I received a hand-delivered, handwritten letter from my friend Dr. Henry Jekyll. It was an unusual occurrence, owing mostly to the fact that we communicated usually through email and face-to-face encounters; we had just had dinner together the night before, in fact, and I was puzzled by what he might have to write down that he couldn't have just told me the previous evening. I was even more puzzled, and disturbed, by what I found in the letter, forthwith:

December 10th.

My dear friend Lanyon:

It's been a long time since I've told you this, but I hope that you still realize that I consider you one of my oldest and closest friends. Even though our scientific research may have taken many conflicting turns over the years, rest assured that I would gladly continue to cut off my left hand in order to save yours, or to donate an organ if you were ever in need of one. I need two favors of you, Lanyon, and I hope that I can still rely enough on our friendship to have you carry them out.

First, when you get this letter, go right away to my apartment; Poole has been given temporary use of a key and instructions to let you in when you arrive. Near the back of my laboratory area you will find an antique metal filing cabinet. Go the drawer marked "E" and unlock it. You will find a variety of chemicals and notes inside; please remove the entire drawer as is and transport it back to your place.

Second, a gentleman will come by soon bearing an introduction from me. Please hand the drawer over to him, no questions asked. Your duties thus discharged, you will forever be in my debt.

I know you and I have differed in the past about my method of scientific inquiry. I hope you will trust that I have stumbled upon a breakthrough, and that my disappearance and subsequent need to get these materials delivered to my acquaintance, is much needed. Consider yourself a hero of science for these favors, and understand that you are helping a project of monumental importance.

Please do these things for me, Lanyon. Please do them and save your

Dear Friend,
Henry

P.S. I just realized that I probably shouldn't mail this -- God help us if this gets lost in the postal system. I'm going to deliver it to your place myself instead; it will probably be in the morning hours, so I guess just try to get the drawer back to your place with as little notice as possible. Continue to expect my messenger to arrive around midnight the next night.

Naturally, I was worried about receiving a letter of such note, but as my avowed life-long friend, I felt

the two favors were things I should honor. Besides, I've always known that Henry was a genius in the world of experimental medicine; it was always his practices I had had a moral objection to, but certainly not his capabilities. I was curious to see what kind of progress he had indeed made, half-hopeful that he really had come across the radical new compound we in the mental-health field are constantly seeking.

I went by Henry's apartment, as promised, and Poole indeed had a key to Henry's rooms. The file cabinet must've been from the turn of last century, iron in nature and tough to open; eventually we did get the E drawer out, though, and packed it safely in the back seat of my car, where I drove it back to my apartment in Cavendish. It contained a few beakers of a white, powdery substance, obviously made by Henry out of a series of raw chemicals; a small packet of what looked like a cocaine-type substance; a vial full of a blood-red liquid, again unclassified, smelling of phosphorus or perhaps even the rarely-used ether. The notebook was a simple lab log, like the dozens my colleagues and I possess ourselves. The entries mostly consisted of just dates, stretching back for years; I noticed that the entries dropped off nearly for good starting about a year previous, accentuated a few times with new dates and the word "double" following, and one date followed with a scrawling "!!!TOTAL FAILURE!!!" in Henry's handwriting.

The contents disturbed me, no doubt; as far as I could tell, no revolutionary compound had yet been invented by Henry, and the toxicity of the vials found in this drawer once again drew my ire about his professional ethics. Moreover, I didn't understand cloak-and-dagger necessity of this rendezvous; why was it so important that no one see me take this drawer home? Why did this messenger have to come to my house, and in the dead of night at that? Frankly frightened, I took out the revolver I own and loaded it, waiting on my couch for the midnight hour to pass.

As soon as it did, a knock came at my door. It was given by a short, hunched standing on my front porch and leaning against a pillar. "You're a friend of Mr. Jekyll's?" I asked in a timid voice.

"I am," he simply replied back in a low voice.

I let him in, distinctly aware of the uncomfortable tightness in my lower back caused by the loaded, hidden gun. I can't say that I found the gentleman agreeable, although it's hard to pin down exactly what about him I disliked; disgusted curiosity, if you want to call it something. He was dressed in fairly new and expensive clothes, although ones that seemed to have been purchased for another person; his pants hung loosely at the bottoms of each leg, and the gentleman was obviously holding them by the waist with one hand so that they wouldn't slip off altogether. Like I said, there was just something generally disagreeable about the man, although I continue having a hard time pinpointing just what.

