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– Warren Ellis, writer of *Planetary* and *Astonishing X-Men*.



• THE COMPLETE •

Dracula



DYNAMITE
ENTERTAINMENT



PRAISE FOR DYNAMITE'S THE COMPLETE DRACULA

"The only adaptation of Dracula you'll ever need. This is the new gold standard."
– Warren Ellis, writer of *Planetary* and *Astonishing X-Men*

"The forefather of all gothic horror, Dracula, faithfully reassembled to its original state by a talented and exceptional creative team is a wonderful gift to the reading public. Putting Stoker's masterpiece back together for this new generation is like peeling away a magnificent piece of art to discover the artist's true vision buried beneath."
– Jae Lee, artist of *Stephen King's The Dark Tower: The Gunslinger Born*

"I've taken a look at this, and think it's terrific. I've got a bunch of comics in my collection of editions and adaptations of Dracula, and I suspect this will be the best to date."
– Kim Newman, author of *Anno Dracula* and *Judgment of Tears: Anno Dracula 1959*

"A superb work of art, combining fidelity to the original text with visuals that evoke the primal fears lurking in the novel."
– Elizabeth Miller, author of *Dracula: Sense & Nonsense* and co-author of *Bram Stoker's Notes: A Facsimile Edition*

"A tremendous exercise in authenticity and precision that stretches to the proper organization of keys on an antique typewriter keyboard. Atmospheric, chilly and excellent, with an art style and a clarity of adaptation that really suits the subject matter. This is the definitive expanded version of the tale."
– Paul Cornell, writer of *Doctor Who: Human Nature*, *Captain Britain* and *MI: 13*

"If Moore, Reppion and team maintain their commitment to the level of detail on display in The Complete Dracula #1, they're bound to deliver the definitive adaptation of Stoker's magnum opus by the series' end! An invigorating new look at a hoary old chestnut!"
– Brian J. Showers, writer of *Literary Walking Tours of Gothic Dublin*, *The Bleeding Horse* and *Other Ghost Stories*

"The painted interior art by Colton Worley has some great moments, where he plays up the atmosphere... and on the whole, it's a fine job. The cover by John Cassaday is in a whole other league, though: stunning, well designed, creepy as any cover I've seen in a while."
– Todd Klein, letterer of *Sandman*, *Fables*

"You do not have to be a fan of Bram Stoker's classic novel, Dracula movies, or vampires in general, to appreciate what this creative team is attempting to do. With well-paced writing and gorgeous art, the first issue of The Complete Dracula is a wonderful example of how successful comic adaptations can and should be done."
– Kevin Wallace, Associated Content

"Dynamite has a hit on their hands if fans appreciate its classic storytelling. Leah Moore and John Reppion are dedicated to the book, and Colton Worley is giving us a great candlelight read after dinner with his delightful art. Dracula is finally here to take back what is his; the true origin of a vampire."

– Fangoria

"The Complete Dracula is one of those books that I wish I had in high school. A faithful adaptation like this is an easy way to get through that assigned reading without missing any important details for the text, and it makes the book come alive in a more accessible way – especially for modern day readers."

– Michael Roberts, Projectfanboy.com

"Fans of horror and suspense should read this adaptation, if only to enjoy this timeless story from another perspective. This book speaks to comic book readers and Dracula fans alike."

– Frank Stapleton, brokenfrontier.com

"The artist's depiction of Dracula is very satisfying throughout the issue, making him appear more believably human (and thus closer to Stoker's original conception of the character) than many of the other incarnations of the character that we've seen since. Finally, John Cassaday's cover completes the package, a stark red-and-black image that really stands out and demands readers' attention."

– David Wallace, comicsbulletin.com

"With its new The Complete Dracula series, Dynamite has done the virtually impossible – infused fresh blood into one of our culture's oldest characters and engaged readers who feel he is old hat by telling his story in a new and exciting way."

– Jerome Maida, Philadelphia Daily News

"I was incredibly impressed with every single aspect of this book, from the writing, to final presentation. This book is the complete package. It is sheer perfection! It is the best adaptation of Dracula that you will ever read."

– hypergeek.ca

"I won't waste space here telling you the story – you just need to read it (both the original and this comic). Oh, and if I could just use one word to describe artist Colton Worley's work on this issue? Perfect. Absolutely, positively, slam-dunk perfect for this story."

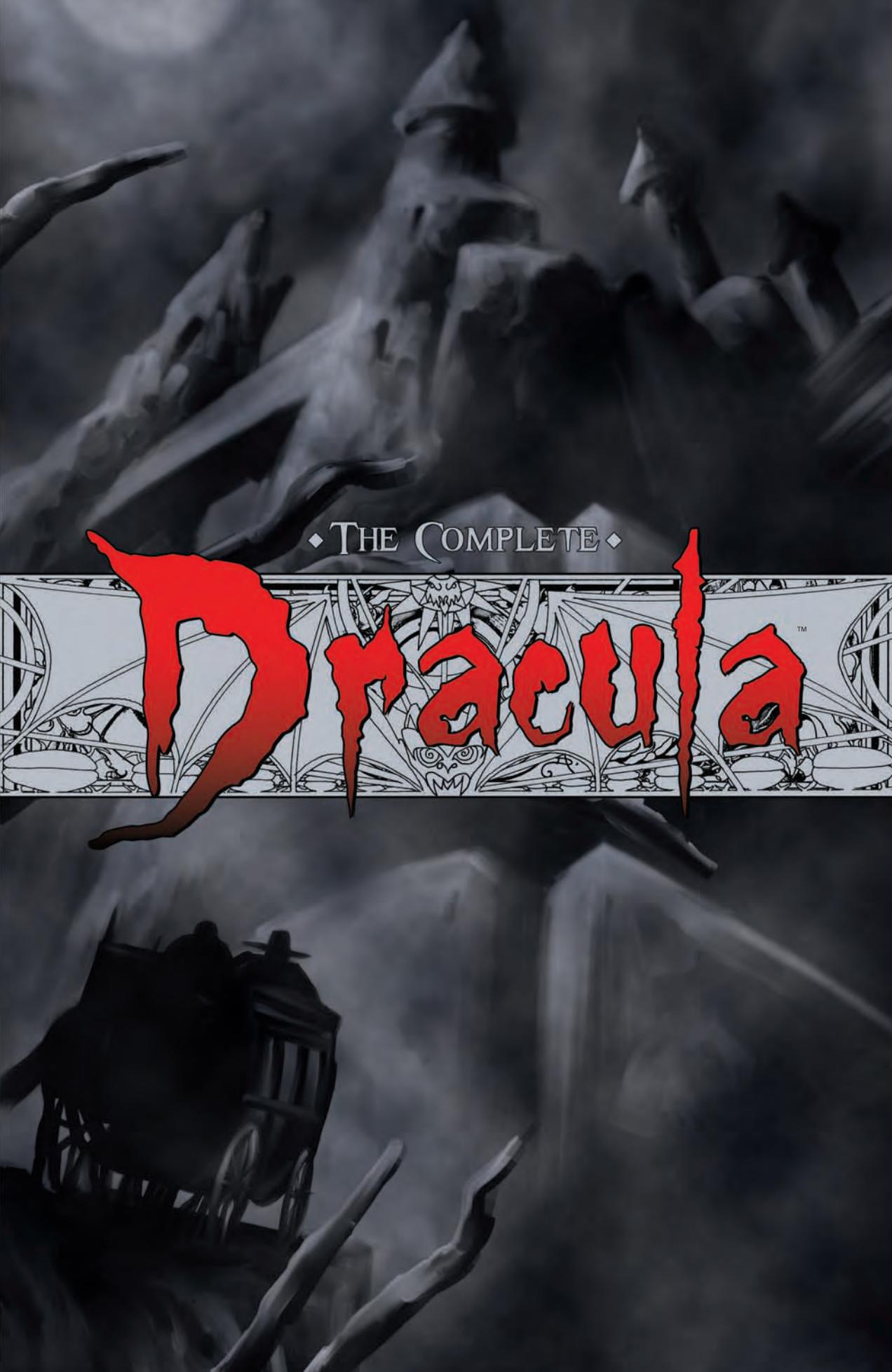
– Sam Christopher, Axion's Edge

"Based on this first issue, I believe that it's safe to say that this project will become a striking read. It's a chance to experience a classic in a new way, and quality is quite evident."

– Troy Brownfield, newsarama.com

•THE COMPLETE•

Dracula



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This volume collects issues 1-5 of the Dynamite series, The Complete Dracula.

Collection design by **JASON ULLMEYER**



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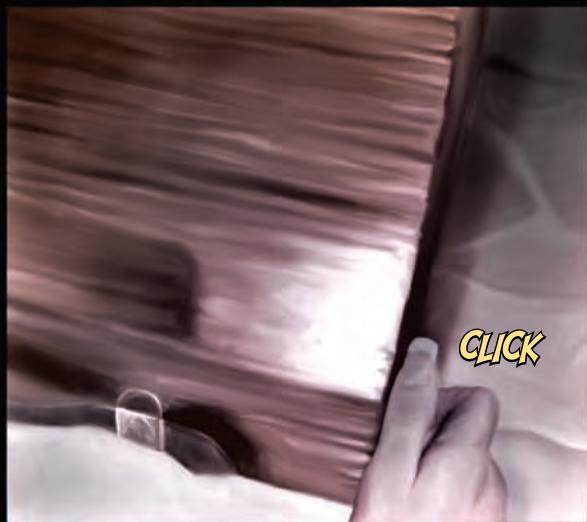
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How these papers have been placed in sequence will be made manifest in the reading of them. All needless matters have been eliminated, so that history almost at variance with the possibilities of later-day belief may stand forth as simple fact. There is throughout no statement of past things wherein memory may err, for all the records chosen are exactly contemporary, given the standpoints and within the range of knowledge of those who made them.



JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL

(Originally kept in shorthand)

30 April. Munich - When we began our journey the sun was shining brightly.

Before we left, Herr Delbruck came to the carriage and spoke with the coachman.

"Be back before nightfall. There is a storm on its way. You know what night it is."

When we had cleared the town, I signalled for the driver to stop and said "Tell me, Johann, what is tonight?"

He crossed himself, as he answered laconically "Walpurgis Nacht."

I saw a road that looked but little used and which seemed to dip through a little winding valley.

It looked so inviting that I told Johann I would like him to drive that way.

BITTE HERR HARKER
WE-WE CANNOT GO
THAT WAY... IT IS
WALPURGIS NACHT!

"Where does the road lead?" I asked. Again he crossed himself and mumbled a prayer before answering.

He told a confused tale of corpses restless in their graves.

Of sounds heard beneath the earth, long dead bodies found rosy with life, their mouths sticky with blood.



He went slowly along the road for a while, and then there came over the crest of the hill a man tall and thin.

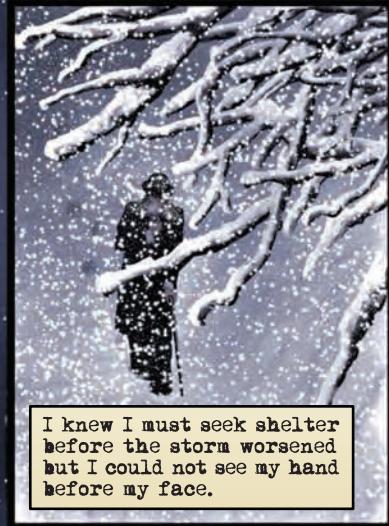




Walking, I took little heed of time. It was only when it began to snow that I thought of how I might find my way home.



Soon the snow was falling so thickly and whirling around me in such rapid eddies that I could hardly keep my eyes open.



I knew I must seek shelter before the storm worsened but I could not see my hand before my face.



Presently, I perceived several low shapes ahead of me in the distance.



Drawing closer I caught sight of a larger shape which seemed like that of a house or building of some kind.



I felt myself shiver as I walked but there was hope of shelter and I groped my way blindly on.

SUCH IS LIFE

I came upon not a house but a great massive tomb of marble, as white as the snow that lay all around it.



As I leaned against the door it moved slightly and opened inwards. Even the shelter of a mausoleum was welcome in that pitiless tempest.



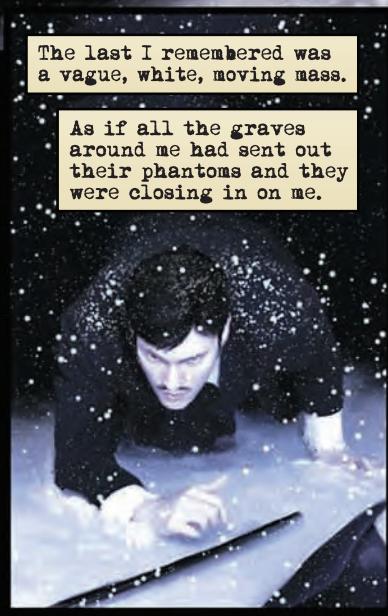
The dead woman seemed to rise for a moment of agony as she was lapped in flame.



Suddenly I was deeply afraid. The coachman's warnings of Walpurgis Nacht rang in my ears as I ran.



I thought of my darling Mina back in England and myself, alone with only the dead.



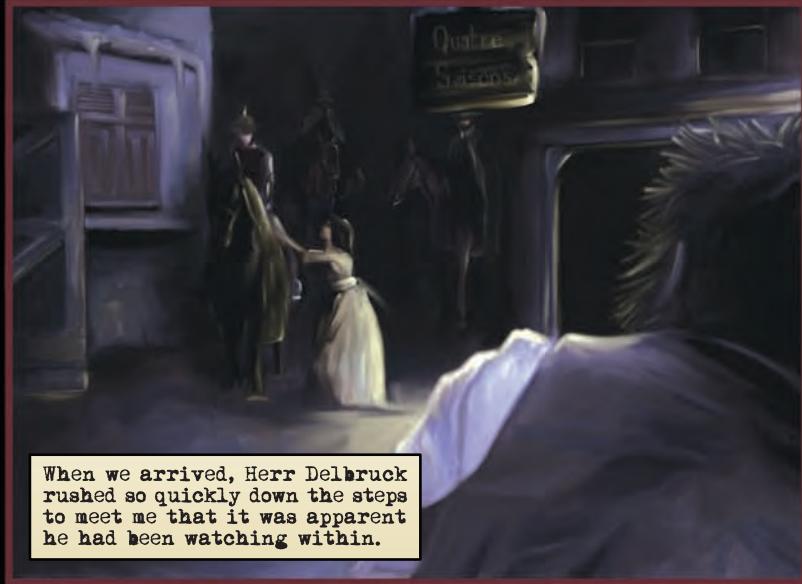
The last I remembered was a vague, white, moving mass.

As if all the graves around me had sent out their phantoms and they were closing in on me.

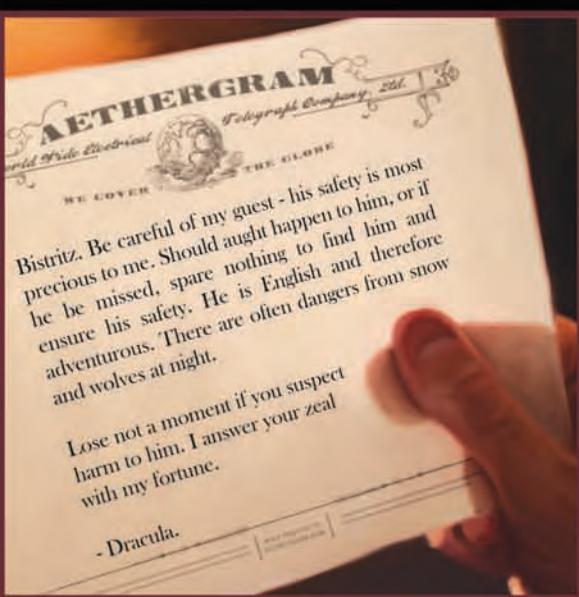




I was given brandy and mounted in front of a trooper. Swiftly, we rode on into Munich.



The Maitre d'hotel and the officer led me unsteadily into the Quatre Saisons and up to my room.





YOUNG
HERR, MUST
YOU GO?

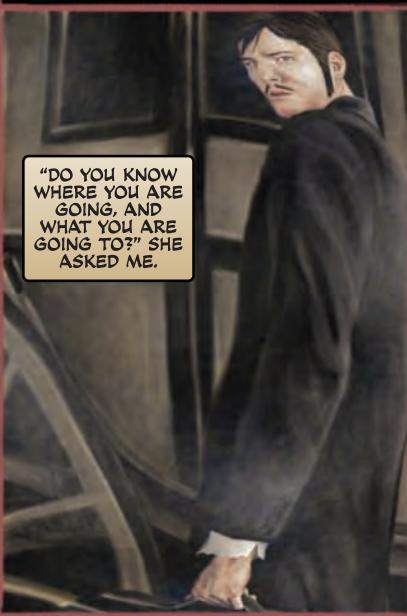


IT IS THE EVE OF
SAINT GEORGE'S DAY. AT
THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT,
ALL THE EVIL THINGS IN
THE WORLD WILL HAVE
FULL SWAY!

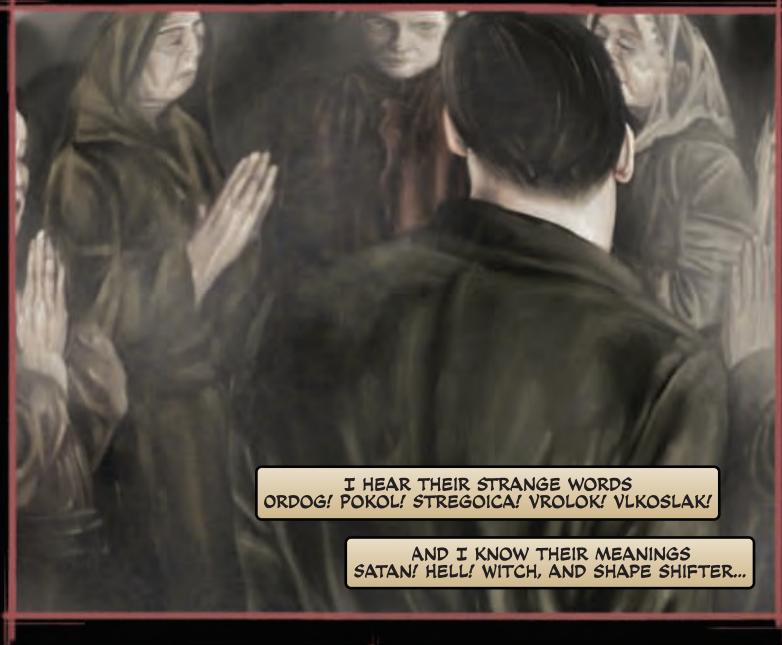


MADAM
PLEASE, I AM
AN ENGLISH
CHURCHMAN...

FOR YOUR
MOTHER'S
SAKE!



"DO YOU KNOW
WHERE YOU ARE
GOING, AND
WHAT YOU ARE
GOING TO?" SHE
ASKED ME.



I HEAR THEIR STRANGE WORDS
ORDOG! POKOL! STREGOICA! VROLOK! VLKOSLAK!

AND I KNOW THEIR MEANINGS
SATAN! HELL! WITCH, AND SHAPE SHIFTER...

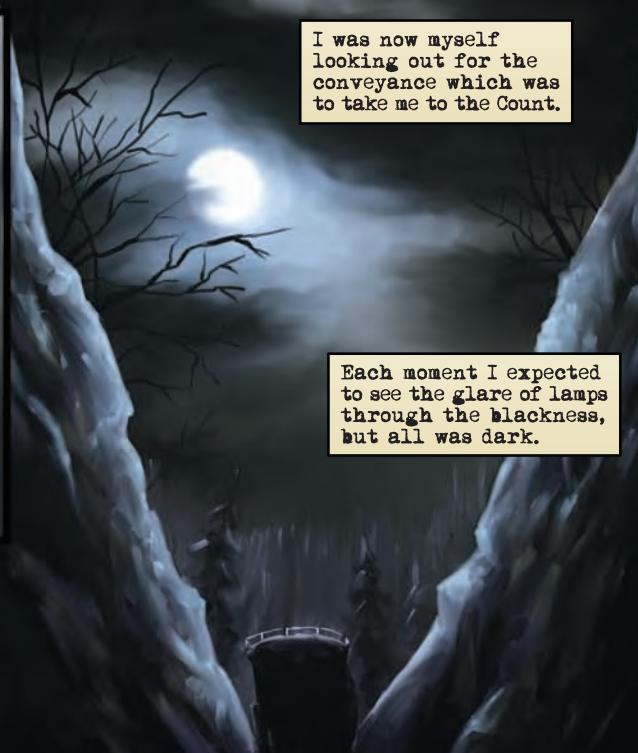
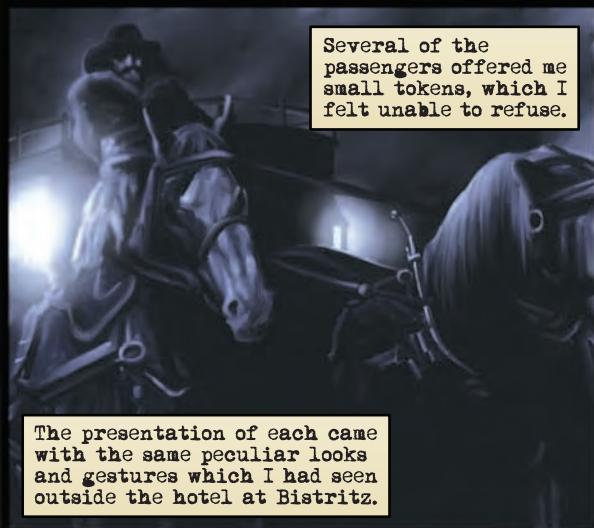


...OR WEREWOLF...
OR VAMPIRE...



ORDOG! POKOL!
STREGOICA! VROLOK! VLKOSLAK!
ORDOG! POKOL! STREGOICA!
VROLOK! VLKOSLAK!
ORDOG! POKOL! STREGOICA!
VROLOK! VLKOSLAK!







WELL,
THE HOUR
IS HERE.

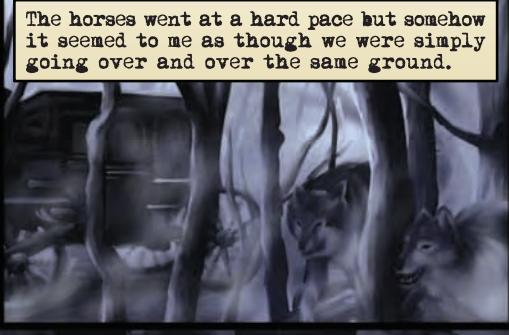


THERE IS
NO CARRIAGE
HERE. PERHAPS
THE HERR IS
NOT EXPECTED
AFTER ALL.

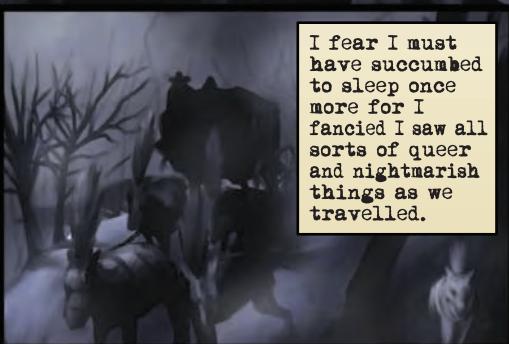




As I climbed aboard the horrific caleche, I heard one of my travelling companions say something to another.



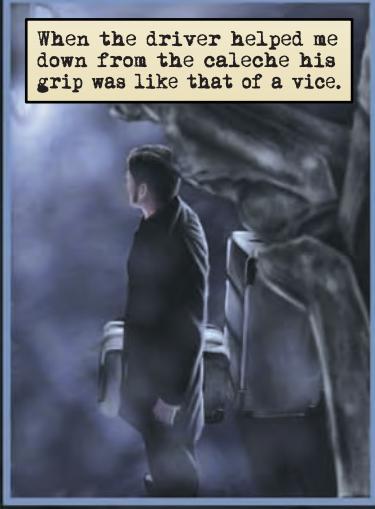
The horses went at a hard pace but somehow it seemed to me as though we were simply going over and over the same ground.



No doubt I was still affected by all that had occurred in Munich.



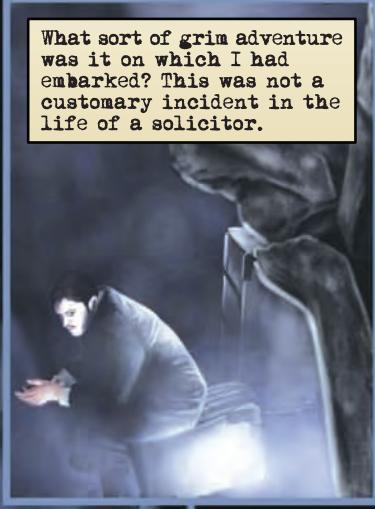
All of a sudden, I became conscious of a vast ruined castle whose broken battlements showed a jagged line against the sky.



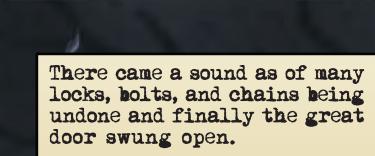
When the driver helped me down from the caleche his grip was like that of a vice.



What sort of grim adventure was it on which I had embarked? This was not a customary incident in the life of a solicitor.



I waited in silence where I was, for I did not know what to do. Of bell or knocker there was no sign.



There came a sound as of many locks, bolts, and chains being undone and finally the great door swung open.



Within stood my client.



He bowed saying "I am Dracula and I bid you welcome Mr. Harker, to my house."



7 May.



There was also a note from the Count.



I slept till late in the day and awoke naturally. Once dressed, I found a cold breakfast in the next room.



"I have to be absent for a while. Do not wait for me. D."



Having found the room's main door locked, I tried another and found a magnificent library.



To my great delight there were vast numbers of English books, magazines and newspapers.

Somehow it gladdened my heart to see it all.



When the Count returned I was reading still.



He said these books had told him about "great England", but nothing of the English tongue.



With my help, he hoped to learn "English intonation".



I agreed readily, and asked if I might come again to the library.



"My castle is yours to explore, Herr Harker, except of course where the doors are locked."



"Our ways are not your ways, you understand."



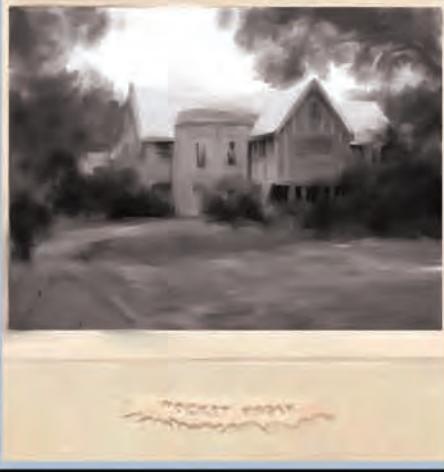
Assenting, I began to describe the strange events of my journey to the castle. Somehow even the retelling made me feel rather uneasy.



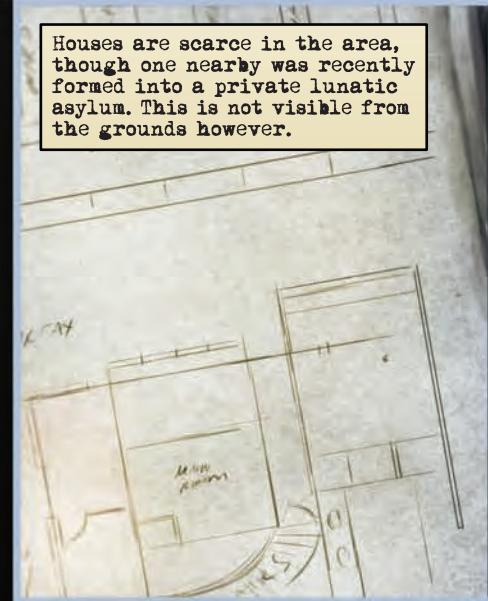
I thought of the Count's handshake the night before. It had been almost as firm as the vicelike grip of that dread coachman.



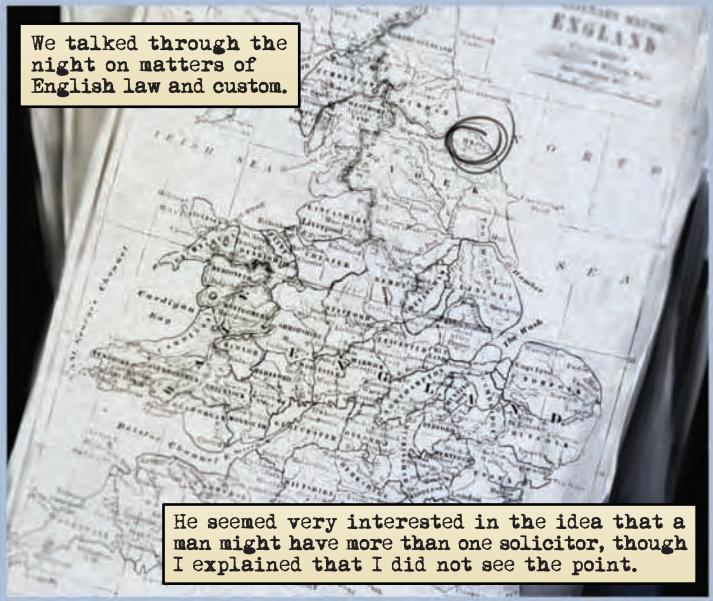
The estate is called Carfax and contains in all some twenty acres, quite surrounded by a solid stone wall.



My thoughts soon returned to normality as we talked of England and the Count's newly purchased property in Purfleet.

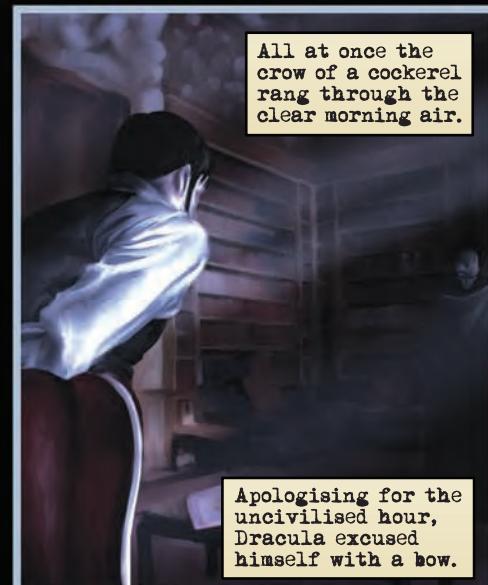


Houses are scarce in the area, though one nearby was recently formed into a private lunatic asylum. This is not visible from the grounds however.



We talked through the night on matters of English law and custom.

He seemed very interested in the idea that a man might have more than one solicitor, though I explained that I did not see the point.



All at once the crow of a cockerel rang through the clear morning air.

Apologising for the uncivilised hour, Dracula excused himself with a bow.



I went into my room but sleep would not come, and so I have written here of this day.



8 May.



"Away with it!"



LETTER FROM MISS MINA MURRAY
TO MISS LUCY WESTENRA.
9 May.

My dearest Lucy.

wide open
knee high
stomach
I am tall
handsome

in a zone

Forgive my long delay in writing, but I have been simply overwhelmed with work. The life of an assistant schoolmistress is sometimes trying.

I am working hard to become helpful to Jonathan in his studies. I have been practicing shorthand very assiduously.

When I am with you in Whitby I shall keep a diary in shorthand too, just as I have seen lady journalists do.

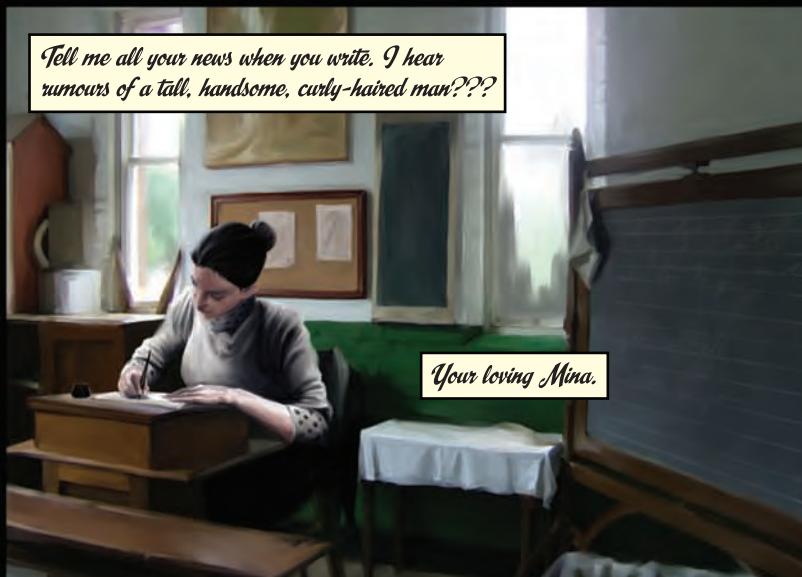
When we are married, I shall take down what Jonathan wants to say and write it out for him on my typewriter.



I have received a brief letter from Jonathan in Europe. He is well, and will be returning soon. I am longing to hear all his news.

Tell me all your news when you write. I hear rumours of a tall, handsome, curly-haired man???

Your loving Mina.



LETTER, LUCY WESTENRA TO MINA MURRAY.

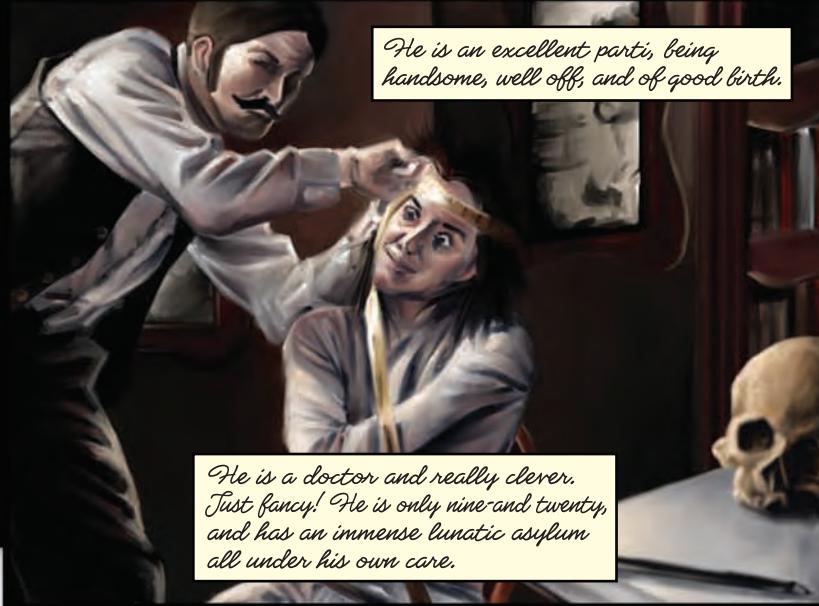
My dearest Mina,

The tall, curly-haired man you mentioned must be Mr. Arthur Holmwood who was with me at the last Pop.

There is really little else to tell you. Mama and I go a great deal to picture galleries and walk in the park frequently of late.



We met recently a man that would just do for you, if you were not already engaged to Jonathan.



He is a doctor and really clever. Just fancy! He is only nine-and-twenty, and has an immense lunatic asylum all under his own care.

Oh, Mina, even as I write of the good doctor I think only of Arthur. Couldn't you guess? I love him. I love him!

Reply immediately, so I may write back. Lucy



P.S. I need not tell you this is a secret.

12 May.

...OF MY OWN BLOOD WHO AS VOIVODE CROSSED THE DANUBE AND BEAT THE TURK ON HIS OWN GROUND. THIS WAS A DRACULA INDEED!

AH, ENOUGH OF HISTORY. LET US SPEAK OF THE PRESENT.

HAVE YOU WRITTEN RECENTLY TO YOUR EMPLOYER MISTER PETER HAWKINS, OR TO ANY OTHER?

When I answered that I had not, the Count urged me to do so and to say that I would be staying for another month.

"So long?" I asked, for my heart grew cold at the thought.

Fearing they would be read, I determined to write only formally now, but to write to Mr. Hawkins secretly, and to Mina in shorthand only.

"I will take no refusal." He replied. And what could I do but bow acceptance?

"It is old, and has many memories, and there are bad dreams for those who sleep unwisely. Be warned!"

He was about to leave, when he saw me by the door.

"I warn you, should you leave these rooms, you must not rest elsewhere in the castle."

I shall not fear to sleep anywhere that the Count is not. The crucifix which repelled him days ago now hangs above my bed.

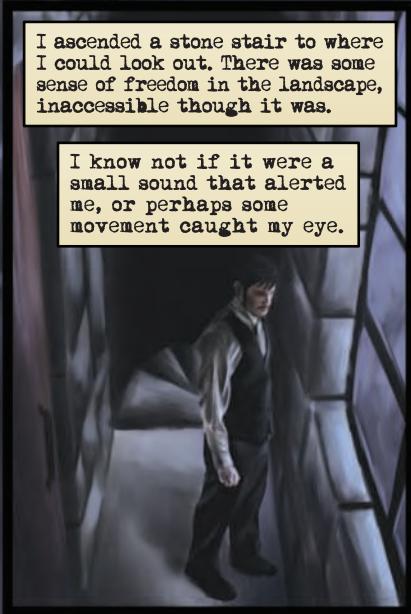


When he left, I tried many doors and again found them locked. The castle is a veritable prison, and I its prisoner.

This nocturnal existence is telling on me. It destroys my nerve, and fills me with horrible imaginings. God knows there is ground for any terrible fear in this accursed place!

I ascended a stone stair to where I could look out. There was some sense of freedom in the landscape, inaccessible though it was.

I know not if it were a small sound that alerted me, or perhaps some movement caught my eye.



But there, below, I saw the Count's head coming out from a window. I did not see the face, but I knew him instantly.



My interest changed to repulsion and terror when I saw the figure fully emerge and crawl down the castle wall over the dreadful abyss.

I could not believe my eyes.

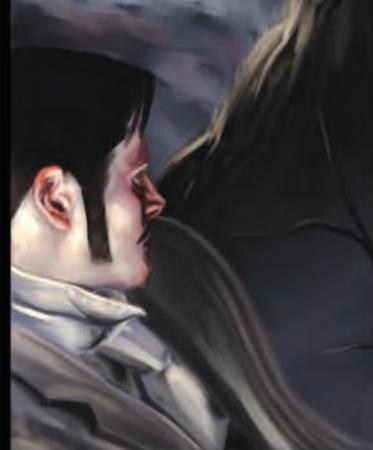
What manner of man is this, or what manner of creature in the semblance of man?



15 May.

Once more I have seen the Count go out in his lizard fashion. He moved downwards and then vanished into some hole or window.

