**Extracts from *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde***

1) Mr. Utterson the lawyer was a man of a rugged *[rough, irregular, hard = ruvido, aspro, duro, irregolare]* countenance *[appearance esp. look or expression of the face]* that was never lighted by a smile; cold, scanty *[reiticente]* and embarrassed *[not spontaneous = impacciato]* in discourse; backward [ *reserved* ] in sentiment; lean *[ thin]*, long, dusty , dreary *[ dull, boring]*and yet somehow lovable. At friendly meetings, and when the winewas to his taste, something eminently*[very]* human beaconed *[ shone]* 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 *[i.e. there is something hidden within him which only appears in hints on the surface]*. He was austere *[ severe]* with himself; drank gin when he was alone, to mortify*[ literally, kill]* 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 *[proven]* tolerance for others; sometimes wondering, almost with envy, at the high pressure of spirits involved in their misdeeds *[wicked or immoral deeds]*; and in any extremity *[ situation of difficulty or need]* inclined to help rather than to reprove*[ criticise or condemn]*.

2) "Did you ever remark *[notice]* 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*[strange]* story."
Indeed?" said Mr. Utterson, with a slight change of voice, "and what was that?"
"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 *[lampioni]*. 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 *[arrancava]*  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 *[walked heavily]*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 *[ like some unstoppable destructive force; the expression comes from one of the names for Krisha: it refers to the enormous idol which was drawn through the streets in procession, before which believers were said to throw themselves and be crushed to death]*. I gave a few halloa *[I called him]*, took to my heels *[ran]*, collared *[afferrare per la collottola]* 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 *[venire i suddori]* like running. The people who had turned out *[come into the street]* 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 *[the doctor]*; and there you might have supposed would be an end to it. But there was one curious circumstance. I had taken a loathingto*[felt hatred for]* my gentleman at first sight. So had the child's family, which was only natural. But the doctor's case was what struck me *[mi colpì]*. He was the usual cut and dry *[nothing special]* 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 *[puzzare]* 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 *[mentre gliene dicevamo di cotte e di crude]*, we were keeping the women off him as best we could for they were as wild as harpies *[arpie]*. I never saw a circle of such hateful faces; and there was the man in the middle, with a kind of black sneering *[con un ghigno]* coolness--frightened too, I could see that--but carrying it off *[remaining in control of himself]*, sir*[sissignore]*, really like Satan. `If you choose to make capital *[exploit]* out of this accident,' said he, `I am naturally helpless. No gentleman but wishes to avoid a scene *[any gentleman would want to avoid a scene]* ,' says he. `Name your figure *[Tell me how much you want].*' Well, we screwed him up to *[forced him up to]* a hundred pounds for the child's family; he would have clearly liked to stick out *[resist]*; but there was something about the lot of us that meant mischief *[spelt danger]*, and at last he struck *[agreed]*.
 The next thing was to get the money; and where do you think he carried us but to that place with the door?--whipped *[quickly took]* 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 *[a high class bank*] 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 *[in the newspapers]* . The figure was stiff *[high]*; 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 *[suspicious, unbelievable]*, and that a man does not, in real life, walk into a cellar *[scantinato]* 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 *[continuava a ghignare].* `Set your mind at rest *[Non vi agitate]*,' 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 *[the quarters or rooms that lawyers use to consult with their clients, especially in the Inns of Court]*; and next day, when we had breakfasted, went in a body *[together]* to the bank. I gave in the cheque myself, and said I had every reason to believe it was a forgery *[falsificato]*. Not a bit of it. The cheque was genuine."
"Tut-tut *[Guarda, guarda!]*," said Mr. Utterson.
"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 *[would want to]* have *[anything]* to do with*[not respectable]*, a really damnable *[detestable]* man; and the person that drew the cheque *[signed the cheque]* is the very pink of the proprieties *[the most respectable man imaginable]*, celebrated *[famous]* too, and (what makes it worse) one of your fellows who do what they call good. Blackmail *[ricatto]* I suppose; an honest man paying through the nose *[paying a lot of money]* for some of the capers of his youth *[scappatella di gioventù]*. 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 *[lost in thought].*
From this he was recalled by Mr. Utterson asking rather suddenly: "And you don't know if the drawer *[the person who signed it]* of the cheque lives there?"
"A likely *[seems improbable]* place, isn't it?" returned Mr. Enfield. "But I happen to have noticed his address; he lives in some square or other."
"And you never asked about the--place with the door?" said Mr. Utterson.
"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 judgement *[mi fa pensare al giorno di giudizio]*. 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 *[an innocent person]* (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 *[problematic, suspicious]* , the less I ask."
"A very good rule, too," said the lawyer.
"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 *[ammassati]* about the court, that it's hard to say where one ends and another begins."
The pair walked on again for a while in silence; and then "Enfield," said Mr. Utterson, "that's a good rule of yours."
"Yes, I think it is," returned Enfield.
"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."
"Well," said Mr. Enfield, "I can't see what harm it would do. It was a man of the name of Hyde."
"Hm," said Mr. Utterson. "What sort of a man is he to see?"
"He is not easy to describe. There is something wrong with his appearance; something displeasing, something down-right *[really]*detestable. I never saw a man I so disliked, and yet I scarce *[hardly]* 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 make head or tail of it]*; I can't describe him. And it's not want of memory; for I declare I can see him this moment."
Mr. Utterson again walked some way in silence and obviously under a weight of consideration *[thought].* "You are sure he used a key?" he inquired at last.
"My dear sir ..." began Enfield, surprised out of himself.
"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 *[because he has told it to an interested party]*. If you have been inexact in any point you had better correct it."
"I think you might have warned me," returned the other with a touch of sullenness *[resentimento]*. "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."
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."
"With all my heart," said the lawyer. "I shake hands on that, Richard."