"Do you have it?" the man started repeatedly yelling at me, once actually grabbing me by the shoulder and turning me around. "Do you have it?" he yelled.

"You know," I replied curtly, "I don't even know your name. I'm doing Henry a big favor here, and I don't particularly like it, so the least you can do is show a little civility."

The man paused, seemingly thoughtful. "You're right, Dr. Lanyon," he finally replied. "You're being a good friend to Henry and I shouldn't be so full of complaint. The name's Hyde. I was led to believe that you would have possession of a certain file cabinet owned by our mutual friend the doctor. Do you..." He looked around. "Have such cabinet?"

I pointed silently to the corner of my living room, where the repacked drawer was laying casually under a white sheet. This Hyde gentleman tore off the dropcloth, revealing the beakers underneath. He smiled broadly, chillingly, and asked if I had a champagne flute which he could borrow. I did, and he proceeded to mix a little ether-tainted red liquid with some of the powdery substance found in the beaker. The concoction bubbled, gave off a certain indefinable odor, turned purple in color then finally settled on a dark green.

"Now," Hyde said to me, turning my way. "Are you going to let me drink this and be on my way with the drawer? You'll never have to see me again, I promise. Or, if you want, I can give you a much more detailed explanation of what I've just combined and prom-

ise now to drink. The choice is yours, doctor."

"Well, you seem to know me well enough," I replied. "And if you know me, you know I'm never really satisfied until I receive an explanation behind behavior."

"So be it," the man said, pickup up his flute. "Be ready to have your mind Lanyon. Prepare for everything you used to know about pharmaceuticals to be wrong. And with that, this Hyde fellow gulped the contents of the flue down in one clear swig. His voice became labored; his face, black and burnt in color. He had several convulsions on the floor, then did the most amazing thing.

He turned into Dr. Henry Jekyll, in front of my eyes.

I listened to his story for an hour or more, more sickened with each passing minute. If I had ever been hesitant before concerning the slow insanity that had started to settle in my old friend's head, surely I now had proof. I'm more convinced than ever that Henry has not only completely lost touch with his professional set of medical ethics, but has slowly but surely started losing touch with his very sanity. I can't even think about the things Henry told me about that evening without a sense of horror crossing my entire system. Rest assured, Utterson, that the man who visited me that evening was definitely a Mr. Edward Hyde, and that he's definitely guilty of the attack and murder of City Councilman Dan Carew.

I close this sincerely. Signed and witnessed this day.

DR. HASTY LANYON

Henry Jekyll's Full Statement of the Case

I was born in the year 197-, rich, healthy, good-looking and intelligent. By all rights everyone expected me to eventually become a rich, healthy, good-looking and intelligent adult as well. In fact, I only had one major weakness as a child, which was a habit of being full of joy in my life, happy in my circumstances, excited about being a human alive on this earth at this particular moment in history. It didn't jibe well, though, with the circumstances surrounding my birth; "Those who are born rich," my mother once explained to me, "can't just go around dancing a happy little jig about it. It is unbecoming of the wealthy, and it flaunts your position in the face of those less fortunate."

And so it came to pass that, even at the age of eight, I had become a two-faced person; a person of different personalities. Inside I was still laughing and dancing, overjoyed at being an alive human; on the outside, though, I gradually acquired a grim countenance, a certain dour seriousness that seemed to be on me at all times (learned through my father, who had been rich in my eyes for an eternity, so surely must understand how to properly behave in public). And eventually it stopped looking like the unusually dour face of a precocious child and started looking like the obvious dour face of a full-grown adult.

People around me so often define themselves by their faults. I've never understood that. I've always thought that one should define oneself by one's virtues and accomplishments, and I've always tried to do that in my own life on as practical a basis as I can. These two faces of Henry Jekyll, though, conflicted with the strict Catholic upbringing I had had, and still count as very important in my life. In fact, the fundamental basis behind almost any religion is the edict to "know thyself" in one form or another. How could I act so hypocritically and still really know myself? Yet it didn't seem like hypocrisy to me; I truly didn't want to offend anyone around me and make it look like I was being haughty to the world, which is why I developed my outer face of constant worry; inside, though, I was still sincerely happy about the world and wanted to dance and sing about it. Neither seemed like a false face to me.

