

ESL EASY READ

LEITURA FACILITADA EM INGLÊS

NÍVEL

B1

MicMac

The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

Robert Louis Stevenson



1 NÍVEL DE
LEITURA

B1



TEXTO
ORIGINAL
EM INGLÊS



TRADUÇÃO
EM PORTUGUÊS



NOTAS E
GLOSSÁRIO
DE VOCABULÁRIO

O MÉDICO E O MONSTRO

TRADUÇÃO EM PORTUGUÊS

APRENDA • LEIA • ENTENDA • PROGRIDA



→ DO NÍVEL **B1** AO TEXTO ORIGINAL ←

LEITURA INTELIGENTE, COMPREENSÃO REAL, PROGRESSO CONSTANTE.

The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

O Médico e o Monstro

Robert Louis Stevenson

ESL Easy Read

Reading Comprehension B1 • Original Text • Português
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Autor

Robert Louis Stevenson (1850–1894)

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Introdução

Como ler este livro

Cada livro desta coleção é apresentado em um nível de leitura simplificada, de acordo com o CEFR — Quadro Europeu Comum de Referência para Línguas.

A2 — Básico: indicado para leitores que já compreendem frases simples, vocabulário frequente e textos curtos sobre situações do cotidiano.

B1 — Intermediário: indicado para leitores que conseguem compreender as ideias principais de textos claros e acompanhar uma narrativa com vocabulário e estruturas de dificuldade moderada.

B2 — Intermediário avançado: indicado para leitores que já conseguem compreender textos mais complexos, acompanhar descrições detalhadas e reconhecer uma variedade maior de vocabulário e estruturas gramaticais.

Este livro foi adaptado para o nível B1.

Assim, você pode começar a lê-lo mesmo sem dominar completamente o inglês. O texto foi simplificado para facilitar a compreensão, preservando a história, os personagens e os acontecimentos principais da obra original.

Como usar as notas

No texto de leitura simplificada, cada parágrafo possui um link Pt/En. Esse link abre uma nota com a tradução em português do texto simplificado e o trecho correspondente no texto original em inglês.

No texto original em inglês, o link PT leva diretamente ao parágrafo correspondente na versão em português. Na tradução portuguesa, o link En retorna ao parágrafo correspondente no texto original.

A tradução para o português é feita a partir do texto em inglês simplificado, e não diretamente do texto original. O objetivo é ajudar você a compreender com precisão a frase simplificada que está estudando naquele momento.

O texto original em inglês é apresentado separadamente para a etapa seguinte do aprendizado, quando você já estiver preparado para ler e comparar a obra em sua forma original.

Cada nota contém links que permitem retornar exatamente ao parágrafo que você estava lendo.

Como usar o glossário

Na última parte do livro, o Glossary: New Words reúne, em ordem alfabética, palavras mais complexas ou menos frequentes presentes no texto simplificado de nível B1. Essas palavras aparecem em itálico no texto.

Cada entrada apresenta pronúncia, tradução em português, explicação simples em inglês, frase de exemplo e até cinco frases reais do livro.

O link [Back to B1](#) retorna exatamente à frase correspondente na versão simplificada.

Depois do texto simplificado, o livro apresenta também o texto original completo em inglês e a versão completa em português.

Sobre este livro

Na Londres vitoriana, o advogado Gabriel John Utterson fica cada vez mais perturbado com a figura sinistra do Sr. Edward Hyde, um homem violento e repulsivo que tem sido visto com seu velho amigo, o respeitado Dr. Henry Jekyll. Jekyll, um cientista rico e benevolente, recentemente alterou seu testamento para deixar tudo para Hyde, uma decisão que desconcerta e alarma Utterson. Enquanto Utterson investiga, ele descobre os atos brutais de Hyde, incluindo o assassinato de um respeitado membro do Parlamento. O conflito central gira em torno da misteriosa conexão entre Jekyll e Hyde, com Utterson lutando para entender por que Jekyll se associaria a um ser tão malévolo. A história se desenrola através de uma série de documentos e testemunhos, construindo uma atmosfera gótica de suspense e ambiguidade moral. O tom é sombrio e psicológico, explorando temas de dualidade, repressão e a batalha entre o bem e o mal na alma humana. A narrativa progride da investigação externa de Utterson para uma revelação mais profunda e pessoal sobre os experimentos de Jekyll. O

cenário—Londres enevoada e iluminada a gás—espelha os aspectos ocultos e sombrios da natureza humana. No final, a história mergulha nas consequências de tentar separar os lados virtuoso e maligno, levando a um clímax trágico e chocante que revela a verdadeira natureza da relação entre Jekyll e Hyde.

Nota editorial

A tradução para o português e a versão Reading Comprehension B1 foram geradas com apoio de inteligência artificial e submetidas a revisão editorial.

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STORY OF THE DOOR

SEARCH FOR MR. HYDE

STORY OF THE DOOR

Pt/En Mr. Utterson was a lawyer with a serious face that rarely smiled. He was quiet and shy when he spoke, and not very emotional. He was thin, tall, and looked a bit dull, but people liked him. When he was with friends and enjoyed a drink, a warm and human feeling showed in his eyes. This feeling was not often in his words, but it was clear in his actions. He was strict with himself, drinking plain gin when alone to stop his liking for expensive wines. Even though he liked the theatre, he had not been for twenty years. However, he was very understanding of others. He sometimes felt a little jealous of how excited people were by their mistakes. He preferred to help people rather than criticize them. He used to say that he let his friends live their lives as they wished. Because of this, he often became the last good friend and positive influence for men who were going down a bad path. As long as they visited his office, he treated them the same way, without showing any change in his attitude.

Pt/En Mr. Utterson found it easy to be friendly because he was not very expressive. His friendships seemed to be based on his general kindness and good luck. He was a humble man who accepted the friends that life offered him. His friends were his family or people he had known for a very long time. His feelings for them grew slowly over time, and he didn't need them to be special. This is why he was close to Mr. Richard Enfield, his cousin and a well-known person in the city. Many people found it strange that these two men liked each other or could find things to talk about. People who saw them on their Sunday walks said they didn't talk much, looked bored, and were happy when they saw another friend. Even so, both men valued these walks very much. They considered them the best part of their week and would cancel fun plans or even business meetings to have these walks without interruption.

Pt/En One day, during one of their walks, they went down a small street in a busy part of London. The street was narrow and usually quiet, but it was busy with shops during the week. The people living there seemed to be doing well and hoped to do even better. They spent extra money on nice things for their homes. The shop fronts along the street looked inviting, like friendly shop assistants. Even on Sundays,

when the street was less busy and showed fewer bright colours, it looked different from the duller areas around it. It was bright like a fire in a forest. With its newly painted shutters, shiny metal parts, and overall clean and cheerful look, it immediately pleased anyone who walked by.

Pt/En About two doors from a corner, on the left side going east, the line of buildings was broken by the entrance to a small court. Right there, a dark, unpleasant building stuck out towards the street. It had two floors. The lower floor had only a door and no windows. The upper floor had a blank wall that looked dirty and old. Everything about it showed it had been neglected for a very long time. The door had no bell or knocker. It was damaged and dirty. Homeless people used the doorway and scratched matches on the wood. Children played shop on the steps. Older boys had carved into the wood. For almost twenty years, no one had come to stop these people or fix the damage.

Pt/En Mr. Enfield and the lawyer were on the opposite side of the small street. When they reached the entrance to the court, Mr. Enfield raised his walking stick and pointed.

Pt/En A man asked his friend if he had seen a certain door. His friend said yes. The man then said that the door was connected to a very strange story in his mind.

Pt/En Mr. Utterson asked with a slightly different tone of voice what the story was.

Pt/En Mr. Enfield explained that one very dark and early morning, he saw a small man walking quickly and a young girl running. They ran into each other at a street corner. The man then walked calmly over the girl, who was screaming. Enfield caught the man and brought him back to the girl's family, who were already there. The doctor arrived, and said the child was mostly just scared. Enfield felt a strong dislike for the man. The girl's family and the doctor also seemed angry. They decided to threaten the man with a public scandal if he did not pay money. The man agreed to pay one hundred pounds for the girl's family. He took them to the place with the door, went inside, and came back with the money and a cheque for the rest. The cheque was signed with a well-known name. Enfield thought it was strange that the man could get a cheque like that so early in the morning. The man calmly said he would stay with them until the banks opened to cash the cheque. They all went to the

bank the next day, and Enfield told them he thought the cheque was fake, but it turned out to be real.

Pt/En Mr. Utterson said, "Tut-tut."

Pt/En Mr. Enfield said that he felt the same way and that it was a bad story. He described the man who committed the bad act as terrible, but the person who wrote the cheque was a very respectable and well-known man who did good deeds. Enfield thought it was blackmail, where an honest man pays for mistakes from his past. Because of this, he called the place with the door "Black Mail House." He also felt that this did not explain everything and started thinking deeply.

Pt/En Mr. Utterson suddenly asked if the person who wrote the cheque lived there.

Pt/En Mr. Enfield replied that it seemed like a possible place. He said he had seen the address and that the person lived in a square.

Pt/En Mr. Utterson then asked if Mr. Enfield had ever asked about the place with the door.

Pt/En Mr. Enfield said he had not asked because he felt it was too much like judging someone. He explained that asking one question could lead to many problems, and he preferred not to ask questions, especially when something seemed strange.

Pt/En The lawyer agreed that it was a very good rule.

Pt/En Mr. Enfield told Mr. Utterson that he had studied the place himself. He said it did not seem like a house. There was only one door, and a gentleman visited it only once in a long time. He mentioned three windows upstairs, but none downstairs. The windows were always closed but clean. A chimney was usually smoking, which meant someone must live there. However, he was not completely sure because the buildings were so close together that it was difficult to tell where one ended and another began.

Pt/En Mr. Utterson and Mr. Enfield walked together in silence for some time. Then, Mr. Utterson said to Mr. Enfield that he thought Enfield had a good rule.

Pt/En Mr. Enfield agreed, saying that he thought his rule was good.

Pt/En The lawyer, Mr. Utterson, continued speaking. He said that *despite* everything, there was one thing he wanted to ask. He wanted to know the name of the man who had walked over the child.

Pt/En Mr. Enfield replied that he did not see any problem with telling him. He said the man's name was Hyde.

Pt/En Mr. Utterson made a sound and asked what the man looked like.

Pt/En The speaker said the man was difficult to describe. He looked strange and *unpleasant*, and the speaker disliked him a lot, but could not say exactly why. He felt the man looked deformed, though he could not point to a *specific* part. He was an *unusual*-looking man, but the speaker could not find anything *specific* that was wrong. He could not describe him and remembered him clearly.

Pt/En Mr. Utterson walked quietly for a while, thinking hard. He then asked if the other person was sure that the man had used a key.

Pt/En Enfield began to speak, surprised by the question.

Pt/En Mr. Utterson said he knew it might seem strange, but he already knew the name of the other person involved. He told Richard that his story had made an *impact* and asked him to correct any *mistakes* he might have made.

Pt/En The other person replied with a little anger, saying that he thought he should have been warned. He explained that he had been very careful and exact. He added that the man had a key and still had it, as he saw him use it recently.

Pt/En Mr. Utterson sighed deeply but did not speak. The young man then continued, saying it was a lesson to him not to talk too much. He felt ashamed of talking so much and suggested they make an *agreement* never to talk about this matter again.

Pt/En The lawyer agreed completely and said he would shake hands on that *agreement*.

SEARCH FOR MR. HYDE

Pt/En That evening, Mr. Utterson returned to his home feeling sad. After dinner, instead of his usual Sunday habit of reading by the fire, he went to his office. He opened his safe and took out a document which was Dr. Jekyll's Will. He looked at it with a worried expression. The will was written entirely by Dr. Jekyll. It stated that if Dr. Jekyll died, all his money and property would go to his friend and helper, Edward Hyde. It also said that if Dr. Jekyll disappeared or was missing for more than three months, Edward Hyde would take his place immediately. Hyde would not have to pay Dr. Jekyll's debts, only give small amounts of money to the doctor's staff. Mr. Utterson had disliked this will for a long time. It bothered him as a lawyer and as someone who liked normal life. He had previously been angry because he knew nothing about Mr. Hyde. Now, he was even more upset because he had learned terrible things about him. It was bad enough when Hyde was just a name he couldn't find out about. It was worse when he heard bad things about him. The unclear, mysterious idea of Hyde had now become a clear, frightening image of a terrible person.

Pt/En As he put the unpleasant paper back in the safe, he said that he had first thought it was madness, but now he was starting to fear it was disgrace.

Pt/En Mr. Utterson put on a coat and went to Cavendish Square. His friend, Dr. Lanyon, lived there and had many patients. Utterson thought that Dr. Lanyon would know what he wanted to know.

Pt/En A butler let Mr. Utterson into the house and took him to Dr. Lanyon. Dr. Lanyon was a healthy, energetic man with white hair and a strong personality. He was happy to see Mr. Utterson and welcomed him warmly. They were old friends from school and college and enjoyed spending time together.

Pt/En After some general conversation, the lawyer started to talk about the subject that was worrying him.

Pt/En Mr. Utterson asked Dr. Lanyon if they were Henry Jekyll's two oldest friends.

Pt/En Dr. Lanyon laughed and agreed that they were probably the oldest friends. He added that he did not see Henry Jekyll very often now.

Pt/En Utterson asked if he was surprised, because he thought they had something in common.

Pt/En The doctor replied that they did have something in common. However, Henry Jekyll had changed more than ten years ago. He started to act strangely, and though the doctor still cared about him, he saw him very little. The doctor said that such strange, unscientific ideas would have made even the closest friends stop being friends.

Pt/En Utterson felt a little better hearing this. He thought they only *disagreed* about science. Since Utterson was not interested in science himself, he thought it was not a serious problem. After letting his friend *calm* down, Utterson asked about someone he knew through Jekyll, asking if he had met a person named Hyde.