3) From that time forward, Mr. Utterson began to haunt *[kept returning to]* 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 *[di trambusto e di quiete]*, the lawyer was to be found on his chosen post.

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

And at last his patience was rewarded. It was a fine dry night; frost *[brina; it's freezing cold]* 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 *[what growls? What do growls mean? How does this transform our perception 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 *[sound]* 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 *[strange]* light footstep drawing near. In the course of his nightly patrols, he had long grown accustomed to the quaint *[curious]* effect with which the footfalls *[footsteps]* of a single person, while he is still a great way off, suddenly spring out distinct from the vast hum *[murmur; continuous sound]* and clatter *[frastuono]* 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.

The steps drew swiftly nearer, and swelled out *[grew]* suddenly louder as they turned the end of the street. The lawyer, looking forth *[out]* from the entry, could soon see what manner *[kind]*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 *[created an unpleasant sensation].* But he made straight for the door, crossing the roadway to save time; and as he came, he drew a key from his pocket like one approaching home.

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

MrHyde shrank back with a hissing intake of the breath *[what hisses?]* . But his fear was only momentary; and though he did not look the lawyer in the face, he answered coolly enough *[with self-control]*: "That is my name. What do you want?"

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

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

"On your side," said Mr. Utterson "will you do me a favour?"
"With pleasure," replied the other. "What shall it be?"
"Will you let me see your face?" asked the lawyer.

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

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

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

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

"By description," was the reply.

"Whose description?"

"We have common friends," said Mr. Utterson.

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

"Jekyll, for instance," said the lawyer.

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

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

The other snarled *[(of dogs, etc.) to show the teeth and make a deep angry noise in the throat]* aloud into a savage laugh; and the next moment, with extraordinary , he had unlocked the door and disappeared into the house.

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

4) A fortnight later, by excellent good fortune, the doctor gave one of his pleasant dinners to some five or six old cronies *[old friends]* , all intelligent, reputable men and all judges of good wine; and Mr. Utterson so contrived *[managed things so]* that he remained behind after the others had departed. This was no new arrangement, but a thing that had befallen *[happened]* many scores of times. Where Utterson was liked, he was liked well. Hosts loved to detain *[trattenere]* the dry *[reserved]* lawyer, when the light-hearted and loose-tongued *[more chatty]* had already their foot on the threshold *[about to leave]*; they liked to sit a while in his unobtrusive company, practising for solitude , sobering their minds *[to sober= to make more serious, get over drunkeness]* in the man's rich silence after the expense and strain of gaiety*[acquietando la mente tesa e sfibrata dall'allegria]*. To this rule, Dr. Jekyll was no exception; and as he now sat on the opposite side of the fire--a large, well-made, smooth-faced *[dal viso liscio]* man of fifty, with something of a slylish *[deceitful, secretive, cunning]* cast *[aspect, appearance]* perhaps, but every mark of capacity and kindness--you could see by his looks that he cherished *[nutriva]* for Mr. Utterson a sincere and warm affection.
"I have been wanting to speak to you, Jekyll," began the latter. "You know that will of yours?"
A close observer might have gathered that the topic was distasteful; but the doctor carried it off gaily *[successfully hid his displeasure with good humour]*. "My poor Utterson," said he, "you are unfortunate in such a client. I never saw a man so distressed *[upset]* as you were by my will; ; unless it were that hide-bound *[having old-fashioned, out of date ideas]* pedant *[a person who is too concerned with small details or rules]* , Lanyon, at what he called my scientific heresies. O, I know he's a good fellow--you needn't frown--an excellent fellow, and I always mean to see more of him; but a hide-bound pedant for all that; an ignorant, blatant pedant. I was never more disappointed in any man than Lanyon."