It was at that moment, around the age of 15 or 16, that I decided to dedicate the rest of my life to the learning of science, because I was convinced even then that science would hold an answer to my dilemma. It is a belief I still have, and I have dedicated most of my adult life towards finding cures for duplicity-based mental illnesses: schizophrenia, psychosis and the like. What I unfortunately discovered over the course of this work is that all of us as humans are born with two faces. We inherently each have a part of us that will save a random stranger from death on the spur of a moment, and a part of us that will gladly kill another, given the right circumstances.

This is not really a new theory; even the Greeks were talking about the inherent dual nature of mankind. What the Human Genome Project taught me, though, is that there might be a solution to those whose "bad halves" are improperly skewed with more weight because of a genetic abnormality. What the Genome Project essentially promises to one day do is eventually be able to point to each piece of DNA on a chain and say, "This gives you blonde hair. This one makes you a compulsive overeater. This one will make you inexplicably enjoy the work of early 20th-Century European jazz musicians. This one will make you hear the dog yell 'Kill! Kill! Kill!'"

Could it be possible, I theorized, to invent a drug that could 'cauterize' the schizophrenic and psychotic genes that were out of control? To speak of it in loftier terms, to cut out the evil part of men's souls, hide them behind a wall so that they can't act out? If we're all cursed to be born with two faces, I opined, better to have the chance to keep one of them hidden and subdued. It had to be better than the inane excuses for "anti-psychotic" medication we currently have on the market, which for the most part

are not much better than placebos, clinically-speaking.

I then got to thinking about the subject more and realized that this could be applicable to a lot more than just the mentally ill. Who wouldn't like to suppress some of the uglier sides of one's personality? Imagine a pill that could get rid of your quick temper. Your habit of making fun of someone when feeling threatened. A pill to cure alcoholism or a gambling addiction. Just imagine the possibilities. It was not only a profound cure for maladies, but could revolutionize the very way we humans live together on the planet. The long-term effects astonished me: the lowering of crime rates, the lessening of war. Is this too ideal for me to think about with just my tiny little scientific trials? Not at all. The people who invent such things in history are working against many challenges, and they constantly have to remind themselves of the potential good the new invention could bring. Why should it be any different in my case?

I won't bore you with the technical details of my experiments; the scientific results are in a series of databases on my desktop computer, and can be retrieved if desired. Let's say this; at a certain point in my studies the university and I no longer saw eye-to-eye on the subject. It was at this point that I was forced to continue my experiments in a more ad-hoc manner in the back bedroom of my apartment. The conditions were not ideal, and the raw chemicals harder to come by, but I made due. The biggest problem I now faced, of course, was the lack of properly suitable clinical testers.

So I began with myself.

And why not myself? Who do I know better? Who better to judge the very subtle, very subjective results of a personality undergoing changes? And so it was on that first night that I took a long gulp of Solution #155, when something terrible happened. My entire body went into shock...my vision faded quickly to black. When I came to, I felt somehow profoundly different. Like the weight of the world had suddenly been lifted from my shoulders. Like I had no cares at all. I felt free and lithe and like an unusually warm spring day had just broken.

I realized with a dim horror that my solution had seemed to have had the opposite effect than intended: it ended up suppressing the good side of me and allowing the evil to flourish. But I was so heady with excitement from the fact, I couldn't pull myself away. The thought of murder and rape and boorish behavior, any act of violence or deceit, regardless of how small or bit it was, filled me with a sense of glee. It was like an entire half of my moral compass had been dampened, and was no longer functioning in the way it should have.

It wasn't until I looked in a mirror that I realized some of the more far-reaching effects of the drug I had just invented. Apparently the compound not only enacted some changes in personality-based DNA, but bled through into physical characteristics as well. It was still me, still my body and my overall appearance, but subtle things had changed, so much so that it was now impossible to recognize me by sight. My skin had turned darker and more sallow; my stature, more humped and wracked with pain. My gums loosened, which made my teeth jut out at odd angles. Odd, I thought, that these particular physical traits would appear; it was almost like the body was attempting a psychic payback to make up for all the suppression of good compulsions. I was treading into the land of metaphysics, without ever leaving my safety net of science.

There was only one test left, and it was the important one: to see if the antidote would bring me back to my normal state, or force me to possibly flee the city or even commit suicide? I drank it (need to work on flavor enhancement, by the way) and sure enough, was face-to-face again with mild-mannered Henry Jekyll.