Pt/En Lanyon repeated the name Hyde and said he had never heard of him, stating that Hyde was not known during his time.

Pt/En The lawyer returned home with this little information. He could not sleep and thought a lot about his questions until morning.

Pt/En Mr. Utterson could not stop thinking about Mr. Hyde. He imagined Hyde as a *frightening* figure who hurt a child and forced his friend Dr. Jekyll to do bad things. Utterson saw Hyde in his dreams, always moving quickly and seeming to hurt children. The figure had no clear face, which made Utterson very curious. He wanted to see Mr. Hyde's face to understand why Dr. Jekyll was connected to him and why the will was so strange. He felt that seeing Hyde's face would help explain everything.

Pt/En After that, Mr. Utterson started going to the door in the small street every day. He went in the morning, at *lunchtime*, and at night. He waited there at all times, whether it was busy or quiet, hoping to see Mr. Hyde.

Pt/En Mr. Utterson decided that if the person was Mr. Hyde, he would try hard to find him. He thought of himself as 'Mr. Seek'.

Pt/En Finally, Mr. Utterson's waiting paid off. It was a cold, clear night, and the streets were empty and quiet. Sounds could *travel* far. After

waiting for some time, Utterson heard a light sound of footsteps coming closer. He was used to hearing people from far away in the city, but these footsteps caught his attention strongly. He felt sure he would succeed and hid in a doorway.

Pt/En The footsteps got louder and faster as they came around the street corner. Mr. Utterson looked out and saw the man. He was short and wore simple clothes. The man's appearance made Utterson feel uncomfortable. The man walked directly towards the door, crossing the street quickly. As he walked, he took a key from his pocket, as if he was going home.

Pt/En Mr. Utterson stepped out and touched Mr. Hyde on the shoulder, asking if he was Mr. Hyde.

Pt/En Mr. Hyde reacted with fear, but quickly answered calmly that his name was Hyde and asked what Mr. Utterson wanted.

Pt/En Mr. Utterson explained that he was an old friend of Dr. Jekyll, that his name was Utterson from Gaunt Street, and he hoped Mr. Hyde would let him in since they met conveniently.

Pt/En Mr. Hyde replied that Dr. Jekyll was not home and asked how Mr. Utterson knew him.

Pt/En Mr. Utterson asked Mr. Hyde if he would do him a favour.

Pt/En The other person said, "Certainly. What would you like?"

Pt/En The lawyer asked if he could see his face.

Pt/En Mr. Hyde seemed unsure, then turned around bravely. They looked at each other for a few seconds. Mr. Utterson said that he would know Mr. Hyde again, and that it might be useful.

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STORY OF THE DOOR

PT Mr. Utterson the lawyer was a man of a rugged countenance that was never lighted by a smile; cold, scanty and embarrassed in discourse; backward in sentiment; lean, long, dusty, dreary and yet somehow lovable. At friendly meetings, and when the wine was to his taste, something eminently human beamed from his eye; something indeed which never found its way into his talk, but which spoke not only in these silent symbols of the after-dinner face, but more often and loudly in the acts of his life. He was austere with himself; drank gin when he was alone, to mortify a taste for vintages; and though he enjoyed the theatre, had not crossed the doors of one for twenty years. But he had an approved tolerance for others; sometimes wondering, almost with envy, at the high pressure of spirits involved in their misdeeds; and in any extremity inclined to help rather than to reprove. "I incline to Cain's heresy," he used to say quaintly: "I let my brother go to the devil in his own way." In this character, it was frequently his fortune to be the last reputable acquaintance and the last good influence in the lives of downgoing men. And to such as these, so long as they came about his chambers, he never marked a shade of change in his demeanour.

PT No doubt the feat was easy to Mr. Utterson; for he was undemonstrative at the best, and even his friendship seemed to be founded in a similar catholicity of good-nature. It is the mark of a modest man to accept his friendly circle ready-made from the hands of opportunity; and that was the lawyer's way. His friends were those of his own blood or those whom he had known the longest; his affections, like ivy, were the growth of time, they implied no aptness in the object. Hence, no doubt the bond that united him to Mr. Richard Enfield, his distant kinsman, the well-known man about town. It was a nut to crack for many, what these two could see in each other, or what subject they could find in common. It was reported by those who encountered them in their Sunday walks, that they said nothing, looked singularly dull and would hail with obvious relief the appearance of a friend. For all that, the two men put the greatest store by these excursions, counted them the chief jewel of each week, and not only set aside occasions of pleasure, but even resisted the calls of business, that they might enjoy them uninterrupted.

PT It chanced on one of these rambles that their way led them down a by-street in a busy quarter of London. The street was small and what is called quiet, but it drove a thriving trade on the weekdays. The inhabitants were all doing well, it seemed and all emulously hoping to do better still, and laying out the surplus of their grains in coquetry; so that the shop fronts stood along that thoroughfare with an air of invitation, like rows of smiling saleswomen. Even on Sunday, when it veiled its more florid charms and lay comparatively empty of passage, the street shone out in contrast to its dingy neighbourhood, like a fire in a forest; and with its freshly painted shutters, well-polished brasses, and general cleanliness and gaiety of note, instantly caught and pleased the eye of the passenger.

PT Two doors from one corner, on the left hand going east the line was broken by the entry of a court; and just at that point a certain sinister block of building thrust forward its gable on the street. It was two storeys high; showed no window, nothing but a door on the lower storey and a blind forehead of discoloured wall on the upper; and bore in every feature, the marks of prolonged and sordid negligence. The door, which was equipped with neither bell nor knocker, was blistered and distained. Tramps slouched into the recess and struck matches on the panels; children kept shop upon the steps; the schoolboy had tried his knife on the mouldings; and for close on a generation, no one had appeared to drive away these random visitors or to repair their ravages.

PT Mr. Enfield and the lawyer were on the other side of the by-street; but when they came abreast of the entry, the former lifted up his cane and pointed.

PT “Did you ever remark that door?” he asked; and when his companion had replied in the affirmative. “It is connected in my mind,” added he, “with a very odd story.”

PT “Indeed?” said Mr. Utterson, with a slight change of voice, “and what was that?”

PT “Well, it was this way,” returned Mr. Enfield: “I was coming home from some place at the end of the world, about three o’clock of a black winter morning, and my way lay through a part of town where there was literally nothing to be seen but lamps. Street after street and all the folks asleep — street after street, all lighted up as if for a procession and all as

empty as a church — till at last I got into that state of mind when a man listens and listens and begins to long for the sight of a policeman. All at once, I saw two figures: one a little man who was stumping along eastward at a good walk, and the other a girl of maybe eight or ten who was running as hard as she was able down a cross street. Well, sir, the two ran into one another naturally enough at the corner; and then came the horrible part of the thing; for the man trampled calmly over the child's body and left her screaming on the ground. It sounds nothing to hear, but it was hellish to see. It wasn't like a man; it was like some damned Juggernaut. I gave a few halloa, took to my heels, collared my gentleman, and brought him back to where there was already quite a group about the screaming child. He was perfectly cool and made no resistance, but gave me one look, so ugly that it brought out the sweat on me like running. The people who had turned out were the girl's own family; and pretty soon, the doctor, for whom she had been sent put in his appearance. Well, the child was not much the worse, more frightened, according to the Sawbones; and there you might have supposed would be an end to it. But there was one curious circumstance. I had taken a loathing to my gentleman at first sight. So had the child's family, which was only natural. But the doctor's case was what struck me. He was the usual cut and dry apothecary, of no particular age and colour, with a strong Edinburgh accent and about as emotional as a bagpipe. Well, sir, he was like the rest of us; every time he looked at my prisoner, I saw that Sawbones turn sick and white with desire to kill him. I knew what was in his mind, just as he knew what was in mine; and killing being out of the question, we did the next best. We told the man we could and would make such a scandal out of this as should make his name stink from one end of London to the other. If he had any friends or any credit, we undertook that he should lose them. And all the time, as we were pitching it in red hot, we were keeping the women off him as best we could for they were as wild as harpies. I never saw a circle of such hateful faces; and there was the man in the middle, with a kind of black sneering coolness — frightened too, I could see that — but carrying it off, sir, really like Satan. 'If you choose to make capital out of this accident,' said he, 'I am naturally helpless. No gentleman but wishes to avoid a scene,' says he. 'Name your figure.' Well, we screwed him up to a hundred pounds for the child's family; he would have clearly liked to stick out; but there was something about the lot of us that meant mischief, and at last he struck. The next thing was to get the money; and where do you think he carried

us but to that place with the door? — whipped out a key, went in, and presently came back with the matter of ten pounds in gold and a cheque for the balance on Coutts's, drawn payable to bearer and signed with a name that I can't mention, though it's one of the points of my story, but it was a name at least very well known and often printed. The figure was stiff; but the signature was good for more than that if it was only genuine. I took the liberty of pointing out to my gentleman that the whole business looked apocryphal, and that a man does not, in real life, walk into a cellar door at four in the morning and come out with another man's cheque for close upon a hundred pounds. But he was quite easy and sneering. 'Set your mind at rest,' says he, 'I will stay with you till the banks open and cash the cheque myself.' So we all set off, the doctor, and the child's father, and our friend and myself, and passed the rest of the night in my chambers; and next day, when we had breakfasted, went in a body to the bank. I gave in the cheque myself, and said I had every reason to believe it was a forgery. Not a bit of it. The cheque was genuine."

PT "Tut-tut," said Mr. Utterson.

PT "I see you feel as I do," said Mr. Enfield. "Yes, it's a bad story. For my man was a fellow that nobody could have to do with, a really damnable man; and the person that drew the cheque is the very pink of the proprieties, celebrated too, and (what makes it worse) one of your fellows who do what they call good. Black mail I suppose; an honest man paying through the nose for some of the capers of his youth. Black Mail House is what I call the place with the door, in consequence. Though even that, you know, is far from explaining all," he added, and with the words fell into a vein of musing.

PT From this he was recalled by Mr. Utterson asking rather suddenly: "And you don't know if the drawer of the cheque lives there?"

PT "A likely place, isn't it?" returned Mr. Enfield. "But I happen to have noticed his address; he lives in some square or other."

PT "And you never asked about the — place with the door?" said Mr. Utterson.

PT "No, sir: I had a delicacy," was the reply. "I feel very strongly about putting questions; it partakes too much of the style of the day of judgment. You start a question, and it's like starting a stone. You sit quietly on the top of a hill; and away the stone goes, starting others; and

presently some bland old bird (the last you would have thought of) is knocked on the head in his own back garden and the family have to change their name. No sir, I make it a rule of mine: the more it looks like Queer Street, the less I ask.”

PT “A very good rule, too,” said the lawyer.

PT “But I have studied the place for myself,” continued Mr. Enfield. “It seems scarcely a house. There is no other door, and nobody goes in or out of that one but, once in a great while, the gentleman of my adventure. There are three windows looking on the court on the first floor; none below; the windows are always shut but they’re clean. And then there is a chimney which is generally smoking; so somebody must live there. And yet it’s not so sure; for the buildings are so packed together about the court, that it’s hard to say where one ends and another begins.”

PT The pair walked on again for a while in silence; and then “Enfield,” said Mr. Utterson, “that’s a good rule of yours.”

PT “Yes, I think it is,” returned Enfield.

PT “But for all that,” continued the lawyer, “there’s one point I want to ask: I want to ask the name of that man who walked over the child.”

PT “Well,” said Mr. Enfield, “I can’t see what harm it would do. It was a man of the name of Hyde.”

PT “Hm,” said Mr. Utterson. “What sort of a man is he to see?”

PT “He is not easy to describe. There is something wrong with his appearance; something displeasing, something down-right detestable. I never saw a man I so disliked, and yet I scarce know why. He must be deformed somewhere; he gives a strong feeling of deformity, although I couldn’t specify the point. He’s an extraordinary looking man, and yet I really can name nothing out of the way. No, sir; I can make no hand of it; I can’t describe him. And it’s not want of memory; for I declare I can see him this moment.”

PT Mr. Utterson again walked some way in silence and obviously under a weight of consideration. “You are sure he used a key?” he inquired at last.

PT “My dear sir...” began Enfield, surprised out of himself.

PT “Yes, I know,” said Utterson; “I know it must seem strange. The fact is, if I do not ask you the name of the other party, it is because I know it already. You see, Richard, your tale has gone home. If you have been inexact in any point you had better correct it.”

PT “I think you might have warned me,” returned the other with a touch of sullenness. “But I have been pedantically exact, as you call it. The fellow had a key; and what’s more, he has it still. I saw him use it not a week ago.”

PT Mr. Utterson sighed deeply but said never a word; and the young man presently resumed. “Here is another lesson to say nothing,” said he. “I am ashamed of my long tongue. Let us make a bargain never to refer to this again.”

PT “With all my heart,” said the lawyer. “I shake hands on that, Richard.”

SEARCH FOR MR. HYDE

PT That evening Mr. Utterson came home to his bachelor house in sombre spirits and sat down to dinner without relish. It was his custom of a Sunday, when this meal was over, to sit close by the fire, a volume of some dry divinity on his reading desk, until the clock of the neighbouring church rang out the hour of twelve, when he would go soberly and gratefully to bed. On this night however, as soon as the cloth was taken away, he took up a candle and went into his business room. There he opened his safe, took from the most private part of it a document endorsed on the envelope as Dr. Jekyll's Will and sat down with a clouded brow to study its contents. The will was holograph, for Mr. Utterson though he took charge of it now that it was made, had refused to lend the least assistance in the making of it; it provided not only that, in case of the decease of Henry Jekyll, M.D., D.C.L., L.L.D., F.R.S., etc., all his possessions were to pass into the hands of his "friend and benefactor Edward Hyde," but that in case of Dr. Jekyll's "disappearance or unexplained absence for any period exceeding three calendar months," the said Edward Hyde should step into the said Henry Jekyll's shoes without further delay and free from any burthen or obligation beyond the payment of a few small sums to the members of the doctor's household. This document had long been the lawyer's eyesore. It offended him both as a lawyer and as a lover of the sane and customary sides of life, to whom the fanciful was the immodest. And hitherto it was his ignorance of Mr. Hyde that had swelled his indignation; now, by a sudden turn, it was his knowledge. It was already bad enough when the name was but a name of which he could learn no more. It was worse when it began to be clothed upon with detestable attributes; and out of the shifting, insubstantial mists that had so long baffled his eye, there leaped up the sudden, definite presentment of a fiend.