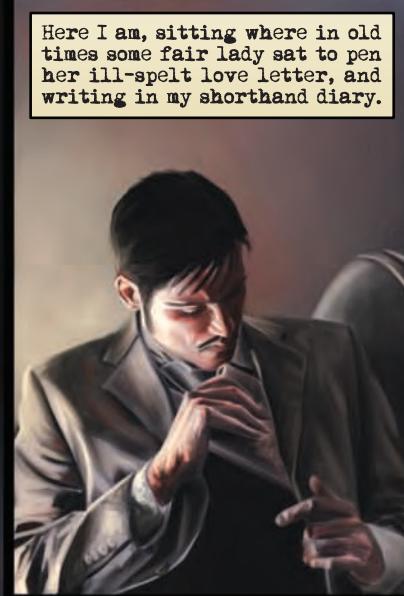
Searching the castle in his absence I found a door which seemed only stuck. Forcing it, I entered a fresh section of the building.



This portion was evidently occupied by ladies in bygone days, for the furniture had more an air of comfort than any I had seen.



Here I am, sitting where in old times some fair lady sat to pen her ill-spelt love letter, and writing in my shorthand diary.



It is the nineteenth century up-to-date with a vengeance. And yet, the past centuries have powers of their own which mere "modernity" cannot kill.

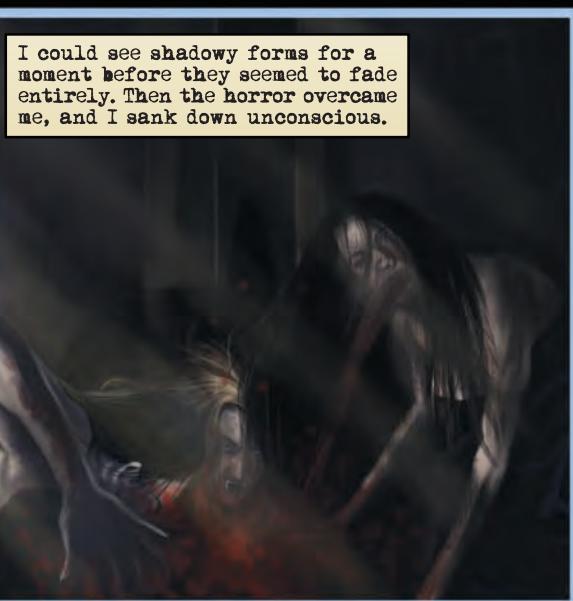
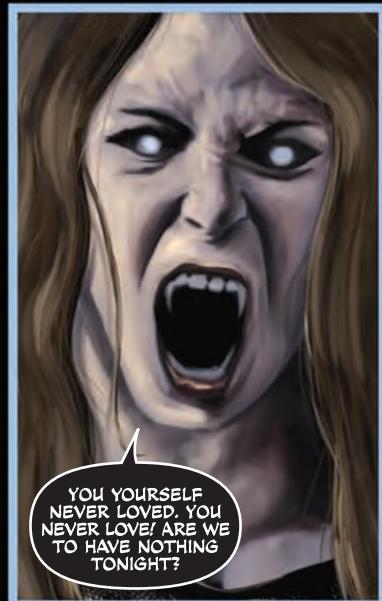
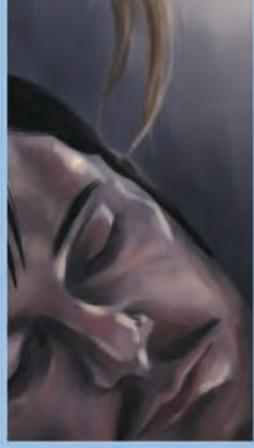


I suppose I must have fallen asleep. I hope so, but all that followed seems startlingly real.

Through my lashes I saw the girl advance, bending over me till I could feel the movement of her breath upon me.

Sweet it was in one sense, but with a bitter underlying the sweet, a bitter offensiveness, as one smells in blood.

I felt her hot breath on my neck. I closed my eyes in languorous ecstasy and waited...waited with beating heart.



I could see shadowy forms for a moment before they seemed to fade entirely. Then the horror overcame me, and I sank down unconscious.

LETTER, LUCY WESTENRA
TO MINA MURRAY.
24 May.

Dearest Mina,
Thank you for your sweet
letter. It was so nice to
hear from you.

Oh but Mina, here am I,
who never had a proposal
until today I had three all
at once! Just fancy!

Number one came just before
lunch. It was Dr. Seward, the
lunatic asylum man.

He said how dear I was
to him, and was about to
go further when I began
to cry.

Hesitantly, he
asked if there was
someone else.

I answered
that there was.

He said then that I must count him
as one of my dearest friends and,
looking strong and brave, he left.

Number two came after lunch.
He is a sweet American called
Mr. Quincey P. Morris.



Almost immediately he began
pouring out a perfect torrent
of love-making.

It almost broke my heart to
let him down so. He said
"Little girl, thank you for your
sweet honesty. I promise to
remain your faithful friend."

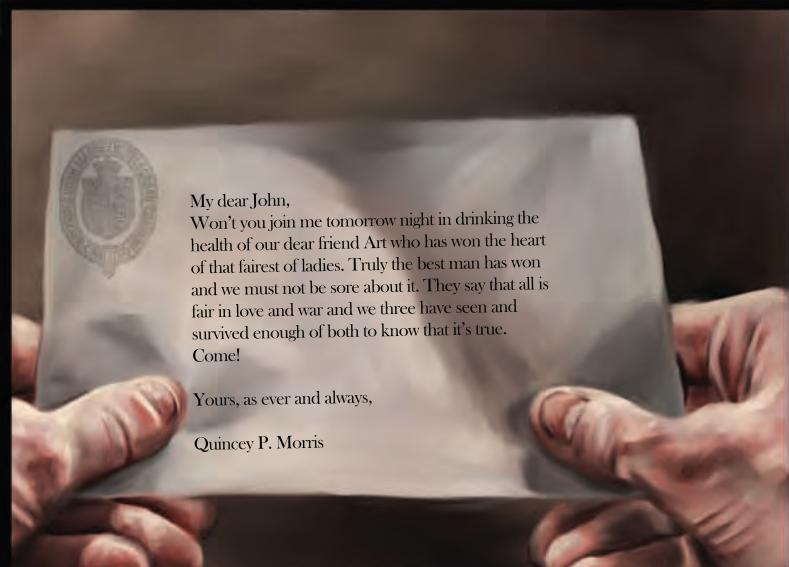


I needn't tell you of
number three, need I?



It seemed only a moment
from Arthur's entering the
room till both his arms were
round me.

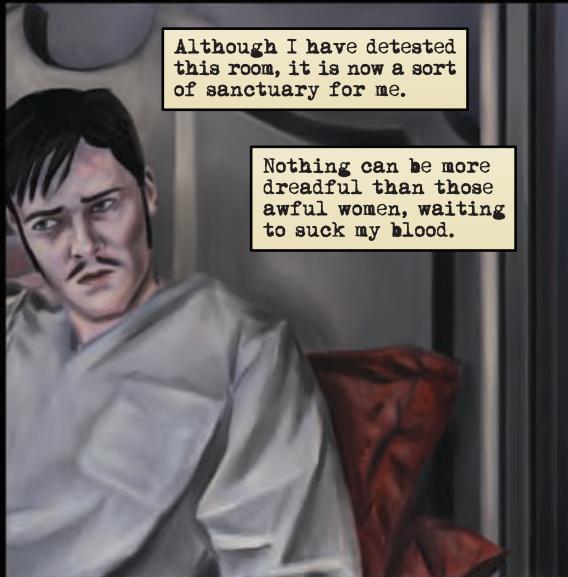
Lucy.



16th May.

I awoke in my room. If all before was not a dream then I must have been carried here.

Thankfully, this notebook remained safely hidden in my pocket.

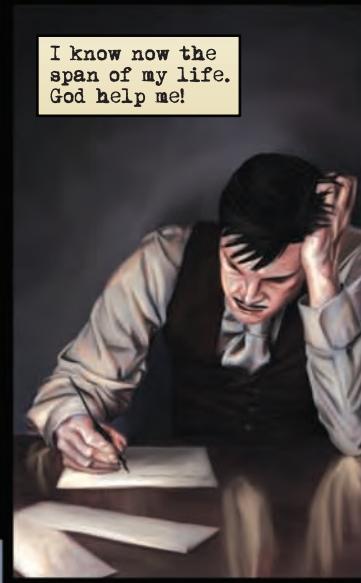


19th May.
Yesterday I was asked to write three letters.

They said, respectively, that I was leaving soon, that I was leaving tomorrow and, lastly, had just arrived in Bistritz.



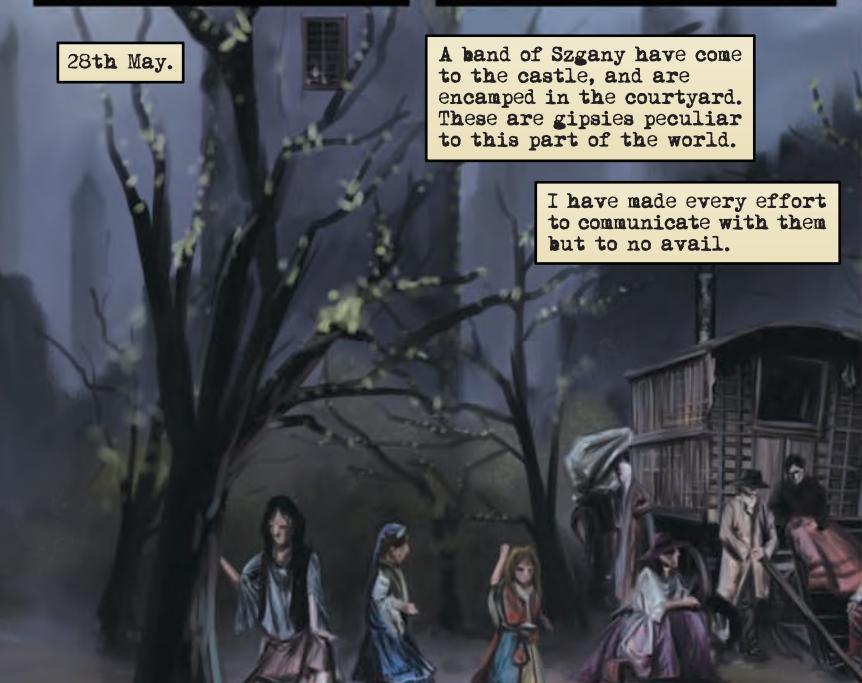
I know now the span of my life.
God help me!



28th May.

A band of Szgany have come to the castle, and are encamped in the courtyard. These are gypsies peculiar to this part of the world.

I have made every effort to communicate with them but to no avail.



Their language is a mystery to me and they seem incapable or unwilling to answer my distress.



31st May.

This morning I found that suit in which I had travelled was gone, and also my overcoat and rug.



I could find no trace of them anywhere.

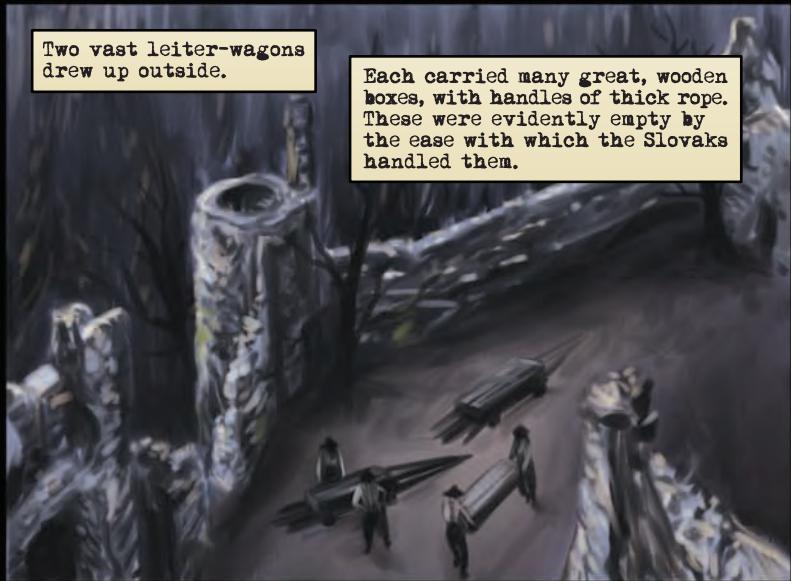


This looks like some new scheme of villainy...



17th June.

This morning I heard without a crackling of whips and pounding and scraping of horses' feet up the rocky path beyond the courtyard.

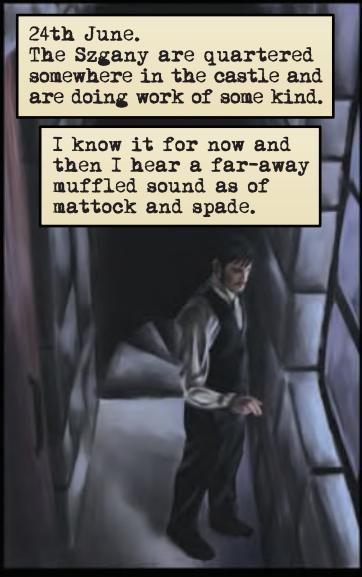


Each carried many great, wooden boxes, with handles of thick rope. These were evidently empty by the ease with which the Slovaks handled them.

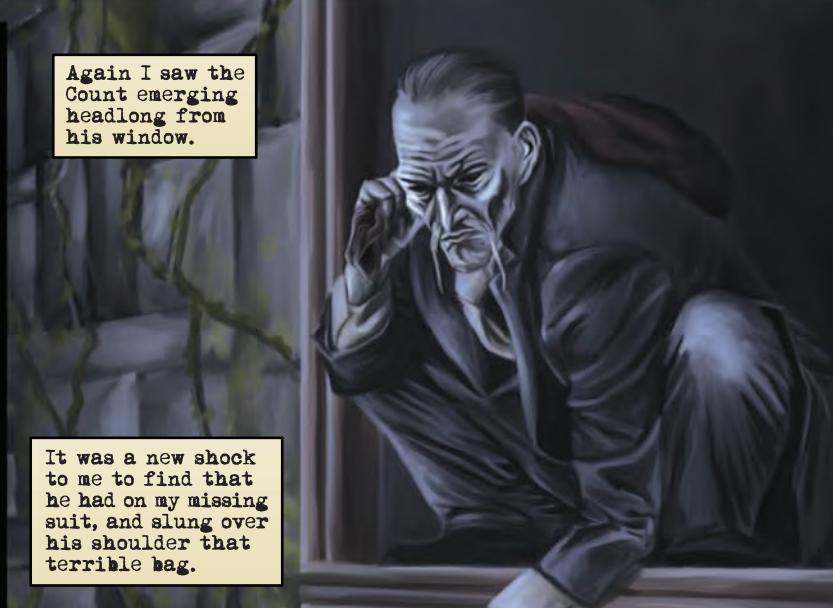
24th June.

The Szgany are quartered somewhere in the castle and are doing work of some kind.

I know it for now and then I hear a far-away muffled sound as of mattock and spade.



Again I saw the Count emerging headlong from his window.



It was a new shock to me to find that he had on my missing suit, and slung over his shoulder that terrible bag.

25th June.



Yesterday one of my post-dated letters went to post, the first of that fatal series which is to blot out the very traces of my existence from the earth.

The thought emboldened me.



Eventually I found myself in an old ruined chapel, which had evidently been used as a graveyard. The place reeked of fetid earth.



There, in one of the great boxes on a pile soil lay the Count! He was either dead or asleep.



I climbed down to the Count's room but found it disused and neglected. Therein I found a door which led through a stone passage to a circular stairway, which went steeply down.



In his eyes was such a look of abhorrence that I fled from the place.

29th June.



I heard the Count. "Back! Your time is not yet come. Tomorrow night is yours!"



Today is the date of my last letter. Earlier, I thought I heard a whispering at my door. I went to it softly and listened.



It is then so near the end? Tomorrow! Tomorrow! Lord, help me, and those to whom I am dear!

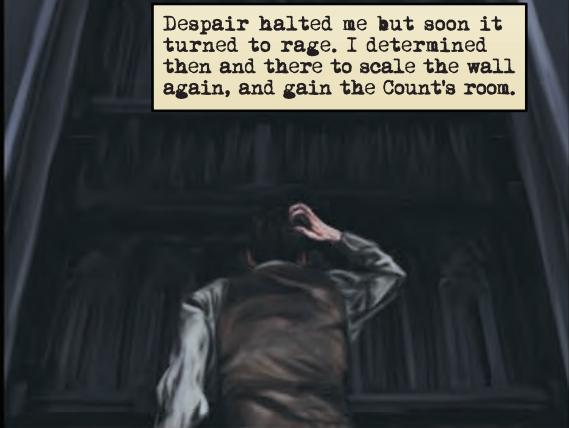
30th June.

Today is the day I am promised to those foul creatures. But I shall not go easily!



I managed to find my way down to the castle's front door but there was no hope of escape that way.

Despair halted me but soon it turned to rage. I determined then and there to scale the wall again, and gain the Count's room.



I knew now well enough where to find the monster I sought.



I thought of England where that creature might satiate his lust for blood, and create an ever-widening circle of semi-demons to batten on the helpless.



Alas, the Count's terrible stare froze me before I could strike. I fled in shame and terror back here to this, my room.



There was for a time the sound of hammering below and I saw the sealed wooden boxes being loaded onto the leiter-wagons in the courtyard.

Helpless, I watched them depart.



I shall not remain here and await the night. I will scale the castle wall and escape this place or else perish trying.

Goodbye, all. Mina!



MINA MURRAY'S JOURNAL
(Originally kept in shorthand)
24 July. Whitby.

Lucy, her mother and I are staying at the guesthouse at the Crescent.

This is a lovely place. The little river Esk runs through a deep valley which broadens near the harbour.

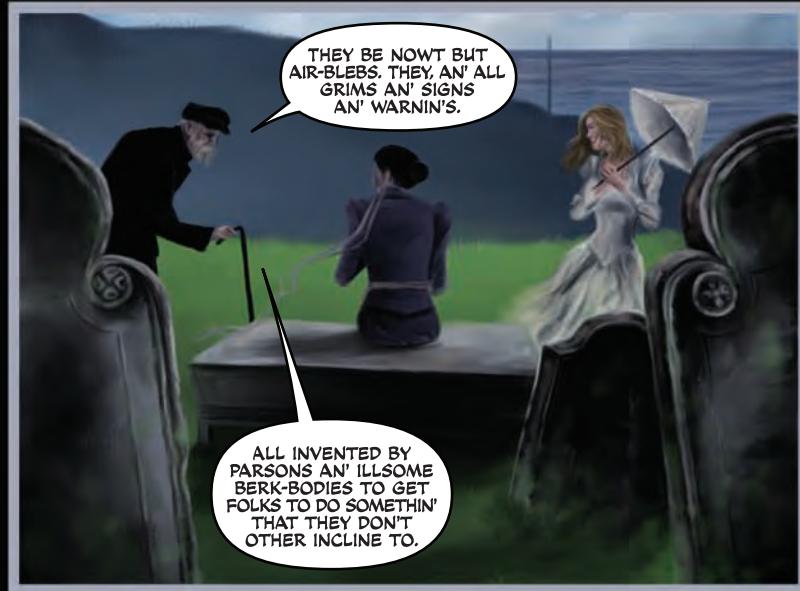
Above Whitby is the ruin of an Abbey which was sacked by the Danes. It is a most noble place.

Between it and the town is another church, with a large graveyard. This is to my mind the nicest spot in Whitby.

There are walks, with seats beside them, through the churchyard and people sit there often looking at the beautiful view and enjoying the breeze.

They have many legends here concerning the sea. I must ask the old man about this. He is coming this way...

GOOD DAY SIR. DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING OF THE LOCAL LEGENDS?



DR. SEWARD'S DIARY.
(Originally kept
on phonograph)
5 June.

THE CASE
OF RENFIELD
GROWS MORE
INTERESTING
BY THE DAY.

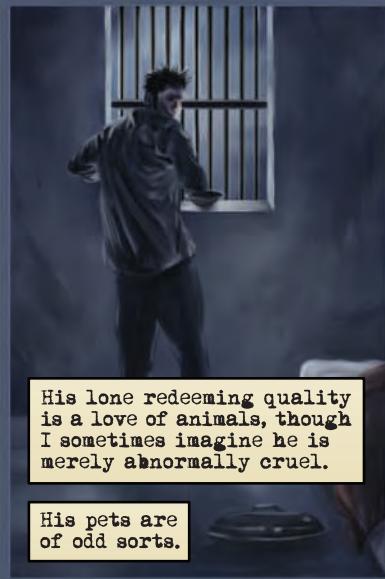


1 July.
Renfield's spiders are
becoming as great a
nuisance as his flies once
were. Again, I have given
him three days grace.



His lone redeeming quality
is a love of animals, though
I sometimes imagine he is
merely abnormally cruel.

His pets are
of odd sorts.



He has accumulated such a
collection of flies that I
have insisted their numbers
be reduced. I have given him
three days grace.



8 July.
Renfield has managed to get
a sparrow, and has already
partially tamed it. He feeds
the bird on his spiders.



19 July.
Today Renfield begged me
for a pet kitten. I shook
my head, saying I feared
it would not be possible.



HIS FACE FELL,
AND I COULD SEE
A WARNING OF
DANGER IN IT.

THERE WAS A
SUDDEN FIERCE,
SIDELONG LOOK
WHICH MEANT
KILLING.



20 July.
Visited Renfield
very early, before
attendant went
his rounds.

I observed that his
birds were absent.
"Flown away" he
said flatly.



MINA MURRAY'S JOURNAL.
26 July.
I am so anxious, yesterday
Mr. Hawkins delivered a
letter from Jonathan.



The note was so brief and
impersonal that I am uneasy.

Poor Lucy has lately taken to
her old habit of walking in
her sleep. Her mother is worried
that she will wander and fall...



"SHE IS STEERED MIGHTY STRANGELY, FOR SHE DOESN'T MIND THE HAND ON THE WHEEL, CHANGES ABOUT WITH EVERY PUFF OF WIND."



"WE'LL HEAR MORE
OF HER BEFORE THIS
TIME TOMORROW."

"YOU MARK
MY WORDS."



CHAPTER TWO



She seems to see the storm coming, but can't decide whether to run up north in the open, or to put in here. Look there again! She is steered mighty strangely, for she doesn't mind the hand on the wheel, changes about with every puff of wind. We'll hear more of her before this time tomorrow."



Cutting from
the Dailygraph
8 August

A Great Storm at Whitby

From a correspondent.

Whitby.

One of the greatest and suddenst storms on record has just been experienced here, with results both strange and unique. The

Most vessels remained moored, awaiting the storm's passing.

The tempest broke suddenly, the sea became convulsed, and white crested waves surged over the piers.

Then, by some miracle, a Russian schooner reached the harbour's safety, unsteered save by a dead man's hand.

The very instant the shore was touched, an immense dog sprang up on deck from below and jumped from the bow on the sand.

It made straight for the steep cliff, where the churchyard hangs over the laneway, and disappeared from view.



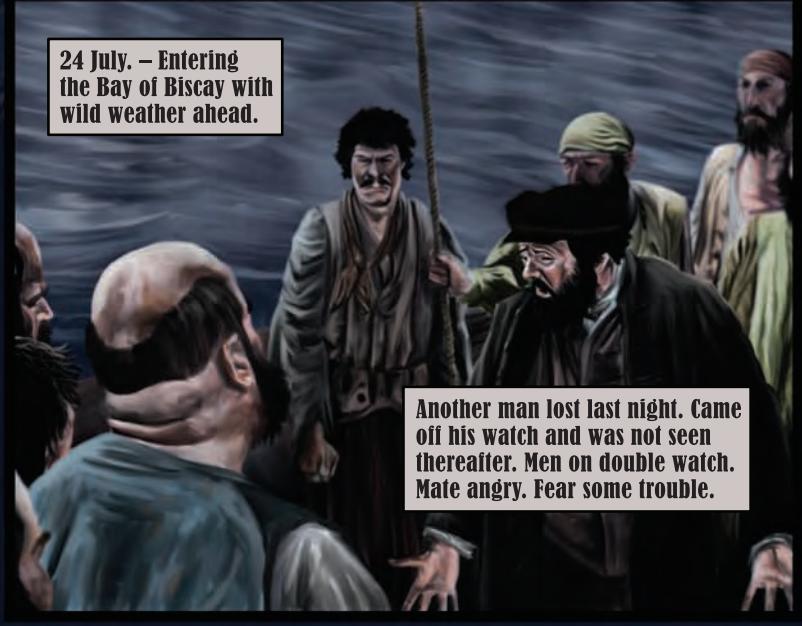
By the kindness of the Board of Trade inspector, I am permitted to send a transcript of the ship's log.

I am writing from the dictation of a Russian clerk who kindly translated for me.

EXTRACTS FROM LOG OF "THE DEMETER" – VARNA TO WHITBY:
16 July. – Mate reported one of the crew, Petrofsky, missing. The men said there is SOMETHING aboard, but would not say more.

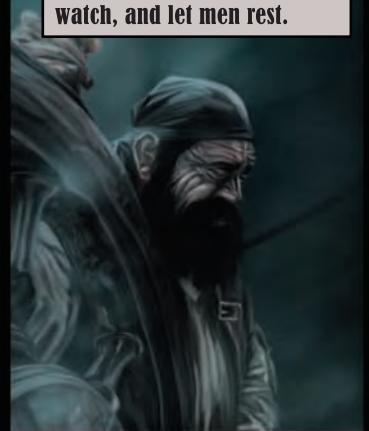


24 July. – Entering the Bay of Biscay with wild weather ahead.

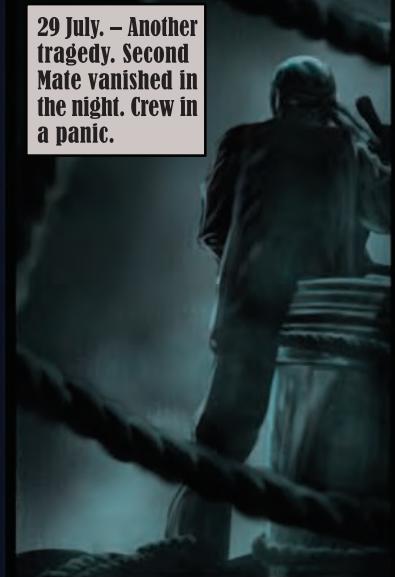


Another man lost last night. Came off his watch and was not seen thereafter. Men on double watch. Mate angry. Fear some trouble.

28 July. – Four days in hell. Knocking about in a sort of maelstrom, the wind a tempest. No sleep for anyone. Second Mate volunteered to steer and watch, and let men rest.



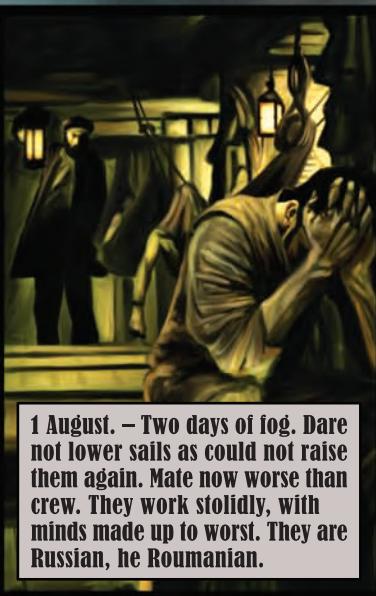
29 July. – Another tragedy. Second Mate vanished in the night. Crew in a panic.



Raised outcry, and all came on deck. Thorough search but no one found. Mate and I agreed to go armed henceforth and wait for any sign of cause.



30 July. — Last night. Rejoiced we are nearing England. Weather fine, all sails set. Awakened by Mate telling me that both men on watch and steersman missing. Only self, mate and two hands left now.

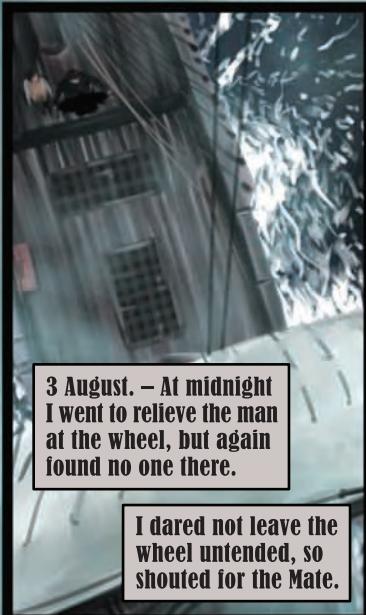


2 August, midnight. — Woken from few minutes sleep by a cry, seemingly outside my port. Could see nothing in fog.

Rushed on deck. No sign of man on watch. One more gone. Lord, help us!

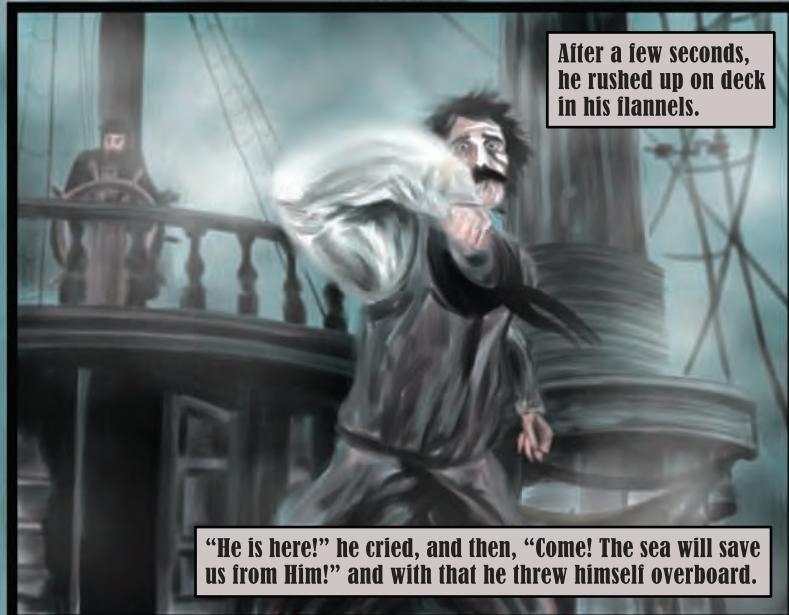


1 August. — Two days of fog. Dare not lower sails as could not raise them again. Mate now worse than crew. They work stolidly, with minds made up to worst. They are Russian, he Roumanian.



3 August. — At midnight I went to relieve the man at the wheel, but again found no one there.

I dared not leave the wheel untended, so shouted for the Mate.



After a few seconds, he rushed up on deck in his flannels.

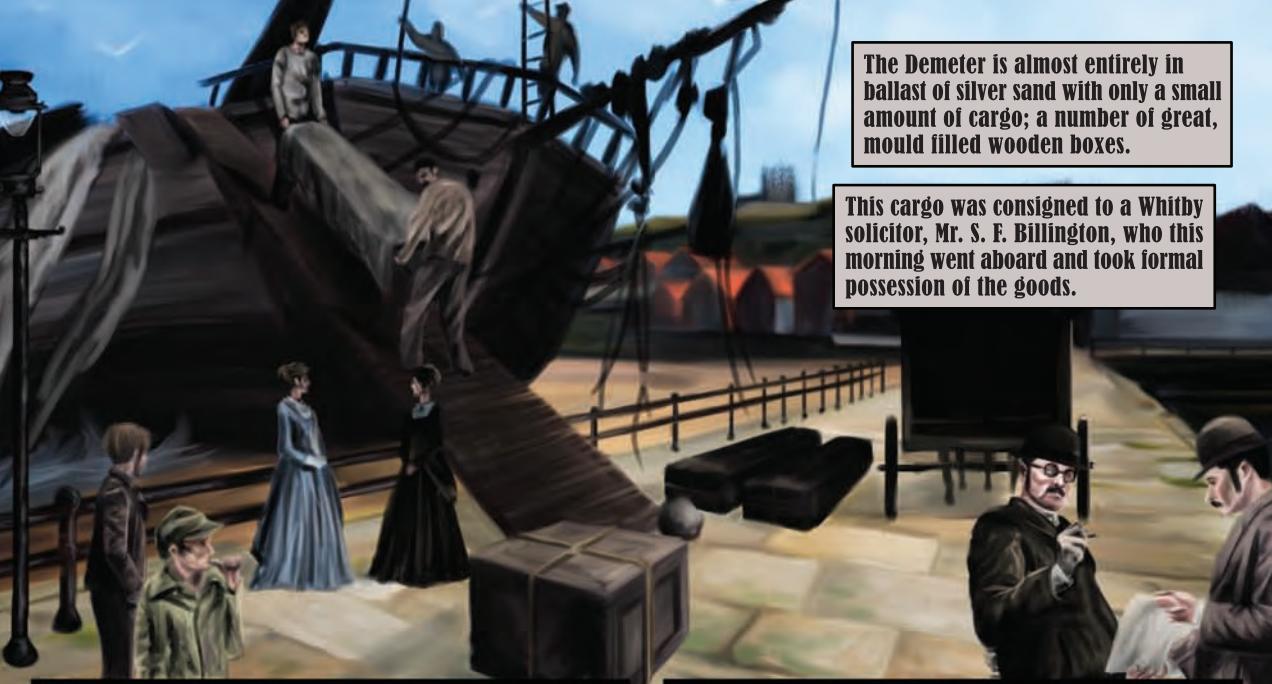
"He is here!" he cried, and then, "Come! The sea will save us from Him!" and with that he threw himself overboard.

4 August. — Last night I saw It, Him! The mate was right.



I shall tie my hands to the wheel with the thing He daren't touch.

Mayhap those who find this message may understand.

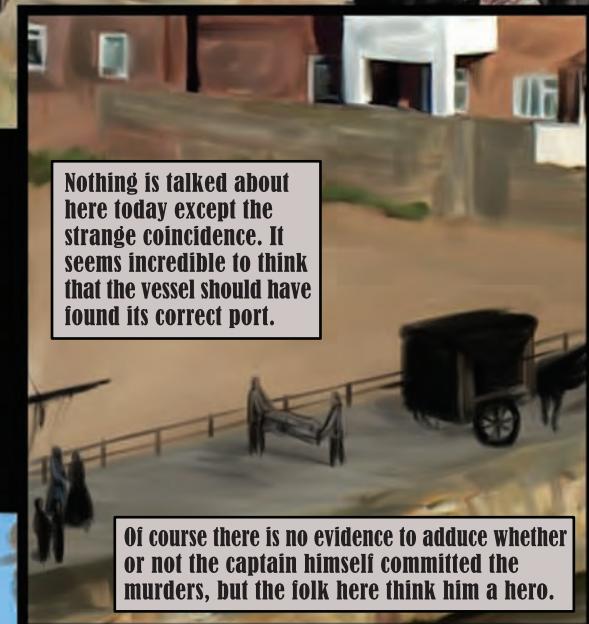


The Demeter is almost entirely in ballast of silver sand with only a small amount of cargo; a number of great, mould filled wooden boxes.

This cargo was consigned to a Whitby solicitor, Mr. S. F. Billington, who this morning went aboard and took formal possession of the goods.



The Russian consul too, acting for the charter-party, took formal possession of the ship, and paid all harbour dues, etc.



Nothing is talked about here today except the strange coincidence. It seems incredible to think that the vessel should have found its correct port.

Of course there is no evidence to adduce whether or not the captain himself committed the murders, but the folk here think him a hero.

He is to be given a public funeral.

His body is to be taken up the Esk and then brought back to Tate Hill Pier and buried in the churchyard on the cliff.

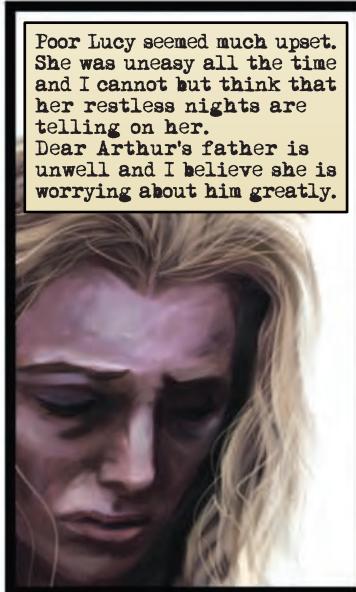


More than one hundred local vessels will follow behind out of respect.

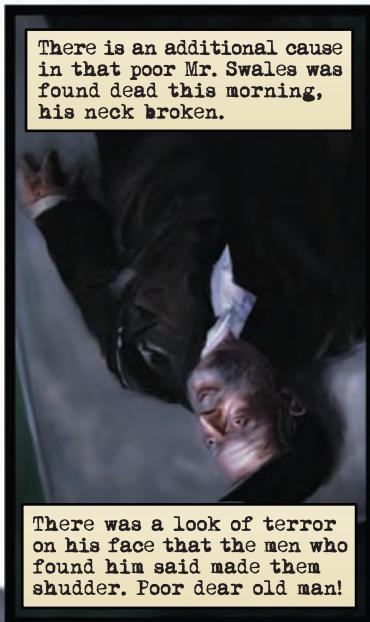


MINA MURRAY'S JOURNAL
10 August. The funeral of the poor sea captain today was most touching.

Every boat in the harbour seemed to be there and the coffin was carried all the way from Tate Hill Pier up to the churchyard.



Poor Lucy seemed much upset. She was uneasy all the time and I cannot but think that her restless nights are telling on her. Dear Arthur's father is unwell and I believe she is worrying about him greatly.



There is an additional cause in that poor Mr. Swales was found dead this morning, his neck broken.



I fear that she is too sensitive to go through the world without trouble. She will dream of this tonight, I am sure.

This agglomeration of things, the shipwreck, the funeral, poor Mr. Swales, will all afford material for her nightmares.

There was a look of terror on his face that the men who found him said made them shudder. Poor dear old man!

I think it will be best for her to go to bed tired out physically. I shall take her for a long walk by the cliffs.

She ought not to have much inclination for nightmares and sleep-walking then.

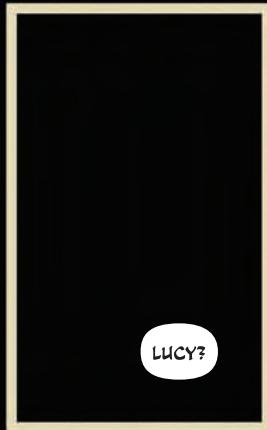
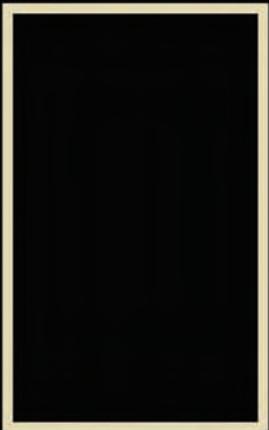


Same day, 11 P.M.
Oh, but I am tired!