The funny thing about this drug I had just invented was that it had no moral compass of its own; it was merely a series of chemical compounds mixed in different ways and digested in different orders. The changes in moral fiber the drug commanded on someone, though, was quite a different story. The problem was that Henry Jekyll was not the polar opposite of "Edward Hyde" (a name which I came to think of as appropriate for him); Hyde was the pure embodiment of evil, with all of his compulsions to do good suppressed, while Jekyll still had his bad urges competing with his good ones, and his good ones had just taken a blow upon learning how much fun it felt to be pure evil. The experiment may have been a success, but it left me in a wholly worse position personally.

I must confess, the temptation was strong to let loose my bad side on a regular basis. I came to see him as his own independent character, ones whose actions I had no responsibilities for. Night after night, I found myself resisting the urge to go back over to that lab table, yet night after night losing the battle and letting my dark half go roam the streets. I rented a second apartment for him, deliberately in the worst section of town just so he'd have more adventures. I lavished him with the things I knew he'd find pleasurable: imported wines, silk sheets, regular visits to stripclubs and whorehouses. His inherent whiff of danger would attract the types of women Henry Jekyll would never have the chance to bed. He didn't take any shit from anybody. He stood his ground and won every fight.

I announced the existence of my new acquaintance Ed Hyde to my roommate, and even showed up a few times as Hyde to make the illusion complete. I told him that I needed to spend more and more time alone in my lab, so that I could really go out and spend more and more time alone as Hyde, sometimes weeks at a time by that point. I completed a Will (much to the consternation of my friend Mr. Utterson) that provided Hyde with the bulk of my estate if I was to go missing for more than three consecutive months; if I had gone that long without coming back to my old self, I reasoned, then it probably meant that I was planning to stay as Hyde for good, and it would be a shame to let all my worldly possessions go to waste just by becoming another man.

I felt a liberation to become more and more vile as Hyde; after all, it wasn't like he was a real, verifiable human being, at least as far as the government was concerned. Hyde had a fake social-security number, a fake ID, a fake address.

The police had no records of his fingerprints, no DNA samples, no real information about him at all. For all practical purposes, he could literally disappear any time he wanted, show back up a few months later as Richard Sanchez in Albuquerque, New Mexico. It freed me to do yet worse and worse things to my fellow humans, to the point where I just didn't really care anymore what acts of violence I enacted upon others.

It became harder and harder for me to reconcile Mr. Hyde's actions when back in the familiar guise of my own. I couldn't help but to take on double the amount of guilt and pain, to try to make up for Edward's lack of remorse at the same time. Still, though, I fool-heartily kept telling myself that it was in the name of science, and that this entire situation wouldn't have had come about in the first place if the morons at the university hadn't kicked me out of the labs. I was on the threshold of something profoundly good for the human race, if I could just work the kinks out. If that meant continuing to experiment on myself, then so be it. Thus with a guilt-free mind once again, I would take that champagne flute in my hand and start my nightly ritual of booze, drugs, casual sex and random violence yet again.

God help me. I did want to do the right thing. I hope you realize that. That I was doing this in the name of science. I now realize that I was doing it in the name of playing God, or maybe Satan, but it didn't occur to me at that point, you must understand. Hyde started doing things that I could no longer control; things designed deliberately to foul up my good name and convince me more and more to let go of it for good. One night he was caught at random after trodding across a small girl, and Hyde deliberately wrote a check in my name to someone he knew knows me, in the hopes of raising suspicions. When I asked him what he wanted, he said his own bank account, so I set one up for him and slowly started transferring my money from my account to his. It was at this point that I realized that I was sealing my fate.

One morning I awoke on my living-room couch after turning back into myself six hours previous. I could tell that something was wrong the moment I woke, but couldn't at first detect what it was; just a wrong feeling in the gut, somehow, like when one wakes up in a friend's apartment and for a few seconds can't remember what one is doing there. Then I realized; I was Edward Hyde again. But I had gone to bed as myself; how could the transformation have happened without the aid of the drug? And how was I to get back to myself again? The antidote was in my bedroom, and here I was on the living-room couch, and my roommate is bound to see me soon. But then I realized, I had already introduced Hyde to Poole in the past. Poole wouldn't think twice about Hyde staying over too late one night and crashing on the couch. Hyde calmly walked up to the lab, took a dose of the antidote, and quickly turned back into myself again. I chalked the whole thing up to an error on my end; probably I had been so tired or drunk the night previous that I had forgotten to take my antidote before crashing in front of the television.

