CHAPTER 2-SEARCH FOR MR.HYDE

**Write definitions of the following words. Use a dictionary if you need to.**

**endorse:**

**decease:**

**benefactor:**

**protégé:**

**conveyancing:**

**labyrinths:**

**inordinate:**

**condone:**

**iniquity:**

**Questions**

**1**. Once Utterson confronts Hyde, how does he feel toward him? What reasons does Utterson give for his feelings about Hyde? In Utterson’s response to Hyde, what does Stevenson tell us about Hyde?

**2**. Why doesn’t Stevenson ever tell us what Hyde’s face looks like?

**3**. Describe the appearance of the street and house in which Dr. Jekyll lives. What can we infer about Dr. Jekyll from this setting?

**4**. Utterson’s speculation on Jekyll’s connection to Hyde makes him reflect on his own vices and failings. What could Stevenson be implying about human nature in Utterson’s reflection?

**5**. Explain Utterson’s view of the relationship between Jekyll & Hyde

**6.** What mysteries remain at the end of the chapter?

**From Chapter 2 “Search for Mr. Hyde”**

 The steps drew swiftly nearer, and swelled out suddenly louder as they turned the end of the street. The lawyer, looking forth from the entry, could soon see what manner of man he had to deal with. He was small and very plainly dressed, and the look of him, even at that distance, went somehow strongly against the watcher's inclination. But he made straight for the door, crossing the roadway to save time; and as he came, he drew a key from his pocket like one approaching home.

 Mr. Utterson stepped out and touched him on the shoulder as he passed." Mr. Hyde, I think?"

 Mr. Hyde shrank back with a hissing intake of the breath. But his fear was only momentary; and though he did not look the lawyer in the face, he answered coolly enough: "That is my name. What do you want?"

 "I see you are going in," returned the lawyer. "I am an old friend of Dr. Jekyll's - Mr. Utterson of Gaunt Street - you must have heard my name; and meeting you so conveniently, I thought you might admit me."

 "You will not find Dr. Jekyll; he is from home," replied Mr. Hyde, blowing in the key. And then suddenly, but still without looking up, "How did you know me?" he asked.

 "On your side," said Mr. Utterson, "will you do me a favour?"

 "With pleasure," replied the other. "What shall it be?"

 "Will you let me see your face?" asked the lawyer.

 Mr. Hyde appeared to hesitate, and then, as if upon some sudden reflection, fronted about with an air of defiance; and the pair stared at each other pretty fixedly for a few seconds. "Now I shall know you again," said Mr. Utterson." It may be useful."

 "Yes," returned Mr. Hyde, "it is as well we have, met; and a propos, you should have my address." And he gave a number of a street in Soho.

 "Good God!" thought Mr. Utterson," can he, too, have been thinking of the will?" But he kept his feelings to himself and only grunted in acknowledgment of the address.

 "And now," said the other, "how did you know me?"

 "By description," was the reply.

 "Whose description?"

 "We have common friends, said Mr. Utterson.

 "Common friends?" echoed Mr. Hyde, a little hoarsely." Who are they?"

 "Jekyll, for instance," said the lawyer.

 "He never told you," cried Mr. Hyde, with a flush of anger." I did not think you would have lied."

 "Come," said Mr. Utterson, "that is not fitting language."

 The other snarled aloud into a savage laugh; and the next moment, with extraordinary quickness, he had unlocked the door and disappeared into the house.

 The lawyer stood a while when Mr. Hyde had left him, the picture of disquietude. Then he began slowly to mount the street, pausing every step or two and putting his hand to his brow like a man in mental perplexity. The problem he was thus debating as he walked, was one of a class that is rarely solved. Mr. Hyde was pale and dwarfish, he gave an impression of deformity without any nameable malformation, he had a displeasing smile, he had borne himself to the lawyer with a sort of murderous mixture of timidity and boldness, and he spoke with a husky, whispering and somewhat broken voice; all these were points against him, but not all of these together could explain the hitherto unknown disgust, loathing, and fear with which Mr. Utterson regarded him. "There must be something else," said the perplexed gentleman. "There is something more, if I could find a name for it. God bless me, the man seems hardly human! Something troglodytic, shall we say? or can it be the old story of Dr. Fell? or Is it the mere radiance of a foul soul that thus transpires through, and transfigures, its clay continent? The last, I think; for, O my poor old Harry Jekyll, if ever I read Satan's signature upon a face, it Is on that of your new friend."

**Language Analysis:**

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| **QUOTE** | **ANALYSIS** | **LINKS TO CONTEXT & VALUES** |
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| “There is something more, if I could find a name for it. God bless me, the man seems hardly human! Something troglodytic shall we say? Or can it be the old story of Dr Fell? Or is it the mere radiance of a foul soul that thus transpires through, and transfigures, its clay continent? The last, I think. |  |  |
| “This Master Hyde, if he were studied … must have secrets of his own: black secrets, by the look of him; secrets compared to which poor Jekyll’s worst would be like sunshine.” |  |  |