

Discuss the way in which Stevenson makes horrific the chapter The Story of the Door.

Resources

Extract from Chapter 1: The Story Of The Door.

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 halloo, 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 to, 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."

"Tut-tut," said Mr. Utterson.

"I see you feel as I do," said Mr. Enfield. "Yes, it's a bad story.

Highlighted Quotes you feel relevant (List start point)	Comment why and where it can fit in your essay