

Task: Write three different diary entries from the beginning, middle and end sections of the classic story you read. Choose a major character.

Student name withheld

Bibliography: Stevenson, Robert Louis 1997, *The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*, Dorling Kindersley, London.



Dear Diary

November 2nd, 1886

I went for a lovely walk with my cousin today, it was simply refreshing. Why, Enfield and I had a good time walking together. The walk was interesting and we were taking the usual route when we passed by a building. There was nothing unusual about it, it was just dark and dusty. Enfield suddenly pointed out to me that the place had a strange story behind it.

It seemed that Enfield was coming home one winter morning and he saw two people but there was nothing suspicious about that. There was a stocky man who was strolling along the street and the second was a little girl who was running as fast as she could. Enfield said that they bumped into each other, the girl fell and the most horrible thing happened. The man actually walked over the child's poor body with his heavy boots! How preposterous is that? How dare he! I couldn't believe my eyes, it was such an inhumane thing to do. Furthermore, Enfield told me that the man went into Jekyll's home, my old friend. I decided to do some research after dinner that evening. I went to retrieve Henry Jekyll's will. The contents of the will were disturbing, they worried me greatly. It was bad enough that Edward Hyde, the sole inheritor, was mad!

I was extremely troubled so later in the evening I went to see my old friend Lanyon. Lanyon, Jekyll and I had been old friends for a long time. I mentioned the thoughts that were worrying me and he said that Jekyll had become too imaginative for his own good; he had developed strange, wild and unscientific ideas. I was thinking about the situation at hand when I noticed Lanyon's red angry face, he looked furious. He didn't seem to know the man named Hyde. I then left and returned home. I had a horrible dream, it was frightening.

During the next few weeks, I spent most of my free time waiting for Hyde where I had last seen him but he was nowhere in sight. I almost gave up. One night, however, he finally showed up. I spoke to him for a while and he snapped back at me, how rude! I couldn't believe my ears, there was something evil about him. Poor Henry Jekyll, he was in big trouble.

A fortnight later, Jekyll gave a dinner party for a few of his old friends including myself. I spoke to him about his will, he however, turned pale after chatting about Hyde and he seemed troubled about it. How I dislike that man, Hyde. That irresponsible and rude man.

Utterson



Dear Diary

January, 23rd, 1887

Many things have happened since my last diary entry. Firstly, there was a gruesome murder. The murderer was that friend of Jekyll's, Mr Hyde. A servant girl witnessed the whole incident from her bedroom window. He hit an old man violently with a stick and knocked him to the ground, it was terrible. An old stick was the murder weapon and the old man had a letter on his body and it was addressed to me. They showed me the body and I recognised it at once, it was Sir Danvers Carew. The inspector then showed me the stick and I knew I had seen it before, it was Henry Jekyll's stick and I was the one who gave it to him.

I immediately went to Mr. Hyde's home with the inspectors. It was in a poor part of London in a dirty street full of cheap bars and dirty houses. An old servant opened the door and granted us entry into the house. Surprisingly, the house was extremely comfortable and in excellent taste. Everything was tidy; the inspectors found a few pieces of evidence in the house but were unable to capture him.

Later I went for a visit, Jekyll's servant, Poole, let me in and took me through the kitchen and to the laboratory behind the house. Then, he led me to Jekyll's private study where I found him looking white and ill. He said that nobody would hear from Hyde again. I listened but I did not like his feverish and excited look. Jekyll had received a letter from Hyde but the contents seemed suspicious to me. It read

'To Dr Henry Jekyll, my great benefactor,

I have repaid your generosity very poorly. Do not fear for my safety. I have a means of escape on which I can depend. I bid you farewell. Think no more of me, Sir, I do not deserve your charity.

Your servant, Edmund Hyde.'

I think Jekyll is trying to protect Hyde for some reason. Poole told me that nobody brought any letters to Jekyll. This is worrying me. I brought the letter to Guest, my chief clerk, that evening. He noticed that the two letters were similar. Jekyll had written the letter! I fear for my old friend. People are trying to capture Hyde but to no avail, no one has seen him, it was as though he has vanished into thin air. As for Jekyll, he appears a happier and calmer man, he has come out into the world again, and he invited friends and accepted invitations. He spends more time in the fresh air and looks happier and more carefree.

It has not lasted long, he has refused to see visitors again. I went to visit Dr Lanyon last night, I was utterly shocked by his appearance. He is grey and thin and there is a frightened look in his eyes, he looks like a man who knows that he is dying. He told me that he had had a shock and refused to speak of an 'unspeakable terror' and that it would cause his death. At the mention of Jekyll's name, the look on his face changed. All three of us have been friends for so long, and it is such a pity.



*Dear Diary
March 4th, 1887*

It is now March, I was surprised to receive a visit from Poole who looked pale and frightened. He told me that some thing terrible had happened to Jekyll, he requested me to follow him and pay him a visit. We immediately made our way to Jekyll's home. He opened the door and I saw that the room was filled with people - every servant in the house was present there, they were afraid. Even Poole seemed frightened. Poole spoke to Jekyll, however, the voice was unfamiliar. I felt myself growing pale, and it didn't sound like Jekyll. Poole informed me that he had seen Jekyll's murderer, the man was wearing a mask over his face. Poole then became too distraught to speak. I believed that he was ill, it was normal and natural and there was nothing to be alarmed about that. Poole was persistent and believed that his master had been murdered. We decided to break

down the study door. Poole supposed that the man in the study was Hyde, I understood and believed him. Everything was different about Jekyll, from the voice to the footsteps.

I climbed down the stairs to the study, Poole raised the axe and let it fall. The door shook and gave way, and a scream rang out from the study. In the middle of the floor lay the body of a man, I turned it over and saw the face of Edward Hyde. He was dead and Jekyll was nowhere to be found. I turned to the desk and found a large packet addressed to me, I opened it and three envelopes fell to the ground. The first contained a will, leaving all his money to me. I read the second and understood what he meant; I left his house and walked home to read the letters.

The first letter was addressed to Dr Lanyon, it contained details and instructions for Lanyon to fetch items for Jekyll and bring the items to him. Lanyon did as he was told and fetched the items needed. I was shocked and I wondered where this would lead everyone. In Lanyon's letter, he had collected packets of powder, a bottle and a book. The person he passed the items to fitted the description of Hyde. The process noted by Lanyon was interesting; 'the man drank a liquid he had concocted, suddenly his whole body changed and he turned back into Henry Jekyll. I couldn't believe my eyes, Hyde and Jekyll were the same person, it was so hard to believe.'

With fear in my heart, I read Jekyll's confession. He had been living a double life, he created the drug to give each side of his character its own separate face and body. After much thought, he had found the answer. However, Hyde could not be controlled and he slowly took over Jekyll's body, Edward Hyde was pure evil. Jekyll's drug was not strong enough to control Hyde. His good self and evil self were fighting and his evil self was winning. Wishing to be somebody you are not are dangerous thoughts. Henry Jekyll, my old friend, was never coming back. Goodbye, my old friend.

Uttersson



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