Dear Lucy is
sleeping softly and
seems much improved.

I should be quite
happy if I only
knew of Jonathan...

God bless
and keep
him.





11 August, noon. I must have been clumsy in pinning my shawl about Lucy's throat last night, for two little red points showed this morning.
Lucy insists she felt nothing.



Same day, night. We took a picnic to Mulgrave Woods with Mrs. Westenra and spent the evening strolling the Casino Terrace.

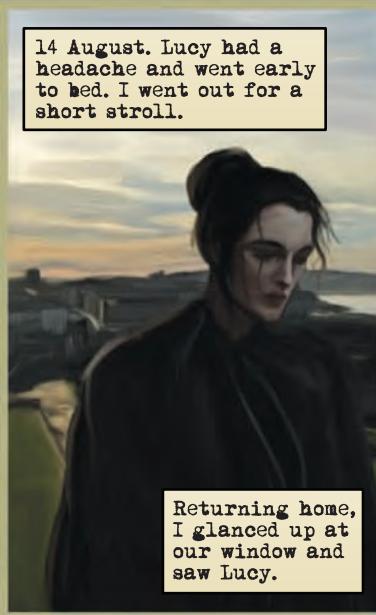
Tonight, I shall lock the bedroom door.



13 August. Another quiet day, and to bed with the key on my wrist as before. I awoke in the night, and found Lucy sitting up in bed, still asleep.



14 August. Lucy had a headache and went early to bed. I went out for a short stroll.



Returning home, I glanced up at our window and saw Lucy.



She was fast asleep, and by her was what looked like a good-sized bird. As I entered the room she was returning to bed, shielding her throat against the chill.

15 August. Good news this morning. Arthur's father has improved.

Later, Mrs. Westenra confessed that her heart is weakening. She has not told Lucy, and made me promise secrecy.



17 August. Still no news from Jonathan. Lucy grows weaker and more languid every day. The roses in her cheeks are fading and I hear her fighting for air at night.

SAMUEL F. BILLINGTON & SON,
SOLICITORS WHITBY, TO
MESSRS. CARTER, PATERSON
& CO., LONDON.
17 August.

Dear Sirs,
Herewith please receive invoice of goods
sent by railway to be delivered at Carfax,
near Purfleet.



The house is at present empty,
but enclosed please find keys,
all of which are labelled.



You will please deposit the fifty
boxes in the ruined chapel and leave
the keys in the main hall.

The goods arrive at King's Cross at 4:30 tomorrow afternoon.

Yours faithfully,
S. F. Billington

MESSRS. CARTER, PATERSON & CO., LONDON,
TO MESSRS. BILLINGTON & SON, WHITBY.
21 August.

Dear Sirs.
Please find receipt enclosed.

We beg to acknowledge 10 pounds
received and to return cheque of
1 pound, 17s, 9d, amount of overplus,
as detailed in the document.



Goods are delivered in exact
accordance with instructions,
and keys left in parcel in
main hall, as directed.

We are, dear Sirs,
Yours respectfully,
Pro CARTER, PATERSON & CO.



MINA MURRAY'S
JOURNAL.
18 August.

LUCY DEAR, DO
YOU EVER WONDER
ABOUT THAT
NIGHT...THE NIGHT
I FOUND YOU UP
HERE ALONE?

MY POOR
LITTLE FEET
DIDN'T MAKE
MUCH NOISE
THEN!
I DARESAY
POOR OLD MR. SWALES
WOULD HAVE SAID THAT
WAS BECAUSE I DIDN'T
WANT TO WAKE THE
DEAD.

TAP
TAP

"I PASSED THROUGH
THE EMPTY STREETS
AND OVER THE BRIDGE.

"FISH LEAPED
EXCITEDLY AS
I WENT BY...

"...AND
I HEARD A
LOT OF DOGS
HOWLING."

OH LUCY, YOU
SHOULDN'T SAY
SUCH THINGS.

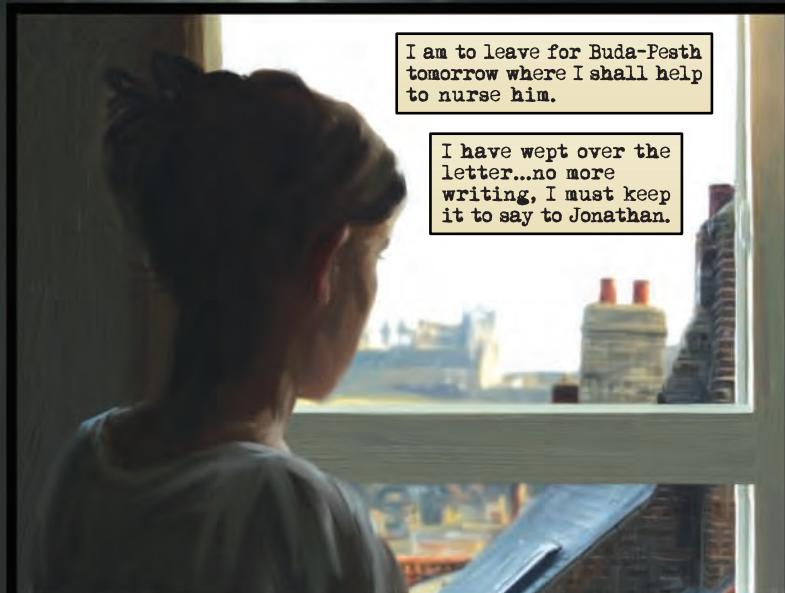
I MUST HAVE
BEEN IN SOME KIND OF
WAKING DREAM THAT NIGHT
FOR I REMEMBER ALL SORTS
OF QUEER DETAILS...

19 August. At last, news of Jonathan. My dearest has been ill, that is why he did not write. Mr. Hawkins sent me on the letter, and wrote kindly himself.

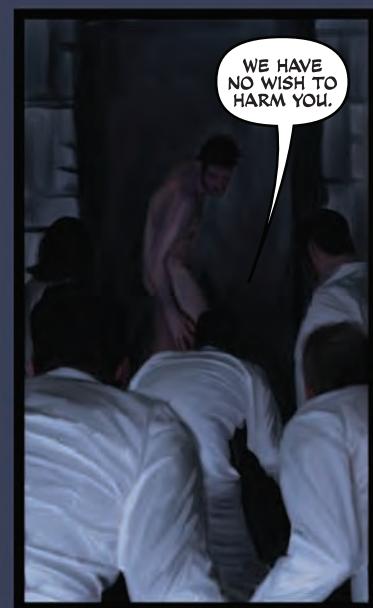


I am to leave for Buda-Pesth tomorrow where I shall help to nurse him.

I have wept over the
letter...no more
writing, I must keep
it to say to Jonathan.



DR. SEWARD'S DIARY
19 August.



LETTER, MINA HARKER TO LUCY WESTENRA
Buda-Pesth, 24 August.

*My dearest Lucy,
I know you will be anxious to hear
all that has happened since we parted
at the railway station at Whitby.*

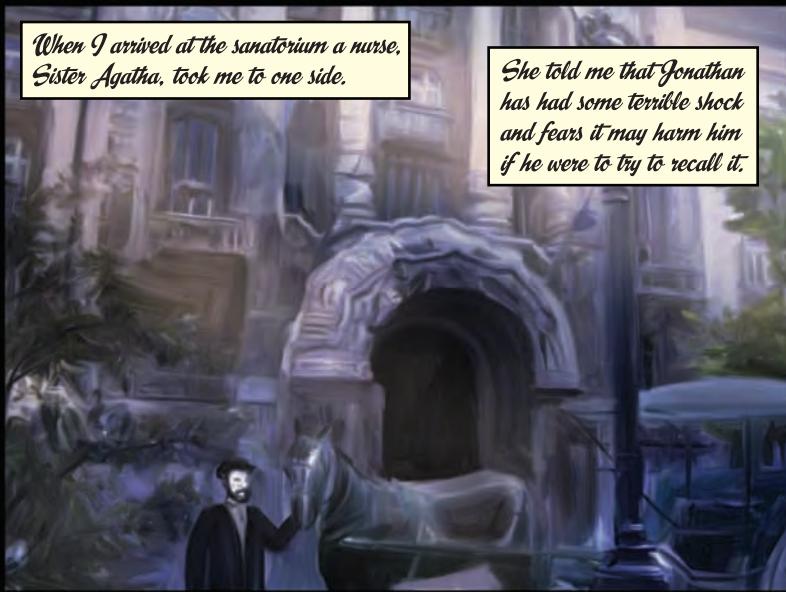
*I feel that I can hardly
recall anything of the journey,
for I slept as much as I could.*



When I arrived at the sanatorium a nurse, Sister Agatha, took me to one side.

*She told me that Jonathan
has had some terrible shock
and fears it may harm him
if he were to try to recall it.*

*She says his ravings were
not about anything which he
has done wrong himself.*



*His fear was of great
and terrible things, "which
no mortal can treat of".*



I am now sitting by his bedside,
where I can watch while he sleeps.

MINA. MY
DEAR, SWEET
MINA... IS IT
REALLY YOU?

MY DARLING
JONATHAN, I AM
HERE TO NURSE
YOU AND BRING
YOU HOME.

I ALMOST
DID NOT DARE
TO DREAM...

THE POCKET
CONTAINS MY
JOURNAL. COULD
YOU RETRIEVE
IT FOR ME?

IS IT
HERE THAT YOUR
TROUBLES ARE
RECORDED?

THE SECRET
OF MY... CONDITION
IS HERE. TAKE IT AND
KEEP IT, READ IT IF
YOU WILL, BUT NEVER
LET ME KNOW...
UNLESS...

I SWEAR I WILL KEEP IT SO,
AND NEVER OPEN IT UNLESS
FOR YOUR OWN DEAR SAKE OR
FOR THE SAKE OF SOME
STERN DUTY.

MISS MURRAY,
THE CHAPLAIN OF
THE ENGLISH MISSION
CHURCH HAS BEEN
SENT FOR AS YOU
REQUESTED.

We are to be married
as soon as the
Chaplain arrives.

LETTER, LUCY WESTENRA
TO MINA HARKER.
Whitby, 20 August.

My dearest Mina, Oceans
of love and millions of kisses.



May you soon be in your
own home with your husband.
I wish you were coming soon
enough to stay with us here.



The strong air would soon
restore Jonathan. It has
quite restored me.

I am full of life, sleep
well and I have quite given
up walking in my sleep.



By the way, I forgot to
tell you that Arthur is here.



We have such walks
and drives, and rides,
and rowing, and tennis,
and fishing together.

I love him more than ever.
He tells me that he loves
me more, but I doubt that.
But this is nonsense.



There he is, calling
to me. I must go.



P.S. - Mother sends
her love. She seems
better, poor dear.

P.P.S. - We are
to be married on
28 September.

Your loving,
Lucy.



LUCY WESTENRA'S DIARY
Hillingham, 30 August.

I must imitate Mina, and keep writing things down. I wish she were with me again, for I feel so unhappy.



It is all dark and horrid to me, for I can remember nothing.

Still I am full of vague fear, and I feel so weak and worn out.



My face is ghastly pale, and my throat pains me.

It must be something wrong with my lungs, for I don't seem to be getting air enough.



I do recall one thing from last night, there was a sort of scratching or flapping at the window.

I feel sure I have heard it before.



LETTER, ARTHUR TO DR. SEWARD
Albemarle Hotel, 31 August.

My dear Jack,
Lucy is ill and growing worse every day. Please call
upon her tomorrow acting as her personal physician.

I regret that I cannot
be there myself as my
father is worse.

Do not let Mrs. Westenra
suspect anything as she
too is in poor health.

LETTER FROM DR. SEWARD
TO ARTHUR HOLMWOOD.
2 September.

My dear old fellow,
I regret to write
that Miss Westenra's
condition is something
of a mystery to me.

I will report what
happened, and let
you draw your
own conclusions.

It was apparent Miss Westenra
was trying her hardest to mislead
her mother to spare her any anxiety.

I found her somewhat
bloodless, but I could not
see any signs of anaemia.

She complains of difficulty
breathing and of lethargic
sleep with nightmares of which
she remembers nothing.

I have done the
best thing I know of.

I have asked him to come
at once and we shall visit
Miss Westenra tomorrow.

I have written to my old friend
and master, Professor Van Helsing,
of Amsterdam, who knows much
about obscure diseases.

Together we shall find
the cause, I swear.

Yours always,
John Seward

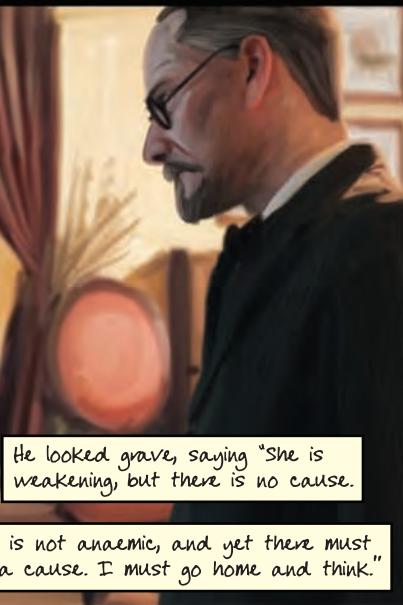
LETTER, DR. SEWARD
TO ARTHUR HOLMWOOD
3 September.

My dear Art,
Van Helsing has
come and gone.

we visited Hillingham and found
that, by Lucy's discretion, we
were alone with her.

She was very sweet to
Van Helsing as she always
is, though I could see the
strain on her.

I excused myself while
they talked, and waited
until he emerged.



He looked grave, saying 'She is
weakening, but there is no cause.'

She is not anaemic, and yet there must
be a cause. I must go home and think."

"Send me a telegram every
day; if I am needed I
shall come again."



Telegram,
Seward, London to
Van Helsing, Amsterdam.



Telegram,
Seward, London to
Van Helsing, Amsterdam.

4 September.

Patient still better today.



Telegram,
Seward, London to
Van Helsing, Amsterdam.

5 September.

Patient greatly improved. Good
appetite, sleeps naturally, good spirits,
colour coming back.



Telegram,
Seward, London to
Van Helsing, Amsterdam.

6 September.

Terrible change for the worse.

Come at once.

I hold over telegramming
Holmwood till I have seen you.

LETTER, DR. SEWARD
TO ARTHUR HOLMWOOD
6 September.



My dear Art,
Bad news today, Lucy has
gone back a bit. Mrs Westenra
consulted me, as she was
understandably anxious.

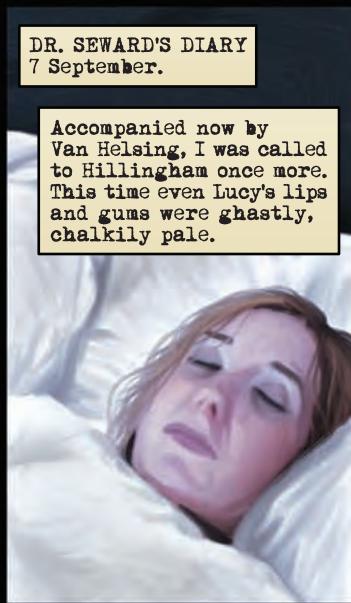


I replied that Dr. van Helsing
was coming to stay with me,
so Lucy would be in both
our charges.

we can visit regularly now without
worrying Mrs Westenra unduly.

DR. SEWARD'S DIARY
7 September.

Accompanied now by
Van Helsing, I was called
to Hillingham once more.
This time even Lucy's lips
and gums were ghastly,
chalkily pale.



He mixed a narcotic and going
over to the bed, helped Lucy
to drink it, and with his
cheeriest bedside manner. She
made the effort with success.



Van Helsing wasted no time.
"Quickly, or she will die for
want of blood. There must be
a transfusion. Is it you or I?"

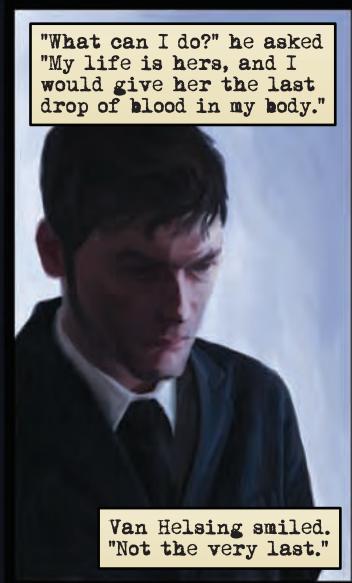
I volunteered
without hesitation.

Van Helsing had almost begun
the operation when the door
opened, and Arthur entered.



Reading between the lines of my
letter, he had sensed my anxiety
and hastened to Hillingham.

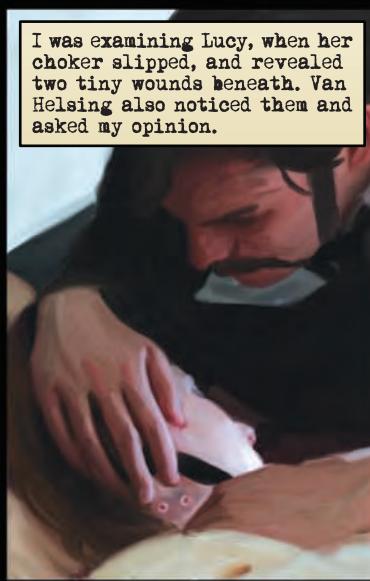
"What can I do?" he asked
"My life is hers, and I
would give her the last
drop of blood in my body."



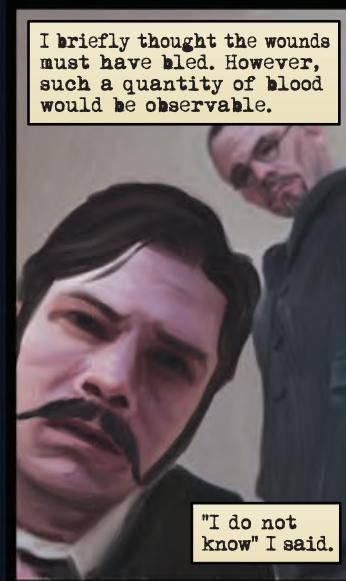
Van Helsing smiled.
"Not the very last."



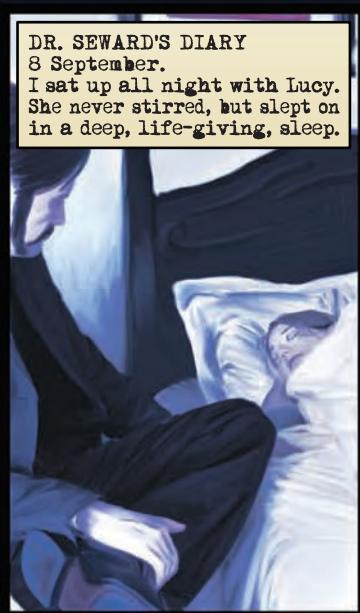
As the procedure progressed, Lucy's colour returned somewhat. When the transfusion was accomplished, Arthur kissed his love before we sent him to recuperate.



I was examining Lucy, when her choker slipped, and revealed two tiny wounds beneath. Van Helsing also noticed them and asked my opinion.



"I do not know" I said.



DR. SEWARD'S DIARY

8 September.

I sat up all night with Lucy. She never stirred, but slept on in a deep, life-giving, sleep.



In the morning her maid came, and I left her in her care and took myself home. I was anxious about several things.

My work, including manifold arrears, took the day to clear.



At dinner, a telegram from Van Helsing. We should meet at Hillingham shortly.



LUCY WESTENRA'S DIARY

9 September.

I feel so happy tonight, somehow Arthur feels close by. I feel his presence warm about me.

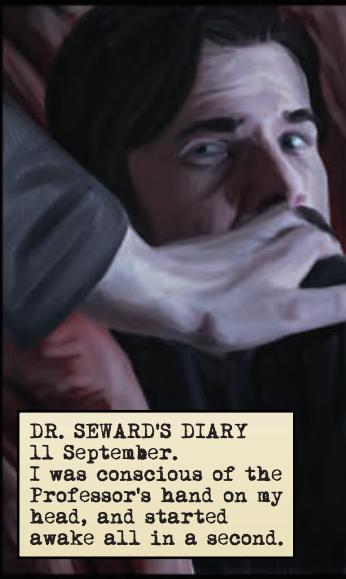


My dear, my dear, your ears must tingle as you sleep, as mine do waking.

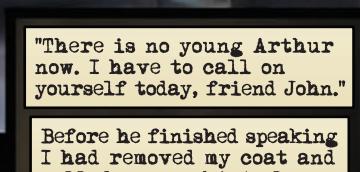
Oh, the blissful rest of last night!



And tonight I shall not fear to sleep, since he is close at hand.



Van Helsing cried out
"All our work is undone!
We must begin again."



11 September. This afternoon I went over to Hillingham.

Found Van Helsing in excellent spirits and Lucy much better.

A parcel from abroad had arrived for the Professor containing a great bundle of white flowers.

THESE ARE FOR YOU, MISS LUCY. THEY HAVE MEDICINAL QUALITIES.

PROFESSOR, I BELIEVE YOU ARE ONLY PUTTING UP A JOKE ON ME. THESE FLOWERS ARE ONLY COMMON GARLIC!

THEY ARE NOT TO TAKE IN A DECOCTION OR IN NAUSEOUS FORM, SO DON'T SNUB THAT CHARMING NOSE!

I PUT THEM AROUND YOUR WINDOW; I MAKE WREATHS, AND HANG THEM ROUND YOUR NECK.

IT IS WELL WE HAVE NO SCEPTIC HERE, OR HE MIGHT SAY YOU WERE WORKING SOME SPELL TO KEEP OFF EVIL SPRITS!

THERE IS GRIM PURPOSE IN WHAT I DO. YOU MUST HUMOUR ME, MISS.

TONIGHT I CAN SLEEP IN PEACE, AND SLEEP I WANT.

TOMORROW MORNING, CALL FOR ME, AND WE WILL COME TOGETHER TO SEE HER, SO MUCH STRONGER FOR MY "SPELL" WHICH I HAVE WORKED!

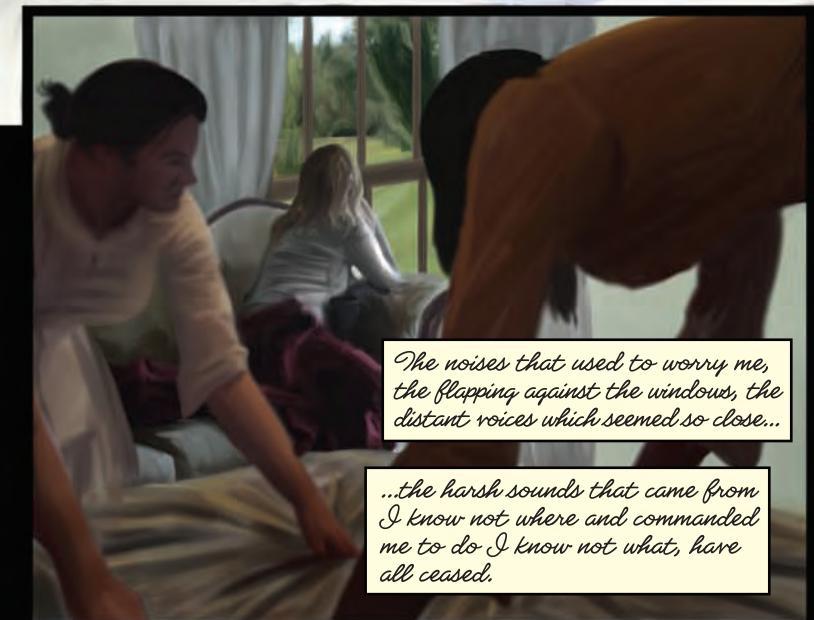
LUCY WESTENRA'S DIARY
17 September.

Four days and nights of peace.

I am getting so strong again that I hardly know myself.

It is as if I had passed through some long nightmare, and had just awoken to see the beautiful dawn.

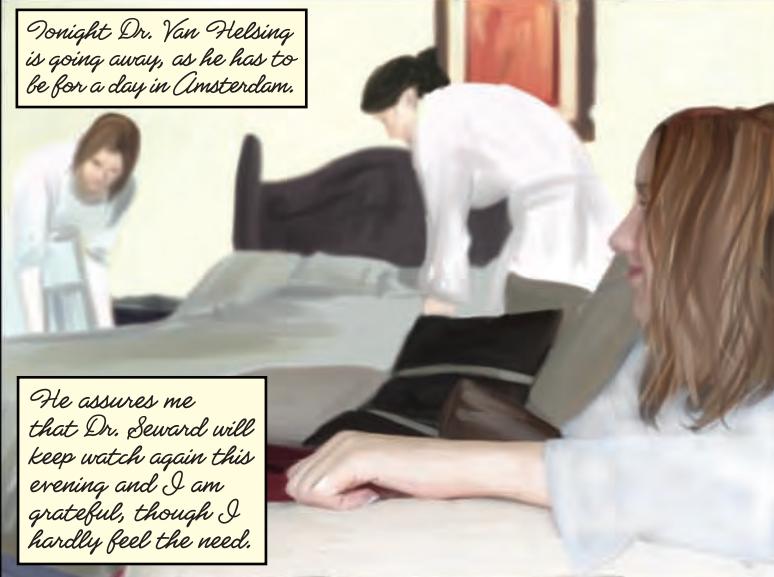
Since Dr. Van Helsing has been with me, all the bad dreaming and the fear it brought seems to have passed away.



The noises that used to worry me, the flapping against the windows, the distant voices which seemed so close...

...the harsh sounds that came from I know not where and commanded me to do I know not what, have all ceased.

Tonight Dr. Van Helsing is going away, as he has to be for a day in Amsterdam.



He assures me that Dr. Seward will keep watch again this evening and I am grateful, though I hardly feel the need.



PALL MALL GAZETTE

The Escaped Wolf

After many inquiries, I managed to find the keeper responsible for the Zoological Gardens' wolves. Thomas Bilder was just finishing his tea when I found him. "We called 'im Bersicker, came to us from Norway four years ago."

"He was a well-behaved wolf that never gave no trouble to talk of."

"Well, Sir, soon after feedin' yesterday I heard the howlin'."

Suddenly, there came the door, and Mr. Bilder's mouth fell open.



After many inquiries, I managed to find the keeper responsible for the Zoological Gardens' wolves. Thomas Bilder was just finishing his tea when I found him.

"We called 'im Bersicker, came to us from Norway four years ago. He was a well-behaved wolf that never gave no trouble to talk of."

"Well, Sir, soon after feedin' yesterday I heard the howlin'. There was Bersicker a-tearin' like a mad thing at the bars."



"Then, just before twelve o'clock I looked round about turnin' in, an', bust me, I see the rails broken and twisted about and the cage empty!"



"He needs feedin' 'course, and mayhap he'll chance on a butcher's shop in time. Else I shouldn't be surprised at what he'll do."

Suddenly, there came a scratching at the door, and Mr. Bilder's mouth fell open.



"God bless me!" he said. "Old Bersicker come back by 'isself!"



The beast seemed in good health, though Mr. Bilder noted that its fur was peppered with glass fragments. And with that Bersicker retired, as did I.

DR. SEWARD'S
DIARY
17 September.

DOCTOR...

I HAVE
COME FOR YOU,
DOCTOR.

GOOD
GOD!

THE
BLOOD IS
THE LIFE!

ARGH!

HELP!
HELP
ME!

THEBLOODISTHELIFE
THEBLOODISTHELIFE

THEBLOODISTHELIFE
THEBLOODISTHELIFE

MEMORANDUM
LEFT BY LUCY WESTENRA
17 September, Night.

I write this and leave it,
so that none may by any
chance get into trouble
through me.



This is an exact record
of what took place
tonight. I am dying
of weakness, and have
barely strength to write,
but it must be done.



I went to bed, ensuring that
the flowers were placed as
Dr. Van Helsing directed.

I was wakened by that
flapping sound which
I know so well.



DOCTOR
SEWARD?



LUCY,
WHAT IS
WRONG,
DEAR?

I'M SORRY,
MOTHER. I DID NOT
MEAN TO WAKE
YOU. I CANNOT
SLEEP.



COME, CHILD,
I WILL KEEP YOU
COMPANY.

OH YES, I
WOULD LIKE
THAT.



WHATEVER
IS THAT OUTSIDE
THE WINDOW?

FLAP
FLAP
FLAP



THAT IS WHAT
WOKE ME... IT IS THE
SAME NOISE THAT ALWAYS
SEEMS TO WAKE ME
OR TO PRECEDE MY
NIGHTMARES...

FLAP
FLAP
FLAP

SMASH

GRABAH





DR. SEWARD'S DIARY
18 September.
Van Helsing found me
at Hillingham, failing
to raise an answer.



The house
appeared
deserted.

We found the front door to
be unlocked, and discovered
the servants unconscious on
the dining room floor. We
rushed upstairs immediately.

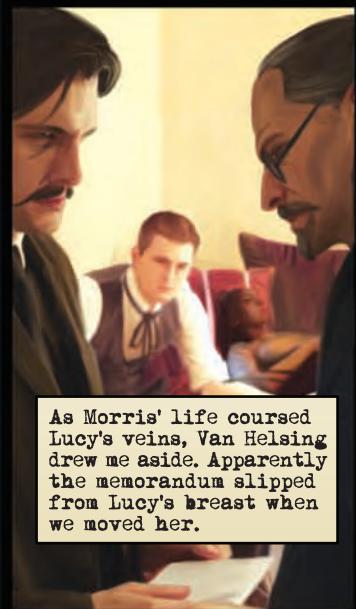
Without speaking the
Professor bent over them,
his head almost touching
poor Lucy's breast. Then
he cried out. "It is not
too late!"

I flew downstairs to
revive the maids to help
Lucy, and found Quincy
Morris in the hall.



He said Arthur
bade him come.

When Morris discovered
our plight, he insisted
we take his blood at
once. "You have only to
tell me what to do."



As Morris' life coursed
Lucy's veins, Van Helsing
drew me aside. Apparently
the memorandum slipped
from Lucy's breast when
we moved her.



IN GOD'S NAME, WHAT DOES IT
MEAN? MADNESS? OR WHAT SORT
OF HORRIBLE DANGER IS IT?



I TAKE IT
THAT YOU HAD
DONE ALREADY
WHAT I DO TODAY,
AND NOT MANY
DAYS PAST?

YES,
AND ARTHUR
GAVE ALSO.

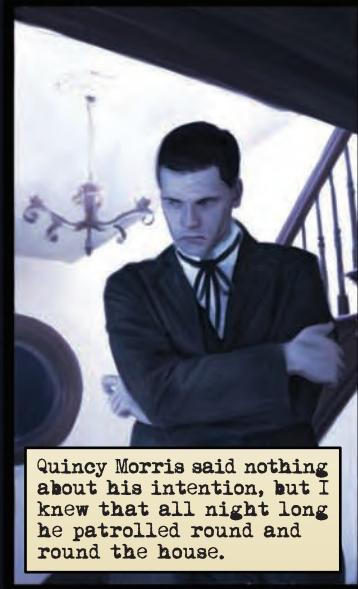


...SO YOU
HAVE TO ASK.
WHAT TOOK IT
OUT AGAIN?

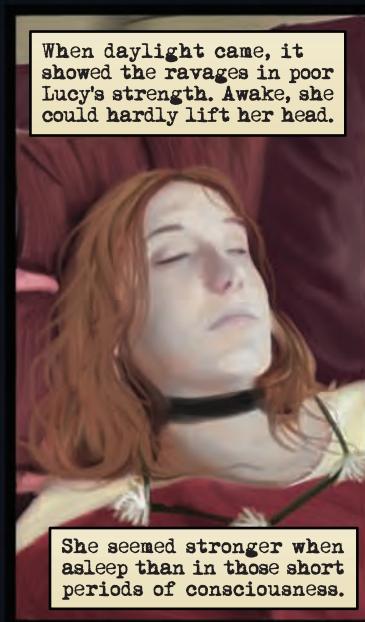


19 September.
All last night Lucy slept fitfully, the professor and I took it in turns to watch over her.

We never left her for a moment unattended.

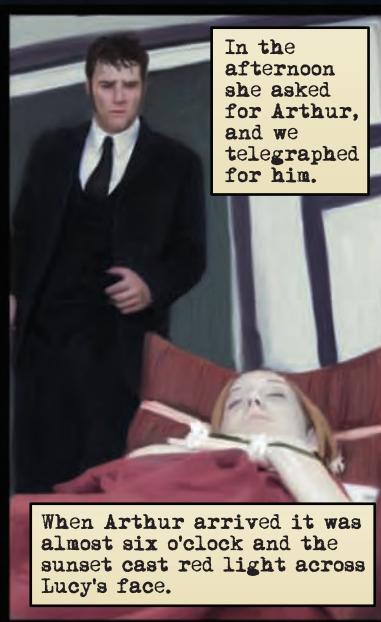


Quincy Morris said nothing about his intention, but I knew that all night long he patrolled round and round the house.



When daylight came, it showed the ravages in poor Lucy's strength. Awake, she could hardly lift her head.

She seemed stronger when asleep than in those short periods of consciousness.



When Arthur arrived it was almost six o'clock and the sunset cast red light across Lucy's face.



When he saw her, Arthur was choked with emotion, and none of us could speak. His presence seemed to revive Lucy somewhat, and she spoke much more brightly to him.



LETTER MINA HARKER
TO LUCY WESTENRA
(Unopened by her)
17 September

My dearest Lucy,



At dinner he said he has no children, and thinks of Jonathan as a son.

He made Jonathan a partner and asked us to stay with him!

Your loving.
Mina.

REPORT FROM PATRICK HENNESSEY,
MD, ETC, TO JOHN SEWARD, MD.
20 September.

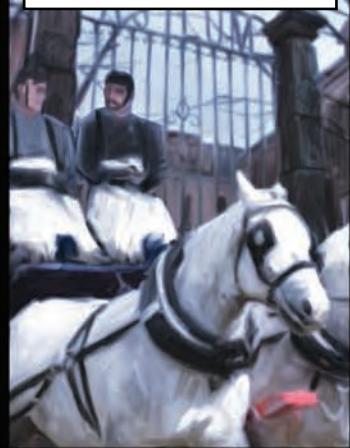


Dear Sir.
This afternoon two cart-men called seeking the Carfax estate.

The patient Renfield flew into a furious rage and called them all the foul names he could lay his tongue to.



I directed them to the empty house and they went away followed by threats and curses and revilings from our man.



The patient soon calmed but alas, it was all but a ruse.

Rushing out onto the lane, I saw Renfield leap on to the returning cart. His rage was murderous beyond belief.



The carriers were strong, but the orderlies surely saved their lives.



Within half an hour he had broken out through his window.

With Renfield subdued, I took the men's details, lest compensation be sought. Yours faithfully,

Patrick Hennessey.



LETTER, MINA HARKER
TO LUCY WESTENRA
(Unopened by her)
18 September.

My dearest Lucy,
A tragedy has befallen us. Mr. Hawkins has died very suddenly.



I shall try to visit you.

Your loving,
Mina.

DR. SEWARD'S DIARY
20 September.

I duly relieved Van Helsing in his watch over Lucy. Arthur accompanied him reluctantly, looking back with sorrow.

After a time there came a sort of dull flapping as of a bird at the window.

Whilst still asleep, Lucy motioned as if to take something from her breast and tear it.



At six o'clock Van Helsing came to relieve me. He lifted the handkerchief from Lucy's throat and hissed.

Her wounds had vanished.

I went to the dining room and woke Arthur. I told him what Van Helsing had told me; that Lucy was dying.

As we entered, Lucy's breathing grew stertorous, the mouth opened, and the pale gums, drawn back, made her teeth appear unnaturally long.



In a voluptuous voice, such as I had never heard from her lips, she whispered "Arthur! Oh, my love, kiss me! KISS ME!"

At that moment Van Helsing, who had also been startled by her voice, swooped upon Arthur, and actually hurled him almost across the room.



In but an instant Lucy was her fading self again and, putting out her poor, pale, thin hand, took Van Helsing's and kissed it.



"My true friend, and his! Oh, guard him, and give me peace!"

Van Helsing turned to Arthur, and said, "Come, my child, take her hand in yours, and kiss her this once."

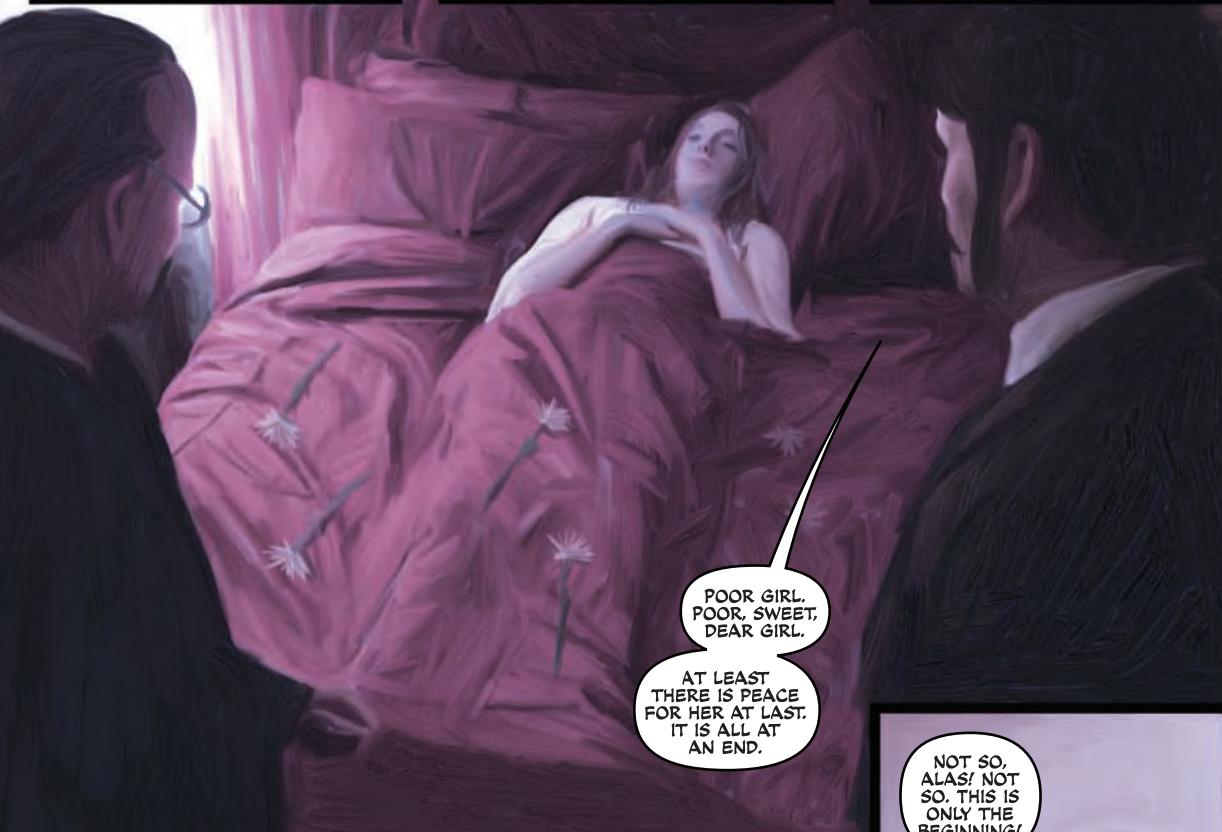


And, in but a few seconds, she was gone.

