***Jekyll and Hyde:* Key Quotations**

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| **Quotation** | **Notes** |
| “The door…was blistered and distained.” |  |
| I was coming home from some place at the end of the world, about three of a black winter morning. ***Street after street…and all as empty as a church…*** |  |
| The man ***trampled calmly*** over the child’s body and left her screaming on the ground… ***It was like some damn juggernaut.***  |  |
| I never saw a circle of such hateful faces; and there was the man in the middle, ***with a kind of black sneering coolness***…carrying it off, sir, ***really like Satan.*** |  |
| It was his custom of a Sunday, when his meal was over, to sit close by the fire, a volume of some dry divinity on his desk, until the clock of the neighbouring church rang our t the hour of twelve, when he ***would go soberly and gratefully to bed***. On this night however…he took up a candle and went into his business room. |  |
| It is more than ten year’s since Henry Jekyll’s became too fanciful for me. ***He began to go wrong, wrong in the mind…and I have seen devilish little of the man.*** |  |
| …still he was digging at the problem…***his imagination also was engaged, or enslaved.*** |  |
| …in spite of the ***low growl of London from all around.*** |  |
| Mr Hyde shrank back with a ***hissing intake of breath….snarled aloud into a savage laugh.*** |  |
| And the next moment, ***with ape-like fury, he was trampling his victim underfoot*** and ***hailing down a storm of blows***, under which the ***bones were audibly shattered***… |  |
| …***whilst he had always been known for charities, he was now no less distinguished for religion***. |  |
| …the smile as struck out of his face and succeeded by an expression of such abject terror and despair, as froze the very blood of the two gentlemen below. |  |
| It was a wild, cold seasonable night of march, with a pale moon, lying on her back as though the wind had tilted her. |  |
| …when that masked thing like a monkey jumped among the chemicals and whipped into the cabinet, it went down my spine like ice. |  |
| Weeping like woman or a lost soul. |  |
| He reeled, staggered, clutched as the table and held on, staring with injected eyes, gasping with open mouth; and as I looked there came I though a change – he seemed to swell – his face became suddenly black… |  |
| …for there before my eyes – place and shaken, and half fainting, and groping before him with his hands, ***like a man restored from death*** – there stood Henry Jekyll! |  |
| ***Man is not truly one but truly two…*** |  |
| My devil had long been caged, he came out roaring… |  |