

## The Memory of Mr. Hyde

Ivy, so beautiful, and once so strong. Your exquisite eyes so filled with wonderment and optimism for all that life had to offer you.

That was before he came. Before his crooked shape darkened your door and cast a shadow over your gentle heart.

The brute is long since gone from your world but the scars remain.

Still, your once light spirit bears the weight of his evil.

Still, you feel his monstrous fingers around your delicate throat.

Still, you see the yellow glare of his hateful eyes.

Still your dreams are haunted. Haunted by the memory of Mr. Hyde.

The doctor promised to help you; promised to protect you; promised to make you whole.

But he was not, in the morning, who he was at night. A lovely chorus of broken oaths cannot, a wounded heart, heal or a scarred soul restore.

Hyde is gone now and Jekyll with him.

His lies and his treachery have become his undoing.

So don't cry, beautiful Ivy.

Your pain will fade in time but no doctor, no renowned and distinguished master of medicine, can reverse this damage.

Only love will heal your scars, but they will vanish.

They will fade into the darkness that awaits all forgotten things and, with them, will go the memory of Mr. Hyde.