Quincy took Arthur by the arm, and led him, sobbing, out of the room.



Indeed, it took all my resolve to fight back my own tears.



POOR GIRL.
POOR, SWEET,
DEAR GIRL.

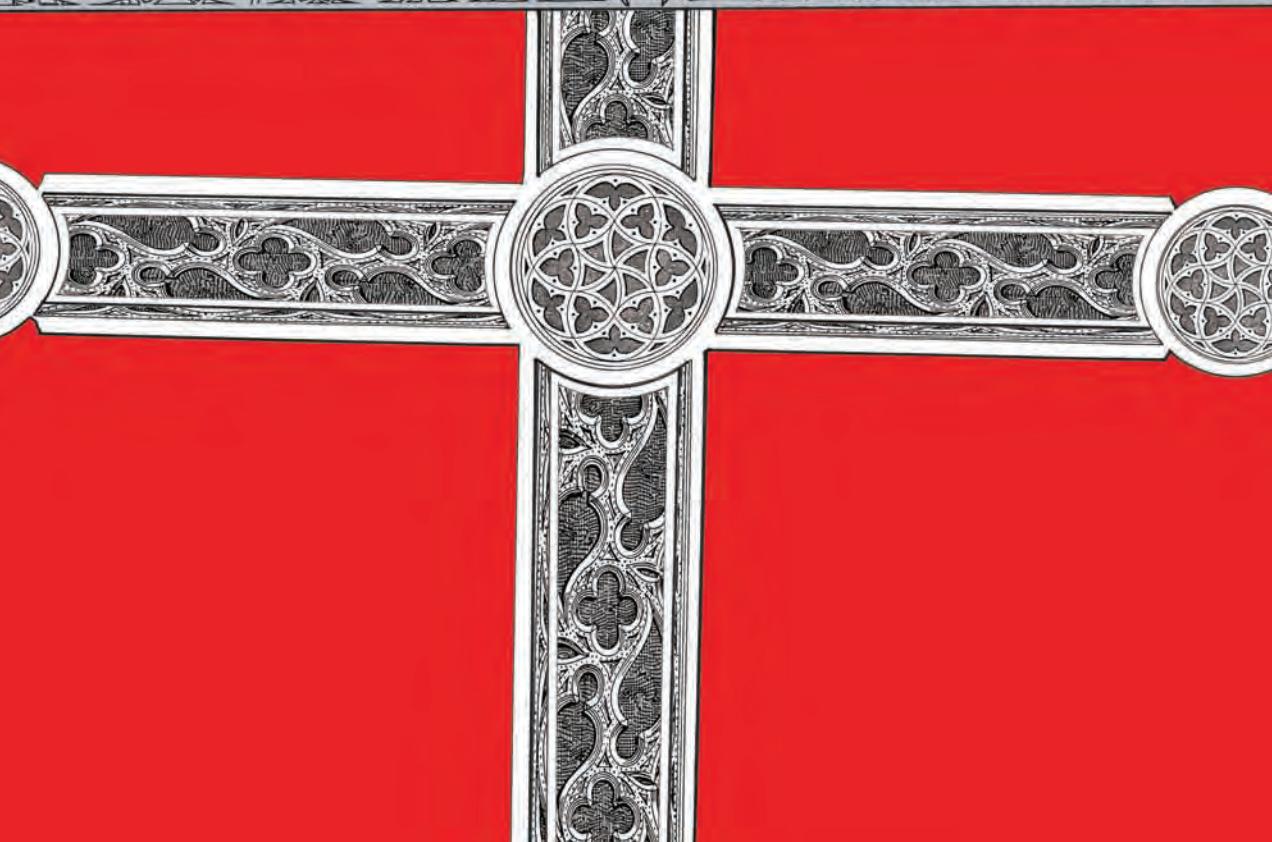
AT LEAST
THERE IS PEACE
FOR HER AT LAST.
IT IS ALL AT
AN END.

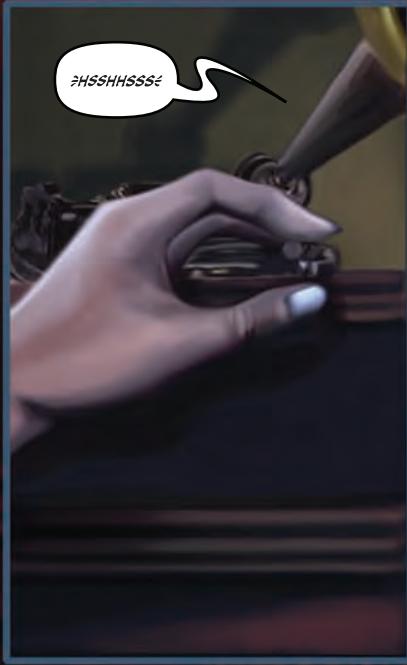
NOT SO,
ALAS! NOT
SO. THIS IS
ONLY THE
BEGINNING!





CHAPTER THREE





Even the woman who performed the last offices for the dead remarked upon the beauty of Lucy's corpse.

Her loveliness had returned to her in death, and the hours passed, instead of leaving traces of "decay's effacing fingers", had but restored her beauty.

On seeing the body so laid out Professor Van Helsing grew sternly grave and left the room.



He returned with a handful of wild garlic from a box in the hall and placed the flowers amongst the others about the room.

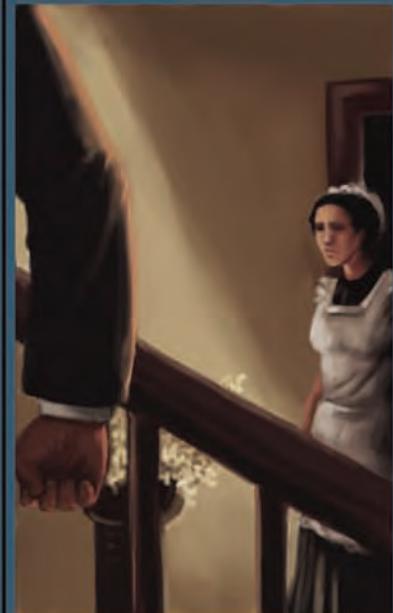
YOU RECALL THAT MEMORANDUM WHICH MISS LUCY KEPT IN HER BREAST AND WHICH SHE TRIED TO TEAR IN HER SLEEP?

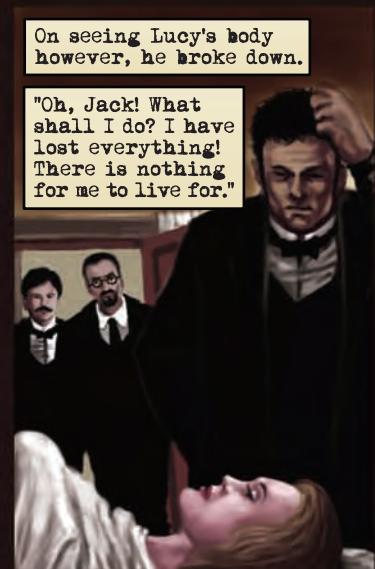
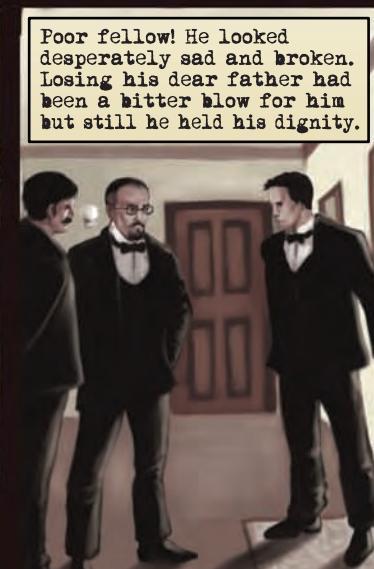
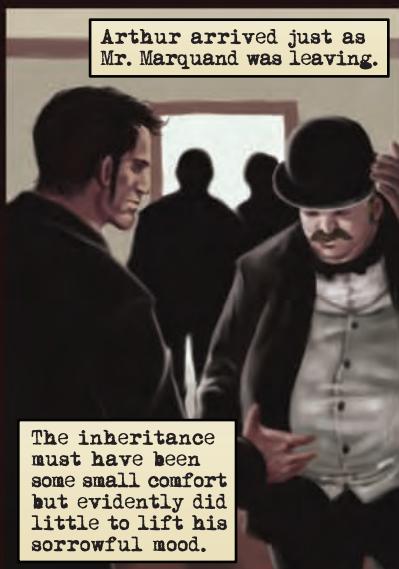
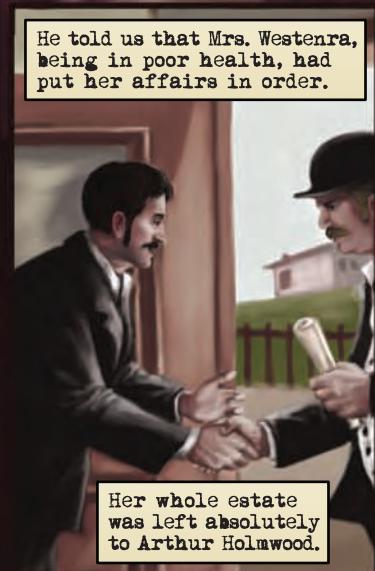
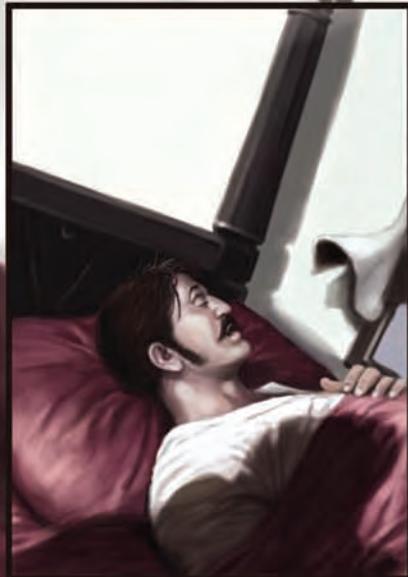


AMONGST HER PRIVATE PAPERS I HAVE FOUND OTHER NOTES, ALSO SOME LETTERS AND A DIARY. TOMORROW I SHALL ASK POOR ARTHUR'S PERMISSION TO READ THEM.

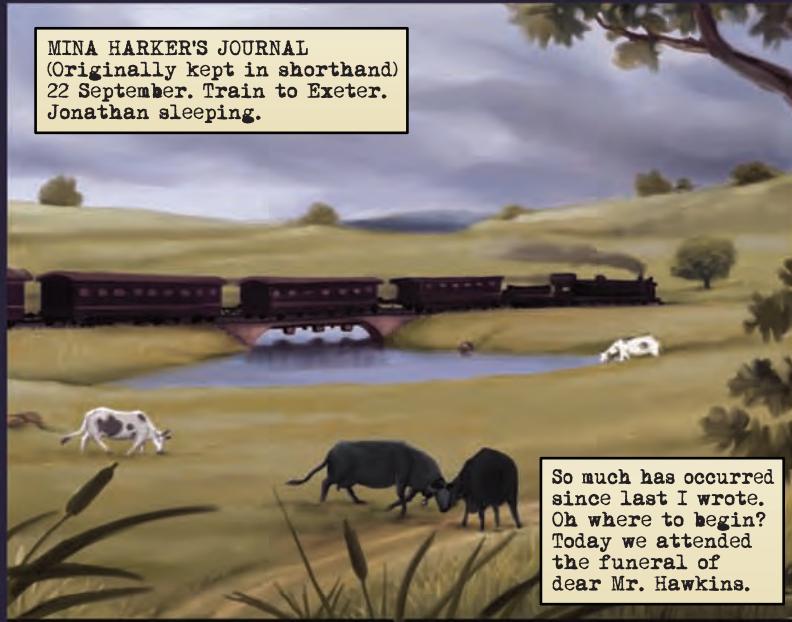


I FEAR THERE MAY BE THINGS WITHIN WHICH NONE BUT MYSELF COULD FULLY UNDERSTAND AS YET.





MINA HARKER'S JOURNAL
(Originally kept in shorthand)
22 September. Train to Exeter.
Jonathan sleeping.



The service was very simple and very solemn. Jonathan and I stood hand in hand, and felt that our dearest friend was gone from us.



So much has occurred since last I wrote. Oh where to begin? Today we attended the funeral of dear Mr. Hawkins.

We came back to town quietly, taking a bus to Hyde Park Corner. Jonathan thought it would interest me to go into the Row.



We sat down but there were very few people there, and it was sad-looking and desolate to see so many empty chairs.



It made us think of the empty chair at home.

So we got up and walked down Piccadilly.

Jonathan was holding me by the arm, the way he used to in the old days before I worked in school.



It felt a little improper but it was Jonathan, my husband, and we didn't know anybody who saw us, and we didn't care if they did.



I was looking at a very beautiful girl, in a big cart-wheel hat, sitting in a victoria outside Giuliano's, when I felt Jonathan's grip tighten.





He gazed at a tall, thin man, with a beaky nose, black moustache and pointed beard, who was also observing the pretty girl.

He was looking at her so hard that he did not see either of us, and so I had a good view of him.

His face was not a good face.

It was hard, and cruel, and sensual, and his big white teeth, which appeared whiter because of his red lips, seemed pointed like an animal's.



Jonathan said, as if to himself, "I believe it is the Count."

"Yet he has grown young. My God, if this be so! Oh, my God! My God! If only I knew! If only I knew!"



The man whom Jonathan called the Count kept his eyes fixed upon the woman's carriage.

We looked on unnoticed as he hailed a hansom and followed after her.



Jonathan was so distressed that I feared to keep his mind on the subject by asking him any questions, so I remained silent.

I drew away quietly, and he came easily. We walked a little further, and went in and sat for a while in the Green Park.



On awaking it was as if he had forgotten the whole episode, as in his illness he had forgotten all it had reminded him of.

It was a hot day for autumn, and there was a comfortable seat in a shady place.

After a few minutes' staring at nothing, Jonathan's eyes closed, and he went quickly into a sleep, with his head on my shoulder.



I must not ask him, for fear I shall do more harm than good, but I must somehow learn the facts of his journey abroad.

I don't like this lapsing into forgetfulness. It may make or continue some injury to the brain.

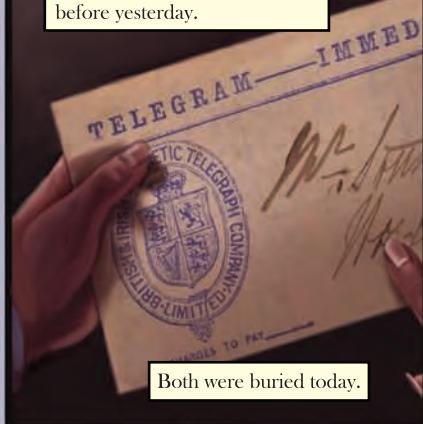
The time is come, I fear, when I must open that sealed diary of his and learn the truth. May he forgive me.

Later. A sad homecoming in every way, the house empty of the dear soul who was so good to us.



Jonathan, pale and dizzy under a slight relapse of his malady, and now a telegram from Van Helsing, whoever he may be.

You will be grieved to hear that Mrs. Westenra died five days ago, and that Lucy died the day before yesterday.



Both were buried today.

Oh, what a wealth of sorrow in a few words!



Poor Mrs. Westenra! Poor Lucy! Gone, never to return to us! And poor, poor Arthur, to have lost such a sweetness out of his life!



May God help us all to bear our troubles.

DR. SEWARD'S DIARY
(Originally kept on phonograph)
22 September. It is all over.



Dear Lucy and her mother were interred today in the Westenra vault at Kingstead.



Arthur and Quincey Morris left together to return to the Godalming estate.



The moment we were alone in the carriage the professor broke down. "Forgive me, I could not show my pain before Arthur. My heart bleeds for that poor, dear boy."



AND NOW WE ARE ALL SCATTERED, AND FOR MANY A LONG DAY LONELINESS WILL SIT OVER OUR ROOFS WITH BROODING WINGS.

LUCY LIES IN THE TOMB OF HER KIN.



MINA HARKER'S JOURNAL

23 September. Jonathan is better after a bad night. I am glad that he is busy, for that keeps his mind occupied.

He will be away all day till late.



My household work is done, so I shall take his foreign journal, and lock myself up here in my room and read it.



24 September. I hadn't the heart to write again last night, that terrible record of Jonathan's upset me so.

I shall be prepared. Using my typewriter this very hour I shall begin transcribing. Then we shall be ready for other eyes if required.



Through it all runs some thread of continuity. That fearful Count was coming to London.



24 September
(Confidence)
Dear Madam,

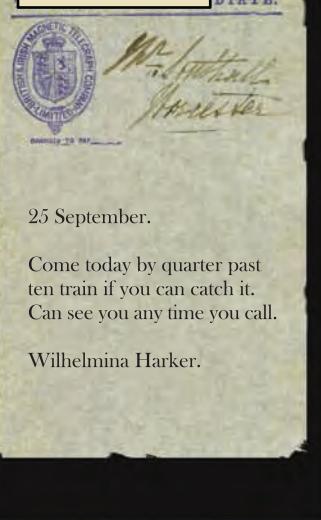
Please pardon my writing; it was I who sent to you the sad news of Miss Lucy Westenra's death. By the kindness of Lord Godalming, I am empowered to read her letters and papers, for I am deeply concerned about certain matters. I have found some letters from you, which show how great your friendship was. I write to ask for your help to lift troubles more terrible than you could know. May I see you? You can trust me. I am friend of Dr. John Seward and of Lord Godalming (whom you knew as Arthur). I can come to Exeter to see you at once if you will allow it. I implore your pardon, Madam. I have read your letters to poor Lucy, and know how good you are and how your husband has suffered. I ask that you keep this letter secret from him for now lest it cause him distress. Again your pardon, and forgive me.

Van Helsing

The Berkeley Hotel
Berkeley Street
Piccadilly
London

TELEGRAM,
MRS. HARKER TO
VAN HELSING

DATE.



25 September.

Come today by quarter past ten train if you can catch it. Can see you any time you call.

Wilhelmina Harker.

25 September.



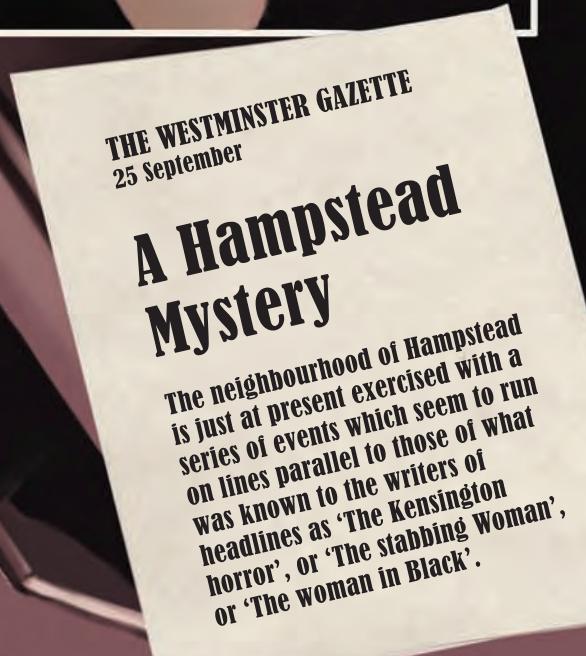
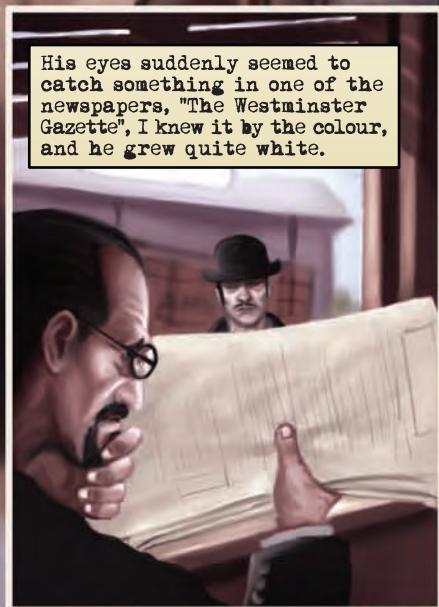
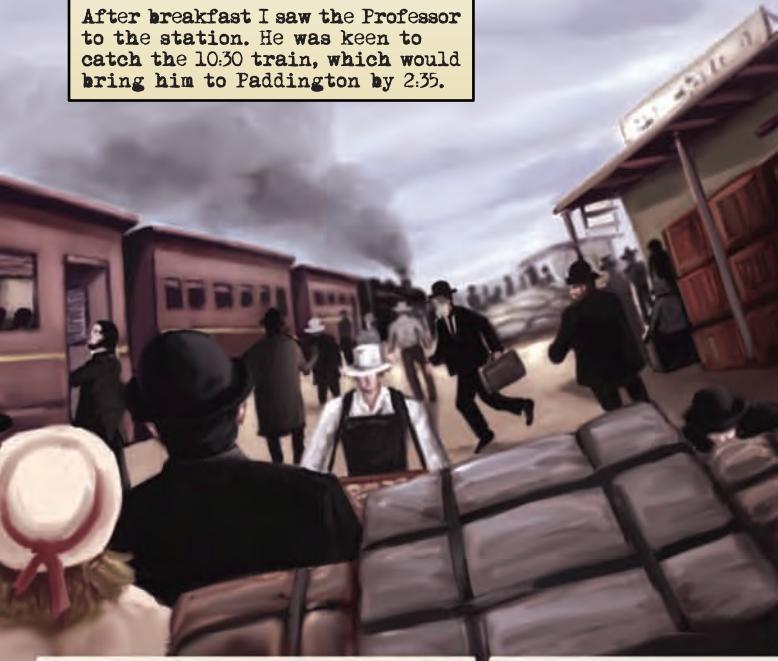
JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL
(Originally kept in shorthand)
26 September. I thought never
to write in this diary again,
but the time has come.

Van Helsing was, I think,
surprised to see me when
I arrived at his hotel
this morning.

PROFESSOR
VAN HELSING,
MY NAME
IS JONATHAN
HARKER.



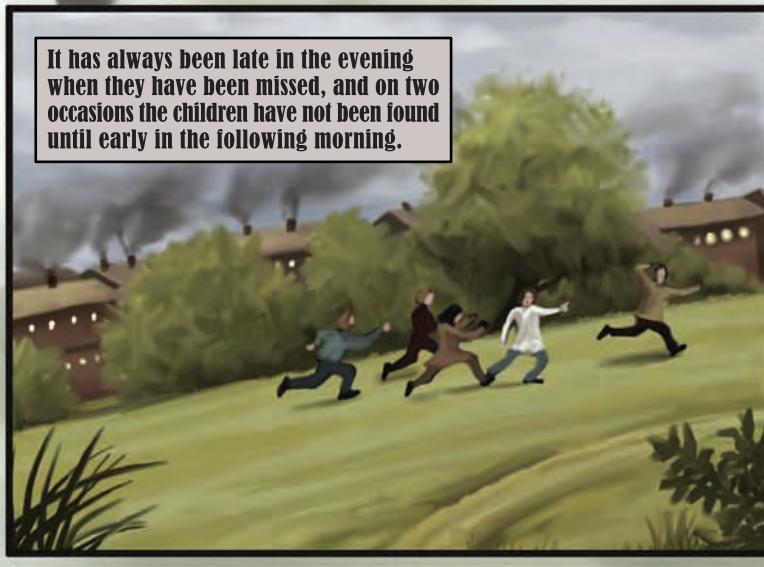
After breakfast I saw the Professor to the station. He was keen to catch the 10.30 train, which would bring him to Paddington by 2.35.





In recent days several cases have occurred of young children straying from home or neglecting to return at night.

Though too young to give accurate account of themselves, each child has spoken of a 'bloofer lady.'



It has always been late in the evening when they have been missed, and on two occasions the children have not been found until early in the following morning.



The favourite game of the little ones at present is luring each other away by wiles and playing at being the 'bloofer lady.'



A correspondent writes us that to see some of the tiny tots pretending to be the 'lady' is supremely funny.

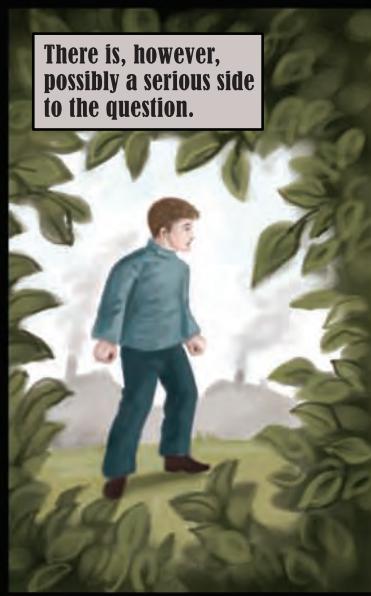


He suggests that Ellen Terry could not be so winsomely attractive as some of these grubby-faced little children pretend, and even imagine themselves, to be.



Some of our caricaturists might, he says, take a lesson in the irony of grotesque by comparing the reality and the picture.

There is, however, possibly a serious side to the question.



For some of the children, indeed all who have been missed at night, have been slightly torn or wounded in the throat.



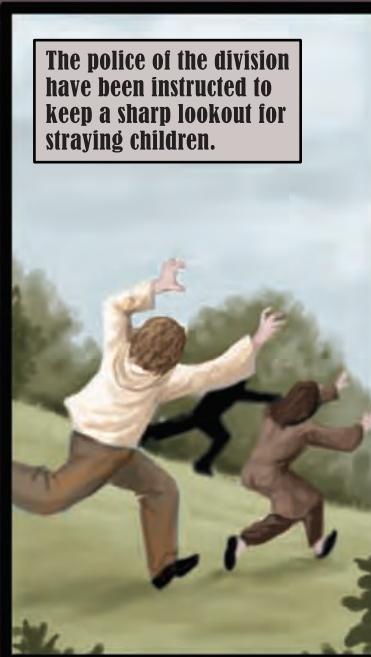
The marks seem such as might be made by a rat or a small dog.



Although of not much importance individually, the wounds seem to show that whatever animal inflicts them has a system or method of its own.



The police of the division have been instructed to keep a sharp lookout for straying children.



In particular they shall be giving their attention to the very young, in and around Hampstead Heath.

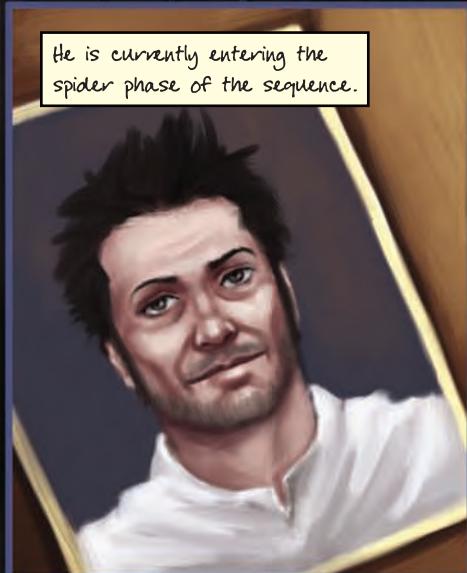


In the meantime, the 'bloofer lady' remains a mystery.

26 September: Patient R. M. Renfield.

Renfield has recently begun another cycle of counting and collecting creatures.

He is currently entering the spider phase of the sequence.



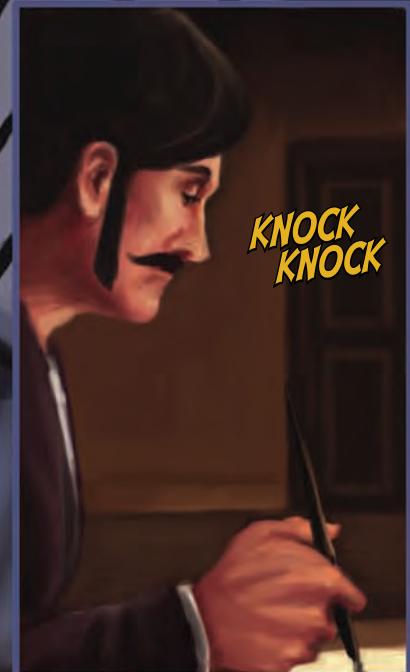
Since his attack upon the cart men almost seven days ago Renfield seems to have returned to his previous, more docile condition.

He is, to all intents, as sane as ever he was whilst here in our care.

However, he has given us, and indeed myself personally, some quite considerable trouble recently and I feel it wise to remain vigilant.



**KNOCK
KNOCK**





THE WESTMINSTER GAZETTE

PRICE TWENTY PENCE

25 SEPTEMBER

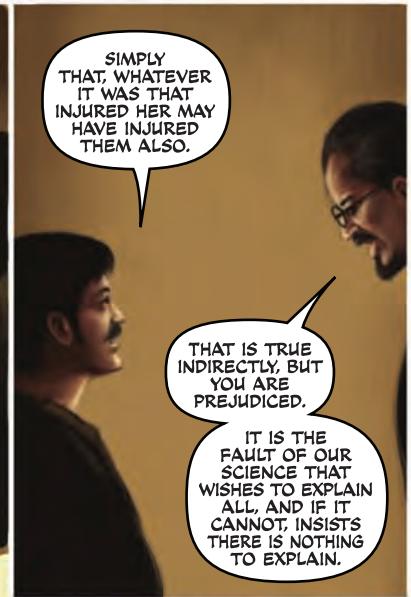
Extra Special

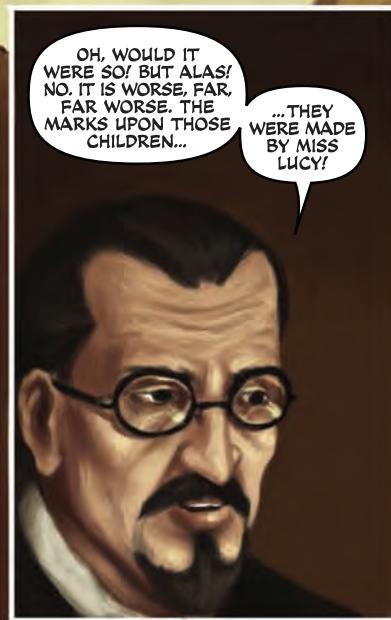
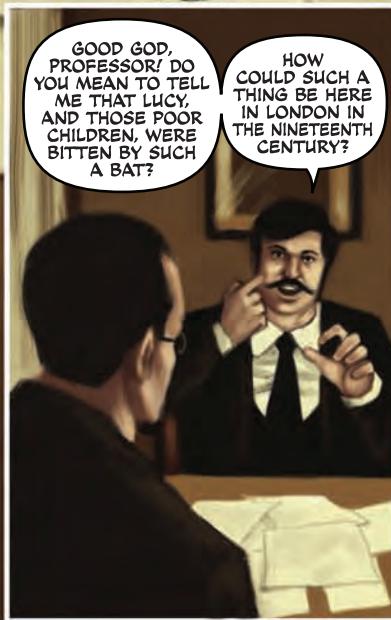
THE HAMPSTEAD HORROR

ANOTHER CHILD INJURED

The 'Bloofe Lady'

We have just received intelligence that another child, missing last night, was only discovered late in the morning under a furze-bush at the Shooter's Hill side of Hampstead Heath, which is perhaps, less frequented than the other parts. It had a tiny wound in the throat as has been noticed in other cases. It was terribly weak, and looked quite emaciated when partially restored, had the common story to tell of being lured away by the 'bloofe lady'.





DR.
VAN HELSING,
ARE YOU
INSANE?

I AM SORRY,
I HAVE TRIED TO
BREAK THIS NEWS
AS GENTLY AS
I COULD.

I CAN
SEE NOW
THAT YOU
MUST HAVE
PROOF.

PROOF?

FIRST WE
SHALL VISIT THAT
POOR CHILD IN
HOSPITAL. HE IS
IN THE CARE
OF MY FRIEND
DR. VINCENT.

AND
THEN WE SPEND
THE NIGHT IN
THE CHURCHYARD
WHERE LUCY LIES.
THIS IS THE KEY
THAT LOCKS
HER TOMB.

I felt that there was
some fearful ordeal
before us.

We found the child awake.
He had slept and taken some
food, and altogether was
going on well.

My heart sank.

Dazedly I suggested that
we had better hasten, as
the afternoon was passing.

Dr. Vincent took the bandage
from its throat, and showed
us the punctures. There was
no mistaking the similarity
to Lucy's wounds.

Dr. Vincent's opinion was
that they were caused by
the bite of some animal.

The child's
talk of the
"bloofer lady"
was dismissed.

Our visit took longer than
we had reckoned on, and
the sun had already dipped
before we left the hospital.



It was after ten o'clock when we reached the wall of the churchyard and clambered over it.

Silently, we made our way to the Westenra tomb.

The Professor took out the key, given to him by the coffin man to pass on to Arthur, and unlocked the door.

The crypt looked more grim and gruesome than ever.

WHY MUST WE OPEN THE COFFIN?

YOU SHALL SEE, FRIEND JOHN, YOU SHALL SEE.

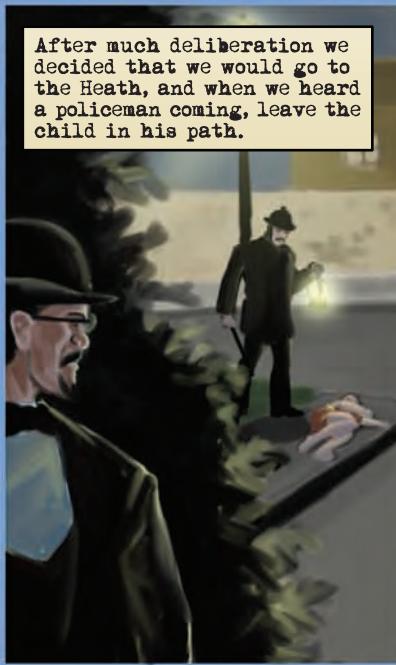
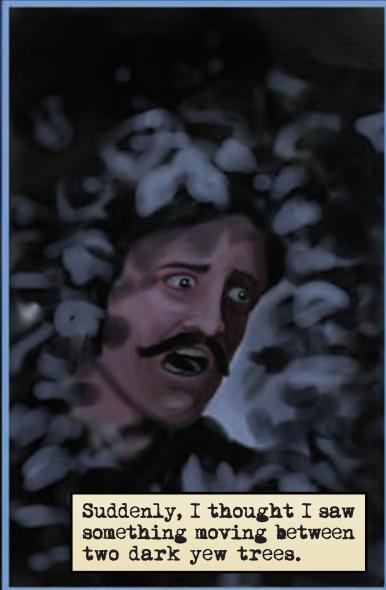
Van Helsing took a saw from his bag and sawed down along one side of the lead coffin, then across, and down the other side.

MY GOD!

The coffin was empty. It was certainly a surprise to me, and gave me a considerable shock, but Van Helsing was unmoved.

SHE IS GONE, BUT THAT PROVES NOTHING!

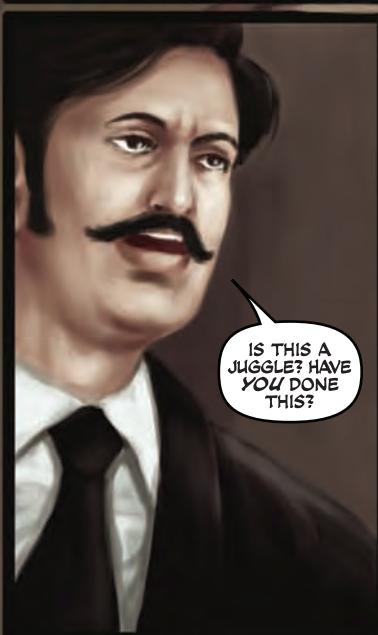
AH WELL, WE MUST HAVE MORE PROOF. COME WITH ME.



27 September. Van Helsing called for me today at noon insisting that we go on another expedition.

It was two o'clock before we found a suitable opportunity for our attempt.

The midday funeral was all completed and, looking carefully from our hiding place, we saw the sexton lock the gate after himself.





NOTE LEFT BY VAN HELSING
IN HIS PORTMANTEAU, BERKELEY HOTEL
DIRECTED TO JOHN SEWARD, M. D.
(Not Delivered)

27 September
Friend John,

I write this letter in case anything should happen. Soon I go alone to the churchyard to ensure that the Undead, Miss Lucy, does not leave her tomb this night. I do this so that she will be more eager to do so tomorrow. I have ways of sealing the tomb to prevent her exodus. There is another however, the one who made her, and he is more cunning and more powerful. I have learned of him from the diary of Jonathan Harker and he has the strength of twenty men and can summon the wolf and I know not what else. If he comes this night it will be the end for me.

Therefore I write this in case . . . Take the papers that are with this, the diaries of Harker and the rest, and read them, and then find this great Undead, and cut off his head and burn his heart or drive a stake through it, so that the world may rest from him.

If it be so, farewell.

Van Helsing

DR. SEWARD'S DIARY
28th September.
The Berkeley Hotel.

ENTER HER TOMB?
PROFESSOR, ARE YOU IN
EARNEST, OR IS IT SOME
MONSTROUS JOKE?

ALAS NOT,
WE MUST OPEN
THE COFFIN.

THIS IS TOO
MUCH! I AM A
PATIENT MAN, BUT
TO DESECRATE
LUCY'S GRAVE... I
LOVED HER!







SAY, WHAT
IS THAT STUFF
PROFESSOR?



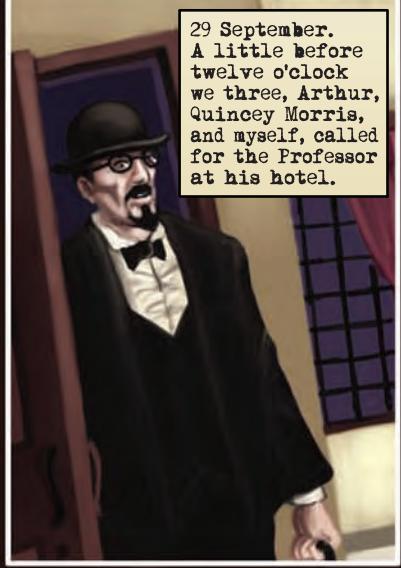
IT IS THE HOST,
THE HOLY SACRAMENT,
MIXED WITH A DOUGH.
I AM CLOSING THE
TOMB SO THAT THE
UNDEAD MAY NOT
ENTER.