PT "I thought it was madness," he said, as he replaced the obnoxious paper in the safe, "and now I begin to fear it is disgrace."

PT With that he blew out his candle, put on a greatcoat, and set forth in the direction of Cavendish Square, that citadel of medicine, where his friend, the great Dr. Lanyon, had his house and received his crowding patients. "If anyone knows, it will be Lanyon," he had thought.

PT The solemn butler knew and welcomed him; he was subjected to no stage of delay, but ushered direct from the door to the dining-room where Dr. Lanyon sat alone over his wine. This was a hearty, healthy, dapper, red-faced gentleman, with a shock of hair prematurely white, and a boisterous and decided manner. At sight of Mr. Utterson, he sprang up from his chair and welcomed him with both hands. The geniality, as was the way of the man, was somewhat theatrical to the eye; but it reposed on genuine feeling. For these two were old friends, old mates both at school and college, both thorough respectors of themselves and of each other, and what does not always follow, men who thoroughly enjoyed each other's company.

PT After a little rambling talk, the lawyer led up to the subject which so disagreeably preoccupied his mind.

PT "I suppose, Lanyon," said he, "you and I must be the two oldest friends that Henry Jekyll has?"

PT "I wish the friends were younger," chuckled Dr. Lanyon. "But I suppose we are. And what of that? I see little of him now."

PT "Indeed?" said Utterson. "I thought you had a bond of common interest."

PT "We had," was the reply. "But it is more than ten years since Henry Jekyll became too fanciful for me. He began to go wrong, wrong in mind; and though of course I continue to take an interest in him for old sake's sake, as they say, I see and I have seen devilish little of the man. Such unscientific balderdash," added the doctor, flushing suddenly purple, "would have estranged Damon and Pythias."

PT This little spirit of temper was somewhat of a relief to Mr. Utterson. "They have only differed on some point of science," he thought; and being a man of no scientific passions (except in the matter of conveyancing), he even added: "It is nothing worse than that!" He gave his friend a few seconds to recover his composure, and then approached the question he had come to put. "Did you ever come across a protege of his — one Hyde?" he asked.

PT "Hyde?" repeated Lanyon. "No. Never heard of him. Since my time."

PT That was the amount of information that the lawyer carried back with him to the great, dark bed on which he tossed to and fro, until the small hours of the morning began to grow large. It was a night of little ease to his toiling mind, toiling in mere darkness and besieged by questions.

PT Six o'clock struck on the bells of the church that was so conveniently near to Mr. Utterson's dwelling, and still he was digging at the problem. Hitherto it had touched him on the intellectual side alone; but now his imagination also was engaged, or rather enslaved; and as he lay and tossed in the gross darkness of the night and the curtained room, Mr. Enfield's tale went by before his mind in a scroll of lighted pictures. He would be aware of the great field of lamps of a nocturnal city; then of the figure of a man walking swiftly; then of a child running from the doctor's; and then these met, and that human Juggernaut trod the child down and passed on regardless of her screams. Or else he would see a room in a rich house, where his friend lay asleep, dreaming and smiling at his dreams; and then the door of that room would be opened, the curtains of the bed plucked apart, the sleeper recalled, and lo! there would stand by his side a figure to whom power was given, and even at that dead hour, he must rise and do its bidding. The figure in these two phases haunted the lawyer all night; and if at any time he dozed over, it was but to see it glide more stealthily through sleeping houses, or move the more swiftly and still the more swiftly, even to dizziness, through wider labyrinths of lamplighted city, and at every street corner crush a child and leave her screaming. And still the figure had no face by which he might know it; even in his dreams, it had no face, or one that baffled him and melted before his eyes; and thus it was that there sprang up and grew apace in the lawyer's mind a singularly strong, almost an inordinate, curiosity to behold the features of the real Mr. Hyde. If he could but once set eyes on him, he thought the mystery would lighten and perhaps roll altogether away, as was the habit of mysterious things when well examined. He might see a reason for his friend's strange preference or bondage (call it which you please) and even for the startling clause of the will. At least it would be a face worth seeing: the face of a man who was without bowels of mercy: a face which had but to show itself to raise up, in the mind of the unimpressionable Enfield, a spirit of enduring hatred.

PT From that time forward, Mr. Utterson began to haunt the door in the by-street of shops. In the morning before office hours, at noon when

business was plenty, and time scarce, at night under the face of the fogged city moon, by all lights and at all hours of solitude or concourse, the lawyer was to be found on his chosen post.

PT “If he be Mr. Hyde,” he had thought, “I shall be Mr. Seek.”

PT And at last his patience was rewarded. It was a fine dry night; frost in the air; the streets as clean as a ballroom floor; the lamps, unshaken by any wind, drawing a regular pattern of light and shadow. By ten o'clock, when the shops were closed the by-street was very solitary and, in spite of the low growl of London from all round, very silent. Small sounds carried far; domestic sounds out of the houses were clearly audible on either side of the roadway; and the rumour of the approach of any passenger preceded him by a long time. Mr. Utterson had been some minutes at his post, when he was aware of an odd light footstep drawing near. In the course of his nightly patrols, he had long grown accustomed to the quaint effect with which the footfalls of a single person, while he is still a great way off, suddenly spring out distinct from the vast hum and clatter of the city. Yet his attention had never before been so sharply and decisively arrested; and it was with a strong, superstitious prevision of success that he withdrew into the entry of the court.

PT 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.

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

PT 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?”

PT “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 of my name; and meeting you so conveniently, I thought you might admit me.”

PT “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.

PT “On your side,” said Mr. Utterson “will you do me a favour?”

PT “With pleasure,” replied the other. “What shall it be?”

PT “Will you let me see your face?” asked the lawyer.

PT 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.”

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HISTÓRIA DA PORTA

En O Sr. Utterson, o advogado, tinha um rosto rude que nunca sorria. Ele era frio e quieto na conversa, não dado a demonstrar emoção. Era magro, alto, poeirento e sombrio, mas de alguma forma as pessoas o achavam amável. Em reuniões amigáveis, quando o vinho era bom, um calor muito humano brilhava em seus olhos, embora nunca entrasse em sua fala. Esse calor era expresso mais frequentemente em suas ações. Ele era rígido consigo mesmo: bebia gim quando estava sozinho para disciplinar seu gosto por vinhos finos, e embora gostasse de teatro, não frequentava há vinte anos. No entanto, era tolerante com os outros, às vezes até invejando o alto astro por trás de seus erros. Em qualquer crise, preferia ajudar a criticar. Costumava dizer que deixava seu irmão ir para o inferno à sua própria maneira. Por causa dessa natureza, ele frequentemente se tornava o último conhecido respeitável e boa influência para homens que estavam em declínio. Enquanto visitassem seu escritório, ele nunca mostrava nenhuma mudança em sua maneira de tratá-los.

En Isso era fácil para o Sr. Utterson, que era pouco expressivo por natureza. Suas amizades pareciam ser baseadas em uma boa índole geral. É sinal de um homem modesto aceitar seu círculo de amigos como eles vêm, e essa era a maneira do advogado. Seus amigos eram seus parentes ou aqueles que ele conhecia há mais tempo; suas afeições cresciam lentamente com o tempo, como hera, e não dependiam das qualidades da outra pessoa. Isso explicava seu vínculo com o Sr. Richard Enfield, seu primo distante e um conhecido homem da cidade. Muitas pessoas se perguntavam o que viam um no outro ou sobre o que podiam conversar. Aqueles que os viam em seus passeios de domingo relatavam que não diziam nada, pareciam muito monótonos e ficavam aliviados quando um amigo aparecia. No entanto, ambos valorizavam muito esses passeios, considerando-os a melhor parte da semana. Eles deixavam de lado o prazer e até resistiam a chamadas de negócios para aproveitar os passeios sem interrupção.

En Em um desses passeios, eles desceram uma travessa em uma área movimentada de Londres. A rua era pequena e tranquila, mas tinha um comércio próspero durante a semana. Os moradores pareciam todos bem de vida, e cada um esperava melhorar ainda mais, gastando seu

dinheiro extra em decoração. As fachadas das lojas ao longo da rua pareciam convidativas, como fileiras de vendedoras sorridentes. Até no domingo, quando a rua estava menos movimentada e mostrava menos cores vibrantes, contrastava com o bairro sombrio como um fogo em uma floresta. Suas venezianas recém-pintadas, metais polidos e limpeza e alegria geral chamavam e agradavam os olhos de qualquer transeunte.

En Duas portas depois de uma esquina, à esquerda indo para leste, a fileira de prédios era interrompida pela entrada de um pátio. Naquele ponto, um bloco sinistro de construção projetava sua empena para a rua. Tinha dois andares, sem janelas — apenas uma porta no andar térreo e uma parede cega e descolorida acima. Cada característica mostrava sinais de negligência longa e sórdida. A porta não tinha campainha nem aldrava, e estava empolada e manchada. Vagabundos se encostavam no vão e riscavam fósforos nos painéis; crianças brincavam de loja nos degraus; garotos da escola tinham cravado seus canivetes nos adornos. Por quase uma geração, ninguém aparecia para espantar esses visitantes aleatórios ou reparar os danos.

En O Sr. Enfield e o advogado estavam do outro lado da travessa. Quando chegaram à altura da entrada, o Sr. Enfield ergueu sua bengala e apontou.

En Ele perguntou se seu companheiro havia notado aquela porta e, após receber uma resposta afirmativa, acrescentou que ela estava ligada em sua mente a uma história muito estranha.

En O Sr. Utterson respondeu com uma ligeira mudança em seu tom, perguntando qual era a história.

En O Sr. Enfield então contou sua estranha experiência. Em uma madrugada, por volta das três horas, ele caminhava por ruas desertas quando testemunhou um homem pequeno pisar deliberadamente sobre uma menina numa esquina e deixá-la gritando. Enfield perseguiu e agarrou o homem, trazendo-o de volta para a família irritada e um médico que havia chegado. O médico, apesar de seu comportamento habitual sem emoção, também parecia tomado pelo desejo de machucar o homem. Para evitar um escândalo, exigiram compensação, e o homem concordou em pagar cem libras. Ele os levou até uma porta misteriosa, entrou e voltou com ouro e um cheque assinado com um nome conhecido. Enfield suspeitou de falsificação, mas o homem calmamente

se ofereceu para ficar com eles até o banco abrir. Na manhã seguinte, Enfield apresentou o cheque no banco, esperando que fosse falso, mas era genuíno.

En O Sr. Utterson fez um som de desaprovação.

En O Sr. Enfield observou que eles compartilhavam o mesmo sentimento sobre a história. Ele descreveu o homem que cometeu o ato como verdadeiramente detestável, enquanto a pessoa que assinou o cheque era uma figura altamente respeitável e conhecida, o que tornava a situação pior. Ele suspeitava de chantagem — um homem honesto pagando pelos erros da juventude — e por isso chamou o local com a porta de 'Casa da Chantagem', embora admitisse que nem isso explicava totalmente as coisas, e caiu em um silêncio pensativo.

En O Sr. Utterson de repente o chamou e perguntou se ele sabia se a pessoa que escreveu o cheque morava lá.

En O Sr. Enfield concordou que parecia um lugar provável e acrescentou que havia notado o endereço, que era em alguma praça.

En O Sr. Utterson então perguntou se ele alguma vez havia indagado sobre o local com a porta.

En O Sr. Enfield respondeu que não havia perguntado por ter um escrúpulo quanto a isso. Ele sentia fortemente que fazer perguntas se assemelhava ao Dia do Juízo; iniciar uma pergunta era como soltar uma pedra que poderia causar problemas imprevistos. Por exemplo, uma pessoa inocente poderia ser prejudicada, e a família teria que mudar de nome. Portanto, ele tinha como regra: quanto mais algo parecia suspeito, menos ele indagava.

En O advogado observou que era de fato uma regra muito boa.

En O Sr. Enfield explicou ao Sr. Utterson que ele mesmo havia examinado o local. Mal parecia uma casa de verdade; a única porta era raramente usada, exceto pelo cavalheiro de sua aventura. No primeiro andar havia três janelas com vista para o pátio, mas nenhuma ao nível do chão. As janelas estavam sempre fechadas, porém limpas, e a chaminé frequentemente soltava fumaça, sugerindo que alguém morava ali. No entanto, ele não podia ter certeza, pois os edifícios eram tão compactados ao redor do pátio que era difícil distinguir onde um terminava e outro começava.

En Eles continuaram andando em silêncio por um tempo antes de o Sr. Utterson comentar que a regra de Enfield era boa.

En Enfield concordou, expressando sua própria aprovação da regra.

En No entanto, o advogado insistiu, dizendo que havia uma pergunta que desejava fazer: o nome do homem que havia atropelado a criança.

En Enfield não viu problema em revelar que o homem se chamava Hyde.

En O Sr. Utterson fez um som pensativo e então perguntou que tipo de homem era essa pessoa para se ver.

En Enfield respondeu que o homem era difícil de descrever; havia algo desagradável e até detestável em sua aparência, embora ele não pudesse dizer exatamente o porquê. Ele tinha uma forte impressão de deformidade, mas não conseguia apontar uma característica específica. O homem tinha uma aparência extraordinária, mas nada se destacava como errado. Ele admitiu que não conseguia descrevê-lo, embora pudesse imaginá-lo claramente naquele momento.