5) Mr. Utterson reflected; and then, raising his head, "If you will come with me in my cab *[now a taxi, then a horse drawn vehicle (= carrozza)]*," he said, "I think I can take you to his house."
It was by this time about nine in the morning, and the first fog of the season. A great chocolate-coloured pall *[a cloth that covers a coffin; anything that covers, shrouds especially cloud or fog (= velario)*]lowered over heaven *[come down to street level],* but the wind was continually charging *[attacking]* and routing *[dispersing]* these embattled *[which fight back and return]* vapours; so that as the cab crawled *[to move very slowly; but also has the meaning of moving like a reptile or a worm or on all fours]* from street to street, Mr. Utterson beheld *[saw]* a marvelous number of degrees *[shades (= sfumature)]*and hues *[colours]*of twilight *[half light: the fog keeps changing colour]*; for here it would be dark like the back-end of evening; and there would be a glow *[bagliore]* of a rich, lurid *[bright in a way that is horrible]* brown, like the light of some strange conflagration*[fire]* ; and here, for a moment, the fog would be quite broken up, and a haggard *[weak]* shaft *[ray]* of daylight would glance *[briefly appear]* in between the swirling *[in circular movement]*wreaths *[in the shape of a circle]* . The dismal *[gloomy (= tetro)]* quarter of Soho seen under these changing glimpses *[brief revelations]* , with its muddy ways *[streets]*, and slatternly *[dirty, poorly dressed]* passengers, and its lamps, which had never been extinguished or had been kindled afresh *[relit]* to combat this mournful *[luttoso]* reinvasion of darkness, seemed, in the lawyer's eyes, like a district of some city in a nightmare. The thoughts of his mind, besides, were of the gloomiest dye *[darkest colour (=dei più foschi)]* ; and when he glanced at the companion of his drive, he was conscious of some touch of that terror of the law and the law's officers, which may at times assail the most honest.
As the cab drew up before the address indicated, the fog lifted a little and showed him a dingy *[dark and dirty]* street, a gin palace, a low French eating house, a shop for the retail of penny numbers *[cheap popular sensational literature]* and twopenny salads, many ragged *[wearing old or torn clothes],* children huddled *[gathered closely together because of the cold]* in the doorways, and many women of many different nationalities passing out, key in hand, to have a morning glass; and the next moment the fog settled down *[became thicker]* again upon that part, as brown as umber *[a dark brown or yellowish-brown colour used in paints]*, and cut him off from his blackguardly *[low, evil, villainous]* surroundings. This was the home of Henry Jekyll's favourite; of a man who was heir to a quarter of a million sterling.

6) I was born in the year 18-- to a large fortune, endowed *[dotato]* besides with excellent parts *[qualities]*, inclined by nature to industry, fond of the respect of the wise and good among my fellowmen, and thus, as might have been supposed, with every guarantee of an honourable and distinguished future. And indeed the worst of my faults was a certain impatient gaiety of disposition *[una certa irrequieta gaiezza]* , such as has made the happiness of many, but such as I found it hard to reconcile with my imperious desire to carry my head high *[feel superior]*, and wear a more than commonly grave countenance before the public. Hence it came about that I concealed my pleasures; and that when I reached years of reflection, and began to look round me and take stock *[fare un inventario]* of my progress and position in the world, I stood already committed *[bound]*to a profound duplicity of me *[double life]*. Many a man would have even blazoned *[boasted of]* such irregularities as I was guilty of; but from the high views that I had set before me, I regarded and hid them with an almost morbid sense of shame. It was thus rather the exacting *[demanding]* nature of my aspirations than any particular degradation in my faults, that made me what I was, and, with even a deeper trench *[solco]* than in the majority of men, severed [*cut in two]* in me those provinces of good and ill which divide and compound man's dual nature.

7) The most racking pangs succeeded *[sopravvennero spasimi atroci]*: a grinding *[uno stridere]* in the bones, deadly nausea, and a horror of the spirit that cannot be exceeded at the hour of birth or death. Then these agonies began swiftly to subside *[lessen]*, and I came to myself as if out of a great sickness. There was something strange in my sensations, something indescribably new and, from its very novelty, incredibly sweet. I felt younger, lighter, happier in body; within I was conscious of a heady *[drunken]* recklessness *[irresponsibility],* a current of disordered sensual images running like a mill race in my fancy *[un flusso disordinato di immagini sensuali che mi vorticavano nell'immaginazione come la ruota d'un mulino],* a solution *[dissolving ]*of the bonds of obligation, an unknown but not an innocent freedom of the soul. I knew myself, at the first breath of this new life, to be more wicked, tenfold more wicked, sold *[become]*a slave to my original evil; and the thought, in that moment, braced*[encouraged]* and delighted me like wine. I stretched out my hands, exulting in the freshness of these sensations; and in the act, I was suddenly aware that I had lost in stature.

8) I was the first that could plod *[to walk slowly with heavy steps, especially because you are tired ]*in the public eye with a load of genial respectability, and in a moment, like a schoolboy, strip off these lendings *[borrowed clothes]*and spring headlong into the sea of liberty. But for me, in my impenetrable mantle, the safely was complete. Think of it--I did not even exist! Let me but escape into my laboratory door, give me but a second or two to mix and swallow the draught that I had always standing ready; and whatever he had done, Edward Hyde would pass away like the stain of breath upon a mirror; and there in his stead, quietly at home, trimming the midnight lamp in his study, a man who could afford to laugh at suspicion, would be Henry Jekyll.