AND NOW,
MY FRIENDS, WE
MUST HIDE AND
WAIT.





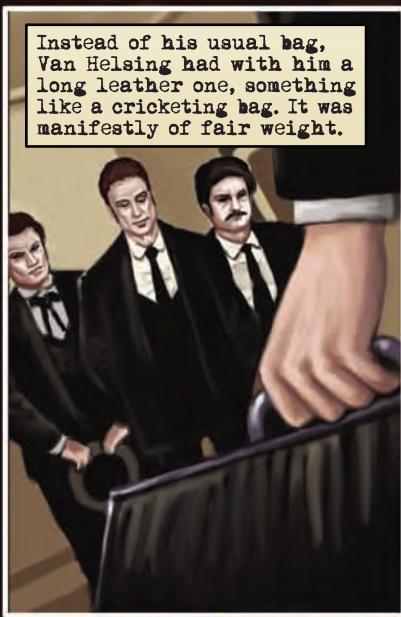


29 September.
A little before
twelve o'clock
we three, Arthur,
Quincey Morris,
and myself, called
for the Professor
at his hotel.

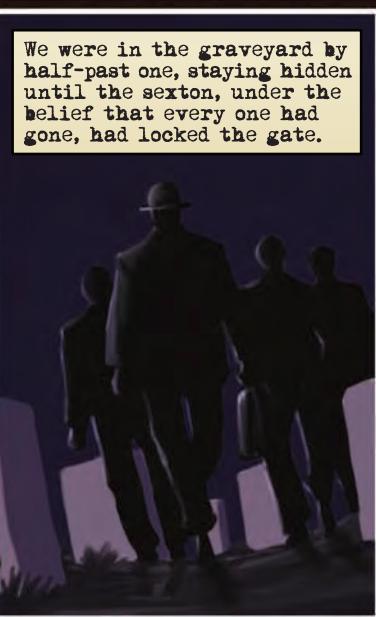


It was odd to notice
that we had all put
on black clothes.

Arthur of course was
in deep mourning, but
the rest of us wore
it by instinct.



Instead of his usual bag,
Van Helsing had with him a
long leather one, something
like a cricketing bag. It was
manifestly of fair weight.



We were in the graveyard by
half-past one, staying hidden
until the sexton, under the
belief that every one had
gone, had locked the gate.



Van Helsing
produced his key and
unlocked the tomb.



We watched and waited while
Van Helsing removed the coffin
lid and pulled back the leaden
flange of its liner once more.



MY GOD,
IS THIS REALLY
LUCY'S BODY, OR
ONLY A DEMON
IN HER SHAPE?

Van Helsing began taking items from his bag. First came his instruments, then a small lamp, which gave out a fierce blue flame, and then a soldering iron and solder.

Next was a large, round wooden stake. One end of it was hardened by charring in the fire, and was sharpened to a fine point.

And with this stake came a great heavy hammer, such as in households is used in the coal cellar for breaking the lumps.



THE UNDEAD
ARE CURSED WITH
IMMORTALITY.

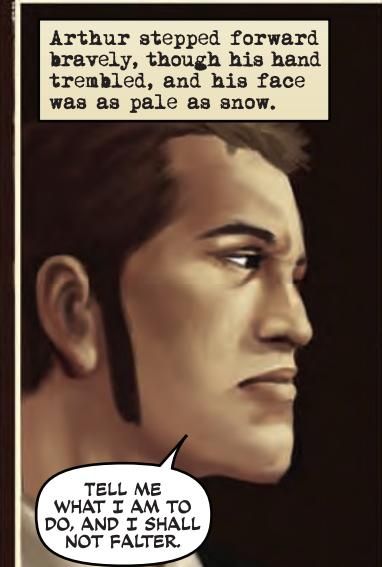
THEY GO ON AGE
AFTER AGE TAKING
NEW VICTIMS AND
EACH NEW UNDEAD
MAKES MORE.

IN TIME THOSE
POOR CHILDREN
WOULD BECOME
LIKE HER!

BUT IF LUCY
DIES, TRULY DIES, THEN
THOSE TINY WOUNDS
ON THEIR THROATS
DISAPPEAR, AND THEY
GO BACK TO THEIR PLAY
AS BEFORE.

I WILL STRIKE
THE BLOW IF I MUST,
BUT THERE IS ONE
HERE MORE FITTING TO
DISPENSE SUCH MERCY,
HE THAT SHE WOULD
HAVE CHOSEN.

Arthur stepped forward
bravely, though his hand
trembled, and his face
was as pale as snow.



TELL ME
WHAT I AM TO
DO, AND I SHALL
NOT FALTER.







Each in turn, we took his hand, and the promise was made.

He spoke again, "Tonight I leave for Amsterdam, but shall return tomorrow night. And then begins our great quest."

"There is a terrible task before us, and once our feet are on the ploughshare we must not draw back."



CHAPTER FOUR



MINA HARKER'S JOURNAL
29 September.

Jonathan is at Whitby looking into the business of the Demeter and its earth boxes.

I sent a telegram to Van Helsing saying that I was leaving for London to meet with him and that Jonathan would join us soon.

I received a reply from Dr. Seward who informed me that the Professor would be away but that he would meet me at Paddington.

He seems a good, honest and self-possessed man, just as dear Lucy described him in her letters those few months ago.

At Paddington the doctor sent a wire to his housekeeper to have a sitting room and bedroom prepared for myself and Jonathan at his Asylum.

As our cab drew up outside the building I felt a sense of unease creep upon me.

We then took the Underground to Fenchurch Street and from there caught the train to Purfleet.

Any lunatic Asylum, no matter how modern and proper a facility it may be, must surely hold some dread for any sane person.

If Jonathan's diary had been read by another, could he have ended up in a place such as this? I must not think of it.

After I had tidied myself, I went down to Dr. Seward's study.



After dinner I came with the doctor to his study. He brought back the phonograph from my room, and got out yet more cylinders.



IF YOU HAVE
ANY QUESTIONS AFTER
LISTENING FURTHER I
SHALL DO MY BEST TO
ANSWER THEM.

THOUGH I
HAVE ONLY HEARD UP
UNTIL THE SEVENTH
OF SEPTEMBER, I SEE
ALREADY HOW POOR
LUCY WAS BESET.

When the terrible story of Lucy's death, and all that followed, was done, I lay back in my chair powerless.

Fortunately I am not of a fainting disposition.



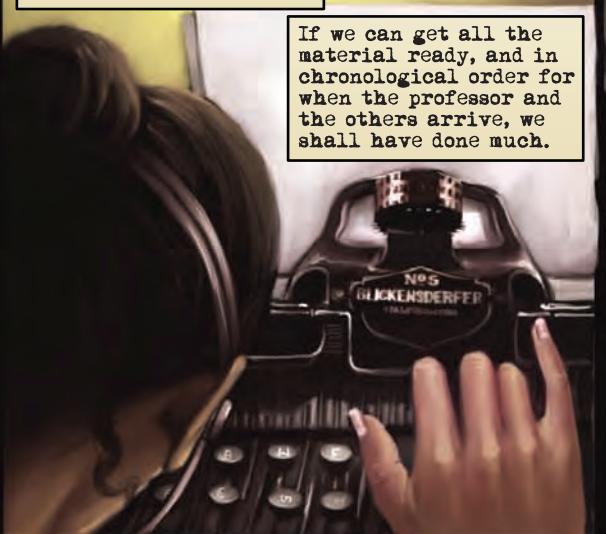
When Dr. Seward saw me, he jumped up and, taking a Cased-bottle from the cupboard, gave me brandy, which before long somewhat restored me.

Lucy is finally at peace. That is some comfort at least.

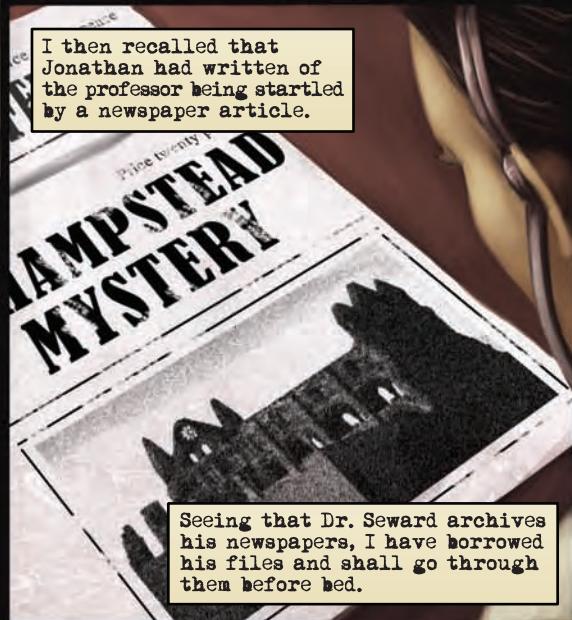


My composure regained, I set about transcribing the remaining cylinders.

If we can get all the material ready, and in chronological order for when the professor and the others arrive, we shall have done much.



I then recalled that Jonathan had written of the professor being startled by a newspaper article.



Seeing that Dr. Seward archives his newspapers, I have borrowed his files and shall go through them before bed.

DR. SEWARD'S DIARY
(Originally kept on phonograph)
30 September. Mr. Harker arrived
at nine o'clock.

Mina, that quick, brave lady, sent
him a wire which he received just
before starting from London.

Judging from his face, he is
uncommonly clever and energetic,
and if his journal is correct,
also a man of great nerve.

The Harker's busied themselves,
placing every scrap of evidence
they have in chronological order.

Jonathan has obtained letters
between the consignee of the boxes
at Whitby and the London carriers
who took charge of them.

Dear Sirs,
Herewith please receive invoice of goods
sent by railway to be delivered at
Carfax near Perfect. The house is
at present empty, but enclosed please
find keys, all of which are labelled.
You will please deposit the fifty boxes
in the ruined chapel and leave the keys
in the safe.

In reading one such letter,
I understood his earlier
unease perfectly. Carfax,
the very house next to
this, was the destination
of that terrible cargo.

We are, dear Sirs,
Yours,

MICHAEL E. BILLINGTON & SON

Oh, I cannot help but think
if we had only had this
knowledge earlier we might
have saved poor Lucy's life!

Stop! That way
madness lies!

Returning to his work, Harker
suggested I visit Renfield, as
he believes his outbursts may
correspond with the dreaded
Count's comings and goings.

I hardly see this yet,
but perhaps when all
is in order...

MINA HARKER'S JOURNAL
30 September. Lord Godalming and Mr. Morris arrived earlier than expected.



It was to me a painful meeting, though I did not show it, for it brought back poor Lucy's hopes of those months past.



I told them that Jonathan and I had just finished putting everything in order and gave them each a copy to read in the library.



Dr. Seward and Jonathan were out on business, so I met them alone.



Poor Arthur was soon overwhelmed with grief.

It seemed to me that all he had of late been suffering in silence found a vent at once.



We women have something of the mother in us that makes us rise above smaller matters when the mother spirit is invoked.



I found Mr Morris waiting outside in the corridor.

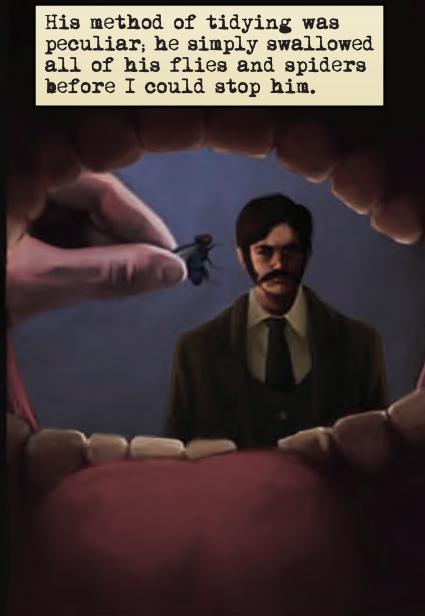
He was grateful to me for comforting Arthur and swore he would help me if ever he could.



DR. SEWARD'S DIARY
30 September.

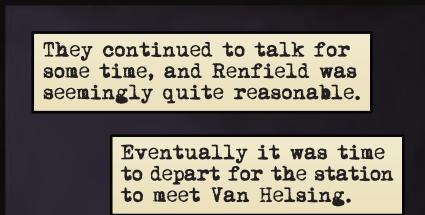


DR. SEWARD,
MAY I ASK A
FAVOUR? I WANT TO
SEE YOUR PATIENT,
MR. RENFIELD.



YOU'RE NOT
THE GIRL THE DOCTOR
WANTED TO MARRY,
ARE YOU? YOU CAN'T
BE, YOU KNOW, FOR
SHE'S DEAD.

OH NO,
I AM MRS.
HARKER.



As we left I was somewhat
surprised at Renfield's
farewell to Mina.

"Goodbye, my dear. I pray
God I may never see your
sweet face here again."



Van Helsing stepped from his train carriage with the eager nimbleness of a boy.

He saw me at once, and rushed over.

AH, FRIEND JOHN, I HAVE BEEN BUSY!

ALL AFFAIRS ARE SETTLED WITH ME, AND I HAVE MUCH TO TELL. ALL FOUR OF OUR FRIENDS ARE WAITING FOR US AT THE ASYLUM, YES?

As we drove I told him what had passed, and of how my own diary had come to be of use through Mrs. Harker's suggestion.

...SHE EVEN HAD THE IDEA OF SEARCHING THE NEWSPAPERS AND TAKING CUTTINGS.

AH MADAM MINA, SHE HAS THE MIND OF A GIFTED MAN. YET SHE RETAINS A WOMAN'S HEART...

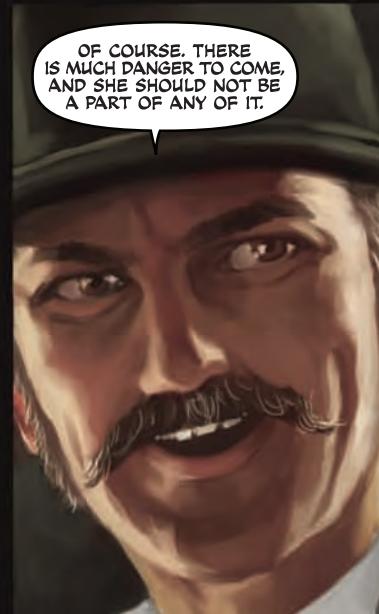
MY MIND IS MADE UP. WE HAVE KEPT HER IN HARM'S WAY LONG ENOUGH.

AFTER TONIGHT'S MEETING SHE MUST HAVE NO MORE TO DO WITH THIS DARK BUSINESS.

OF COURSE. THERE IS MUCH DANGER TO COME, AND SHE SHOULD NOT BE A PART OF ANY OF IT.

I told him what we had discovered in his absence: that the house which Dracula had bought was that next to my own.

He was aghast.



MINA HARKER'S JOURNAL
30 September. We met in Dr. Seward's study at eight o'clock.



MADAM MINA,
THIS IS DUE IN NO SMALL
PART TO YOUR EFFORTS
AND INTELLECT. WE ALL
OWE YOU A DEBT.



THUS IT IS NOT DEATH THAT WE FACE SHOULD WE FAIL. IT IS DAMNATION. PERHAPS THE DAMNATION OF THIS CITY AND EVEN BRITANNIA HERSELF.







"HE CAN TRANSFORM HIMSELF INTO WOLF, AS WE GATHER FROM THE SHIP ARRIVAL IN WHITBY."



HE CAN COME AS BAT, AS MADAM MINA, FRIEND JOHN AND FRIEND QUINCEY HAVE ALL WITNESSED.



"HE CAN BE AS A MIST, AS THE CREW OF THE DEMETER LEARNED TO THEIR DETRIMENT."



BUT, FROM WHAT WE READ AND LEARN, THE MIST CAN ONLY BE AROUND HIMSELF.

HE CAN SHRINK, PASSING INTO THE TINIEST OF SPACES.



"HE CAME ON MOONLIGHT RAYS AS ELEMENTAL DUST, AS JONATHAN SAW THOSE SISTERS IN HIS CASTLE."



HE CAN DO ALL THESE THINGS, YET HE IS NOT FREE. HE CANNOT ENTER A PLACE UNLESS HE IS FIRST INVITED BY SOMEONE OF THAT HOUSEHOLD.



HIS POWER CEASES, AS DOES THAT OF ALL EVIL THINGS, AT THE COMING OF THE DAY.



IF HE BE NOT AT THAT PLACE WHITHER HE IS BOUND, HE CAN ONLY CHANGE HIMSELF AT NOON OR AT EXACT SUNRISE OR SUNSET.



IT IS SAID, TOO, THAT HE CAN ONLY PASS RUNNING WATER AT THE SLACK OR THE FLOOD OF THE TIDE...

BLAM





I MUST GO TO MY ROOM AND COLLECT SOME THINGS. WE MUST BE ARMED.

HARKER, HAVE YOU...

DR. SEWARD, SIR!

IT'S RENFIELD, DOCTOR. HE'S ASKING TO SEE YOU AND SEEMS GREATLY AGITATED.

I FEAR THAT, IF YOU DON'T ACQUIESCE HE MAY HAVE ONE OF HIS VIOLENT FITS.



VERY WELL.



YOU WISH TO SEE ME, RENFIELD?



WHAT IS IT THAT COULD NOT WAIT UNTIL THE MORNING?



I AM SORRY TO HAVE SUMMONED YOU SO LATE, DOCTOR.

THE FACT IS, I FEEL THAT YOUR WORK IS DONE AND THAT I AM CURED.



I WISH TO BE RELEASED, AND AT YOUR EARLIEST OPPORTUNITY.



I APPEAL TO YOUR FRIENDS, THEY WILL PERHAPS NOT MIND SITTING IN JUDGEMENT ON MY CASE?

VERY WELL, BUT WHAT PROOFS HAVE YOU? WHAT EVIDENCE?



YOU, GENTLEMEN,
WHO MAY HOLD YOUR
PLACES IN THE MOVING
WORLD.

WITNESS
THAT I AM AS
SANE AS THE
MAJORITY OF MEN
WHO ARE IN FULL
POSSESSION
OF THEIR
LIBERTIES.



LET ME ASK FOR
THIS CONCESSION, BOON,
OPPORTUNITY, WHAT YOU
WILL, IF NOT FOR MY OWN
SAKE BUT FOR THAT OF
OTHERS.

IT WILL
BENEFIT US ALL
I PROMISE
YOU!

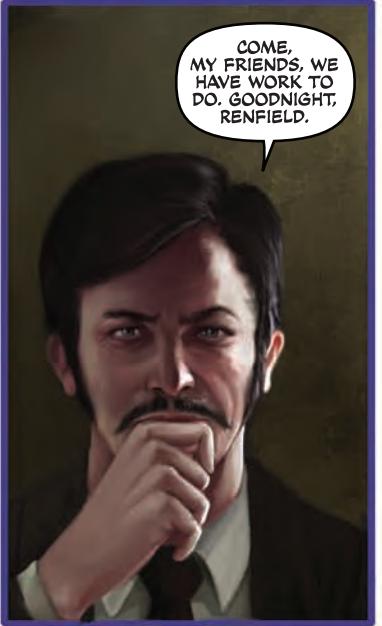


IF YOU COULD DO US
THE PRIVILEGE OF EXPLAINING
YOUR MOTIVATIONS, THEN
PERHAPS WE COULD JUDGE
THEIR MERITS MORE
PROPERLY.



ALAS, I AM NOT
FREE TO SPEAK. I
CAN ONLY ASK YOU
TO TRUST ME, AND
LET ME LEAVE.

IF I AM
REFUSED, THE
RESPONSIBILITY
DOES NOT REST
WITH ME!



COME,
MY FRIENDS, WE
HAVE WORK TO
DO. GOODNIGHT,
RENFIELD.



PLEASE
DOCTOR, I BEG
YOU! SEND ME
WHERE YOU WILL,
HOW YOU WILL!

SEND ME IN
CHAINs IF YOU WISH
BUT I MUST LEAVE
THIS PLACE! PLEASE,
LET ME GO!

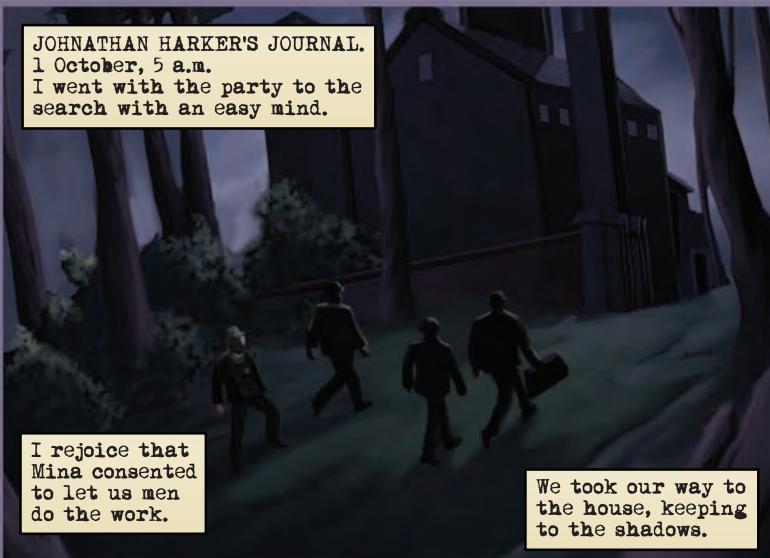
YOU DON'T
KNOW WHAT
YOU DO BY
KEEPING ME
HERE!

ENOUGH!
GET TO YOUR
BED MAN.



REMEMBER
LATER, DOCTOR,
THAT I DID WHAT
I COULD TO
CONVINCE YOU
THIS NIGHT!

JOHNATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL.
1 October, 5 a.m.
I went with the party to the
search with an easy mind.



I rejoice that
Mina consented
to let us men
do the work.

We took our way to
the house, keeping
to the shadows.

When we reached the
porch the Professor
opened his bag and took
out a lot of things.



He gave us each a silver
crucifix, a wreath of
garlic blossoms, an envelope
containing sacred wafer,
a revolver, a dagger and
an electric lantern.

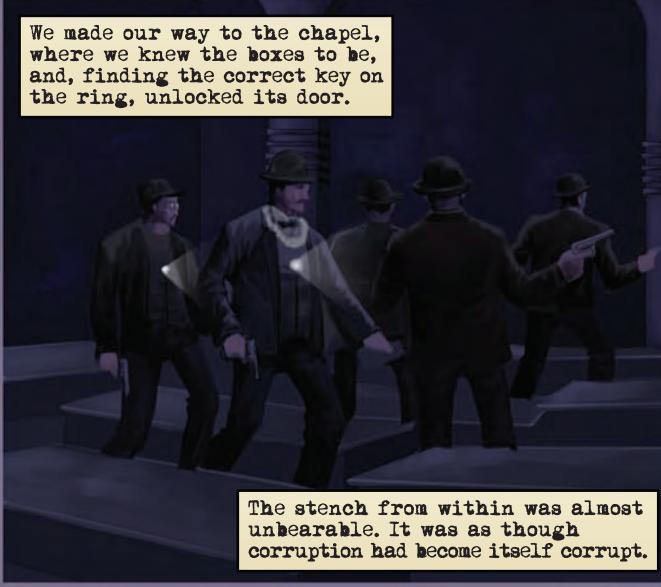
Dr. Seward brought with him a
large set of skeleton keys and
soon unlocked the front door.

The whole place was
thick with dust.



On a table in the hall
was a great bunch of keys,
with a time-yellowed label
on each.

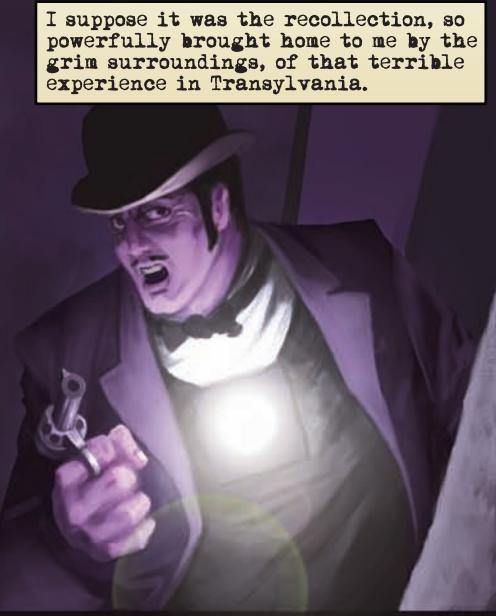
We made our way to the chapel,
where we knew the boxes to be,
and, finding the correct key on
the ring, unlocked its door.



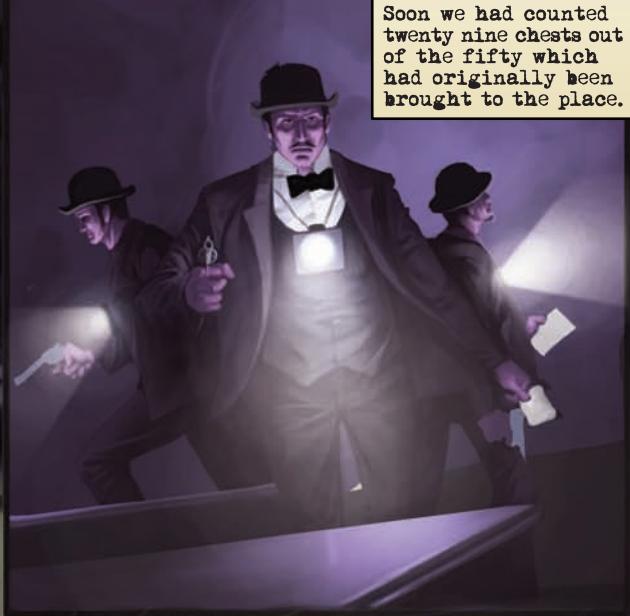
The stench from within was almost
unbearable. It was as though
corruption had become itself corrupt.

I could not for my
life get away from
the feeling that
there was someone
else amongst us.





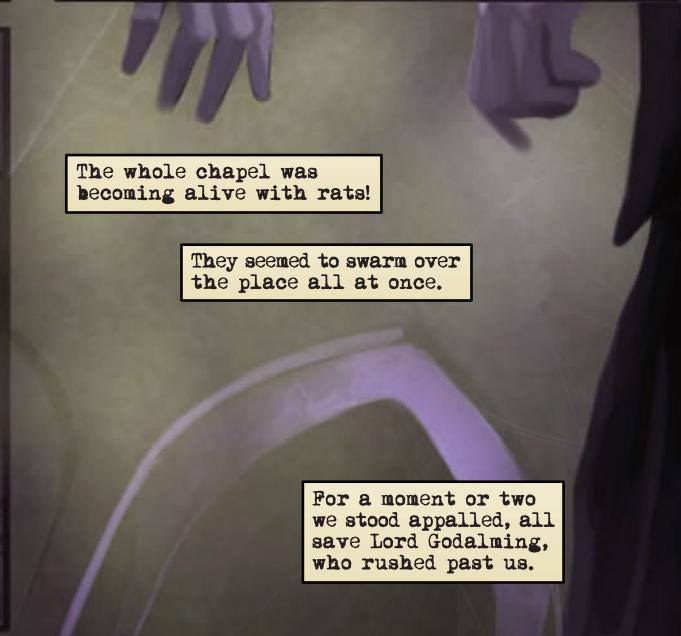
I suppose it was the recollection, so powerfully brought home to me by the grim surroundings, of that terrible experience in Transylvania.



Soon we had counted twenty nine chests out of the fifty which had originally been brought to the place.



Suddenly I heard Van Helsing cry out in shock.



The whole chapel was becoming alive with rats!



They seemed to swarm over the place all at once.



For a moment or two we stood appalled, all save Lord Godalming, who rushed past us.

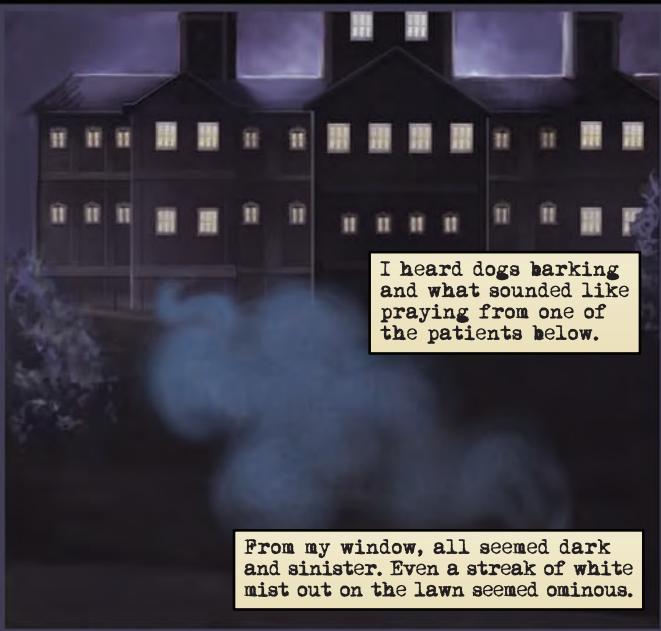




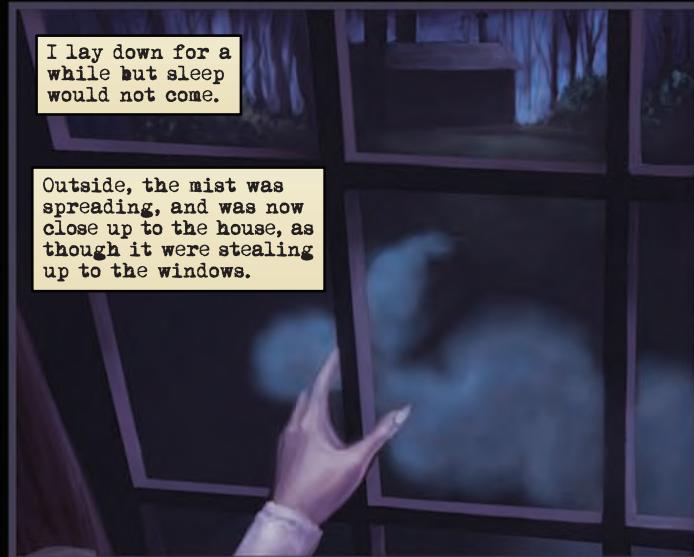


MINA HARKER'S JOURNAL
1 October.

Last night I went to my room when the men had gone, simply because they told me to.

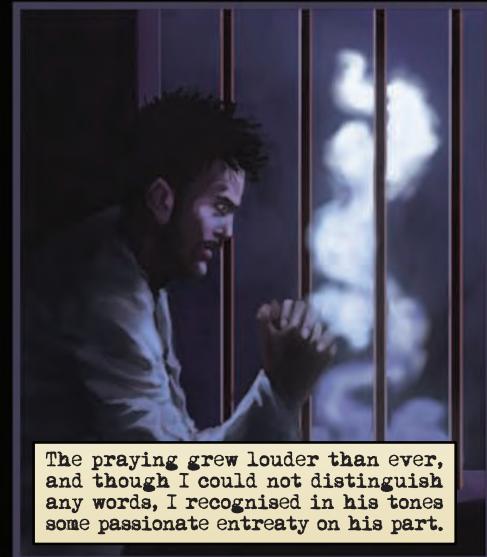


I heard dogs barking and what sounded like praying from one of the patients below.

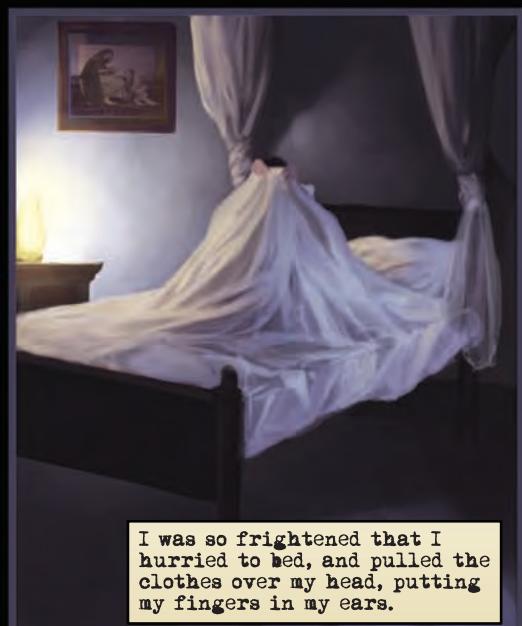


I lay down for a while but sleep would not come.

Outside, the mist was spreading, and was now close up to the house, as though it were stealing up to the windows.



The praying grew louder than ever, and though I could not distinguish any words, I recognised in his tones some passionate entreaty on his part.



I was so frightened that I hurried to bed, and pulled the clothes over my head, putting my fingers in my ears.

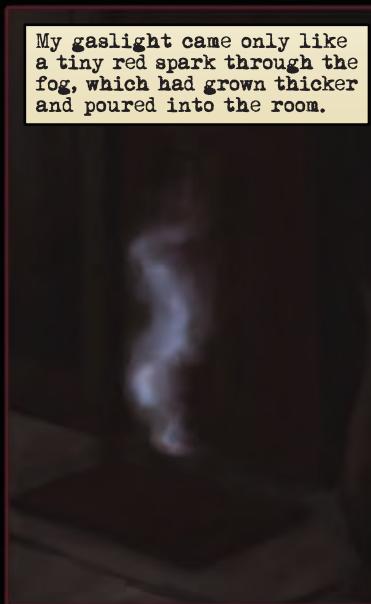


I was not then a bit sleepy, at least so I thought, but I must have fallen asleep.

I do not remember anything until the morning, when Jonathan woke me. Nothing except for dreams.



I thought I slept, waiting for Jonathan's return. I was very anxious and felt powerless, as though my body and brain were weighted.



My gaslight came only like a tiny red spark through the fog, which had grown thicker and poured into the room.



I would have got out of bed to ensure that the window was closed, but some leaden lethargy seemed to chain my limbs.



The mist grew thicker and I could see now how it came in, not through the window, but through the joinings of the door.

Through my whirling thoughts came the scriptural words "a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night."



But the pillar was composed of both the day and the night, for the fire was in its red eye, which transfixed me.



And in my dream I must have fainted, for all became black darkness.



The last conscious effort which imagination made was to show me a livid white face bending over me out of the mist.



As I looked, the fire divided, and shone upon me like two red eyes, such as Lucy saw at Whitby.

DOCTOR SEWARD'S DIARY

1 October.

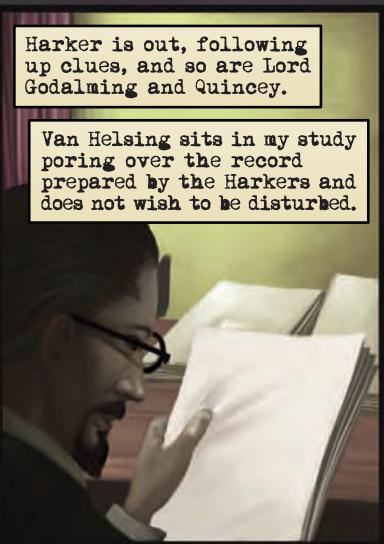
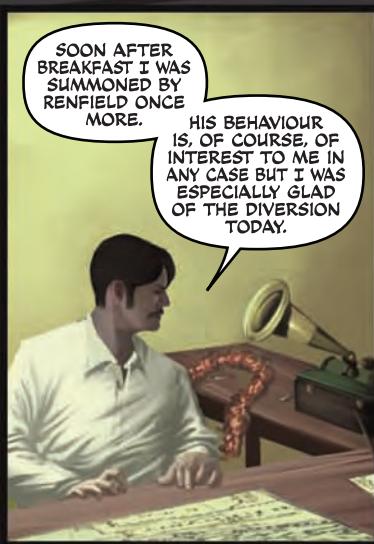
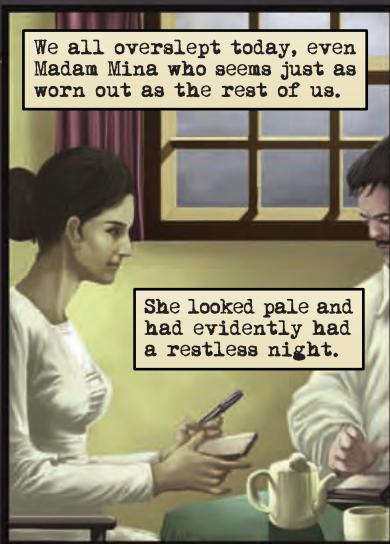
After closing the chapel we searched Carfax but found only dust.



When we returned all was still and silent save for the sounds of the Asylum.

When we left Van Helsing took with him the hall door key.

I thought I heard Renfield wailing but I was so fatigued I did not investigate.



I wondered aloud why he had not collected any new flies.

THE FLY HAS ONE STRIKING FEATURE. ITS WINGS ARE TYPICAL OF THE AERIAL POWERS OF THE PSYCHIC FACULTIES.

THE ANCIENTS DID WELL WHEN THEY TYPIFIED THE SOUL AS A BUTTERFLY!

OH, IT IS A SOUL YOU ARE AFTER NOW, IS IT?

OH, NO, OH NO! I WANT NO SOULS. LIFE IS ALL I WANT. SOULS ARE NO USE TO ME...

BUT HOW ARE WE TO GET THE LIFE WITHOUT GETTING THE SOUL ALSO?

A NICE TIME YOU'LL HAVE WHEN YOU'RE THERE, WITH THE SOULS OF THOUSANDS OF FLIES AND SPIDERS AND BIRDS ABOUT YOU!

YOU'VE THEIR LIVES, YOU MUST HAVE THEIR SOULS TOO!

WHY DO YOU PLAGUE ME ABOUT SOULS? HAVEN'T I GOT ENOUGH TO WORRY, AND PAIN, TO DISTRACT ME ALREADY, WITHOUT THINKING OF SOULS?

BUT YOU LIKE LIFE, AND YOU WANT LIFE?

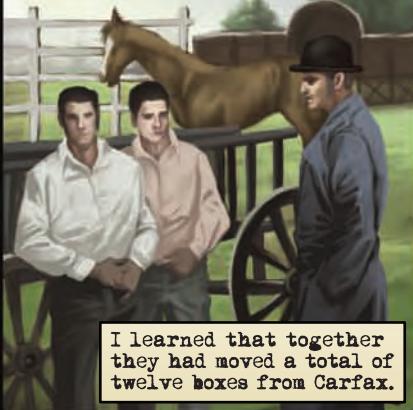
I SHALL NEVER LACK THE MEANS OF LIFE! NOT NOW.