Still, though, it did get me to thinking once again about the entire nature of performing these experiments on myself; in particular, I was thinking about one small fact about Hyde that I had begun noticing. He was getting better-looking. The hump was starting to straighten in his spine, his skin turning imperceptibly rosier in color. My God, I thought; my mind was finally starting to give up on the balancing act of Hyde's behavior and appearance. It was really starting to give up the fight towards being Henry Jekyll anymore, and was in real danger of rebelling and just becoming Edward Hyde for good. I must confess at this point as well that there is a built-in tolerance to my drug; near the end here, I've been regularly having to take double the dosage as I did in the beginning, and once even had to take triple, to get the transformation to take shape.

I started feeling like I was going to have to make a choice; either continue to live as Henry Jekyll, perhaps having to give up the pleasures of the flesh I had learned as Hyde to enjoy; or live full-time as Hyde, giving up any sense of moral compulsion I had ever been born with, and simply living the libertine life at all times. The problem was that Jekyll didn't entirely want to see Hyde go, but Hyde couldn't wait to get the fuck away from Jekyll. Like a middle-aged parent and a teenage boy, if you see the comparison.

Still, though, I eventually chose the good course of staying myself, and for two months there enjoyed a renewed vigor to my life that I hadn't experienced since a boy. I felt like I finally had a better handle on the lustier half of my personality, the part that always wanted to drink and have sex and be the life of the party. The experiment was finally a success, I surmised; I was now with a better understanding of my darker half without having to sacrifice the better half. As my life became more routine again, though, I found myself having to struggle sometimes with the idea of letting Mr. Hyde loose again. "It'd just be for one night," I'd tell myself. "You know, a little carousing, a little whoring, blow off some steam and then get back to work again as Jekyll the next morning." Finally one night the temptation was too great and I pulled the beakers out again.

Alcoholics and other addicts often share the same story about relapse experiences; that it is like letting a tiger out of a cage. That is, that you've suppressed the addictive part of your personality for so long that it is actually angry at you when you let it roam free again, and that it purposely acts out in a radically more severe way just to teach you a lesson. This was certainly the case for me when I woke up as Hyde a few minutes later. Hyde was pissed. He had the fires of Hell coursing through his veins that evening, and was determined to go out and distinguish them all by the time the night was over.

The night was long and too hellish to go into with detail. Suffice to say, by the end of the evening I found myself in the company of Dan Carew, the owner of a local car dealership and a casual drinking buddy of Hyde's, walking down a quiet street where he could slip in the abandoned house catty-corner from Jekyll's own and slip through the back doors into a good night's sleep. It didn't take much for Carew to set Hyde off that night; one misplaced remark about a lack of good dental habits, or something to that effect. Hyde, already looking for blood that night, pushed the man over and then pro-

ceeded to step on his face as hard as he could. The snap of bone and the gush of blood felt good to Mr. Hyde, so he decided to continue his activities. A few minutes later he came to again, realizing that he had been the perpetrator of the mass of goo and shattered calcium that laid before him. Thinking, naturally, of his own safety, Mr. Hyde retreated into the night.

Hyde, of course, felt glorious about the feat. He had finally taken the life of another, and was now the fugitive he had always wanted to be. He ran back to his apartment and burned all his important papers, took a few mementos and fled the space, never to return. Henry Jekyll, on the other hand, was in a very different mood the next morning. I felt overwhelmed with the sense of loss from the previous night's act, and realized that Hyde had simply gone too far this time. When it came out that there had been a witness to the case, and that Edward Hyde was being sought out with connection to the crime, I saw this as the perfect excuse to finally smash my beakers and lock my notes up in a particularly safe antique file cabinet I happened to have acquired several years ago. Hyde was done. Finished. Would never be seen from again.

For a few more months I lived what I consider the happiest moments of my life. For those who attended my many social functions of those days, I hope you will remember me fondly as well. I felt a renewed vigor of spirit, a new connection with my fellow humans again. I deliberately started devoting my previous laboratory time to volunteer work at the local free clinic; it was the least I could do, I thought, to start karmically paying back for the indiscretions of my acquaintance Hyde.