En O Sr. Utterson continuou andando em silêncio, claramente imerso em pensamentos. Finalmente, ele perguntou se Enfield tinha certeza de que o homem havia usado uma chave.

En Enfield começou a falar, surpreso com a pergunta do advogado.

En Utterson reconheceu que devia parecer estranho, mas explicou que já sabia o nome do outro homem. Ele disse a Enfield que sua história havia feito efeito e o instou a corrigir quaisquer imprecisões.

En O outro respondeu de forma um tanto mal-humorada, dizendo que achava que deveria ter sido avisado. Ele afirmou que havia sido pedantemente exato, como o outro havia dito. O homem tinha uma chave e, além disso, ainda a possuía, pois o vira usá-la há menos de uma semana.

En O Sr. Utterson suspirou profundamente, mas permaneceu em silêncio. O jovem então continuou, observando que esta era mais uma lição sobre ficar calado. Ele expressou vergonha por sua língua solta e propôs que fizessem um pacto para nunca mais discutir o assunto.

En O advogado concordou de todo coração e ofereceu um aperto de mão para selar o acordo, dirigindo-se ao jovem como Richard.

BUSCA PELO SR. HYDE

En Naquela noite, o Sr. Utterson voltou para sua casa de solteiro com o ânimo baixo e jantou sem apetite. Normalmente aos domingos ele se sentava perto da lareira lendo um livro de teologia árida até meia-noite, depois ia sóbrio para a cama. Mas naquela noite, assim que a mesa foi limpa, ele pegou uma vela e foi para seu escritório. Abriu o cofre e, do compartimento mais privado, retirou um documento intitulado Testamento do Dr. Jekyll. Sentou-se com expressão preocupada para estudá-lo. O testamento era manuscrito, pois Utterson havia recusado qualquer ajuda em sua elaboração. Estipulava que, com a morte de Henry Jekyll, todos os seus bens passariam para seu amigo e benfeitor Edward Hyde. Além disso, se o Dr. Jekyll desaparecesse ou estivesse ausente sem explicação por mais de três meses, Hyde herdaria imediatamente tudo, livre de quaisquer obrigações, exceto o pagamento de pequenas quantias aos empregados da casa. Esse documento há muito era uma pedra no sapato do advogado. Ofendia-o tanto profissional quanto pessoalmente, pois ele valorizava a sanidade e o costume e considerava o fantasioso imodesto. Anteriormente, sua indignação havia sido alimentada pelo desconhecimento de Hyde; agora, com uma reviravolta, era seu conhecimento que o perturbava. Já era ruim o bastante quando Hyde era apenas um nome sobre o qual ele não conseguia aprender nada. Era pior quando esse nome passou a ser associado a qualidades detestáveis, e das névoas mutáveis que por muito tempo o confundiram, emergiu uma imagem clara e definida de um demônio.

En Ao devolver o documento desagradável ao cofre, ele comentou que outrora pensara que era loucura, mas agora começava a temer que fosse desgraça.

En Tendo apagado a vela e vestido um sobretudo, ele partiu em direção à Cavendish Square, o baluarte da medicina, onde seu amigo, o grande Dr. Lanyon, morava e recebia seus numerosos pacientes. Ele raciocinou que, se alguém tivesse a informação que procurava, seria Lanyon.

En O sério mordomo o reconheceu e o recebeu; sem qualquer demora, foi conduzido diretamente da porta para a sala de jantar, onde o Dr. Lanyon estava sentado sozinho com seu vinho. Este cavalheiro era

robusto, saudável, elegante e de rosto vermelho, com uma cabeleira prematuramente branca e um jeito ruidoso e decidido. Ao ver o Sr. Utterson, saltou da cadeira e o cumprimentou com ambas as mãos. Sua simpatia, embora um tanto teatral na aparência, baseava-se em sentimentos genuínos. Pois esses dois eram velhos amigos, companheiros de escola e faculdade, que se respeitavam profundamente a si mesmos e um ao outro, e — o que nem sempre acontece — desfrutavam plenamente da companhia um do outro.

En Após alguma conversa casual, o advogado direcionou a discussão para o assunto que o incomodava tão desagradavelmente.

En Utterson sugeriu que ele e Lanyon eram provavelmente os dois amigos mais antigos de Henry Jekyll.

En Lanyon riu baixinho, dizendo que gostaria que os amigos fossem mais jovens, mas supunha que fossem os mais antigos. Ele acrescentou que via pouco Jekyll ultimamente.

En Utterson expressou surpresa, dizendo que acreditava que eles compartilhavam um interesse em comum.

En Lanyon admitiu que eles já haviam compartilhado um interesse, mas disse que Henry Jekyll se tornara imaginativo demais para ele há mais de dez anos. Ele afirmou que Jekyll começara a perder a razão e, embora ainda sentisse alguma lealdade pelos velhos tempos, raramente o via. O médico acrescentou, ficando vermelho de raiva, que tais bobagens anticientíficas teriam separado até mesmo os amigos mais próximos.

En Utterson ficou um tanto aliviado com a explosão de Lanyon, pensando que a divergência deles era apenas sobre ciência. Como ele próprio não tinha fortes sentimentos sobre assuntos científicos, considerou o assunto menor. Ele deu ao amigo um momento para se acalmar e então perguntou se ele já havia conhecido o protegido de Jekyll, um homem chamado Hyde.

En Lanyon repetiu o nome Hyde, dizendo que nunca ouvira falar dele, e acrescentou que Hyde devia ter aparecido depois de seu tempo.

En Essa foi toda a informação que Utterson levou para casa naquela noite. Ele se deitou em sua grande cama escura, virando-se inquieto até

as primeiras horas, com a mente perturbada e sobrecarregada de perguntas sem resposta.

En Quando o relógio da igreja bateu seis horas, o Sr. Utterson continuava absorto no problema. Começara como um quebra-cabeça intelectual, mas logo sua imaginação foi tomada. Revolvendo-se no escuro, ele repetia a história de Enfield em imagens vívidas: uma cidade iluminada por lampiões, um homem andando rapidamente, uma criança correndo de um médico, depois uma colisão em que o homem, como uma máquina cruel, esmagava a criança sem parar. Ele também via um quarto rico onde seu amigo dormia pacificamente, apenas para ser acordado por uma figura poderosa, forçado a obedecer. Essa figura sem rosto, porém assombrosa, aparecia durante toda a noite, deslizando por casas, movendo-se mais rápido pelas ruas da cidade, esmagando uma criança em cada esquina. A ausência de traços faciais intensificava a curiosidade de Utterson; ele desejava desesperadamente ver o verdadeiro rosto de Hyde, acreditando que isso poderia resolver o mistério da estranha afeição de Jekyll e do testamento chocante. O ódio instintivo de Enfield por Hyde sugeria que seu rosto valeria a pena ser visto — impiedoso e perturbador.

En A partir daí, o Sr. Utterson começou a se posicionar regularmente perto da porta na rua lateral das lojas. Ele ia lá de manhã antes do trabalho, ao meio-dia quando estava ocupado, e à noite sob o luar enevoadado. Em todos os horários, sozinho ou em meio à multidão, o advogado podia ser encontrado em seu posto escolhido.

En Ele pensou consigo mesmo que se o homem fosse o Sr. Hyde, então ele seria o Sr. Procura.

En Por fim, sua paciência foi recompensada. Era uma noite clara e fria; as ruas estavam limpas e silenciosas, e os sons se propagavam claramente. Por volta das dez horas a rua estava deserta e quieta. O Sr. Utterson esperava havia alguns minutos quando notou um passo estranho e leve se aproximando. Ele estava acostumado a distinguir passos individuais do barulho da cidade, mas agora sua atenção foi fortemente capturada. Com um pressentimento supersticioso de sucesso, ele se recolheu na entrada do pátio.

En Os passos se aproximaram rapidamente e cresceram de repente mais altos quando o homem virou a esquina. Olhando da entrada, o

advogado logo pôde ver que tipo de homem enfrentava. Ele era baixo e vestido de forma simples, e sua aparência desagradou instintivamente o observador. O homem caminhou direto para a porta, atravessando a rua para ganhar tempo, e ao se aproximar tirou uma chave do bolso, como alguém voltando para casa.

En O Sr. Utterson saiu e, tocando-o no ombro, perguntou se ele era o Sr. Hyde.

En O Sr. Hyde inicialmente recuou com um assobio agudo de respiração, mas seu medo passou rapidamente. Sem encontrar os olhos de Utterson, ele respondeu calmamente que seu nome era Hyde e perguntou o que Utterson queria.

En O advogado disse que viu que Hyde estava prestes a entrar e se apresentou como um velho amigo do Dr. Jekyll, o Sr. Utterson, da Rua Gaunt. Ele presumiu que Hyde teria ouvido falar dele e, como se encontraram convenientemente, esperava que Hyde pudesse permitir que ele entrasse.

En O Sr. Hyde respondeu enquanto soprava na chave, dizendo que Utterson não encontraria o Dr. Jekyll porque ele estava fora. Então, de repente, mas sem levantar o olhar, perguntou como Utterson o havia reconhecido.

En O Sr. Utterson então perguntou se Hyde lhe faria um favor.

En O outro homem concordou prontamente e perguntou o que o advogado desejava ver.

En O advogado pediu permissão para ver o rosto do Sr. Hyde.

En O Sr. Hyde hesitou, então se virou para encarar o Sr. Utterson com um ar desafiador. Eles se estudaram por alguns momentos. O Sr. Utterson comentou que agora o reconheceria novamente, o que poderia ser útil.

STORY OF THE DOOR

Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Utterson, o advogado, tinha um rosto rude que nunca sorria. Ele era frio e quieto na conversa, não dando a demonstrar emoção. Era magro, alto, poeirento e sombrio, mas de alguma forma as pessoas o achavam amável. Em reuniões amigáveis, quando o vinho era bom, um calor muito humano brilhava em seus olhos, embora nunca entrasse em sua fala. Esse calor era expresso mais frequentemente em suas ações. Ele era rígido consigo mesmo: bebia gim quando estava sozinho para disciplinar seu gosto por vinhos finos, e embora gostasse de teatro, não frequentava há vinte anos. No entanto, era tolerante com os outros, às vezes até invejando o alto astro por trás de seus erros. Em qualquer crise, preferia ajudar a criticar. Costumava dizer que deixava seu irmão ir para o inferno à sua própria maneira. Por causa dessa natureza, ele frequentemente se tornava o último conhecido respeitável e boa influência para homens que estavam em declínio. Enquanto visitassem seu escritório, ele nunca mostrava nenhuma mudança em sua maneira de tratá-los.

Original English

Mr. Utterson the lawyer was a man of a rugged countenance that was never lighted by a smile; cold, scanty and embarrassed in discourse; backward in sentiment; lean, long, dusty, dreary and yet somehow lovable. At friendly meetings, and when the wine was to his taste, something eminently human beamed from his eye; something indeed which never found its way into his talk, but which spoke not only in these silent symbols of the after-dinner face, but more often and loudly in the acts of his life. He was austere with himself; drank gin when he was alone, to mortify a taste for vintages; and though he enjoyed the theatre, had not crossed the doors of one for twenty years. But he had an approved tolerance for others; sometimes wondering, almost with envy, at the high pressure of spirits involved in their misdeeds; and in any extremity inclined to help rather than to reprove. "I incline to Cain's heresy," he used to say quaintly: "I let my brother go to the devil in his own way." In this character, it was frequently his fortune to be the last reputable acquaintance and the last good influence in the lives of downgoing men. And to such as these, so long as they came about his chambers, he never marked a shade of change in his demeanour.

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Pt/En

Português

Isso era fácil para o Sr. Utterson, que era pouco expressivo por natureza. Suas amizades pareciam ser baseadas em uma boa índole geral. É sinal de um homem modesto aceitar seu círculo de amigos como eles vêm, e essa era a maneira do advogado. Seus amigos eram seus parentes ou aqueles que ele conhecia há mais tempo; suas afeições cresciam lentamente com o tempo, como hera, e não dependiam das qualidades da outra pessoa. Isso explicava seu vínculo com o Sr. Richard Enfield, seu primo distante e um conhecido homem da cidade. Muitas pessoas se perguntavam o que viam um no outro ou sobre o que podiam conversar. Aqueles que os viam em seus passeios de domingo relatavam que não diziam nada, pareciam muito monótonos e ficavam aliviados quando um amigo aparecia. No entanto, ambos valorizavam muito esses passeios, considerando-os a melhor parte da semana. Eles deixavam de lado o prazer e até resistiam a chamadas de negócios para aproveitar os passeios sem interrupção.

Original English

No doubt the feat was easy to Mr. Utterson; for he was undemonstrative at the best, and even his friendship seemed to be founded in a similar catholicity of good-nature. It is the mark of a modest man to accept his friendly circle ready-made from the hands of opportunity; and that was the lawyer's way. His friends were those of his own blood or those whom he had known the longest; his affections, like ivy, were the growth of time, they implied no aptness in the object. Hence, no doubt the bond that united him to Mr. Richard Enfield, his distant kinsman, the well-known man about town. It was a nut to crack for many, what these two could see in each other, or what subject they could find in common. It was reported by those who encountered them in their Sunday walks, that they said nothing, looked singularly dull and would hail with obvious relief the appearance of a friend. For all that, the two men put the greatest store by these excursions, counted them the chief jewel of each week, and not only set aside occasions of pleasure, but even resisted the calls of business, that they might enjoy them uninterrupted.