FLIES AND SPIDERS AND BIRDS ARE NO USE. THERE IS NO REAL BLOOD IN THEM!

So, he fears being burdened with souls but still desires life. And blood.

He is done with his pets. What manner of life is it that he believes is coming to him?

JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL
2 October. Yesterday I met with Smollet and Snelling, the cart-men, in Bethnal Green.



I learned that together they had moved a total of twelve boxes from Carfax.

Six were delivered to 197 Chicksand Street, New Town, and six to Jamaica Lane, Bermondsey.

Smollet also said he had heard of another job that had been done in the house.



A letter from Smollet this morning gave me the name of Sam Bloxam and an address.

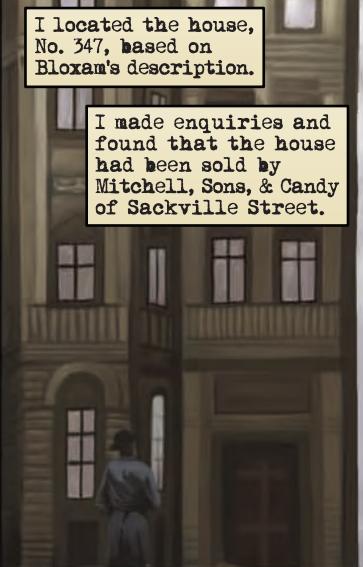
I located the house, No. 347, based on Bloxam's description.

The gentleman who saw me there was reluctant to give information about the purchase.



This evening Mina appeared tired and pale, but made a gallant effort to be cheerful.

I made enquiries and found that the house had been sold by Mitchell, Sons, & Candy of Sackville Street.



His attitude changed however, when I mentioned Lord Godalming. He promised to send details via post.

Even in sleep Mina appears troubled. I have decided that tomorrow I shall arrange for her going back to Exeter.



After she had retired I told the others of my findings. We await Mitchell's letter eagerly.



She should be away from this place and this business.



...I SOMETIMES
THINK WE MUST BE ALL
MAD AND THAT WE SHALL
WAKE TO SANITY IN
STRAIT WAISTCOATS.

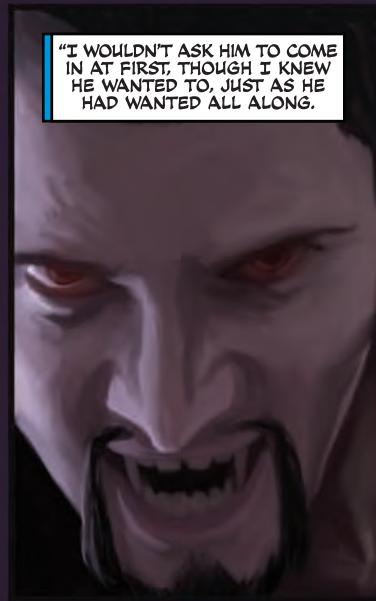






"HE CAME TO THE WINDOW IN THE MIST."

"BUT HE WAS SOLID, NOT A GHOST, AND HIS EYES WERE FIERCE AND ANGRY."



"I WOULDN'T ASK HIM TO COME IN AT FIRST, THOUGH I KNEW HE WANTED TO, JUST AS HE HAD WANTED ALL ALONG."



"HE WHISPERED...

"ALL THESE LIVES, AND MANY MORE, WILL I GIVE YOU, THROUGH COUNTLESS AGES, IF YOU WILL FALL DOWN AND WORSHIP ME!"



"...BEFORE I KNEW WHAT I WAS DOING, I FOUND MYSELF OPENING THE SASH."



"ALL DAY I WAITED TO HEAR FROM HIM, BUT HE DID NOT SEND ME ANYTHING, NOT ONE RAT, NOT EVEN A BLOWFLY."



"MADAM MINA VISITED... SHE DIDN'T LOOK THE SAME..."

"I... I WAS ANGRY... I KNEW THAT HE HAD BEEN TAKING THE LIFE OUT OF HER."



"I HAD HEARD THAT MADMEN HAVE UNNATURAL STRENGTH... I KNEW I WAS A MADMAN..."

"I RESOLVED TO USE MY POWER AGAINST HIM."



"HE RAISED ME UP AND FLUNG ME DOWN. THERE WAS A RED CLOUD BEFORE ME, AND A NOISE LIKE THUNDER, AND HE WAS GONE..."



MY GOD, HE IS HERE! THERE IS NOT AN INSTANT TO SPARE!



GOD IN
HEAVEN!

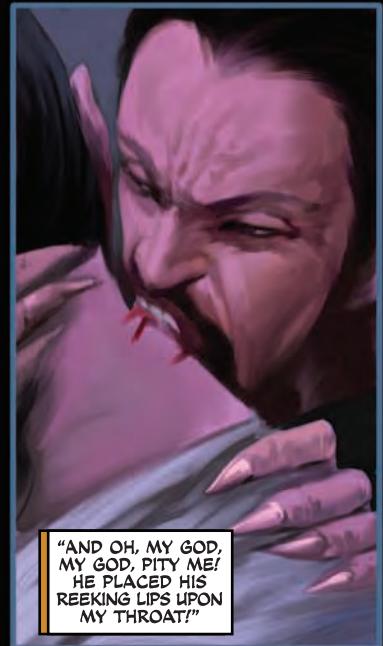
THIS... THIS
CANNOT BE!

UNHAND
HER, YOU
FIEND!













As she was telling her terrible story, the eastern sky began to quicken, and everything became more and more clear.

Harker was silent but over his face, as the awful narrative went on, came a grey look which deepened and deepened in the morning light.



When the first red streak of the coming dawn shot up, the flesh stood darkly out against the whitening hair.

One of us is to stay within call of the unhappy pair till we can meet together and arrange about taking action.



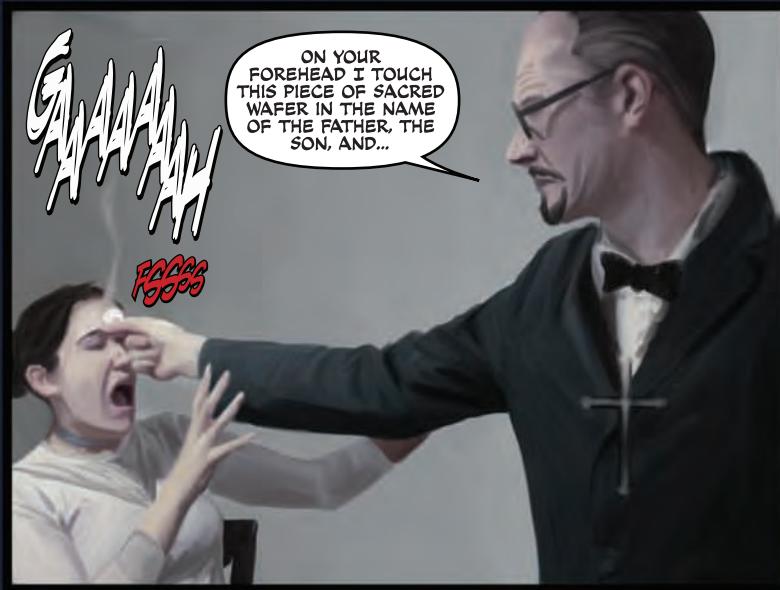
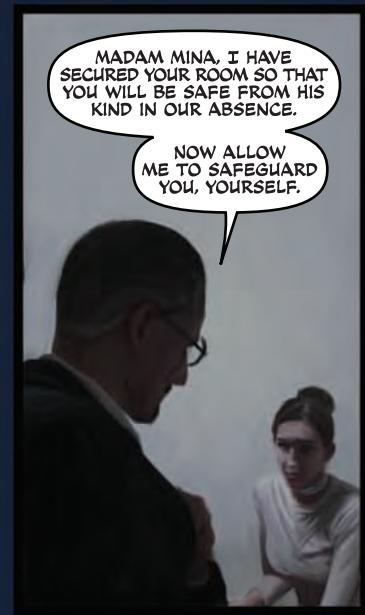
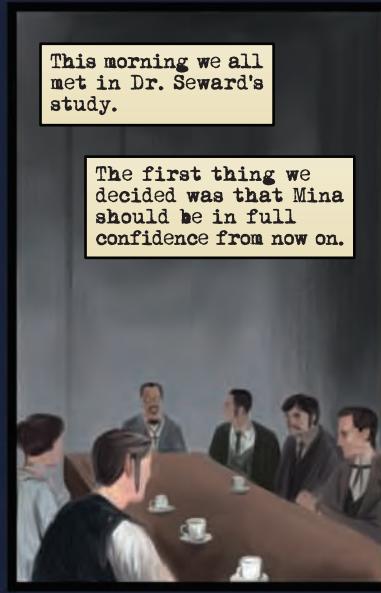
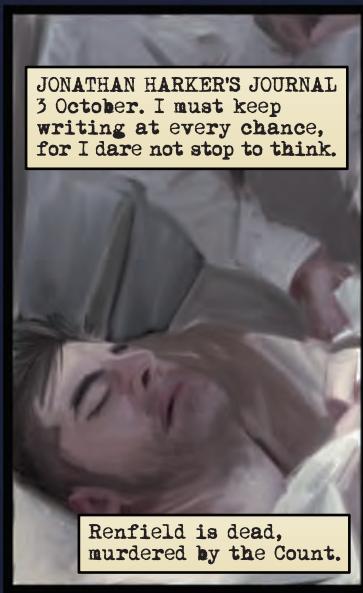
Of this I am sure.

The sun rises today on no more miserable house in all the great round of its daily course.



CHAPTER FIVE

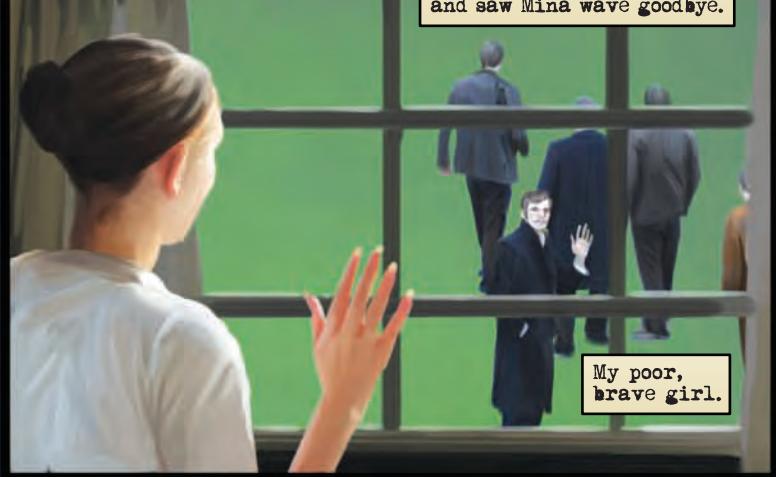




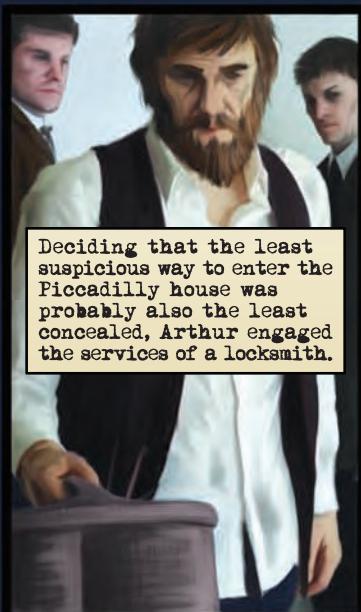
By placing a portion of Sacred Wafer within each of the boxes at Carfax we re-consecrated the earth and made them useless to Him as sanctuaries.



As we passed across the lawn on our way to the train station I looked up and saw Mina wave goodbye.



My poor, brave girl.



Deciding that the least suspicious way to enter the Piccadilly house was probably also the least concealed, Arthur engaged the services of a locksmith.

In a few minutes the door was opened and soon the locksmith found a key to replace the one Arthur had supposedly lost.

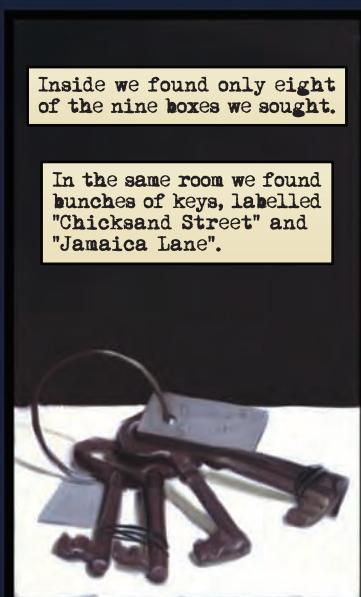


We watched from across the street as Arthur paid the man, and once he had departed we made our way over to the house.



Inside we found only eight of the nine boxes we sought.

Taking the keys, Lord Godalming and Quincey Morris set out to destroy the boxes at those other addresses.

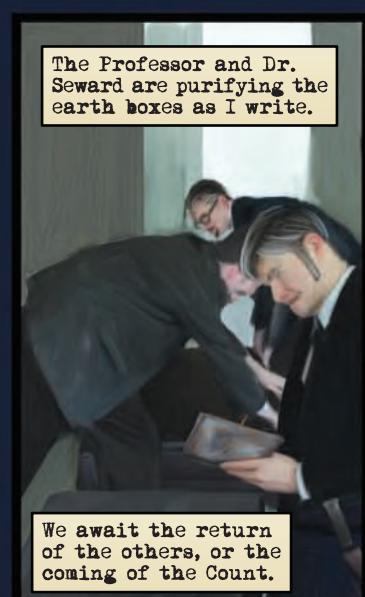


In the same room we found bunches of keys, labelled "Chicksand Street" and "Jamaica Lane".

Godspeed to them.



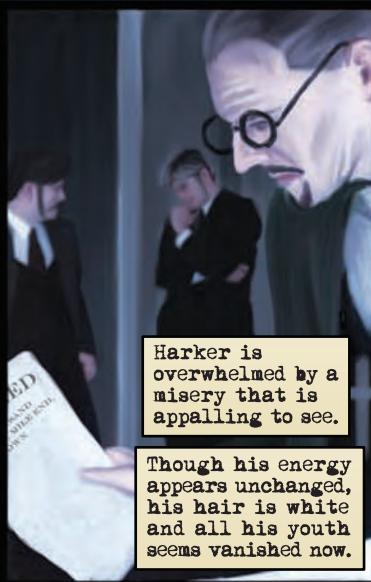
The Professor and Dr. Seward are purifying the earth boxes as I write.



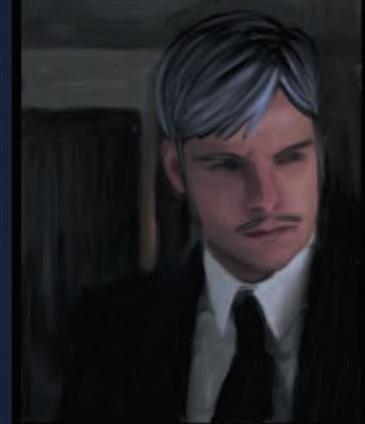
We await the return of the others, or the coming of the Count.

DR. SEWARD'S
DIARY
(Originally kept
on phonograph)
3 October.

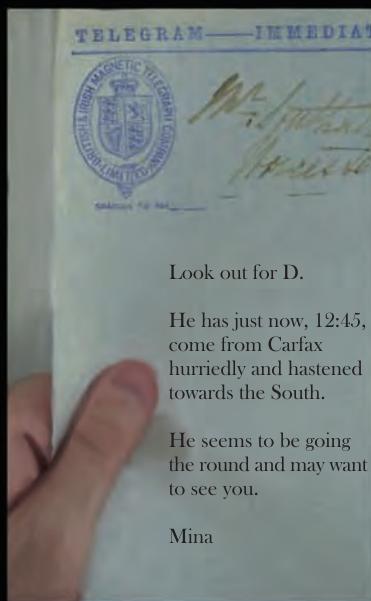
The time seemed terribly long whilst we awaited the return of Godalming and Morris.



The Professor tried to keep our minds active but we could see that Jonathan was lost in his own thoughts.



Whilst we were speaking we were startled by a knock at the hall door, the double postman's knock of the telegraph boy.



There was a pause, broken by Jonathan Harker's voice,

WE SHALL SOON MEET THEN!

I SHALL WIPE OUT THIS BRUTE FROM THE VERY FACE OF CREATION!

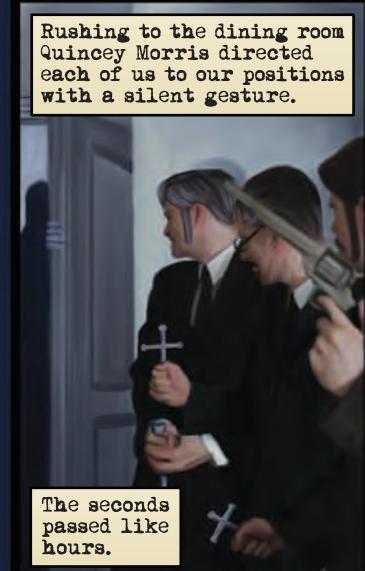


Godalming and Morris returned presently, having sanctified all twelve boxes.

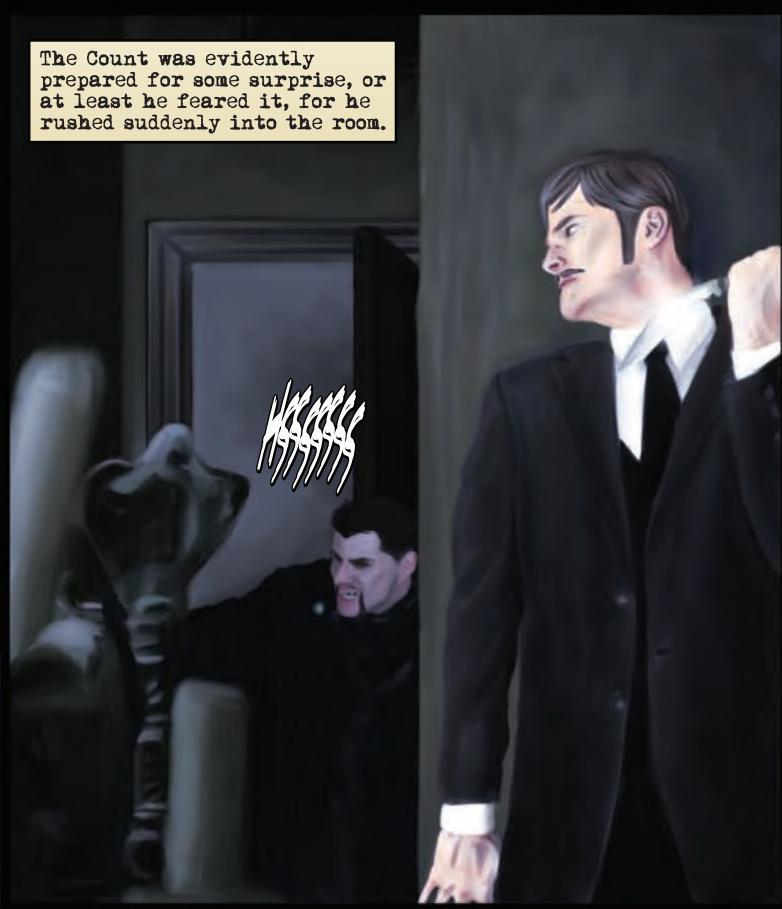


Rushing to the dining room Quincey Morris directed each of us to our positions with a silent gesture.

The seconds passed like hours.



The Count was evidently prepared for some surprise, or at least he feared it, for he rushed suddenly into the room.



Harker made a fierce cut at him. The blow was a powerful one and only the diabolical quickness of the Count's leap back saved him.



One second less and the trenchant blade would have shorn through the Count's heart.

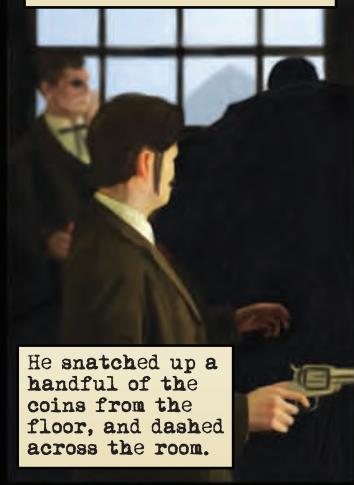


As it was, the point merely cut the cloth of his coat, making a gap whence a stream of gold fell out.

Instinctively I moved forward with a protective impulse, thrusting the Crucifix before me.

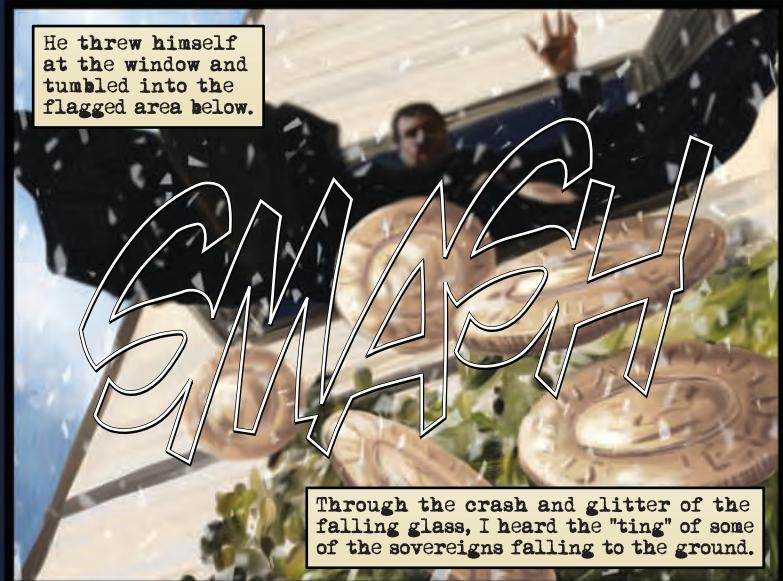
It would be impossible to describe the expression of hate and baffled malignity, of anger and hellish rage, which came over the Count's face.

The next instant, with a sinuous dive Count Dracula swept under Harker's arm.



He snatched up a handful of the coins from the floor, and dashed across the room.

He threw himself at the window and tumbled into the flagged area below.



Through the crash and glitter of the falling glass, I heard the "ting" of some of the sovereigns falling to the ground.



YOU THINK TO BAFFLE ME, YOU WITH YOUR PALE FACES ALL IN A ROW, LIKE SHEEP READY FOR THE SLAUGHTER.

YOU SHALL BE SORRY YET, EACH ONE OF YOU!

YOU THINK YOU HAVE LEFT ME WITHOUT A PLACE TO REST, BUT I HAVE MORE.

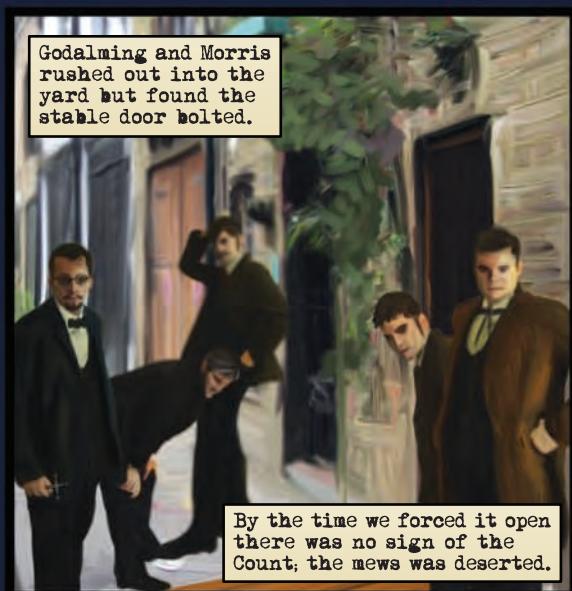
MY REVENGE IS JUST BEGUN! I SPREAD IT OVER CENTURIES, AND TIME IS ON MY SIDE.



YOUR GIRLS THAT YOU ALL LOVE ARE MINE ALREADY!

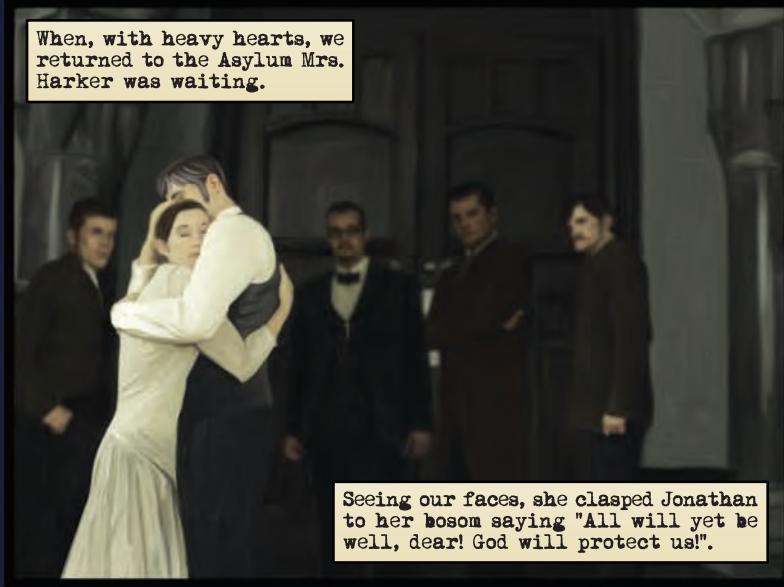
THROUGH THEM, YOU AND OTHERS SHALL YET BE MINE, MY CREATURES, TO DO MY BIDDING AND TO BE MY JACKALS WHEN I WANT TO FEED!

Godalming and Morris rushed out into the yard but found the stable door bolted.



By the time we forced it open there was no sign of the Count, the mews was deserted.

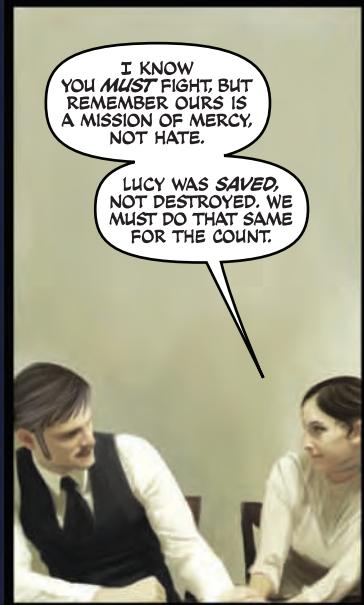
When, with heavy hearts, we returned to the Asylum Mrs. Harker was waiting.



Seeing our faces, she clasped Jonathan to her bosom saying "All will yet be well, dear! God will protect us!".

We had a sort of perfunctory supper together which cheered us somewhat.

True to our promise, we told Mrs. Harker everything which had passed. She listened bravely and with calmness.



I KNOW YOU MUST FIGHT, BUT REMEMBER OURS IS A MISSION OF MERCY, NOT HATE.

LUCY WAS SAVED, NOT DESTROYED. WE MUST DO THAT SAME FOR THE COUNT.



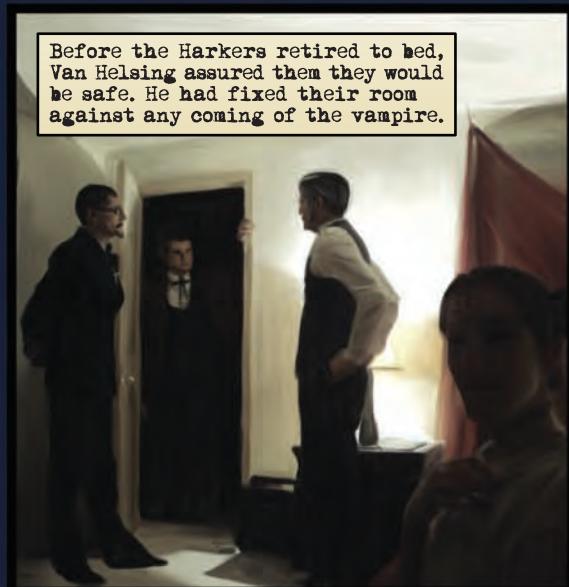
ALL I WISH IS TO DESTROY HIM!

IF BEYOND THAT I COULD SEND HIS SOUL FOREVER AND EVER TO BURNING HELL, I WOULD DO IT!

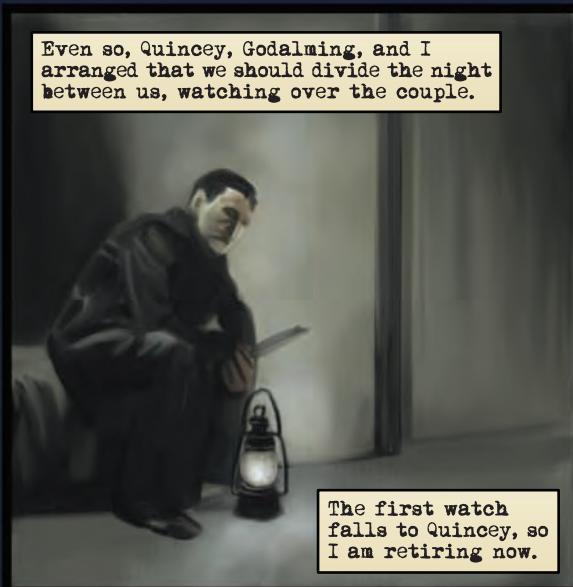


DO NOT SAY SUCH THINGS, JONATHAN! I BEG YOU!

PERHAPS I MAY NEED SUCH PITY SOME DAY AND SOME OTHER LIKE YOU, WITH EQUAL CAUSE FOR ANGER, MAY DENY IT ME!



Before the Harkers retired to bed, Van Helsing assured them they would be safe. He had fixed their room against any coming of the vampire.



Even so, Quincey, Godalming, and I arranged that we should divide the night between us, watching over the couple.

The first watch falls to Quincey, so I am retiring now.

JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL
4 October, morning.
A little before dawn Mina
awoke and asked that we
send for the Professor.

Mina told Van Helsing she
wished to be hypnotised
before sunrise so that
she might "speak freely".



Staring into her
eyes, he began to
make passes in
front of her.



4 October, afternoon.

SO, JONATHAN,
MADAM MINA, YOU WILL BE
PLEASED TO HEAR THAT
WE HAVE HAD A MOST
PRODUCTIVE DAY.

THE SHIP,
SHE LEFT FROM
THE PORT OF
LONDON AS WE
GUessed!

"ASSUMING THAT THE
COUNT IS RETURNING TO
TRANSYLVANIA, WE FELT
SURE THAT HE MUST GO
VIA THE BLACK SEA.

"AT LLOYDS WE ASCERTAINED
THAT A SINGLE VESSEL, THE
CZARINA CATHERINE, DEPARTED
FOR VARNA YESTERDAY.

"LEARNING THAT THE SHIP
SET SAIL FROM DOOLITTLE'S
WHARF, WE JOURNEYED TO
THE DOCKLANDS AND MADE
OUR ENQUIRIES.

"WE WERE TOLD THAT A TALL MAN,
THIN AND PALE, WITH BURNING EYES,
ARRIVED LATE YESTERDAY AFTERNOON
WITH A GREAT BOX UPON A CART.

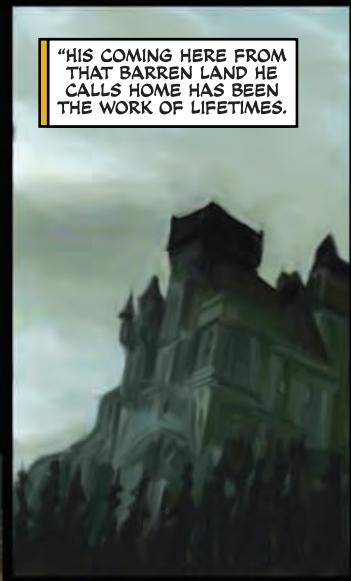
"LIKE US, HE
ENQUIRED AFTER
SHIPS BOUND FOR
THE BLACK SEA.

"CAPTAIN DONALSON OF THE CZARINA
CATHERINE DEMANDED A HIGH PRICE
FOR TRANSPORTING THE HUGE BOX.

"THE THIN MAN AGREED, BEFORE
ASTOUNDING THE CREW BY LIFTING
IT FROM THE CART UNAIDED.

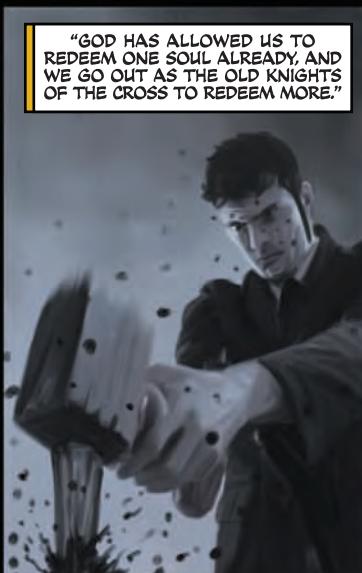
"THIS MAN INFORMED THE
CAPTAIN THAT HE WOULD
RETURN TO CHECK UPON
HIS CARGO ONCE HE HAD
SEEN TO THE BUSINESS
OF SHIP'S FORMS.





"NO OTHER OF HIS KIND
COULD HAVE CONCEIVED OF,
OR CARRIED OUT SUCH A
SCHEME AS THIS.

"DRACULA IS AN
ABOMINATION AMONG
ABOMINATIONS."





"BUT MIGHT NOT COUNT DRACULA TAKE HIS REBUFF WISELY? YOU MAY ASK. SINCE HE HAS BEEN DRIVEN FROM ENGLAND, WILL HE NOT AVOID IT?"

"IN HIS LIFE, HIS *LIVING* LIFE, HE TRAVELED TO THE TURKEY FRONTIER AND FOUGHT THE ENEMY ON HIS OWN GROUND."

"HE WAS DRIVEN BACK, HIS ARMIES SLAIN, BUT AGAIN AND AGAIN HE RETURNED. HE DID NOT CEASE UNTIL HE WAS VICTORIOUS."

"PERSISTENCE AND ENDURANCE ARE HIS VERY WATCHWORDS!"



WHO KNOWS HOW LONG AGO HE FORMED THE IDEA OF COMING HERE, WHERE MEN ARE LIKE THE MULTITUDE OF STANDING CORN-RIPE FOR THE HARVESTING!

PATIENTLY HE PLOTTED, LEARNING NEW TONGUES, NEW CUSTOMS, POLITICS, RULES OF FINANCE... ALL THIS FROM A RUINED TOMB IN A FORGOTTEN LAND!

WE ARE PLEDGED TO SET THE WORLD FREE, BUT OUR TOIL MUST BE IN SILENCE, AND OUR EFFORTS ALL IN SECRET.

FOR IN THIS ENLIGHTENED AGE, WHEN MEN BELIEVE NOT EVEN WHAT THEY SEE, THE DOUBTING OF WISE MEN WOULD BE HIS GREATEST STRENGTH.

HISSES

SAHÉMÉ
FIFTH OF OCTOBER.

THIS MORNING
THE PROFESSOR
AND I MET
PRIVATELY.

WE FEAR
THAT MRS. HARKER
IS ALREADY SHOWING
SIGNS OF CHANGE.

PERHAPS THE
COUNT MAY GAIN
KNOWLEDGE OF
OUR PLANS
THROUGH HER.

FOR THIS
REASON VAN HELSING
SUGGESTED THAT SHE
SHOULD AGAIN BE
EXCLUDED FROM OUR
CONFIDENCE.

THE ISSUE DID
NOT ARISE AT OUR
MORNING MEETING
WITH THE OTHERS
HOWEVER, AS MRS.
HARKER DECLINED
TO ATTEND.

THE
CZARINA CATHERINE LEFT
THE THAMES YESTERDAY AND
IT WILL TAKE HER, AT THE
QUICKEST SPEED SHE HAS
EVER MADE, THREE WEEKS
TO REACH VARNA.

WE CAN TRAVEL
THE SAME DISTANCE OVERLAND
IN LESS THAN ONE WEEK AND
WILL LEAVE AS SOON AS ALL
IS ARRANGED PROPERLY.

AT QUINCEY'S
RECOMMENDATION WE SHALL
EACH BE ARMED WITH WINCHESTER
RIFLES IN ADDITION TO OUR
NOW FAMILIAR ARSENAL.

THE PROFESSOR
THINKS IT BEST THAT
HARKER REMAIN HERE
AND CARE FOR HIS
WIFE...THAT POOR
WOMAN...

CLICK

11 October, Evening.
It was no surprise to be summoned to see Mrs. Harker a little before sunset.

Her hypnotisms at dusk and dawn having become part of our routine.

YOU MUST TAKE ME WITH YOU.

JONATHAN,
MY LOVE, I KNOW THAT YOU CANNOT STAY HERE BUT I... I CANNOT BE LEFT LEST THE COUNT SHOULD SUMMON ME TO HIM.

MADAM MINA,
YOU ARE WISE AS ALWAYS.
YOUR HUSBAND HAS TOLD ME HE SEEKS REVENGE MANY TIMES THESE PAST DAYS.

SO IT MUST BE. WE GO TOGETHER.

THANK YOU,
PROFESSOR, I MUST NOW ASK YOU SOMETHING.

YOU MUST PROMISE ME, ONE AND ALL, EVEN YOU, DEAR JONATHAN, THAT SHOULD I... BECOME CHANGED, YOU WILL FREE MY SOUL.

MRS HARKER,
I SWEAR TO YOU THAT, SHOULD THE TIME EVER COME, I SHALL NOT FLINCH FROM MY DUTY. YOU MAY COUNT ON ME.

YOU HAVE MY WORD, OF COURSE.

ONE MORE REQUEST, JONATHAN, I WOULD LIKE YOU TO READ THE BURIAL SERVICE FOR ME.

I AM SO DEEP IN DEATH ALREADY... IT WOULD COMFORT ME GREATLY. WOULD YOU? PLEASE?

How can I, how could anyone, tell of that strange scene, its solemnity, its gloom, its sadness, its horror, and withal, its sweetness.

Words fail me.



JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL
15 October, Varna.

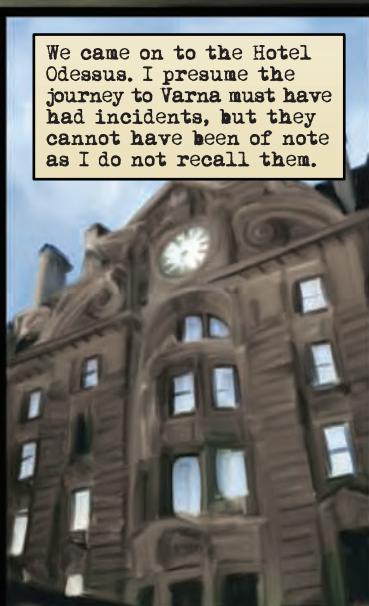
We arrived in Paris on the 12th and there boarded the Orient Express.