It was an unusually warm January day; nearly 45 degrees, which seemed like spring to us at the time. I had stepped on my front porch to retrieve the paper, and had stopped for a few more moments to take in the gloriously beautiful day. One of my neighbors had done the same, and we both looked over at each other and laughed, realizing the delayed morning ritual in which we were both partaking. "I'm like everyone else," I thought to myself. "Everyone else is like me."

And that's when it hit me; this overwhelming sense of shame and guilt. It's not true, I finally realized. Everyone else is not like me, and I am not like everyone else. I have a murderer in my soul, a dark, purely evil presence, that is unlike so many others. I will always know that about myself. I will always know how dark a human heart can get when liberated from its morals.

A change came over me. I started feeling the familiar lifting of my ethical spirit, the loosening of my cares upon the world. Horrified, I stared at my hand as it turned darker in color and sallow in appearance. Before I had even known it, I had completely transformed into Edward Hyde without the aid of a drug.

Well, say what you will about Hyde, but he definitely has a heightened sharpness for self-preservation. He knew that he couldn't last long in this city under his present guise, what with all the Wanted posters of his face plastered around town. He needed to get back into his lab, get an antidote made and drank, except that his roommate Poole stood between him and his bedroom, and Poole at this point would immediately try to detain Hyde and get him turned over to the police. What to do?

So Hyde did the only thing he could think of, which was to slink off to a dingy coffeehouse, keep his head down, write his now infamous letter to his old friend Dr. Lanyon, and let his roommate know about the arrangement. Which, thankfully, Dr. Lanyon carried out to the letter. Hyde appeared that night to pick up the chemicals, and was slightly perturbed to see his oldest friend recoil in horror at the sight of him. Hyde concocted the right blend of chemicals in the alley right next to Dr. Lanyon's house, and it was Jekyll who carried the contents home and settled in for a weary day's sleep.

Still deeply disturbed by the incident, I decided to finally get a full meal in my stomach before starting to work out possible motivations for the sudden transformation. As I was in the kitchen, however, making myself a sandwich, I felt the same sickly changes starting to come over me yet again. This time I made it back to my bedroom without Poole seeing the change, where I was stuck for yet another day and night, taking dose after dose of the antidote and still feeling the change come again not even a few hours later. It was worse when I slept, too: my dreams would suddenly be filled with the most intense images of carnage and violence, and the sudden change in body would immediately waken me, drawing me groggily over to the lab for yet another dose of the antidote.

I had become a slave to the transformation; my days and nights were literally spent concocting more and more quantities of the antidote and administering them. Still, though, as Jekyll, I couldn't bring myself to totally hate Hyde. He was a creature of his environment, I thought; a dark manifestation of everything I know I can be, but without benefit of moral guidance. Hyde, though, thought very differently of me: his temporary forays back to the world of the good were for self-preservation reasons alone, and he was patiently waiting the days until he could move to another country, pop out of his shell, and start over again, this time without benefit of me tagging along. He hated going back to being me, so would make sure to leave me little messages and enact petty acts of retribution against me; in one instance, he filled my family's Bible with ink-stained blasphemies, in another he burned a photo of my parents.

Still, though, I imagine I could have gone on in this state for quite awhile; diabetics learn to take medicine habitually throughout the day, and so do HIV patients, so why not me? But a greater problem has now befallen on me: the psychotropic enabler, the one chemical that starts the genetic chain reaction, is no longer working. I've been in contact with my friend at the pharmaceutical lab several times, and he keeps sending me new shipments, but nothing seems to be working like the batch of the chemical I last owned, which I'm now almost out of.

This evening I am writing this memoir on the last night my antidote will hold out. In a few hours, everything you once knew of Dr. Henry Jekyll will be snuffed out permanently, never to be seen again. I have to hurry and get this finally finished; if, God forbid, Hyde starts showing his face again before I have the time to ingest this other batch of chemicals I've made, he'll undoubtedly rip this memoir apart and never let it see the light of public day. I wonder what he'll do when he finds out what I've done to him? Whether he'll wait for the medicine to take effect, frantically try to devise an antidote of his own? Whether he will sit in this same chair and curse my name, as I do his?

I feel it upon me. I must go. Thus concludes the misdeeds and misadventures of one Dr. Henry Jekyll -- part-time mad scientist, part-time deity. May God have mercy on his soul.

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