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Pt/En

Português

Em um desses passeios, eles desceram uma travessa em uma área movimentada de Londres. A rua era pequena e tranquila, mas tinha um comércio próspero durante a semana. Os moradores pareciam todos bem de vida, e cada um esperava melhorar ainda mais, gastando seu dinheiro extra em decoração. As fachadas das lojas ao longo da rua pareciam convidativas, como fileiras de vendedoras sorridentes. Até no domingo, quando a rua estava menos movimentada e mostrava menos cores vibrantes, contrastava com o bairro sombrio como um fogo em uma floresta. Suas venezianas recém-pintadas, metais polidos e limpeza e alegria geral chamavam e agradavam os olhos de qualquer transeunte.

Original English

It chanced on one of these rambles that their way led them down a by-street in a busy quarter of London. The street was small and what is called quiet, but it drove a thriving trade on the weekdays. The inhabitants were all doing well, it seemed and all emulously hoping to do better still, and laying out the surplus of their grains in coquetry; so that the shop fronts stood along that thoroughfare with an air of invitation, like rows of smiling saleswomen. Even on Sunday, when it veiled its more florid charms and lay comparatively empty of passage, the street shone out in contrast to its dingy neighbourhood, like a fire in a forest; and with its freshly painted shutters, well-polished brasses, and general cleanliness and gaiety of note, instantly caught and pleased the eye of the passenger.

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Pt/En

Português

Duas portas depois de uma esquina, à esquerda indo para leste, a fileira de prédios era interrompida pela entrada de um pátio. Naquele ponto, um bloco sinistro de construção projetava sua empena para a rua. Tinha dois andares, sem janelas — apenas uma porta no andar térreo e uma parede cega e descolorida acima. Cada característica mostrava sinais de negligência longa e sórdida. A porta não tinha campainha nem aldrava, e estava empolada e manchada. Vagabundos se encostavam no vão e riscavam fósforos nos painéis; crianças brincavam de loja nos degraus; garotos da escola tinham cravado seus canivetes nos adornos. Por quase uma geração, ninguém aparecia para espantar esses visitantes aleatórios ou reparar os danos.

Original English

Two doors from one corner, on the left hand going east the line was broken by the entry of a court; and just at that point a certain sinister block of building thrust forward its gable on the street. It was two storeys high; showed no window, nothing but a door on the lower storey and a blind forehead of discoloured wall on the upper; and bore in every feature, the marks of prolonged and sordid negligence. The door, which was equipped with neither bell nor knocker, was blistered and distained. Tramps slouched into the recess and struck matches on the panels; children kept shop upon the steps; the schoolboy had tried his knife on the mouldings; and for close on a generation, no one had appeared to drive away these random visitors or to repair their ravages.

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Enfield e o advogado estavam do outro lado da travessa. Quando chegaram à altura da entrada, o Sr. Enfield ergueu sua bengala e apontou.

Original English

Mr. Enfield and the lawyer were on the other side of the by-street; but when they came abreast of the entry, the former lifted up his cane and pointed.

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Pt/En

Português

Ele perguntou se seu companheiro havia notado aquela porta e, após receber uma resposta afirmativa, acrescentou que ela estava ligada em sua mente a uma história muito estranha.

Original English

“Did you ever remark that door?” he asked; and when his companion had replied in the affirmative. “It is connected in my mind,” added he, “with a very odd story.”

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Utterson respondeu com uma ligeira mudança em seu tom, perguntando qual era a história.

Original English

“Indeed?” said Mr. Utterson, with a slight change of voice, “and what was that?”

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Enfield então contou sua estranha experiência. Em uma madrugada, por volta das três horas, ele caminhava por ruas desertas quando testemunhou um homem pequeno pisar deliberadamente sobre uma menina numa esquina e deixá-la gritando. Enfield perseguiu e agarrou o homem, trazendo-o de volta para a família irritada e um médico que havia chegado. O médico, apesar de seu comportamento habitual sem emoção, também parecia tomado pelo desejo de machucar o homem. Para evitar um escândalo, exigiram compensação, e o homem concordou em pagar cem libras. Ele os levou até uma porta misteriosa, entrou e voltou com ouro e um cheque assinado com um nome conhecido. Enfield suspeitou de falsificação, mas o homem calmamente se ofereceu para ficar com eles até o banco abrir. Na manhã seguinte, Enfield apresentou o cheque no banco, esperando que fosse falso, mas era genuíno.

Original English

“Well, it was this way,” returned Mr. Enfield: “I was coming home from some place at the end of the world, about three o’clock of a black winter morning, and my way lay through a part of town where there was literally nothing to be seen but lamps. Street after street and all the folks asleep — street after street, all lighted up as if for a procession and all as empty as a church — till at last I got into that state of mind when a man listens and listens and begins to long for the sight of a policeman. All at once, I saw two figures: one a little man who was stumping along eastward at a good walk, and the other a girl of maybe eight or ten who was running as hard as she was able down a cross street. Well, sir, the two ran into one another naturally enough at the corner; and then came the horrible part of the thing; for the man trampled calmly over the child’s body and left her screaming on the ground. It sounds nothing to hear, but it was hellish to see. It wasn’t like

a man; it was like some damned Juggernaut. I gave a few halloa, took to my heels, collared my gentleman, and brought him back to where there was already quite a group about the screaming child. He was perfectly cool and made no resistance, but gave me one look, so ugly that it brought out the sweat on me like running. The people who had turned out were the girl's own family; and pretty soon, the doctor, for whom she had been sent put in his appearance. Well, the child was not much the worse, more frightened, according to the Sawbones; and there you might have supposed would be an end to it. But there was one curious circumstance. I had taken a loathing to my gentleman at first sight. So had the child's family, which was only natural. But the doctor's case was what struck me. He was the usual cut and dry apothecary, of no particular age and colour, with a strong Edinburgh accent and about as emotional as a bagpipe. Well, sir, he was like the rest of us; every time he looked at my prisoner, I saw that Sawbones turn sick and white with desire to kill him. I knew what was in his mind, just as he knew what was in mine; and killing being out of the question, we did the next best. We told the man we could and would make such a scandal out of this as should make his name stink from one end of London to the other. If he had any friends or any credit, we undertook that he should lose them. And all the time, as we were pitching it in red hot, we were keeping the women off him as best we could for they were as wild as harpies. I never saw a circle of such hateful faces; and there was the man in the middle, with a kind of black sneering coolness — frightened too, I could see that — but carrying it off, sir, really like Satan. 'If you choose to make capital out of this accident,' said he, 'I am naturally helpless. No gentleman but wishes to avoid a scene,' says he. 'Name your figure.' Well, we screwed him up to a hundred pounds for the child's family; he would have clearly liked to stick out; but there was something about the lot of us that meant mischief, and at last he struck. The next thing was to get the money; and where do you think he carried us but to that place with the door? — whipped out a key, went in, and presently came back with the matter of ten pounds in gold and a cheque for the balance on Coutts's, drawn payable to bearer and signed with a name that I can't mention, though it's one of the points of my story, but it was a name at least very well known and often printed. The figure was stiff; but the signature was good for more than that if it was only genuine. I took the liberty of pointing out to my gentleman that the whole business looked apocryphal, and that a man does not, in real life, walk into a cellar door at four in the morning and come out with another man's cheque for close upon a hundred pounds. But he was quite easy and sneering. 'Set your mind at rest,' says he, 'I will stay with you till the banks open and cash the cheque myself.' So we all set off, the doctor, and the child's father, and our friend and myself, and passed

the rest of the night in my chambers; and next day, when we had breakfasted, went in a body to the bank. I gave in the cheque myself, and said I had every reason to believe it was a forgery. Not a bit of it. The cheque was genuine.”

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Utterson fez um som de desaprovação.

Original English

“Tut-tut,” said Mr. Utterson.

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Enfield observou que eles compartilhavam o mesmo sentimento sobre a história. Ele descreveu o homem que cometeu o ato como verdadeiramente detestável, enquanto a pessoa que assinou o cheque era uma figura altamente respeitável e conhecida, o que tornava a situação pior. Ele suspeitava de chantagem — um homem honesto pagando pelos erros da juventude — e por isso chamou o local com a porta de 'Casa da Chantagem', embora admitisse que nem isso explicava totalmente as coisas, e caiu em um silêncio pensativo.

Original English

“I see you feel as I do,” said Mr. Enfield. “Yes, it’s a bad story. For my man was a fellow that nobody could have to do with, a really damnable man; and the person that drew the cheque is the very pink of the proprieties, celebrated too, and (what makes it worse) one of your fellows who do what they call good. Black mail I suppose; an honest man paying through the nose for some of the capers of his youth. Black Mail House is what I call the place with the door, in consequence. Though even that, you know, is far from explaining all,” he added, and with the words fell into a vein of musing.

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Utterson de repente o chamou e perguntou se ele sabia se a pessoa que escreveu o cheque morava lá.

Original English

From this he was recalled by Mr. Utterson asking rather suddenly: "And you don't know if the drawer of the cheque lives there?"

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Enfield concordou que parecia um lugar provável e acrescentou que havia notado o endereço, que era em alguma praça.

Original English

"A likely place, isn't it?" returned Mr. Enfield. "But I happen to have noticed his address; he lives in some square or other."

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Utterson então perguntou se ele alguma vez havia indagado sobre o local com a porta.

Original English

"And you never asked about the — place with the door?" said Mr. Utterson.

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Enfield respondeu que não havia perguntado por ter um escrúpulo quanto a isso. Ele sentia fortemente que fazer perguntas se assemelhava ao Dia do Juízo; iniciar uma pergunta era como soltar uma pedra que poderia causar problemas imprevistos. Por exemplo, uma pessoa inocente poderia ser prejudicada, e a família teria que mudar de nome. Portanto, ele tinha como regra: quanto mais algo parecia suspeito, menos ele indagava.

Original English

“No, sir: I had a delicacy,” was the reply. “I feel very strongly about putting questions; it partakes too much of the style of the day of judgment. You start a question, and it’s like starting a stone. You sit quietly on the top of a hill; and away the stone goes, starting others; and presently some bland old bird (the last you would have thought of) is knocked on the head in his own back garden and the family have to change their name. No sir, I make it a rule of mine: the more it looks like Queer Street, the less I ask.”

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Pt/En

Português

O advogado observou que era de fato uma regra muito boa.

Original English

“A very good rule, too,” said the lawyer.

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Enfield explicou ao Sr. Utterson que ele mesmo havia examinado o local. Mal parecia uma casa de verdade; a única porta era raramente usada, exceto pelo cavalheiro de sua aventura. No primeiro andar havia três janelas com vista para o pátio, mas nenhuma ao nível do chão. As janelas estavam sempre fechadas, porém limpas, e a chaminé frequentemente soltava fumaça, sugerindo que alguém morava ali. No entanto, ele não podia ter certeza, pois os edifícios eram tão compactados ao redor do pátio que era difícil distinguir onde um terminava e outro começava.

Original English

“But I have studied the place for myself,” continued Mr. Enfield. “It seems scarcely a house. There is no other door, and nobody goes in or out of that one but, once in a great while, the gentleman of my adventure. There are three windows looking on the court on the first floor; none below; the windows are always shut but they’re clean. And then there is a chimney which is generally smoking; so somebody must live there. And yet it’s not so sure; for the buildings are so packed together about the court, that it’s hard to say where one ends and another begins.”

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Pt/En

Português

Eles continuaram andando em silêncio por um tempo antes de o Sr. Utterson comentar que a regra de Enfield era boa.

Original English

The pair walked on again for a while in silence; and then “Enfield,” said Mr. Utterson, “that’s a good rule of yours.”

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Pt/En

Português

Enfield concordou, expressando sua própria aprovação da regra.

Original English

“Yes, I think it is,” returned Enfield.

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Pt/En

Português

No entanto, o advogado insistiu, dizendo que havia uma pergunta que desejava fazer: o nome do homem que havia atropelado a criança.

Original English

“But for all that,” continued the lawyer, “there’s one point I want to ask: I want to ask the name of that man who walked over the child.”

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Pt/En

Português

Enfield não viu problema em revelar que o homem se chamava Hyde.

Original English

“Well,” said Mr. Enfield, “I can’t see what harm it would do. It was a man of the name of Hyde.”

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Utterson fez um som pensativo e então perguntou que tipo de homem era essa pessoa para se ver.

Original English

“Hm,” said Mr. Utterson. “What sort of a man is he to see?”

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Pt/En

Português

Enfield respondeu que o homem era difícil de descrever; havia algo desagradável e até detestável em sua aparência, embora ele não pudesse dizer exatamente o porquê. Ele tinha uma forte impressão de deformidade, mas não conseguia apontar uma característica específica. O homem tinha uma aparência extraordinária, mas nada se destacava como errado. Ele admitiu que não conseguia descrevê-lo, embora pudesse imaginá-lo claramente naquele momento.

Original English

“He is not easy to describe. There is something wrong with his appearance; something displeasing, something down-right detestable. I never saw a man I so disliked, and yet I scarce know why. He must be deformed somewhere; he gives a strong feeling of deformity, although I couldn't specify the point. He's an extraordinary looking man, and yet I really can name nothing out of the way. No, sir; I can make no hand of it; I can't describe him. And it's not want of memory; for I declare I can see him this moment.”

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Utterson continuou andando em silêncio, claramente imerso em pensamentos. Finalmente, ele perguntou se Enfield tinha certeza de que o homem havia usado uma chave.

Original English

Mr. Utterson again walked some way in silence and obviously under a weight of consideration. “You are sure he used a key?” he inquired at last.

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Pt/En

Português

Enfield começou a falar, surpreso com a pergunta do advogado.

Original English

“My dear sir...” began Enfield, surprised out of himself.

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Pt/En

Português

Utterson reconheceu que devia parecer estranho, mas explicou que já sabia o nome do outro homem. Ele disse a Enfield que sua história havia feito efeito e o instou a corrigir quaisquer imprecisões.

Original English

“Yes, I know,” said Utterson; “I know it must seem strange. The fact is, if I do not ask you the name of the other party, it is because I know it already. You see, Richard, your tale has gone home. If you have been inexact in any point you had better correct it.”