We travelled three nights and days, arriving today at five o'clock.



Godalming went to the Consulate to see if any telegram had arrived for him.

He has arranged to be sent a daily wire stating if the Czarina has been reported.



We came on to the Hotel Odessus. I presume the journey to Varna must have had incidents, but they cannot have been of note as I do not recall them.

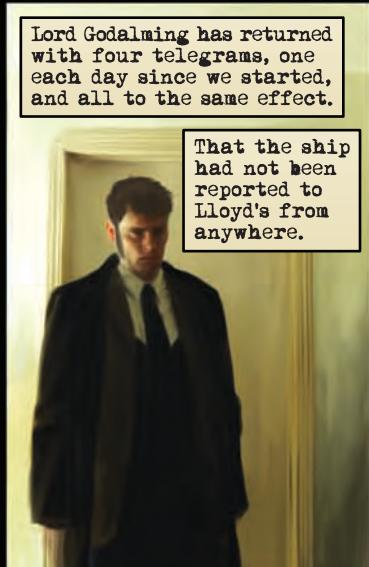


Mina is well, and looks to be getting stronger. The colour is returning to her cheeks. She sleeps a great deal. Throughout the journey she slept nearly all the time.



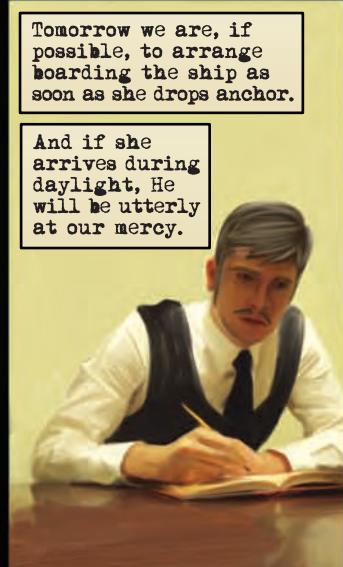
Van Helsing has continued with the hypnotisms at dawn and dusk.

Her answers tell us that the ship is still at sea, hastening towards Varna.



Lord Godalming has returned with four telegrams, one each day since we started, and all to the same effect.

That the ship had not been reported to Lloyd's from anywhere.



Tomorrow we are, if possible, to arrange boarding the ship as soon as she drops anchor.

And if she arrives during daylight, He will be utterly at our mercy.



We are evidently in good time and shall be ready for the Count's coming.

We are sure to have news from the Dardanelles soon.

16 October.
Mina's report
still the same.

Lapping waves, rushing water,
darkness and favouring winds.

17 October. Godalming has secured
papers guaranteeing us the right
to board ship and open the box.

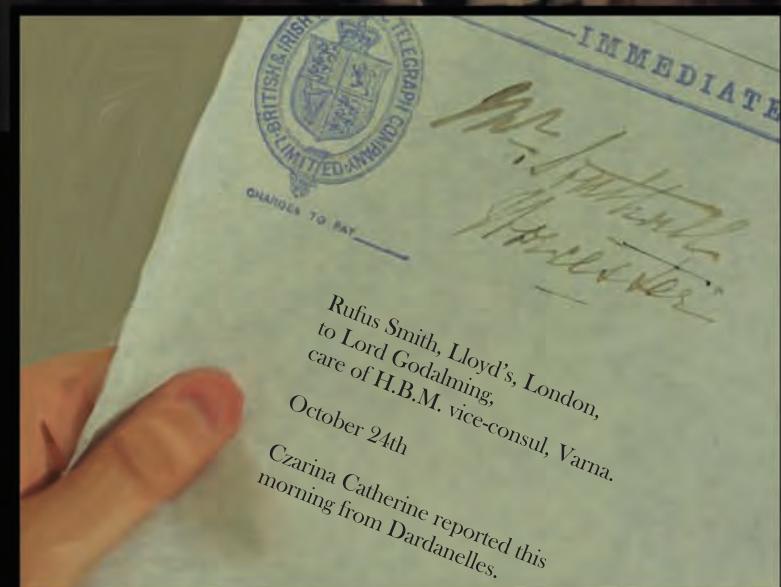


There we will cut off
Dracula's head and drive a
stake through His heart.

The Professor believes that the
body will simply crumble to dust.

24 October.
A whole week of waiting.

HARKER!
HERE IT IS,
HARKER!



DR. SEWARD'S DIARY.

25 October: van Helsing and I are worried about Mrs. Harker's health. We have kept quiet thus far, not wishing to distress Jonathan.



Should she show any outward sign of change before tomorrow's work is done however, steps must be taken.



"Euthanasia" is a comforting word. I am grateful to whoever invented it.

It is roughly twenty four hours' sail from the Dardanelles to here. The Czarina Catherine can arrive in port no earlier than noon tomorrow.



we shall be ready.

25 October, Noon. No news yet of the ship's arrival. Mrs. Harker's hypnotic report this morning was the same as usual. The Count hurries on to his doom!

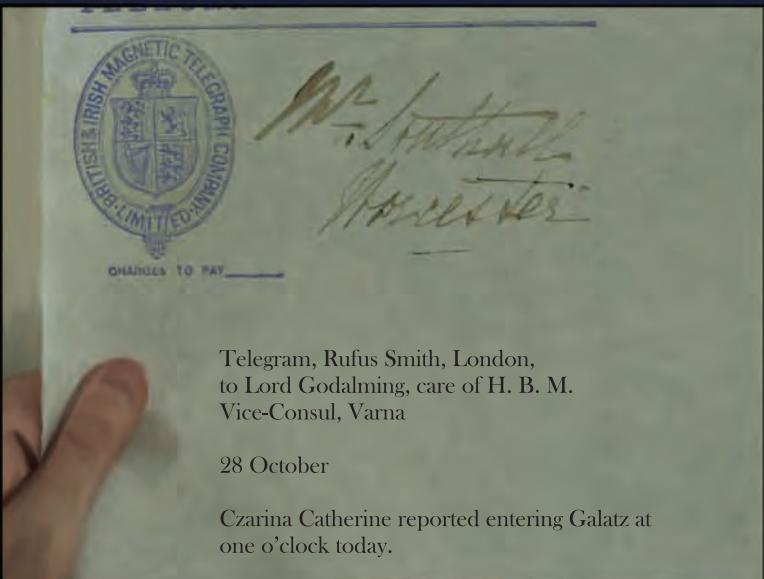


26 October. Still no sign of the ship. That she is still journeying somewhere is apparent, for this morning's hypnotic report remained the same.



27 October, Noon. Still nothing. Mrs. Harker's testimony is unchanged and "no further report" from Lloyds.

Van Helsing is terribly anxious. He fears the Count is escaping us.



Telegram, Rufus Smith, London, to Lord Godalming, care of H. B. M. Vice-Consul, Varna

28 October

Czarina Catherine reported entering Galatz at one o'clock today.

28 October: When the telegram arrived we were, I think, already expecting the worst.

WE MUST CATCH THE FIRST TRAIN TO GALATZ!

PROFESSOR, I AM RATHER A TRAIN FIEND AND STUDIED THE TIMETABLE WHEN WE FIRST ARRIVED.

THE NEXT SERVICE LEAVES AT SIX-THIRTY TOMORROW MORNING!

ARTHUR, YOU MUST GO AT ONCE AND ARRANGE THE TICKETS.

JONATHAN, YOU MUST OBTAIN THE PAPERS SO WE MAY BOARD HER AT GALATZ.

"MORRIS, VISIT THE VICE CONSUL AND MAKE SURE ALL WILL RUN SMOOTHLY WITH HIS FELLOW IN GALATZ.

"MADAM MINA, PLEASE FETCH YOUR MANUSCRIPTS."

WE MAY SPEAK FREELY WHILE SHE IS GONE BUT TIME IS SHORT.

I feared the Professor might become hysterical as he did when Lucy died.

Happily, he regained his composure when Mrs. Harker returned.

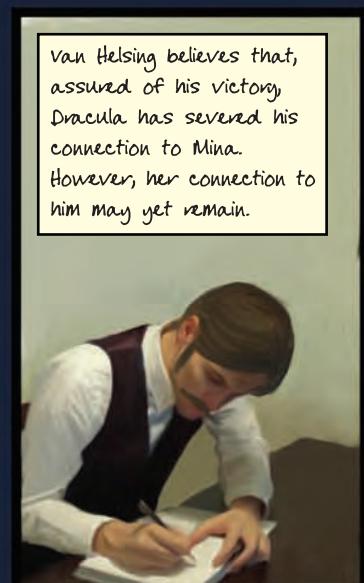
IT IS HERE! IT IS PLAIN TO SEE!

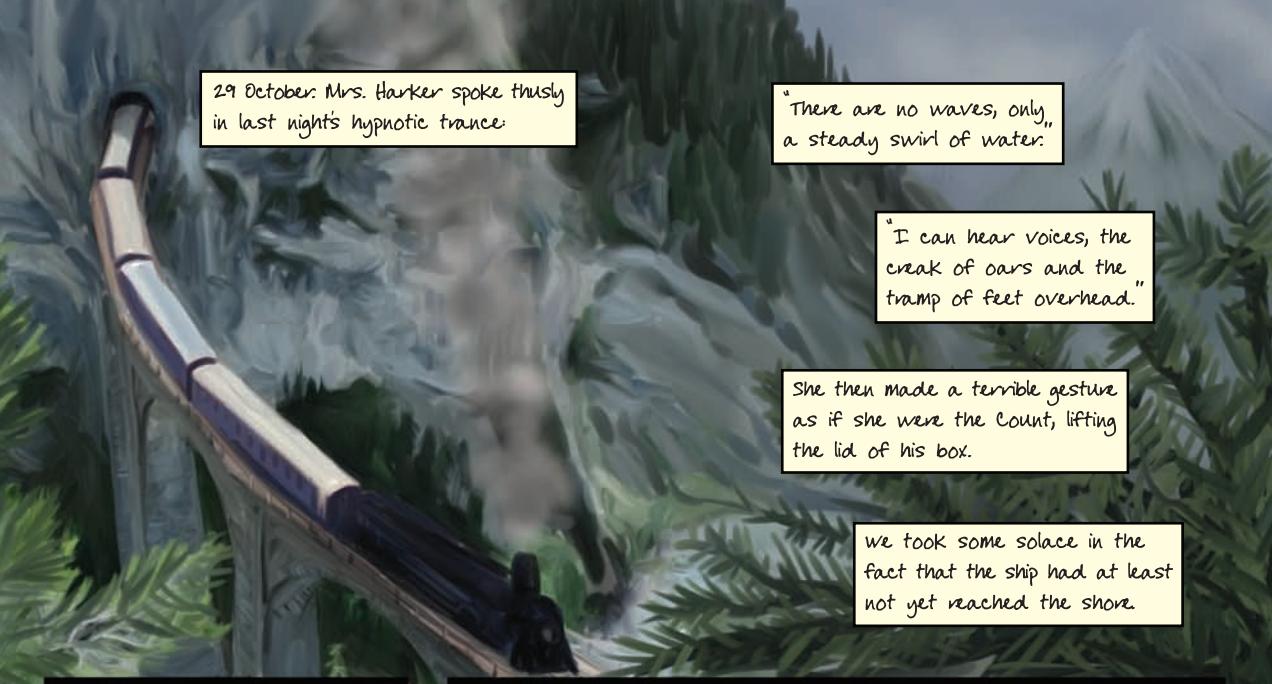
THE COUNT IS A BEING OF CRIMINAL INTELLECT! HE CANNOT SEE THE BIGGER PICTURE!

"I FEAR THAT THE COUNT HAS LEARNED OUR PLANS THROUGH HER.

"BUT THERE MAY STILL BE HOPE. I PRAY GOD THERE IS HOPE!"

van Helsing believes that, assured of his victory, Dracula has severed his connection to Mina. However, her connection to him may yet remain.





29 October: Mrs. Harker spoke thusly in last night's hypnotic trance

"There are no waves, only, a steady swirl of water."

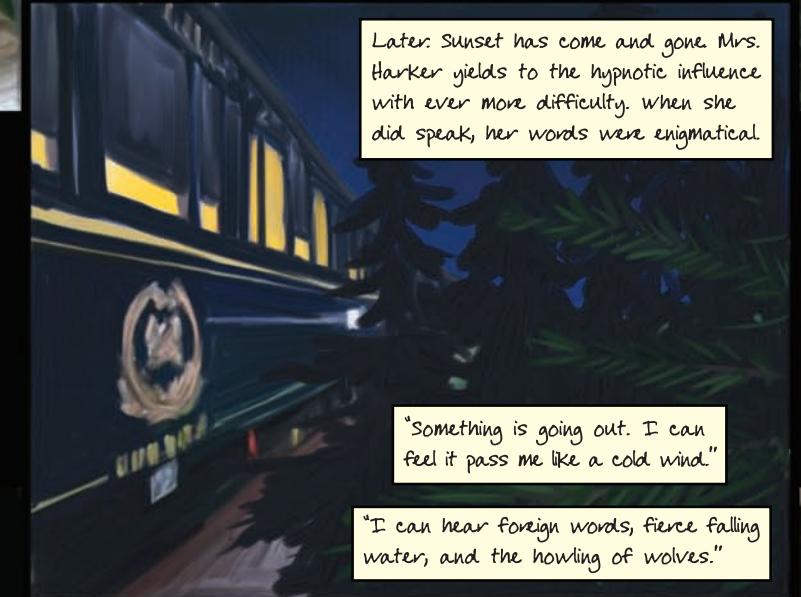
"I can hear voices, the creak of oars and the tramp of feet overhead."

She then made a terrible gesture as if she were the Count, lifting the lid of his box.

we took some solace in the fact that the ship had at least not yet reached the shore.



we are already late and will now not arrive in Bucharest until well after sunrise.



Later: Sunset has come and gone. Mrs. Harker yields to the hypnotic influence with ever more difficulty. When she did speak, her words were enigmatical.

we shall have two more hypnotisms before then. Either or both may aid us.

"Something is going out. I can feel it pass me like a cold wind."

"I can hear foreign words, fierce falling water, and the howling of wolves."



30 October, 7 a.m. when Mrs. Harker eventually yielded this morning it was only a minute before sunrise.

"I hear water swirling by, level with my ears, and the creaking of wood. Cattle low far off."

The whistles are sounding. we are nearing Galatz.

I am on fire with anxiety and eagerness.

JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL
30 October.
We had no difficulty in getting aboard the Czarina Catherine thanks to the work of Godalming and myself.



Winds had been so favourable that Donalson decided to slacken sail lest they make too good a time and risk future business.

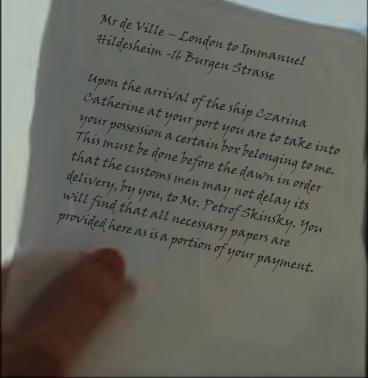


The captain informed us that the box had already been collected by one Immanuel Hildesheim who was equipped with all the proper papers.



We found Mr. Hildesheim in his Burgen-strasse office and with a little bargaining he told us what he knew.

A letter from London instructed Hildesheim to receive before sunrise (to avoid customs) a box arriving at Galatz in the Czarina Catherine.



This he was to give in charge to Mr. Petrof Skinsky, who deals with the Slovaks who trade down the river.



Skinsky's landlord informed us he'd received the tenant's keys and rent due, in English money, yesterday evening.

Just then someone cried out unexpectedly.



Skinsky's body had been found in the churchyard of St. Peter.

The throat had been torn open as if by some wild animal.



So, the box is now on its way, by water, to somewhere, but where that might be we have yet to discover.



30 October, evening.





JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL
30 October, night. I am writing this in the light from the furnace door of the steam launch.



We are following the Sereth and then the Bistritza as dear Mina suggested. Mr. Morris and Dr. Seward were off before we started.



We seem to be drifting into unknown places and unknown ways. Into a whole world of dark and dreadful things.

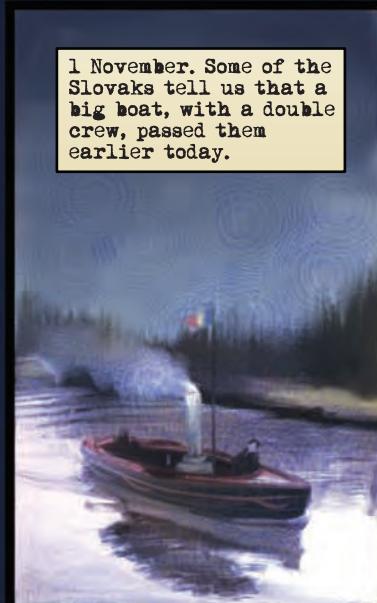


31 October. Day has come and Godalming is sleeping.

We have passed only a few open boats and none was that which we seek.



1 November. Some of the Slovaks tell us that a big boat, with a double crew, passed them earlier today.



They knew not if she had turned into the Bistritza and at Fundu we heard nothing.



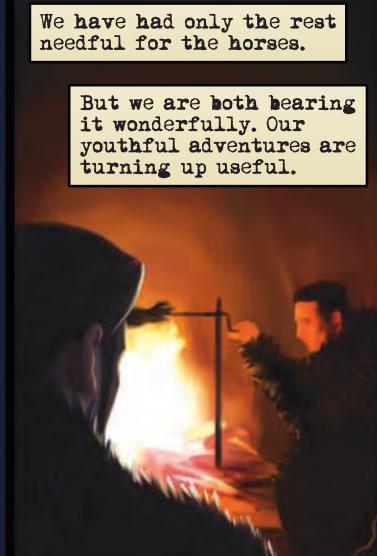
DR. SEWARD'S DIARY
2 November.
Three days on the road.

No news and no time to write.

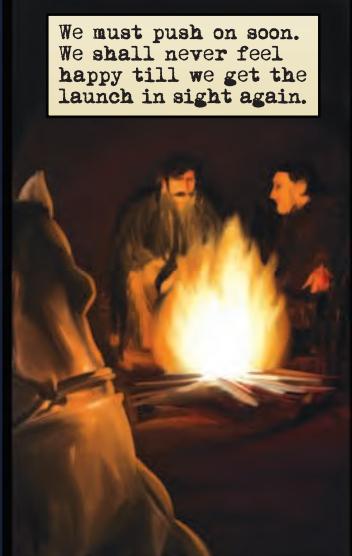


We have had only the rest needful for the horses.

But we are both bearing it wonderfully. Our youthful adventures are turning up useful.



We must push on soon. We shall never feel happy till we get the launch in sight again.



JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL
2 November, morning.

Good old Arthur would not wake me. He says he felt it unfair to disturb my peace.



I wonder where my darling Mina is now, and Van Helsing. They should have arrived at Veresti about noon on Wednesday.



By now they should be at the Borgo Pass. God guide and help them!

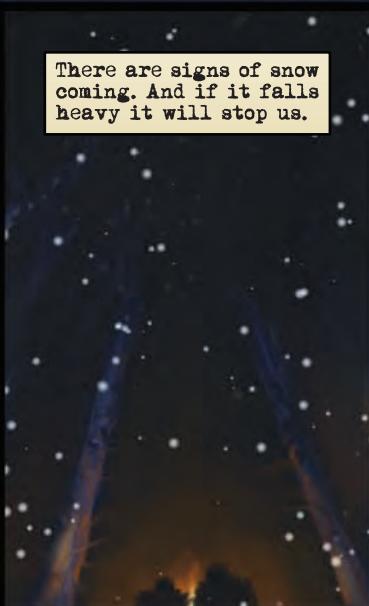
I pray Seward and Morris are making good time.



DR. SEWARD'S DIARY
3 November.
We heard at Fundu that the launch had gone up the Bistrizza. I wish it wasn't so cold.



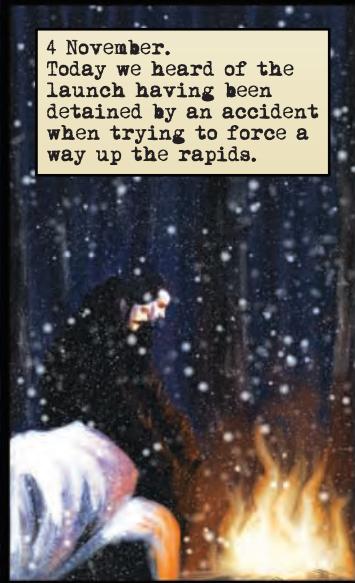
There are signs of snow coming. And if it falls heavy it will stop us.



In such case we must get a sledge and go on, Russian fashion.



4 November.
Today we heard of the launch having been detained by an accident when trying to force a way up the rapids.

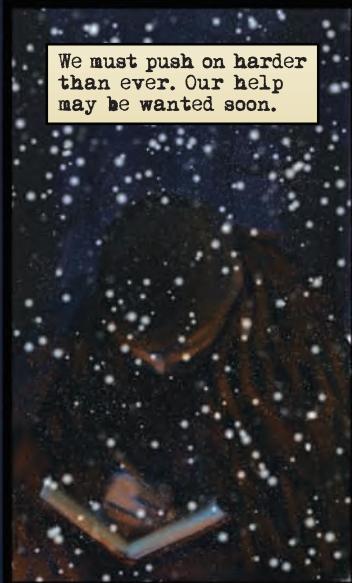


I fear the boat is not any better for the accident.

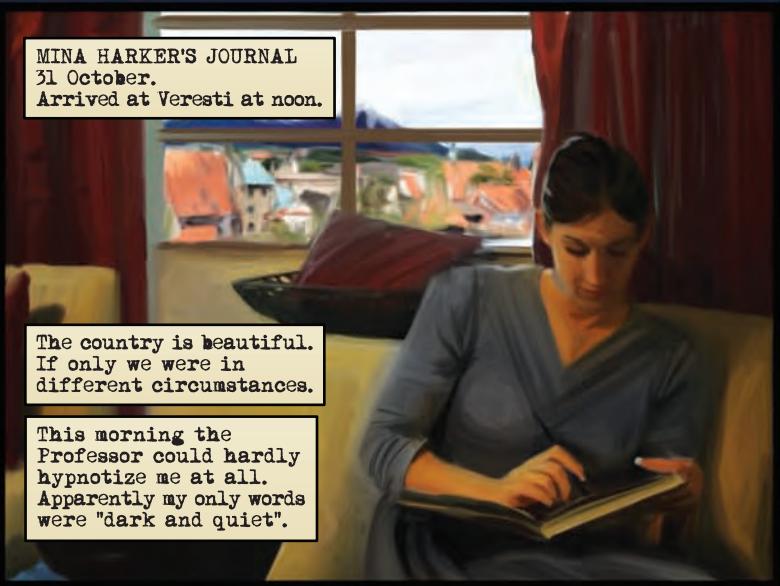
We were told that she kept stopping every now and again afterwards.



We must push on harder than ever. Our help may be wanted soon.



MINA HARKER'S JOURNAL
31 October.
Arrived at Veresti at noon.



The country is beautiful.
If only we were in
different circumstances.

This morning the
Professor could hardly
hypnotize me at all.
Apparently my only words
were "dark and quiet".

He has purchased
provisions, a carriage
and horses, and says that
he will buy additional
horses later, so that we
can change en route.

We have something
more than seventy
miles before us.



1 November. All day long
we have travelled at a
good speed and all is well.

The people seem full of nice qualities but
they are very, very superstitious. At the
first house we stopped at, they seemed afraid.

It is tempting to think
that our entire journey
will be this easy.

I believe they went to the
trouble of putting an extra
amount of garlic into our food.



2 November.
The Professor says that we shall
reach the Borgo Pass by morning.

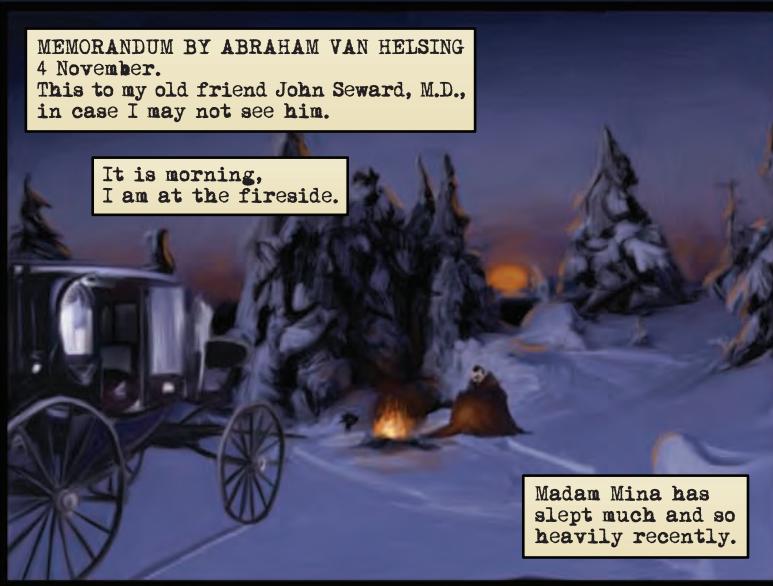
We do not want to arrive before
daybreak so we take it easy.

We seek the place where poor
Jonathan suffered so much.
May God protect us all.



MEMORANDUM BY ABRAHAM VAN HELSING
4 November.
This to my old friend John Seward, M.D.,
in case I may not see him.

It is morning,
I am at the fireside.



She has little
appetite and has
made no entry in
her diary which
is usually kept
religiously.



I could not hypnotise her
at dusk, yet she seemed
to come alive as soon as
the sun was gone.



Something whispers to
me that all is not well.

She would not eat when
I did, saying she had
partaken earlier.



Soon I made her sleep
while I kept watch.

I too must have dozed
for I awoke suddenly
with a jolt.



I found her lying quite
still but with her eyes
fixed upon me.

This morning I could not
wake her and once I had
readied the horses, and
packed our provisions, I
placed her in the carriage.



She looks in her sleep
redder and I like it not.
I am afraid! Afraid!

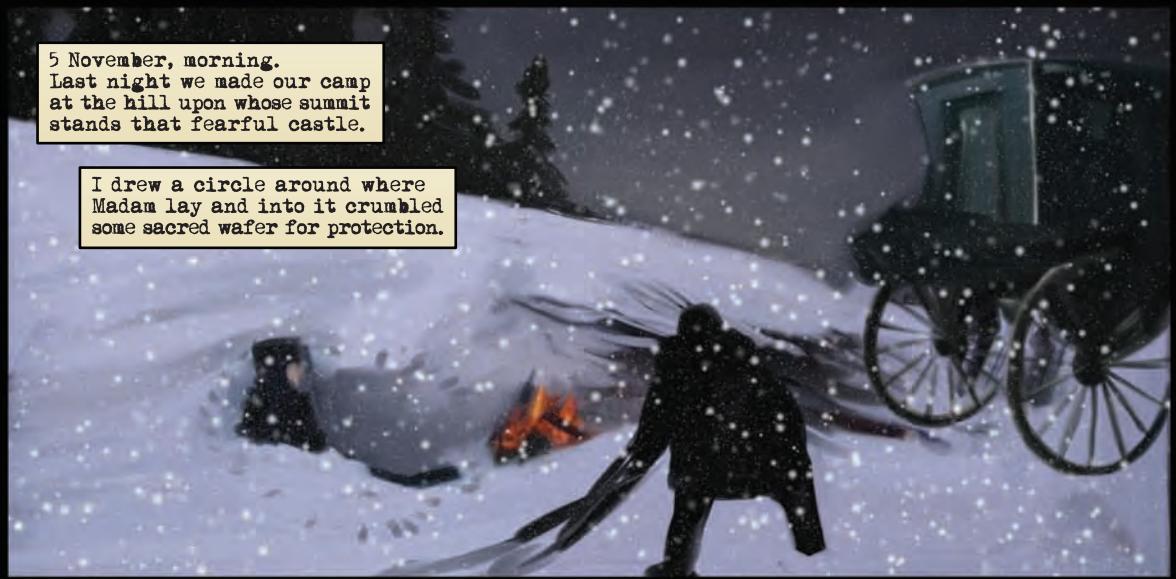


The stake we play for is
life and death, and more!

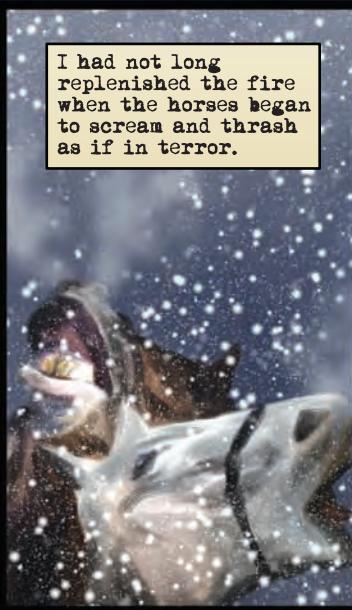
We must not flinch!

5 November, morning.
Last night we made our camp
at the hill upon whose summit
stands that fearful castle.

I drew a circle around where
Madam lay and into it crumpled
some sacred wafer for protection.



I had not long
replenished the fire
when the horses began
to scream and thrash
as if in terror.



I moved to leave
the circle and
comfort them, but
Madam Mina
caught my hand
and said "Do not
go without. Here
you are safe."



I told her it was for
her that I feared
whereat she laughed, a
laugh low and unreal.

"Fear for me! There is none
safer in all the world
from them than I am."



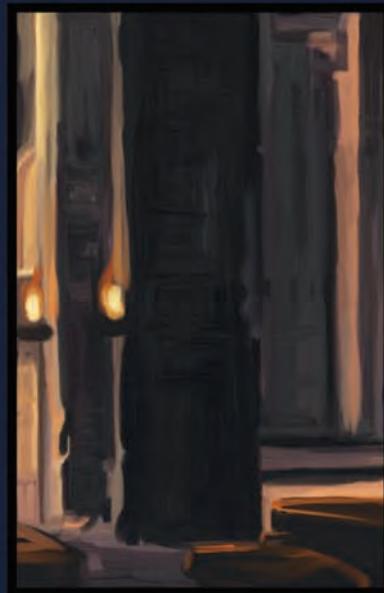
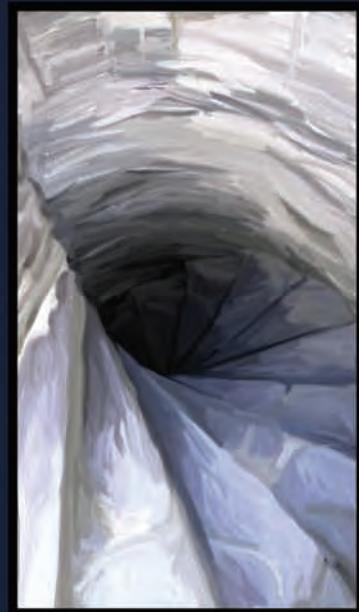
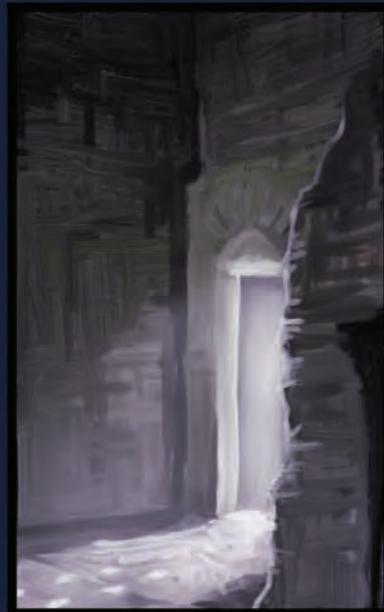
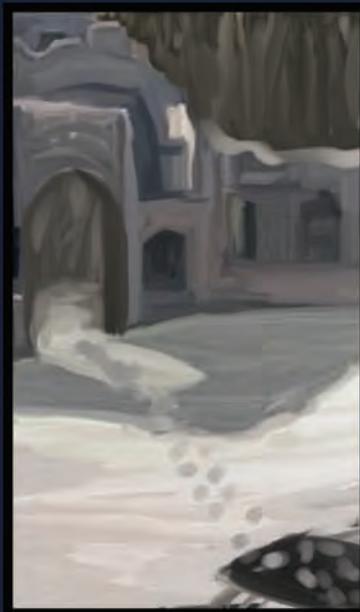
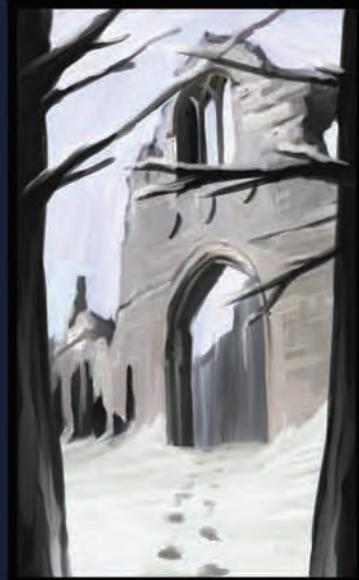
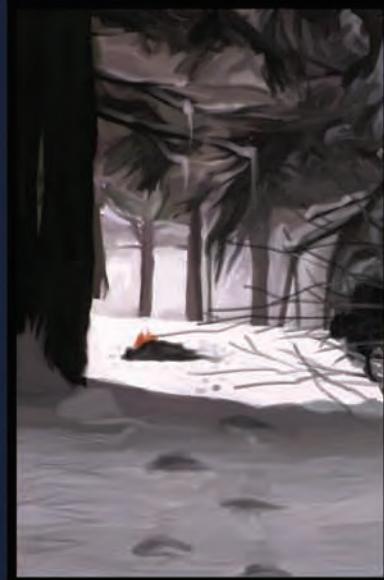
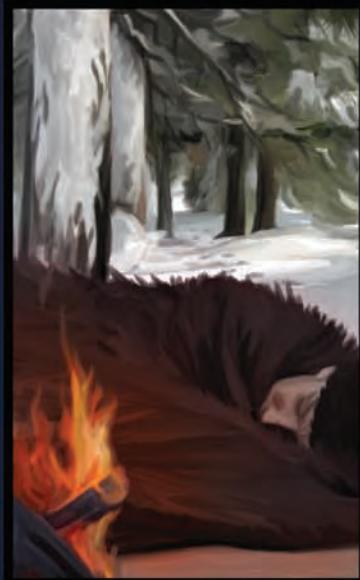
And suddenly there
before me in actual
flesh stood the same
three women that
Jonathan wrote of.
Those who would have
kissed his throat.

They beckoned and whispered to
Madam Mina "Come to us, sister."



In fear I turned to her
and my heart leapt
with gladness. For her
revulsion told me that
she was far from being
their sister.





WHUD

SHNNNNLUUUGHE

SKRATCHSKRATCHSKRATCH

SSSSLURGGÉ

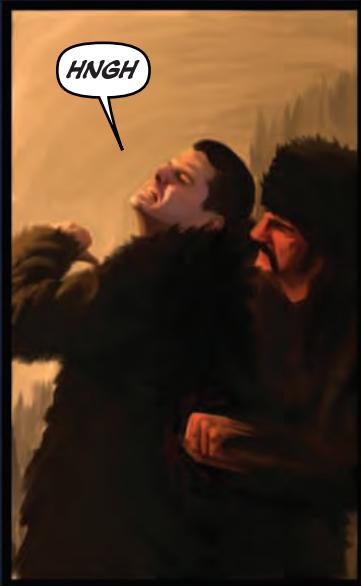
AGNUS DEI,
QUI TOLLIS PECCATA
MUNDI, DONA EIS
REQUIEM.

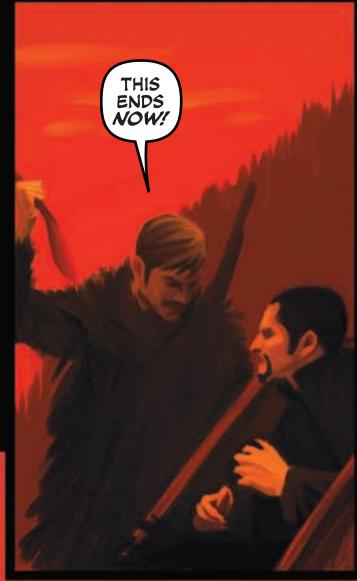
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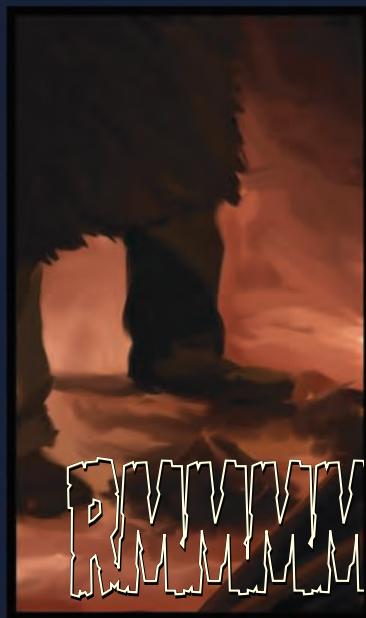














BOOM





NOTE-

Seven years ago we all went through the flames. Our happiness since then is, we think, well worth the pain we endured.

Godalming and Seward are now both happily married.

Our own son was born upon the anniversary of Morris' death.



Mina believes that some of our brave friend's spirit resides within him. His bundle of names links all our little band of men together.

We simply call him Quincey.

Earlier this year we returned to Transylvania and went over that old ground which remains so full of vivid and terrible memories.



Looking over the papers in the safe afterwards we were struck with the fact that there are so few surviving documents. Most is mere typescript.

We could hardly ask anyone, even did we wish to, to accept these as proofs of so wild a story.

Van Helsing summed it all up:

"We need no proof! This boy's mother is as brave, and clever as ever!"