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Pt/En

Português

O outro respondeu de forma um tanto mal-humorada, dizendo que achava que deveria ter sido avisado. Ele afirmou que havia sido pedantemente exato, como o outro havia dito. O homem tinha uma chave e, além disso, ainda a possuía, pois o vira usá-la há menos de uma semana.

Original English

“I think you might have warned me,” returned the other with a touch of sullenness. “But I have been pedantically exact, as you call it. The fellow had a key; and what’s more, he has it still. I saw him use it not a week ago.”

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Utterson suspirou profundamente, mas permaneceu em silêncio. O jovem então continuou, observando que esta era mais uma lição sobre ficar calado. Ele expressou vergonha por sua língua solta e propôs que fizessem um pacto para nunca mais discutir o assunto.

Original English

Mr. Utterson sighed deeply but said never a word; and the young man presently resumed. "Here is another lesson to say nothing," said he. "I am ashamed of my long tongue. Let us make a bargain never to refer to this again."

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Pt/En

Português

O advogado concordou de todo coração e ofereceu um aperto de mão para selar o acordo, dirigindo-se ao jovem como Richard.

Original English

"With all my heart," said the lawyer. "I shake hands on that, Richard."

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SEARCH FOR MR. HYDE

Pt/En

Português

Naquela noite, o Sr. Utterson voltou para sua casa de solteiro com o ânimo baixo e jantou sem apetite. Normalmente aos domingos ele se sentava perto da lareira lendo um livro de teologia árida até meia-noite, depois ia sóbrio para a cama. Mas naquela noite, assim que a mesa foi limpa, ele pegou uma vela e foi para seu escritório. Abriu o cofre e, do compartimento mais privado, retirou um documento intitulado Testamento do Dr. Jekyll. Sentou-se com expressão preocupada para estudá-lo. O testamento era manuscrito, pois Utterson havia recusado qualquer ajuda em sua elaboração. Estipulava que, com a morte de Henry Jekyll, todos os seus bens passariam para seu amigo e benfeitor Edward Hyde. Além disso, se o Dr. Jekyll desaparecesse ou estivesse ausente sem explicação por mais

de três meses, Hyde herdaria imediatamente tudo, livre de quaisquer obrigações, exceto o pagamento de pequenas quantias aos empregados da casa. Esse documento há muito era uma pedra no sapato do advogado. Ofendia-o tanto profissional quanto pessoalmente, pois ele valorizava a sanidade e o costume e considerava o fantasioso imodesto. Anteriormente, sua indignação havia sido alimentada pelo desconhecimento de Hyde; agora, com uma reviravolta, era seu conhecimento que o perturbava. Já era ruim o bastante quando Hyde era apenas um nome sobre o qual ele não conseguia aprender nada. Era pior quando esse nome passou a ser associado a qualidades detestáveis, e das névoas mutáveis que por muito tempo o confundiram, emergiu uma imagem clara e definida de um demônio.

Original English

That evening Mr. Utterson came home to his bachelor house in sombre spirits and sat down to dinner without relish. It was his custom of a Sunday, when this meal was over, to sit close by the fire, a volume of some dry divinity on his reading desk, until the clock of the neighbouring church rang out the hour of twelve, when he would go soberly and gratefully to bed. On this night however, as soon as the cloth was taken away, he took up a candle and went into his business room. There he opened his safe, took from the most private part of it a document endorsed on the envelope as Dr. Jekyll's Will and sat down with a clouded brow to study its contents. The will was holograph, for Mr. Utterson though he took charge of it now that it was made, had refused to lend the least assistance in the making of it; it provided not only that, in case of the decease of Henry Jekyll, M.D., D.C.L., L.L.D., F.R.S., etc., all his possessions were to pass into the hands of his "friend and benefactor Edward Hyde," but that in case of Dr. Jekyll's "disappearance or unexplained absence for any period exceeding three calendar months," the said Edward Hyde should step into the said Henry Jekyll's shoes without further delay and free from any burthen or obligation beyond the payment of a few small sums to the members of the doctor's household. This document had long been the lawyer's eyesore. It offended him both as a lawyer and as a lover of the sane and customary sides of life, to whom the fanciful was the immodest. And hitherto it was his ignorance of Mr. Hyde that had swelled his indignation; now, by a sudden turn, it was his knowledge. It was already bad enough when the name was but a name of which he could learn no more. It was worse when it began to be clothed upon with detestable attributes; and out of the shifting, insubstantial mists that had so long baffled his eye, there leaped up the sudden, definite presentment of a fiend.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ao devolver o documento desagradável ao cofre, ele comentou que outrora pensara que era loucura, mas agora começava a temer que fosse desgraça.

Original English

“I thought it was madness,” he said, as he replaced the obnoxious paper in the safe, “and now I begin to fear it is disgrace.”

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Tendo apagado a vela e vestido um sobretudo, ele partiu em direção à Cavendish Square, o baluarte da medicina, onde seu amigo, o grande Dr. Lanyon, morava e recebia seus numerosos pacientes. Ele raciocinou que, se alguém tivesse a informação que procurava, seria Lanyon.

Original English

With that he blew out his candle, put on a greatcoat, and set forth in the direction of Cavendish Square, that citadel of medicine, where his friend, the great Dr. Lanyon, had his house and received his crowding patients. “If anyone knows, it will be Lanyon,” he had thought.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O sério mordomo o reconheceu e o recebeu; sem qualquer demora, foi conduzido diretamente da porta para a sala de jantar, onde o Dr. Lanyon estava sentado sozinho com seu vinho. Este cavalheiro era robusto, saudável, elegante e de rosto vermelho, com uma cabeleira prematuramente branca e um jeito ruidoso e decidido. Ao ver o Sr. Utterson, saltou da cadeira e o cumprimentou com ambas as mãos. Sua simpatia, embora um tanto teatral na aparência, baseava-se em sentimentos genuínos. Pois esses dois eram velhos amigos, companheiros de escola e faculdade, que se respeitavam profundamente a si mesmos e um ao outro, e — o que nem sempre acontece — desfrutavam plenamente da companhia um do outro.

Original English

The solemn butler knew and welcomed him; he was subjected to no stage of delay, but ushered direct from the door to the dining-room where Dr. Lanyon sat alone over his wine. This was a hearty, healthy, dapper, red-faced gentleman, with a shock of hair prematurely white, and a boisterous and decided manner. At sight of Mr. Utterson, he sprang up from his chair and welcomed him with both hands. The geniality, as was the way of the man, was somewhat theatrical to the eye; but it reposed on genuine feeling. For these two were old friends, old mates both at school and college, both thorough respectors of themselves and of each other, and what does not always follow, men who thoroughly enjoyed each other's company.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Após alguma conversa casual, o advogado direcionou a discussão para o assunto que o incomodava tão desagradavelmente.

Original English

After a little rambling talk, the lawyer led up to the subject which so disagreeably preoccupied his mind.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Utterson sugeriu que ele e Lanyon eram provavelmente os dois amigos mais antigos de Henry Jekyll.

Original English

"I suppose, Lanyon," said he, "you and I must be the two oldest friends that Henry Jekyll has?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lanyon riu baixinho, dizendo que gostaria que os amigos fossem mais jovens, mas supunha que fossem os mais antigos. Ele acrescentou que via pouco Jekyll ultimamente.

Original English

"I wish the friends were younger," chuckled Dr. Lanyon. "But I suppose we are. And what of that? I see little of him now."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Utterson expressou surpresa, dizendo que acreditava que eles compartilhavam um interesse em comum.

Original English

"Indeed?" said Utterson. "I thought you had a bond of common interest."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lanyon admitiu que eles já haviam compartilhado um interesse, mas disse que Henry Jekyll se tornara imaginativo demais para ele há mais de dez anos. Ele afirmou que Jekyll começara a perder a razão e, embora ainda sentisse alguma lealdade pelos velhos tempos, raramente o via. O médico acrescentou, ficando vermelho de raiva, que tais bobagens anticientíficas teriam separado até mesmo os amigos mais próximos.

Original English

"We had," was the reply. "But it is more than ten years since Henry Jekyll became too fanciful for me. He began to go wrong, wrong in mind; and though of course I continue to take an interest in him for old sake's sake, as they say, I see and I have seen devilish little of the man. Such unscientific balderdash," added the doctor, flushing suddenly purple, "would have estranged Damon and Pythias."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Utterson ficou um tanto aliviado com a explosão de Lanyon, pensando que a divergência deles era apenas sobre ciência. Como ele próprio não tinha fortes sentimentos sobre assuntos científicos, considerou o assunto menor. Ele deu ao amigo um momento para se acalmar e então perguntou se ele já havia conhecido o protegido de Jekyll, um homem chamado Hyde.

Original English

This little spirit of temper was somewhat of a relief to Mr. Utterson. "They have only differed on some point of science," he thought; and being a man of no scientific passions (except in the matter of conveyancing), he even added: "It is nothing worse than that!" He gave his friend a few seconds to recover his composure, and then approached the question he had come to put. "Did you ever come across a protege of his — one Hyde?" he asked.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lanyon repetiu o nome Hyde, dizendo que nunca ouvira falar dele, e acrescentou que Hyde devia ter aparecido depois de seu tempo.

Original English

"Hyde?" repeated Lanyon. "No. Never heard of him. Since my time."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Essa foi toda a informação que Utterson levou para casa naquela noite. Ele se deitou em sua grande cama escura, virando-se inquieto até as primeiras horas, com a mente perturbada e sobrecarregada de perguntas sem resposta.

Original English

That was the amount of information that the lawyer carried back with him to the great, dark bed on which he tossed to and fro, until the small hours of the morning began to grow large. It was a night of little ease to his toiling mind, toiling in mere darkness and besieged by questions.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Quando o relógio da igreja bateu seis horas, o Sr. Utterson continuava absorto no problema. Começara como um quebra-cabeça intelectual, mas logo sua imaginação foi tomada. Revolvendo-se no escuro, ele repetia a história de Enfield em imagens vívidas: uma cidade iluminada por lâmpões, um homem andando rapidamente, uma criança correndo de um médico, depois uma colisão em que o homem, como uma máquina cruel, esmagava a criança sem parar. Ele também via um quarto rico onde seu amigo dormia pacificamente, apenas para ser acordado por uma figura poderosa, forçado a obedecer. Essa figura sem rosto, porém assombrosa, aparecia durante toda a noite, deslizando por casas, movendo-se mais rápido pelas ruas da cidade, esmagando uma criança em cada esquina. A ausência de traços faciais intensificava a curiosidade de Utterson; ele desejava desesperadamente ver o verdadeiro rosto de Hyde, acreditando que isso poderia resolver o mistério da estranha afeição de Jekyll e do testamento chocante. O ódio instintivo de Enfield por Hyde sugeria que seu rosto valeria a pena ser visto — impiedoso e perturbador.

Original English

Six o'clock struck on the bells of the church that was so conveniently near to Mr. Utterson's dwelling, and still he was digging at the problem. Hitherto it had touched him on the intellectual side alone; but now his imagination also was engaged, or rather enslaved; and as he lay and tossed in the gross darkness of the night and the curtained room, Mr. Enfield's tale went by before his mind in a scroll of lighted pictures. He would be aware of the great field of lamps of a nocturnal city; then of the figure of a man walking swiftly; then of a child running from the doctor's; and then these met, and that human Juggernaut trod the child down and passed on regardless of her screams. Or else he would see a room in a rich house, where his friend lay asleep, dreaming and smiling at his dreams; and then the door of that room would be opened, the curtains of the bed plucked apart, the sleeper recalled, and lo! there would stand by his side a figure to whom power was given, and even at that dead hour, he must rise and do its bidding. The figure in these two phases haunted the lawyer all night; and if at any time he dozed over, it was but to see it glide more stealthily through sleeping houses, or move the more swiftly and still the more swiftly, even to dizziness, through wider labyrinths of lamplighted city, and at every street corner crush a child and leave her screaming. And still the figure had no

face by which he might know it; even in his dreams, it had no face, or one that baffled him and melted before his eyes; and thus it was that there sprang up and grew apace in the lawyer's mind a singularly strong, almost an inordinate, curiosity to behold the features of the real Mr. Hyde. If he could but once set eyes on him, he thought the mystery would lighten and perhaps roll altogether away, as was the habit of mysterious things when well examined. He might see a reason for his friend's strange preference or bondage (call it which you please) and even for the startling clause of the will. At least it would be a face worth seeing: the face of a man who was without bowels of mercy: a face which had but to show itself to raise up, in the mind of the unimpressionable Enfield, a spirit of enduring hatred.

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Pt/En

Português

A partir daí, o Sr. Utterson começou a se posicionar regularmente perto da porta na rua lateral das lojas. Ele ia lá de manhã antes do trabalho, ao meio-dia quando estava ocupado, e à noite sob o luar enevoado. Em todos os horários, sozinho ou em meio à multidão, o advogado podia ser encontrado em seu posto escolhido.

Original English

From that time forward, Mr. Utterson began to haunt the door in the by-street of shops. In the morning before office hours, at noon when business was plenty, and time scarce, at night under the face of the fogged city moon, by all lights and at all hours of solitude or concourse, the lawyer was to be found on his chosen post.

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Pt/En

Português

Ele pensou consigo mesmo que se o homem fosse o Sr. Hyde, então ele seria o Sr. Procura.

Original English

"If he be Mr. Hyde," he had thought, "I shall be Mr. Seek."

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Por fim, sua paciência foi recompensada. Era uma noite clara e fria; as ruas estavam limpas e silenciosas, e os sons se propagavam claramente. Por volta das dez horas a rua estava deserta e quieta. O Sr. Utterson esperava havia alguns minutos quando notou um passo estranho e leve se aproximando. Ele estava acostumado a distinguir passos individuais do barulho da cidade, mas agora sua atenção foi fortemente capturada. Com um pressentimento supersticioso de sucesso, ele se recolheu na entrada do pátio.

Original English

And at last his patience was rewarded. It was a fine dry night; frost in the air; the streets as clean as a ballroom floor; the lamps, unshaken by any wind, drawing a regular pattern of light and shadow. By ten o'clock, when the shops were closed the by-street was very solitary and, in spite of the low growl of London from all round, very silent. Small sounds carried far; domestic sounds out of the houses were clearly audible on either side of the roadway; and the rumour of the approach of any passenger preceded him by a long time. Mr. Utterson had been some minutes at his post, when he was aware of an odd light footstep drawing near. In the course of his nightly patrols, he had long grown accustomed to the quaint effect with which the footfalls of a single person, while he is still a great way off, suddenly spring out distinct from the vast hum and clatter of the city. Yet his attention had never before been so sharply and decisively arrested; and it was with a strong, superstitious prevision of success that he withdrew into the entry of the court.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Os passos se aproximaram rapidamente e cresceram de repente mais altos quando o homem virou a esquina. Olhando da entrada, o advogado logo pôde ver que tipo de homem enfrentava. Ele era baixo e vestido de forma simples, e sua aparência desagradou instintivamente o observador. O homem caminhou direto para a porta, atravessando a rua para ganhar tempo, e ao se aproximar tirou uma chave do bolso, como alguém voltando para casa.

Original English

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.

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Utterson saiu e, tocando-o no ombro, perguntou se ele era o Sr. Hyde.

Original English

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

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Hyde inicialmente recuou com um assobio agudo de respiração, mas seu medo passou rapidamente. Sem encontrar os olhos de Utterson, ele respondeu calmamente que seu nome era Hyde e perguntou o que Utterson queria.

Original English

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?"

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O advogado disse que viu que Hyde estava prestes a entrar e se apresentou como um velho amigo do Dr. Jekyll, o Sr. Utterson, da Rua Gaunt. Ele presumiu que Hyde teria ouvido falar dele e, como se encontraram convenientemente, esperava que Hyde pudesse permitir que ele entrasse.

Original English

“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 of my name; and meeting you so conveniently, I thought you might admit me.”

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Hyde respondeu enquanto soprava na chave, dizendo que Utterson não encontraria o Dr. Jekyll porque ele estava fora. Então, de repente, mas sem levantar o olhar, perguntou como Utterson o havia reconhecido.

Original English

“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.

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Utterson então perguntou se Hyde lhe faria um favor.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

O outro homem concordou prontamente e perguntou o que o advogado desejava ver.

Original English

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

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O advogado pediu permissão para ver o rosto do Sr. Hyde.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Hyde hesitou, então se virou para encarar o Sr. Utterson com um ar desafiador. Eles se estudaram por alguns momentos. O Sr. Utterson comentou que agora o reconheceria novamente, o que poderia ser útil.

Original English

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.”

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Glossary: New Words

Words introduced by the simplified reading that do not occur in the complete original English text. Each entry shows up to five real sentences from this book; every return link opens that exact sentence in the simplified version.

agreement /ə'gri:mənt/ (2 occurrences)

Português: acordo; contrato; concordância

Simple English: A promise, arrangement, or contract between two or more parties.

Example: *We have a written agreement about the terms of our partnership.*

Uses in this book:

1. He felt ashamed of talking so much and suggested they make an agreement never to talk about this matter again. [Back to B1](#)
2. The lawyer agreed completely and said he would shake hands on that agreement. [Back to B1](#)

areas 'ɛəriəz (1 occurrence)

Português: áreas

Simple English: Parts of a place or land.

Example: *The hills and flat areas rose from the ocean.*

Uses in this book:

1. Even on Sundays, when the street was less busy and showed fewer bright colours, it looked different from the duller areas around it. [Back to B1](#)

assistants ə'sɪstənts (1 occurrence)

Português: assistentes

Simple English: People who help others with tasks.

Example: *The shop assistants helped him find the items.*

Uses in this book:

1. The shop fronts along the street looked inviting, like friendly shop assistants. [Back to B1](#)

attitude /'ætɪtju:d/ (1 occurrence)

Português: atitude; postura

Simple English: A person's usual way of thinking or feeling.

Example: *His positive attitude helped him overcome many challenges.*

Uses in this book:

1. As long as they visited his office, he treated them the same way, without showing any change in his attitude. [Back to B1](#)

blackmail 'blækmeɪl (1 occurrence)

Português: chantagem

Simple English: trying to get something by threatening to tell a secret

Example: *The ship incident was an attempt to blackmail the count.*

Uses in this book:

1. Enfield thought it was blackmail, where an honest man pays for mistakes from his past. [Back to B1](#)

bothered 'bɒðəd (2 occurrences)

Português: incomodado

Simple English: to feel worried or upset

Example: *He was not bothered by the noise outside.*

Uses in this book:

1. It bothered him as a lawyer and as someone who liked normal life. [Back to B1](#)
2. Because his fun activities were not very respectable, and he was well-known and getting older, this difference in his life bothered him more and more.

bravely 'breɪvli (3 occurrences)

Português: corajosamente

Simple English: doing something with courage

Example: *She fought bravely in the battle.*

Uses in this book:

1. Mr. Hyde seemed unsure, then turned around bravely. [Back to B1](#)
2. The butler answered bravely, "You and I, sir."

3. When the bubbling stopped, I bravely drank the potion.

calm /ka:m/ (8 occurrences)

Português: calma; acalmar; tranqüilo

Simple English: Weather without wind, storm, or turbulent atmospheric conditions.

Example: *The sea was calm, making it perfect for sailing.*

Uses in this book:

1. After letting his friend calm down, Utterson asked about someone he knew through Jekyll, asking if he had met a person named Hyde. [Back to B1](#)
2. He was a quiet person who made others feel calm.
3. For over two months, the doctor was calm and happy.
4. He almost lost his balance but managed to stay calm.
5. The lawyer told Bradshaw to calm down.

cancel 'kænsəl (2 occurrences)

Português: cancelar

Simple English: To stop something planned.

Example: *They decided to cancel the meeting.*

Uses in this book:

1. They considered them the best part of their week and would cancel fun plans or even business meetings to have these walks without interruption. [Back to B1](#)
2. Jekyll asked Lanyon to cancel all his plans for that night, even if he was needed by an emperor.

carved ka:rvd (1 occurrence)

Português: esculpido

Simple English: cut into a surface to make shapes or letters

Example: *Words were carved into the stone.*

Uses in this book:

1. Older boys had carved into the wood. [Back to B1](#)

conversation ,kɒnvər'seɪʃən (1 occurrence)

Português: conversa

Simple English: talking with another person

Example: *We had a long conversation about the book.*

Uses in this book:

1. After some general conversation, the lawyer started to talk about the subject that was worrying him. [Back to B1](#)

criticize /'krɪtɪsaɪz/ (1 occurrence)

Português: criticar

Simple English: To judge something based on positive or negative points.

Example: *It's important to criticize ideas while remaining respectful of the person.*

Uses in this book:

1. He preferred to help people rather than criticize them. [Back to B1](#)

debts det̩s (1 occurrence)

Português: dívidas

Simple English: money that you owe to others

Example: *Last week, he paid all the circus debts.*

Uses in this book:

1. Hyde would not have to pay Dr. Jekyll's debts, only give small amounts of money to the doctor's staff. [Back to B1](#)

Despite dɪ'spaɪt (2 occurrences)

Português: apesar de

Simple English: Even though something happens.

Example: *Despite the rain, they played outside.*

Uses in this book:

1. He said that despite everything, there was one thing he wanted to ask. [Back to B1](#)

2. Dr. Lanyon then sat down himself, trying to act normally with a patient, despite the late hour, his own worries, and his fear of the visitor.

didn't *'didənt* (2 occurrences)

Português: não

Simple English: did not do something

Example: *He didn't go to school yesterday.*

Uses in this book:

1. His feelings for them grew slowly over time, and he didn't need them to be special. [Back to B1](#)
2. People who saw them on their Sunday walks said they didn't talk much, looked bored, and were happy when they saw another friend. [Back to B1](#)

dirty *'dɜrti* (3 occurrences)

Português: sujo

Simple English: Not clean, covered in dirt.

Example: *His clothes were dirty after playing outside.*

Uses in this book:

1. The upper floor had a blank wall that looked dirty and old. [Back to B1](#)
2. It was damaged and dirty. [Back to B1](#)
3. It showed a dirty street with a bar, a cheap French restaurant, and a shop selling small items.

disagreed *,dɪsə'grɪ:d* (3 occurrences)

Português: discordou

Simple English: to have a different opinion

Example: *Professor Porter disagreed.*

Uses in this book:

1. He thought they only disagreed about science. [Back to B1](#)
2. He also mentioned Lanyon, calling him a strict and ignorant man who disagreed with his scientific ideas.
3. He said that even if they disagreed about science, their friendship had always been strong.

doorway ˈdɔːrweɪ (2 occurrences)

Português: porta de entrada

Simple English: the open space where a door is

Example: *People stood in the doorway to talk.*

Uses in this book:

1. Homeless people used the doorway and scratched matches on the wood.

[Back to B1](#)

2. He felt sure he would succeed and hid in a doorway. [Back to B1](#)

downstairs ˌdaʊnˈsteərz (1 occurrence)

Português: no andar de baixo

Simple English: on a lower floor of a building

Example: *She was alone downstairs.*

Uses in this book:

1. He mentioned three windows upstairs, but none downstairs. [Back to B1](#)

energetic ˌenərˈdʒetɪk (2 occurrences)

Português: cheio de energia

Simple English: Having a lot of energy and activity.

Example: *She is very energetic and loves to play sports.*

Uses in this book:

1. Dr. Lanyon was a healthy, energetic man with white hair and a strong personality. [Back to B1](#)

2. I noticed that as Hyde, my mind worked faster and I felt more energetic.

especially ɪˈspeʃəli (4 occurrences)

Português: especialmente

Simple English: Used to show something is more important or true than others.

Example: *I like fruit, especially apples.*

Uses in this book:

1. He explained that asking one question could lead to many problems, and he preferred not to ask questions, especially when something seemed strange.

[Back to B1](#)

2. He asked Poole if this was correct, especially when Dr. Jekyll was not at home.
3. He said this would give them time for what needed to be done later, especially when the servants were asleep.
4. But he hated becoming Jekyll again, especially because Jekyll was weak and sad.

excited *ɪk'saɪtɪd* (3 occurrences)

Português: animada

Simple English: feeling very happy and energetic

Example: *She was excited about her new school.*

Uses in this book:

1. He sometimes felt a little jealous of how excited people were by their mistakes. [Back to B1](#)
2. He then became excited about his career.
3. This thought excited me like wine.

expensive *ɪk'spɛnsɪv* (3 occurrences)

Português: caro

Simple English: Costing a lot of money.

Example: *That is an expensive suit.*

Uses in this book:

1. He was strict with himself, drinking plain gin when alone to stop his liking for expensive wines. [Back to B1](#)
2. It also had expensive wooden cabinets.
3. Mr. Hyde used only a few rooms in the house, but they were furnished with expensive and good-quality items.

expressive *ɪk'spre.sɪv* (1 occurrence)

Português: expressivo

Simple English: Showing feelings clearly.

Example: *Christine had expressive hands and beautiful teeth.*

Uses in this book:

1. Mr. Utterson found it easy to be friendly because he was not very expressive. [Back to B1](#)

Extra /'ɛkstrə/ (1 occurrence)

Português: extra; adicional; acréscimo

Simple English: More than needed or added to current amount.

Example: *We ordered extra pizza to share with our friends on Friday.*

Uses in this book:

1. They spent extra money on nice things for their homes. [Back to B1](#)

fake feɪk (1 occurrence)

Português: falso

Simple English: Not real or true.

Example: *He used fake names for the main people.*

Uses in this book:

1. They all went to the bank the next day, and Enfield told them he thought the cheque was fake, but it turned out to be real. [Back to B1](#)

fix fɪks (2 occurrences)

Português: consertar

Simple English: To repair something that is broken.

Example: *He will fix the car tomorrow.*

Uses in this book:

1. For almost twenty years, no one had come to stop these people or fix the damage. [Back to B1](#)

2. Jekyll would try to fix the harm Hyde caused, and he stopped thinking too much about it.

frightening 'fraɪtnɪŋ (2 occurrences)

Português: assustador

Simple English: Causing fear or scary feelings.

Example: *She was a large and frightening animal.*

Uses in this book:

1. The unclear, mysterious idea of Hyde had now become a clear, frightening image of a terrible person. [Back to B1](#)

2. He imagined Hyde as a frightening figure who hurt a child and forced his friend Dr. Jekyll to do bad things. [Back to B1](#)

fun *fʌn* (3 occurrences)

Português: diversão

Simple English: Enjoyment and pleasure.

Example: *He sometimes killed for fun.*

Uses in this book:

1. They considered them the best part of their week and would cancel fun plans or even business meetings to have these walks without interruption. [Back to B1](#)
2. He still wanted to have fun.
3. Because his fun activities were not very respectable, and he was well-known and getting older, this difference in his life bothered him more and more.

happy *'hæp.i* (15 occurrences)

Português: feliz

Simple English: feeling pleasure or joy

Example: *She was happy when she saw her friend.*

Uses in this book:

1. People who saw them on their Sunday walks said they didn't talk much, looked bored, and were happy when they saw another friend. [Back to B1](#)
2. He was happy to see Mr. Utterson and welcomed him warmly. [Back to B1](#)
3. She liked to dream and sat by her window, thinking happy thoughts.
4. For over two months, the doctor was calm and happy.
5. He told Utterson he was very happy to see him and that it was a great pleasure.

Homeless *'houm.ləs* (1 occurrence)

Português: sem-teto

Simple English: people without a home

Example: *Homeless people slept on the street.*

Uses in this book:

1. Homeless people used the doorway and scratched matches on the wood.

[Back to B1](#)

humble /ˈhʌmbəl/ (2 occurrences)

Português: humilde

Simple English: showing modesty and respect

Example: *Tarzan made a humble gesture.*

Uses in this book:

1. He was a humble man who accepted the friends that life offered him. [Back to B1](#)
2. He felt humble about his mistakes but also grateful for the bad things he had avoided.

impact /ɪmˈpækt/ (1 occurrence)

Português: impacto; impactar; repercussão

Simple English: To have a strong effect on someone or something.

Example: *Climate change may impact food production around the world.*

Uses in this book:

1. He told Richard that his story had made an impact and asked him to correct any mistakes he might have made. [Back to B1](#)

interruption ˌɪntəˈrʌpʃən (1 occurrence)

Português: interrupção

Simple English: Something that stops an action or activity.

Example: *The meeting had an interruption because of a phone call.*

Uses in this book:

1. They considered them the best part of their week and would cancel fun plans or even business meetings to have these walks without interruption. [Back to B1](#)

inviting *ɪnˈvaɪtɪŋ* (1 occurrence)

Português: convidando

Simple English: Asking someone to come or join

Example: *He suggested inviting Thomas to the party.*

Uses in this book:

1. The shop fronts along the street looked inviting, like friendly shop assistants.

[Back to B1](#)

jealous *ˈdʒeləs* (1 occurrence)

Português: com ciúmes

Simple English: Feeling unhappy because someone has what you want.

Example: *Miranda felt jealous of him because of his good looks.*

Uses in this book:

1. He sometimes felt a little jealous of how excited people were by their mistakes. [Back to B1](#)

lunchtime *ˈlʌnftaɪm* (1 occurrence)

Português: hora do almoço

Simple English: The time when people eat lunch.

Example: *It was lunchtime.*

Uses in this book:

1. He went in the morning, at lunchtime, and at night. [Back to B1](#)

metal *ˈmet.əl* (1 occurrence)

Português: metal

Simple English: A hard material, like iron or gold.

Example: *He knocked over a pile of old metal dishes.*

Uses in this book:

1. With its newly painted shutters, shiny metal parts, and overall clean and cheerful look, it immediately pleased anyone who walked by. [Back to B1](#)

missing 'mɪsɪŋ (1 occurrence)

Português: faltando

Simple English: not present or lost

Example: *Tarzan felt he was missing something important.*

Uses in this book:

1. It also said that if Dr. Jekyll disappeared or was missing for more than three months, Edward Hyde would take his place immediately. [Back to B1](#)

mistakes mɪ'steɪks (4 occurrences)

Português: erros

Simple English: Errors or wrong actions.

Example: *They worked quickly without mistakes.*

Uses in this book:

1. He sometimes felt a little jealous of how excited people were by their mistakes. [Back to B1](#)

2. Enfield thought it was blackmail, where an honest man pays for mistakes from his past. [Back to B1](#)

3. He told Richard that his story had made an impact and asked him to correct any mistakes he might have made. [Back to B1](#)

4. He felt humble about his mistakes but also grateful for the bad things he had avoided.

nice naɪs (3 occurrences)

Português: bom

Simple English: Pleasant or attractive.

Example: *The room looks very nice and clean.*

Uses in this book:

1. They spent extra money on nice things for their homes. [Back to B1](#)

2. Near a side street, there was a square with old, nice houses.

3. He was in his own nice room, but he felt like he was in the small room where Hyde usually stayed.

normal *'nɔːrml* (8 occurrences)

Português: normal

Simple English: usual or regular

Example: *It was a normal day at school.*

Uses in this book:

1. It bothered him as a lawyer and as someone who liked normal life. [Back to B1](#)
2. She said this was normal because his habits were very strange and he was often away.
3. The room was quiet and looked normal, with a fire, a kettle, papers on a table, and things ready for tea.
4. I also made a drug that could remove the power of the normal self and replace it with a new appearance, which was a reflection of the lower parts of my soul.
5. His good feelings became normal, and he started to want to be Hyde again.

overall */'oʊvər'ɔːl/* (1 occurrence)

Português: global; geral; total

Simple English: Including all parts; considering everything as a whole.

Example: *Overall, the project was successful despite some initial challenges.*

Uses in this book:

1. With its newly painted shutters, shiny metal parts, and overall clean and cheerful look, it immediately pleased anyone who walked by. [Back to B1](#)

plans *plænz* (4 occurrences)

Português: planos

Simple English: things you want to do in the future

Example: *They made plans to visit the park tomorrow.*

Uses in this book:

1. They considered them the best part of their week and would cancel fun plans or even business meetings to have these walks without interruption. [Back to B1](#)
2. Jekyll asked Lanyon to cancel all his plans for that night, even if he was needed by an emperor.

3. He added that if the person asked for an explanation five minutes later, they would understand that these plans were very important.

4. With these plans, he started to use the special freedoms his new situation offered.

property /'prɒpərti/ (1 occurrence)

Português: propriedade; imóvel

Simple English: Land or buildings owned by individuals, organizations, or entities.

Example: *She bought a new property to invest in real estate.*

Uses in this book:

1. It stated that if Dr. Jekyll died, all his money and property would go to his friend and helper, Edward Hyde. [Back to B1](#)

respectable rɪ'spektəbl̩ (3 occurrences)

Português: respeitável

Simple English: good and acceptable to society

Example: *He lived in a less respectable part of town.*

Uses in this book:

1. He described the man who committed the bad act as terrible, but the person who wrote the cheque was a very respectable and well-known man who did good deeds. [Back to B1](#)

2. Because his fun activities were not very respectable, and he was well-known and getting older, this difference in his life bothered him more and more.

3. He could appear respectable in public and then quickly change into Hyde to do whatever he wanted.

scratched skræʃt (1 occurrence)

Português: coçou

Simple English: To rub the skin with nails to remove something.

Example: *The bull scratched flies off its side.*

Uses in this book:

1. Homeless people used the doorway and scratched matches on the wood. [Back to B1](#)

shiny /'ʃaɪni/ (1 occurrence)

Português: brilhante; reluzente

Simple English: Bright and smooth, reflecting light effectively visually.

Example: *Her shiny hair reflects the sunlight beautifully during the summer.*

Uses in this book:

1. With its newly painted shutters, shiny metal parts, and overall clean and cheerful look, it immediately pleased anyone who walked by. [Back to B1](#)

shy ʃaɪ (2 occurrences)

Português: tímido

Simple English: nervous or uncomfortable around people

Example: *She is shy when she meets new friends.*

Uses in this book:

1. He was quiet and shy when he spoke, and not very emotional. [Back to B1](#)
2. He acted both shy and bold, and his voice was rough.

specific spə'sɪfɪk (2 occurrences)

Português: específico

Simple English: special and clear, not general

Example: *She had a specific goal to finish the work.*

Uses in this book:

1. He felt the man looked deformed, though he could not point to a specific part. [Back to B1](#)
2. He was an unusual-looking man, but the speaker could not find anything specific that was wrong. [Back to B1](#)

spending 'spɛndɪŋ (2 occurrences)

Português: passando

Simple English: using time in a certain way

Example: *He is spending time with his friends.*

Uses in this book:

1. They were old friends from school and college and enjoyed spending time together. [Back to B1](#)

2. Poole reported that Jekyll was spending all his time in his private rooms, was very quiet, and seemed troubled.

staff *stæf* (2 occurrences)

Português: funcionários

Simple English: People who work at a place or organization.

Example: *The asylum staff said they were too full.*

Uses in this book:

1. Hyde would not have to pay Dr. Jekyll's debts, only give small amounts of money to the doctor's staff. [Back to B1](#)
2. At the hotel, the staff were scared by my dark expression.

strict */strɪkt/* (3 occurrences)

Português: estrita; rigoroso; rígidas

Simple English: Absolute rules that must always be obeyed.

Example: *The school has strict rules about student behavior during classes.*

Uses in this book:

1. He was strict with himself, drinking plain gin when alone to stop his liking for expensive wines. [Back to B1](#)
2. He also mentioned Lanyon, calling him a strict and ignorant man who disagreed with his scientific ideas.
3. For two months, he was strong and lived a very strict life, feeling good about himself.

stuck *stʌk* (2 occurrences)

Português: preso

Simple English: unable to move

Example: *The paper was stuck to the floor.*

Uses in this book:

1. Right there, a dark, unpleasant building stuck out towards the street. [Back to B1](#)
2. I thought it was a problem that these two different parts were stuck together inside one person.

terrible /ˈtɛrəbl/ (21 occurrences)

Português: terrível

Simple English: Very bad or frightening.

Example: *The storm caused terrible damage.*

Uses in this book:

1. He described the man who committed the bad act as terrible, but the person who wrote the cheque was a very respectable and well-known man who did good deeds. [Back to B1](#)
2. Now, he was even more upset because he had learned terrible things about him. [Back to B1](#)
3. The unclear, mysterious idea of Hyde had now become a clear, frightening image of a terrible person. [Back to B1](#)
4. Utterson said that what he heard was terrible.
5. Dr. Lanyon told Utterson that he had experienced a terrible shock and would never get better.

threaten /'θreɪn/ (1 occurrence)

Português: ameaçar

Simple English: To declare intention to harm if demands are unmet.

Example: *They threaten to cancel the event if the conditions are not met.*

Uses in this book:

1. They decided to threaten the man with a public scandal if he did not pay money. [Back to B1](#)

tone /təʊn/ (1 occurrence)

Português: tom; tônus; tonificar

Simple English: A musical sound described by its pitch and quality.

Example: *The tone of her voice was soothing and calm during the performance.*

Uses in this book:

1. Mr. Utterson asked with a slightly different tone of voice what the story was. [Back to B1](#)

travel 'trævl (1 occurrence)

Português: viajar

Simple English: To go from one place to another.

Example: *Tarzan likes to travel in wild places.*

Uses in this book:

1. Sounds could travel far. [Back to B1](#)

treated 'tri:tɪd (1 occurrence)

Português: tratados

Simple English: Behaved towards someone in a certain way.

Example: *The workers were treated unfairly by their boss.*

Uses in this book:

1. As long as they visited his office, he treated them the same way, without showing any change in his attitude. [Back to B1](#)

unclear ʌn'kleɪr (1 occurrence)

Português: incerto

Simple English: Not easy to understand or know.

Example: *It is unclear what she means.*

Uses in this book:

1. The unclear, mysterious idea of Hyde had now become a clear, frightening image of a terrible person. [Back to B1](#)

uncomfortable /ʌn'kʌmfərtəbl/ (1 occurrence)

Português: desconfortável; incômodo; constrangido

Simple English: Feeling uneasy, embarrassed, or anxious about a situation.

Example: *He felt uncomfortable speaking in front of the large audience.*

Uses in this book:

1. The man's appearance made Utterson feel uncomfortable. [Back to B1](#)

unpleasant *ʌnˈpleɪzənt* (7 occurrences)

Português: desagradável

Simple English: Causing discomfort or dislike.

Example: *The smell was very unpleasant.*

Uses in this book:

1. Right there, a dark, unpleasant building stuck out towards the street. [Back to B1](#)
2. He looked strange and unpleasant, and the speaker disliked him a lot, but could not say exactly why. [Back to B1](#)
3. As he put the unpleasant paper back in the safe, he said that he had first thought it was madness, but now he was starting to fear it was disgrace. [Back to B1](#)
4. Mr. Hyde looked strange: he was pale and short, seemed deformed but without a clear reason, and had an unpleasant smile.
5. She looked unpleasant but had good manners.

unsure *ʌnˈʃʊə* (2 occurrences)

Português: incerto

Simple English: Not sure or confident about something

Example: *I was unsure about which road to take.*

Uses in this book:

1. Mr. Hyde seemed unsure, then turned around bravely. [Back to B1](#)
2. He had received a letter and was unsure if he should show it to the police.

unusual *ʌnˈjuːʒuəl* (5 occurrences)

Português: incomum

Simple English: Not common or normal.

Example: *He saw many unusual things that night.*

Uses in this book:

1. He was an unusual-looking man, but the speaker could not find anything specific that was wrong. [Back to B1](#)
2. Utterson commented that it was rather unusual.
3. Guest agreed with Utterson, saying that it was indeed rather unusual.

4. The streets were almost empty, which was unusual for London.
5. Instead, because the visitor seemed unusual and unnatural, the ill-fitting clothes seemed to fit him perfectly.

upset /ʌp'set/ (1 occurrence)

Português: chateado; aborrecido; transtornado

Simple English: To make someone feel unhappy or disturbed emotionally.

Example: *He was upset when he lost his favorite toy during the game.*

Uses in this book:

1. Now, he was even more upset because he had learned terrible things about him. [Back to B1](#)

valued 'vælju:d (1 occurrence)

Português: avaliado

Simple English: Having a high worth or price

Example: *Experts valued the painting at one million dollars.*

Uses in this book:

1. Even so, both men valued these walks very much. [Back to B1](#)

worried 'wɒrɪd (23 occurrences)

Português: preocupada

Simple English: feeling nervous or anxious

Example: *She was always worried about him.*

Uses in this book:

1. He looked at it with a worried expression. [Back to B1](#)
2. After Mr. Hyde left, the lawyer felt worried.
3. He worried about Hyde visiting Jekyll and the danger if Hyde learned about Jekyll's will, as Hyde might want to get Jekyll's money sooner.
4. Jekyll said Utterson was very worried about his will.
5. Mr. Utterson was also feeling very sad and worried.

worrying 'wɜːrɪŋ (3 occurrences)

Português: preocupante

Simple English: causing concern or anxiety

Example: *The news was worrying for many people.*

Uses in this book:

1. After some general conversation, the lawyer started to talk about the subject that was worrying him. [Back to B1](#)
2. The lawyer thought about his own past, worrying if he had done anything wrong.
3. He then sat by the fire all day, worrying and eating his nails.