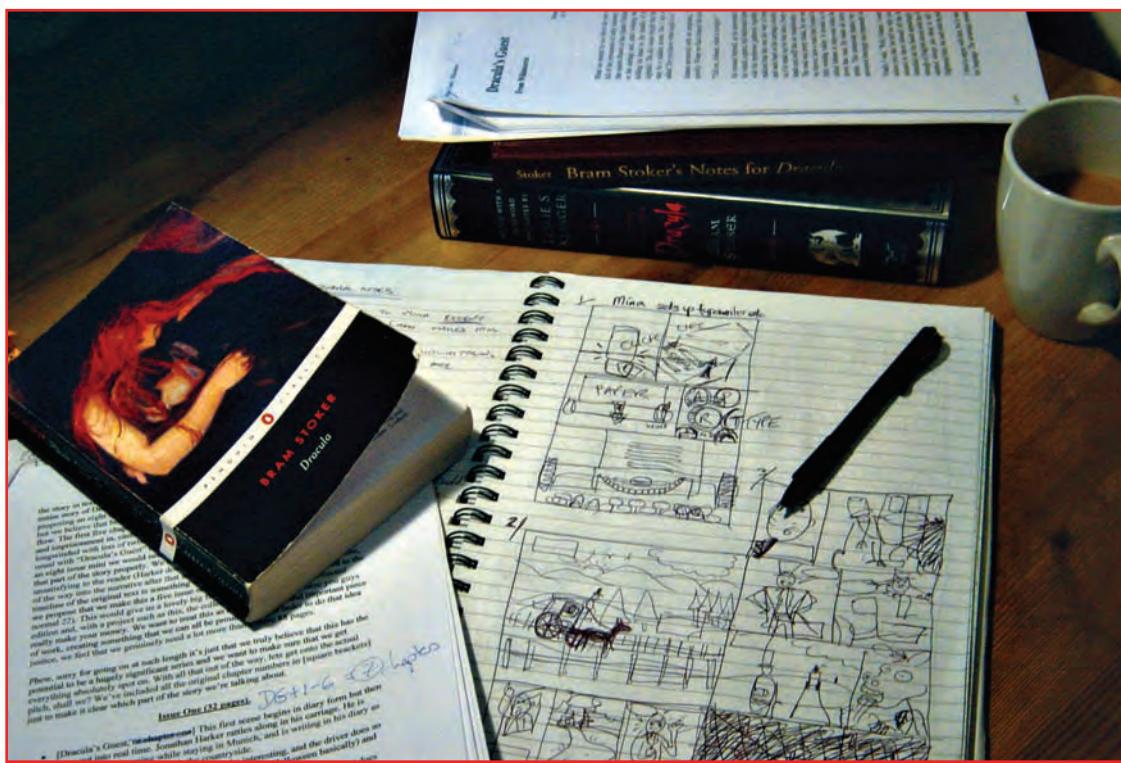
"One day he will understand how she, and we, risked all for the sake of humanity."
—Jonathan Harker, 189



THE END

AUTHOR'S NOTES

by Leah Moore and John Reppion
Originally published in issues one through five of *The Complete Dracula*



THE COMPLETE DRACULA #1

This first issue of *The Complete Dracula* covers chapters one to five of the novel, and includes Stoker's *Dracula's Guest* as its introduction. Some would say we have restored the prologue of the novel to its correct place while others would argue that we have tacked on an unrelated tale. Either way it's there, we did it, and we'll talk more about our reasoning a little later.

Dracula as a novel is a true classic—an enigmatic psychological thriller which parades a series of melodramas before the reader. We read the novel as a series of documents, written as letters between characters, or as diaries kept for posterity. We read these entries and we construe the story from them. This idea feels like rather a modern one; keeping the reader in suspense between updates, cutting away from one person's diary and going back later to see where they have ended up. This is something we take for granted in modern film, television and, crucially, in comics. The format of Stoker's novel allowed us to break things up neatly—tearing along the pre-scored lines between chapters. Because the letters, the diaries, newspaper clippings and telegrams are self-contained, we weren't left with untidy loose ends of plot to tie up each issue and we didn't have to crowbar in scene changes where there weren't any. We took the entries in chronological order and adapted them straight onto the comics page. We cut, for the most part, when the novel cuts—although admittedly we have, on occasion, re-ordered events so that we stick with dates rather than characters. We have tried at all times to fit into

our adaptation every pertinent part of the novel. Every scene of high drama or tension, every passionate exchange or sinister revelation. We can't claim that each and every word of dialogue or every single event is there on the page, but every part of the novel that excited us, and made us interested in the characters and their stories: we've crammed as much of that as was physically possible into *The Complete Dracula*.

The task at first seemed easy; we downloaded a crib sheet of *Dracula* from a school's site, each plot point bullet pointed neatly in a list, just ready for us to tick off as we scripted it. We looked at our list of thirty two pages, our first six chapters, and assumed we had around five pages per chapter—which feels pretty roomy when you are looking at a bullet pointed list. The problem came when we compared the crib sheet to our own notes. Pages and pages of near-illegible observations on characterisation, the things we loved and the things we hated, the funny bits, the contradictions, the bits that we needed a lot of visual reference for, not to mention the actual plot. Suddenly there was way too much to fit in. *Dracula's Guest* was an epic in its own right and needed at least eight pages which threw our plan out of whack immediately. The other chapters were pretty dense too; introducing the cast, setting the scene and generally creating the world of *Dracula* as they do. Using eight pages for *Dracula's Guest* only left twenty four pages for chapters one to five, which is four point eight pages per chapter. That's not so great if you are trying to keep a scene contained to a spread, so you can cut on the turn over. This was the beginning of our troubles, and to be honest the first issue wasn't even the hardest to adapt, but

at this point we didn't know that yet. We were young and foolish.

Way back in the mists of time when we were adapting this first issue, neither Miller & Eighteen-Bisang's wonderful *Bram Stoker's Notes for Dracula* or Leslie S. Klinger's indispensable *New Annotated Dracula* (books which we would later wonder how we ever did without) were even in print yet. At this early stage we were referring to a Penguin Classics (revised edition) paperback of *Dracula* – which has some decent, if brief notes, included – and an e-text version of the 1897 edition. Our research was mostly done online and one really useful source was <http://infocult.typepad.com/dracula/> – a site where novel was being Blogged on the correct dates so that the events unfolded in real time. There was also a great deal of discussion of the novel and related topics and we found it really useful and informative. We were already well aware that using *Dracula's Guest* as our introductory chapter for the book might raise a few eyebrows amongst *Dracula* scholars, not least Professor Elizabeth Miller, author of *Dracula: Sense and Nonsense* whose thoughts on the story were well documented.

Flash forward to the beginning of 2009 when the script for *The Complete Dracula* is being emailed out to interested parties. Our good friend, supernatural fiction writer Brian J. Showers, of fers to get in touch with Professor Miller and Leslie Klinger on our behalf, his contact with both having been established through the Bram Stoker Society based in Dublin, Ireland. Naturally we were excited at the prospect of having such highly respected and well known *Dracula* authorities look over our work, but we were also pretty terrified, especially when it came to what they might have to say about *Dracula's Guest*.

It was only a few days later when quotes started coming in from the likes of Kim (*Anno Dracula*) Newman, Warren (*Freak Angels*) Ellis, Paul (*Captain Britain & MI13*) Cornell... they were all incredibly positive and, although we were sure we'd done our very best on the project, it's fair to say we were a bit overwhelmed. Then came Leslie Klinger's email, closely followed by that of Professor Miller. Both were extremely polite and very positive about the script (and Colton's fantastic artwork) over all. They did, however, have one or two points which they wished to raise. We held our breath.

Elizabeth politely drew our attention to pages 278-280 of her 2008 book *Bram Stoker's Notes for Dracula* (co-authored with Robert Eighteen-Bisang) where she writes:

"The origin of this story [*Dracula's Guest*] and its relation to *Dracula* are controversial. Opinions run the gamut from accepting it unquestionably as part of the novel to dismissing it as a hoax. Critics who want to divorce these tales contend that the novel consists of a series of communications while the story is a simple first person narrative by an unnamed narrator [...] The most widespread misconception may be that the story was intended as the first chapter".

Based upon the evidence of Stoker's own notes Professor Miller goes on to argue that, rather than being a lost chapter, *Dracula's Guest* is almost certainly part of an earlier version of the novel. Stoker took his time with *Dracula* writing draft after draft, adding, removing and remodelling characters, rearranging the order and loca-

tion of events, and so on – in one earlier version, for example, Mina Harker was destined to be killed by a were-wolf! Faced with such evidence, how could we justify our inclusion of the story? The relevant portion of our reply read:

"With regards to our using *Dracula's Guest* as the opening of our adaptation: whilst we accept that the story may never actually have been intended as the first chapter of Stoker's novel, I'm sure you will agree that the tale takes place before the events of Chapter One (as Harker's "I unconsciously put my hand to my throat which was still sore from the licking of the grey wolf's file-like tongue" – which you yourself note was removed from the first chapter – proves). Therefore, unless we undertook the task of reworking the entire novel into a different order, we were left with little choice but to have *Dracula's Guest* as our opening chapter. The story is so complete and well written that it would seem a great shame to leave it out of the book, especially as we felt it offered an interesting insight into Harker's character prior to his experiences at Castle Dracula. Not only that, the first two chapters of the novel are easily the best known (indeed, it seems all that many people seem to actually know) and so, despite all the excitement and adventure they offer, they are also quite likely to be the parts which many people have grown slightly tired of. *Dracula's Guest* is undeniably less well known than the novel itself and as such provides a much more "fresh" opening to the tale."

We were delighted when Elizabeth replied saying that our argument for including *Dracula's Guest* made "perfect sense". Professor Miller did however have one or two other minor quibbles with TCD #1, as did her learned colleague Mr. Klinger. One thing in particular which both parties seemed unsure of was the way in which we chose to handle the bag given to the vampire women by the Count on page 21.

Professor Miller wrote:

"If you read the text closely, what Stoker writes is "AS OF A half-smothered child." So we do not see the child. I'm sure that's what it was, but there is that bit of mystery. At any rate, I'd leave out hands and/or feet and go for a shape inside the bag."

We responded:

"Leslie Klinger also raised this point after reading the script so it appears that it might prove to be a bone of contention for many a learned Dracula scholar. Here is the reply I gave to Leslie –

"I completely understand where you're coming from with the child and the bag but there are times when, because of the visual nature of the comic book medium, we need to go beyond the text a little (though hopefully never too far). When we show Jonathan's experiences we are merely depicting what is written in his diary (and not necessarily what actually occurred); "If my ears did not deceive me there was a gasp and a low wail, as of a half smothered child" offers the reader a tiny, chilling glimpse of an idea which is almost too horrible for Jonathan to contemplate and we felt that we needed to offer an accompanying visual to make the scene resonate properly in our comic book version."

We are very pleased to report that both Mr Klinger and Professor Miller were satisfied with our reasoning; each congratulated us on completing such an exhaustive work and said they looked forward to reading the book. We sincerely hope that they , and all of you, have enjoyed this first issue and that you are already looking forward to #2.

Until next time, goodbye all!

Moore & Reppion, March 2009.

THE COMPLETE DRACULA #2

So here we are at the end of *The Complete Dracula* #2. This issue covers chapters six to twelve of Stoker's original novel and takes us on a journey from Whitby to London to Budapest and back. Since the publication of issue one, we're happy to report that we've had a lot of very positive feedback – Dracula fans and comic fans alike seem to be really enjoying the series which is really all we could ask for . So thanks to everyone who read #1 and has said/written such nice things about it. We hope you've enjoyed #2 just as much.

This second issue is quite a departure from the first as we, like Jonathan, leave the Gothic strangeness of Transylvania behind. Gone are the gigantic mountains and untamed wildernesses, no more sudden blizzards or ancient crumbling castles (for now at least). Crucially for us, this is the bit where many film makers seem to get bored and think "Hmm. Maybe we could cut this part out and add in more castles and crags and stuff." Their loss is our gain. Instead of thirty two pages of Dracula hanging about his homestead menacing nightie-clad nymphets, we bring you the gripping and disturbing story of what happens when the wicked Count *leaves* his medieval world and heads off into the 19th century.

Something else which seems to have frustrated many previous adapters is that Dracula's role is, for much of the story, quite a subtle one. He's there in the background; a constant presence watching malevolently from the shadows while the other characters go about their daily lives with cheerful ignorance. This issue really introduces that concept and, as much as possible, revels in it. We, the readers, watch events unfold from a very similar perspective to Dracula – we see the "big picture" which the individual mortals do not. The difference is that we are powerless spectators as the Demeter carries her mouldering cargo across the sea to England, her crew dropping down dead one by one. We see the boxes unloaded, transported by steam train, by cart, carried by unsuspecting, ordinary men. There is a terrible sense of inevitability – we know what's coming but we can do nothing to stop it. The building tension as the boxes of muck make their journey to Carfax is something Stoker accomplishes brilliantly and which we too hoped to convey. The dead travel fast indeed.

This issue also gives us the chance to get to know Mina and Lucy a bit better . The cosy domestic scenes of the women chatting, picnicking and generally enjoying their seaside holiday are in stark contrast to Lucy's somnambulistic nightmare jaunts up to the cliff top graveyard. The scenes in Whitby deserve special mention – they are by turns beautiful and bucolic, then strange and menacing. The steeply raked town nestled at

the river's mouth is one of Colton's greatest visual triumphs. You can almost hear the gulls crying overhead, the surf booming against the piers. The picture postcard quality makes the menacing night time sequences all the more shocking, and then all the less real once morning comes again. It's this division between the everyday and the supernatural which drives the story of Dracula along – there are things which the characters are sure simply cannot be real or true. Their nineteenth century scepticism is really their downfall because it keeps them from acting against the Count.

A big part of the fun of adapting the novel was finding the parts of the story which really delighted us, captured our imaginations, and then really trying to get that excitement onto the page. When we eventually do see Dracula in person in the Whitby churchyard, he is everything one could hope for: a dark, red eyed monster on the edges of perception; a creature of shadows. He doesn't stand to gloat, or engage Mina in conversation. He simply fades into the gloom and waits. He is always there.

Lucy Westenra begins #2 as a healthy beautiful young woman with a doting fiancé and happy home life. Her decline throughout the issue is tragic to say the least. Dracula drains her both physically and mentally . Her poor ailing mother is literally scared to death before her very eyes by old "Bersicker". Lucy is reduced to a mere shadow of her former self. The tragedy of her story is not so much the young life wasted, more the fact that she doesn't *need* to die at all. The nocturnal churchyard walks and the vampire's appearance at her window as a bat are easily guarded against if only the windows and doors are locked properly. That said, a barred window is no match for a crazed Norwegian wolf... Everything should be so much easier once Van Helsing (more about him in a moment) is on hand to dispense advice and garlic flowers. But it isn't. No matter how obvious Dracula's attacks seem to us they are all but invisible to most of the characters – their disbelief in all things paranormal makes them blind to what is really going on. The vampire is free to do as he pleases in a country ignorant of his ways. Even Van Helsing's good work ends up working in Dracula's favour; he must be delighted when Dr. Seward and the Professor top Lucy up in between visits for him (how convenient). It seems that every potential triumph is thwarted by ignorance. For our mortals in this issue it's always one step forward and two steps back.

As mentioned above, *The Complete Dracula* #2 introduces the character of "Abraham Van Helsing, M.D., D.Ph., D. Lit., Etc., Etc., " and the more ardent *Dracula* devotees amongst you may have noticed that the Dutchman does not appear quite as Stoker wrote him. Firstly he looks rather different. Professor Van Helsing first appears in chapter nine of Stoker's novel, but he is not actually described until chapter fourteen when Mina writes:

"A man of medium weight, strongly built, with his shoulders set back over a broad, deep chest and a neck well balanced on the trunk as the head is on the neck. The poise of the head strikes me at once as indicative of thought and power. The head is noble, well-sized, broad, and large behind the ears. The face, clean-shaven, shows a hard, square chin, a large resolute, mobile mouth, a good-sized nose, rather straight, but with quick, sensitive

nostrils, that seem to broaden as the big bushy brows come down and the mouth tightens. The forehead is broad and fine, rising at first almost straight and then sloping back above two bumps or ridges wide apart, such a forehead that the reddish hair cannot possibly tumble over it, but falls naturally back and to the sides. Big, dark blue eyes are set widely apart, and are quick and tender or stern with the man's moods."

The somewhat late inclusion of this description is something of a problem. By the time the reader is given these details, he or she will inevitably have already cast the role of Van Helsing in their imagination. When Dr. Seward first refers to the Professor as "my old friend and master" a modern reader might quite naturally imagine an aged, venerable gentleman. However, it is all too easy to forget that Seward "is only nine-and-twenty" and therefore his educator might merely be in his forties. Furthermore the reader's preconceptions of how the Professor might look will almost certainly be coloured by the numerous film, stage and, of course, comic book portrayals we have all been exposed to. On the other hand though, even if the reader had never seen a single visual representation of the Professor, we felt it extremely unlikely they would imagine Van Helsing as he is (eventually) described. This presented us with a bit of a dilemma because whilst we didn't want to totally go against Stoker's description, we equally didn't want our Van Helsing to be at odds with the imagined character. In the end, we decide to settle somewhere between the aging professor stereotype and Stoker's noble profiled, high foreheaded description. Never one to disappoint, Colton gave us a strong, capable Professor with a suitably well developed *squama frontalis* and more than a whiff of a forty-something Sigmund Freud about him.

His appearance dealt with, we came to the rather more pressing problem of the good Professor's (mis)use of the English language. Professor Abraham Van Helsing is by all accounts a genius; a scholar of history, of folklore, of medicine, of law and much more. The Professor is in many ways Count Dracula's main adversary, as only he knows the secrets of how to thwart and perhaps even kill the vampire. Despite all this his grasp of the English language (the language he must presumably have spoken to teach Dr. Seward, since Jack shows no indication of speaking Dutch) is *terrible*. More than that, it is comically bad. Indeed, even the Count himself who prior to Harker's visit has never spoken with an Englishman, seems to have a better grasp of the language than the otherwise learned Van Helsing.

Dracula is of course a wonderful novel and still feels remarkably fresh and relevant in so many ways despite being published more than a century ago. We are both – as you've probably guessed – huge fans of the book. The one element which we felt might act as a stumbling block for many modern readers however, was the way in which Van Helsing's English is written. Things have changed considerably since the 1890s and it's hard to say exactly why Stoker decided to load the Professor's dialogue with malapropisms and other deliberate mistakes. It's obvious that some of the errors have been included with the intention of creating a bit of light relief in an otherwise horror-filled novel. Unfortunately their humour has not stood the test of time nearly as well as the rest of the work. As a result, the reading of Professor Van Helsing's speeches – even the most rousing and impor-

tant of them – is considerably more demanding than any other portion of the novel. This is, in our opinion, not a good thing. Whilst the idea of the Professor being a "funny foreigner" might have made sense to readers in 1897 we felt it would be distracting, jarring and perhaps even insulting to a modern audience. Consequently we made the decision to improve the Professor's English in *The Complete Dracula*. Whilst this might at first seem rather at odds with the ethos of the series we would argue that as Van Helsing's language in no way affects the plot, improving his English is really no different than any of the other dialoguing decisions we have made in our adaptation. Furthermore, assuming that the Professor's speeches were not considered at odds with the rest of the novel when it was originally published, our alterations should actually bring the modern reader's experience more in line with that originally intended by Stoker.

Scholastics aside then, if we'd been titling the individual issues of *The Complete Dracula*, #2 would surely have been "The Blood is the Life". Whilst the Count drains Lucy's vital fluid with a minimum of spillage and Seward and Van Helsing work carefully to get blood back in to her, others are not so neat and tidy. Renfield – that Cassandra like prophet of doom who seems somehow to know exactly what is going to happen if Seward would only listen to him – manages to get his own back on the doctor for not letting him have that kitten. He even gets a tasty puddle of plasma into the bargain. Bonus!

This issue takes everything we had in #1 and cranks it up a notch; the suspense, the horror, the creeping dread. Events seem to have come to a head with Lucy's tragic death, and the reader, like Seward, could be forgiven for thinking that we have passed the worst of it. Professor Van Helsing knows better and his final words are a stark warning of all that is to come.

"This is only the beginning!"

Moore & Reppion, July 2009

THE COMPLETE DRACULA #3

Welcome to our notes, thoughts and general ramblings for The Complete Dracula #3 which covers chapters thirteen to sixteen of Bram Stoker's original novel.

Firstly, as many of you will no doubt have spotted, there have been some team changes this issue and so we'd like to begin by expressing our deepest thanks to Dheeraj Verma, Malti Verma and Aaron Campbell for all the hard work and long hours they have put in on the art. Hardened Worley enthusiasts – of which there are undoubtedly many by now – need not despair too much however as, like the Count before him, Colton is sure to return when least expected... well, he'll be back for #5 at any rate. As usual Mr. Bowland also deserves special mention for his wonderful lettering and typeface juggling expertise – perhaps we'll even get him to tot up the font total when the series is done and see if the Guinness Book of Records needs to be notified.

This issue, the Count is revealed to be in the capital, looking younger and healthier than we (or

Jonathan) have ever seen him before. This raises an interesting point; Dracula must be feeding while he's in London but we never hear anything about any other vampires he has sired. Stoker leaves it to the reader's imagination, and of course one is always capable of imagining things far more unpleasant than that which is described.

The point where we see Dracula is when Jonathan and Mina encounter him unawares when he is watching the girl in the cartwheel hat. This scene is a wonderful example of Stoker using a small event, with no obvious drama, to great effect. In the context of a horror story, or a thriller, this unexpected sighting of Dracula should surely result in his seeing and recognising Jonathan followed by a dramatic chase or fight sequence through the gentrified shopping district of London. That is how a modern writer might play it, and certainly how a screenwriter would play it. What Stoker does is use the tension in the scene to keep you dangling for as long as possible, your nerves shredded by not knowing if the monster is going to turn and stare at Harker any second.

The Count *doesn't* spot Jonathan however, and so goes from being the hunter – concealed and watching his prey – to being spied upon himself. Not exactly hunted... yet... but they have discovered him, and this revelation is one of the key events which help the characters in their fight against him. We, like the Harkers, see the long, lingering look Dracula gives the girl, and we are left to imagine what goes through his mind as he stares. We can fully appreciate her innocence and total ignorance of the peril she is suddenly in. The Count stands in the busy shopping centre of London, literally window shopping all the potential victims this brave modern land of fears him. Jonathan looks on aware of all of this, and paralysed with fear, while poor Mina is left completely in the dark, only aware of her husband's fragile mental health. The scene, although short in the novel, and by necessity shorter in our adaptation, packs an emotional punch far above its weight.

There is another angle to the scene; the girl in the cartwheel hat holding Dracula's attention is pursued – and presumably bitten – after the Harkers see her. We however learn nothing of what becomes of the poor woman without our team of doctors, archivists and vampire hunters to help her out. How many more like her are drained of their blood and "cursed with immortality" while the Count is in London? We can't really be sure.

The gang whose diaries and letters make up the book never look into the matter and so we learn no more. Far from being frustrating however, these details only serve to make the story more multi layered and three-dimensional; *no-one* knows exactly what the Count gets up to except the fiend himself and we, the readers, are left wondering and imagining.

Mina and Jonathan have a really tough time this issue, having to cope with the death of their friend, mentor and paternal figure Peter Hawkins, and then almost immediately they chance upon the Count. The final shock is the telegram telling Mina that Lucy and her mother are dead; particularly painful as Lucy never read her friend's final letters to her. The horrific nature of Lucy and her mother's deaths is kept from Mina, presumably until she is faced with the task of typing up the records where she would learn of it from Lucy's own

memorandum, and the diary of Dr. Jack Seward.

It is hard to imagine how such dramatic events fail to be related between characters for so long, but it is this device Stoker uses again and again. The reader sees all, hears all and can piece the puzzle together, while the actual characters wander around oblivious to many of the facts.

Van Helsing comes to the fore in this issue, and has the unenviable task of joining some of the dots for the other characters. His task is much easier in the case of the Harkers, than it is for say Seward (who has a lengthy lecture about the birds the bees, the bats, and the frogs in rocks before he is remotely convinced about the supernatural) or for poor Arthur Holmwood, who has the most horrendous introduction to the world of the uncanny. Van Helsing is nothing if not persistent.

At last then, the terrible truth that vampires are abroad in London is revealed and proven to Seward, Holmwood and Morris in the most shocking of ways. We are well aware that that Lucy's gory death by mallet and stake at the hands of her fiancé may have seemed a little over the top to some readers, especially those who have not recently read Stoker's novel. The truth however is that Bram's original account of the scene is no less lurid or blood spattered:

"Arthur placed the point over the heart, and as I looked I could see its dint in the white flesh. Then he struck with all his might.

"The thing in the cof fin writhed, and a hideous, blood-curdling screech came from the opened red lips. The body shook and quivered and twisted in wild contortions. The sharp white teeth champed together till the lips were cut, and the mouth was smeared with a crimson foam. But Arthur never faltered. He looked like a figure of Thor as his untrembling arm rose and fell, driving deeper and deeper the mercy-bearing stake, whilst the blood from the pierced heart welled and spurted up around it. His face was set, and high duty seemed to shine through it. The sight of it gave us courage so that our voices seemed to ring through the little vault.

"And then the writhing and quivering of the body became less, and the teeth seemed to champ, and the face to quiver. Finally it lay still. The terrible task was over."

Indeed, the staking of Lucy is perhaps one of its most iconic scenes of the book, seeming very modern and brutal compared with its (perceived) old-fashioned-ness. While modern Buffy style vamps conveniently dissolve into digital dust upon contact with anything vaguely stake-like, the undead in this one-hundred and twelve year old classic go out screaming blue murder and gargling blood. It is perhaps worth noting that some of Stoker's short stories also have their moments of viciousness: *The Squaw* (first published in December 1892) – a somewhat Poe-esque tale involving a black cat, an annoying American and an iron maiden – being amongst the nastier of them.

Once again in this issue The Media is an important "diarist", recording facts that the characters them-

selves have missed. It is only via the newspapers and the gossip which feeds the news that Van Helsing learns of the Bloofer Lady. The Bloofer lady (whose name is possibly a childish mispronunciation of "beautiful") is a wonderful bogey (wo)man for the poor working people of London. She is a female Jack the Ripper, who also more horrifically only takes children. This is all the more horrible in its historical context. Women were very much still perceived as frail creatures incapable of even normal tasks, let alone child murder, so the idea that a monstrous woman might be on a child killing spree would be fantastical in the extreme. Yet the newspapers are treating it as a joke – there is a marvellous double edge to the reports that suggests no-one can even believe what is happening. The most enjoyable part of the Bloofer Lady sequence for us were the pages with the newspaper account superimposed over a walk through the squalor of the slums and out onto Hampstead Heath. The child friendly greenery and relative healthiness of the children running around together is given a menacing edge by the appearance of the Bloofer Lady. Is it a surprise that it's Lucy who is the Bloofer Lady? Possibly not, but the sight of her smiling down at the little chap as she takes his hand is still worth a shudder.

Now Lucy is dead ("God's true dead"), the children she has bitten free of her influence and all our players know the truth about vampires. Mina's cataloguing of the diaries and other documents has already begun. Surely they will soon have the answers they need? Surely the group will unite and work together against the Count? Alas, the ways of the 1890s were not as ours are now and there may yet be some additional hurdles for our fearless vampire hunters. We may have tidied up Van Helsing's mode of speech a bit but we can do nothing for his old-fashioned attitude.

Moore & Reppion, August 2009.

THE COMPLETE DRACULA #4

If this issue had a title of its own – our own title for issue #3 was "Lucy Eats London" – then it would certainly be "The Betrayal of Madam Mina" as this is the point (chapters seventeen to twenty-one of Stoker's novel) where the most resourceful and astute member of the team gets well and truly sold up the river.

The beginning of the issue reinforces the reader's gradually building respect for Mina Harker. She arrives at Seward's asylum on her own and, almost as soon as she has thrown her suitcase on the bed and hung her coat up, she is saving the day. She negotiates with Seward to listen to his diaries, and then quickly types them up in triplicate. She recalls the mention of newspaper articles and searches Seward's archive to take the relevant cuttings. Mina pulls together all the information gathered from the exploits of the main characters over the last several months. She assimilates the information, and transforms it into several easy to read documents. Without all of this they would all be undead in their beds before the week is out.

If *Dracula* was a Choose Your Own Adventure Book it would say "Mina collates diaries? Go to page 46. Mina does needlepoint? Go to page 83" and page 83 would just be blood and mayhem and "Oh dear, you die."

Her good work continues even after Jonathan and the others arrive. Jonathan spots that Dracula and his earth boxes are only next door in Carfax Abbey, and then sees that Renfield's episodes must correlate with Dracula's visits to Carfax. Mina herself pays a visit to Renfield (not even remotely fazed by visiting a madman) and then even finds time to comfort Arthur Holmwood and make friends with Quincey Morris. She is all things to all men, she is a beacon of intelligence and compassion, and she totally has everything under control.

At this point in the Choose Your Own Adventure Book, the team is only a few pageturns away from laying in ambush for Dracula, staking him through his cold black heart and ridding the world of his evil for good. So what stops them then?

In a word: men. The old guard, the patriarchy, the establishment, call it what you will, short sighted old duffer thinking dooms the whole adventure with one small sentence. It is of course the Flying Dutchman himself, Van Helsing, who delivers this blow, and on page seven of the issue no less. For six whole pages Mina has been on top of things and fighting the good fight. On page seven, as they travel by cab to the asylum, Van Helsing learns from Seward of Mina's travails. His first and only reaction is to say that she is like a clever man (the highest compliment a woman could receive!) and then says she must be excluded from all further talk or activity to do with their investigations. Seward agrees immediately seeing Mina's innate frailty as reason enough to 'protect' her from it all, and the deed is done.

From this point on, once the reader chooses "Exclude Mina from investigation? Turn to page 24" the whole sorry tale becomes a hundred times more dangerous and complex. The fight against Dracula takes many days and weeks, and they have so many geographical and practical problems thrown in their way that the odds on any of them coming out of it alive are almost zero. I won't spoil the next issue, but suffice it to say that if it were not for Van Helsing being such a short sighted old git in this issue, there almost wouldn't need to be an issue five. I suppose we should thank him for that, as we use the money from this series to pay the rent, but to be honest, I'm still cross about it.

Issue #4 turns from a glorious triumph of intelligence over the supernatural, to a hideous convoluted tale of bungling and failure. The men folk literally send Mina off to bed while they discuss the important matters at hand, and presumably stand about like jocks in a locker room, snapping towels at each other and telling dirty jokes. They then pay Renfield a visit.

Renfield is the only character other than Mina who has a clue what is going on. Surely as he is a man they will listen to him? Sadly this is not the case, as this presumably once respected man, who speaks to Arthur Holmwood of having known his father back in the day, has been completely emasculated by his mental state. He has fallen in status not just from a rich man to a poor one, not just from a free man to a prisoner; he is almost no longer a man at all. The team dismiss his heartfelt and harrowing cries in no seconds flat, and yet another character is left to their doom by those gallant men.

They then get all tooled up with their garlic flower leis and their wafers and go vampire hunting at

Carfax. They fail to find anything except boxes of earth, dust and hordes of evil rats. Their biggest success is that they manage not to be killed immediately ("Blow dog whistle? Turn to page 52") and get back to the asylum in one piece.

One thing which stood out for us when we wrote this sequence was Stoker's reference to "These so small, electric lamps" which he supplies the team with and which they fasten to their jackets and use to find their way around the abbey. This struck us as a remarkably twentieth century thing for them to have and wondered if it could have been any way possible when the book was written (obviously it should also have been possible in the year the book was set, otherwise it is anachronistic). A quick Google revealed that the first actual "flash-light" (so called because of the stuttering inconstant light it produced) was not patented or produced until 1902. There were designs in progress as early as 1896 for electric lights, and that same year the first batteries became available. The thing is, even if you take the date the book was published (1897) as the date the events in the book supposedly happened, there still was nothing of this nature available, or presumably even discussed outside of scientifically minded circles.

Either Stoker was a massive nerd, and early adopter who had heard of the idea and threw it into *Dracula* to look cool, or he just thought it would be the next logical progression from the electric light. If the book is set, however, in the late 1880's as it says for Jonathan's diary, then the whole idea of a torch is anachronistic and actually science fiction. We asked leading Dracula scholar Leslie Klinger about the torches when we were researching the book, and very graciously he replied thusly:

"I agree with you that this is nonsense. It's definitely worthy of a note, and none of the prior annotators commented (except that Leatherdale suggests that the whole scene may be fictional—the hunt must have taken place during the day, at least if they had any sense!).

"In thinking about this, I find it really hard to understand how it got into the text. You know that I believe the events took place in the late 1880's, long, long before it was possible, so this is an anachronism (like the typewriter model). If Van Helsing got a hold of these innovative devices, they must have been strapped on as you suggest—they certainly weren't miner-type lights as Leatherdale suggests."

Despite the use of anachronistically advanced hardware, the brave band of men fails to locate Dracula. This, as we all know, is because he's already at the asylum draining Mina like a juice box. In typical style, Stoker does not bring the book to a crescendo here, but adds another whole day of diary entries before once more they fail to notice Dracula enter the asylum.

Seward is halfway through making his journal when a porter rushes in and they find Renfield all mangled in a pool of his own blood. This is the moment when Stoker lets on that the men and their manly way of thinking might not be the best way of doing things after all. At this point I forgive Stoker for all the weird treatment of Mina, and even of poor Renfield, because when the characters discover Renfield, they have the grisly truth finally revealed. Renfield's last words are so haunting, partic-

ularly as he manages to use his last wheezing bubbling breaths to explain exactly what has been going on for the last ten pages or so. Renfield is the saviour of the hour, and it is bliss when Van Helsing – after what seems like an age – cries out "He is here!" for which he surely wins the award for slowest on the uptake.

They leave Renfield on the floor of his room, presumably dead or dying (they aren't much bothered) and they race upstairs to find Jonathan asleep in bed and his lady wife drinking Dracula's blood. This is one of the only points in the whole book in which the often cited "sexual subtext" actually comes to the fore. We have long been told of the hidden repressed Victorian sexual urges which apparently abound in *Dracula*, but for the most part all we noticed was sexism abounding. Nothing rude at all. However, Mina being found in the middle of this extraordinary encounter with Dracula, and Jonathan being asleep throughout the whole thing is as sure a case of cuckoldry as one could wish to find.

Mina fills them all in on the bits that Renfield missed, despite being only half full of blood. She also reveals a really nice piece of characterisation of Dracula. He questions that she "would help these men?" and this seems to be his main reason for attacking her. Dracula knows, as the reader knows, that Mina is the lynchpin of the group. She is the key to his undoing, and the group's most valuable asset. Dracula is sabotaging their equipment; by making Mina drink his blood, he is ruining their future chances of success.

The last couple of pages, where Mina explains her story, and the gathered men realise the full horror of their situation, are superbly bleak. Even the rising sun, so often used in vampire stories as a symbol of light conquering darkness, of man rising up to overcome the supernatural, here simply throws more unwelcome light on their inadequacies. They are now up to their necks in trouble, and Madam Mina might not be of a mind to bail them out this time.

Moore & Reppion, October 2009.

THE COMPLETE DRACULA #5

So here we are at last at the end of *The Complete Dracula*, this fifth and final issue covering chapters twenty-two to twenty-seven of Stoker's original novel. A huge amount of ground is covered – both figuratively, in terms of plot, and physically, in actual miles – in this issue. Indeed, it's been a long journey for us, having handed in the script for *The Complete Dracula #1* at the start of November 2007! In these concluding thirty-six pages we find ourselves once more amongst the snow-covered, wolf-infested, desolate Transylvanian mountains where Jonathan and Count Dracula first shook hands all those months ago. A lot has happened during that time however, and Harker is no longer the meek young man he once was.

Chapters twenty-two to twenty-seven are in some sense the "meat" of the novel – the place where a great deal of the proper running, jumping, fighting action occurs. Yet again however, many adapters seem to have been unsatisfied with the way things pan out in this section. Perhaps this is because the tables so obviously turn against The Count, transforming him from the hunter to

the hunted. Although he is no less a monster than before, Dracula certainly becomes more fallible – his illusions of omnipotence and omniscience having been shattered, at last, by the Harker gang's clever detective work. The unknown is always much more frightening than the known so, naturally, once the team have been given the specifics of vampire lore and have begun their mission to destroy the earth boxes, The Count seems much more vulnerable to them.

The trick however, is to maintain a bit of balance so that Dracula retains some of his menace and power. One small point in the original novel which we felt slightly tipped the scales too far in the wrong direction was that, when Dracula visited the docks with his last remaining earth box, Stoker (as Van Helsing) wrote that he was wearing "a hat of straw which suit not him or the time". This is an interesting detail as it shows that The Count's knowledge of English dress and customs is far from perfect and that, in an effort to blend in, he has made himself as conspicuous as a tourist. The problem we had visually with the scene however, was that it threatened to turn Dracula into a figure of fun and therefore undermine the credibility of our villain. It's all very well to turn The Count into this dangerous, cornered animal, being "run down" like a fox (as Van Helsing puts it) but his wearing a silly hat at the same time seemed a bit too much to us.

The power struggle between Mina and Van Helsing is once again very much in evidence in this issue. Are we really to believe that the Professor didn't know that the wafer would burn Mina's flesh? Or could it be that Van Helsing was making sure that she was marked – a clear and visible reminder that the woman is not to be trusted? Of course, by this issue Mina has become a potential danger but it's a bit annoying that no-one – least of all the distraught Jonathan – ever points out that it was entirely Van Helsing's fault that she fell under Dracula's spell in the first place. Perhaps the creepiest panel of the entire series comes on page twenty-five when, waking suddenly from a brief sleep, Van Helsing reports "I found her lying quite still but with her eyes fixed upon me" – all credit to Mr Worley for nailing Mina's eerie and knowing expression there. The Professor almost seems happier once Mina's status as "other" is confirmed and by the end of the story they have, admittedly, formed something of a friendship. Even so, Van Helsing never quite gives Mina the credit she deserves and that is something we tried to redress a little in our slight alteration to the final words of the novel. These originally read:

"We want no proofs. We ask none to believe us! This boy will some day know what a brave and gallant woman his mother is. Already he knows her sweetness and loving care. Later on he will understand how some men so loved her, that they did dare much for her sake."

Which does rather sound like it was all Mina's fault in the first place and that the men all sorted it out – and that isn't *strictly* true, is it?

While we're on the subject of Mrs. Harker vs. The Professor, it is perhaps worth noting a few things about Van Helsing's interactions with the fairer sex throughout the series. He was fully prepared to slay Lucy in her coffin in issue #3, only thinking better of it when he realised he could use her to prove the existence of the

vampiric curse to Arthur and Quincey. He was keen to take Mina into his sole care and, naturally, fully prepared to kill her himself if she got a bit too bitey. He slaughters the three female vampires at Castle Dracula. Is it perhaps fair to say that Van Helsing might have some issues with women? Discuss.

Although we focus chiefly upon Mina and Van Helsing's journey, the separate mini escapades embarked upon by the pairings of Jonathan and Lord Godalming and Quincey and Dr. Seward are fascinating in their own right, if significantly less gory. The fact that either group might catch up with The Count at any point transforms the story, albeit temporarily, into something of a rip-roaring adventure. That final scene where it seems all is lost until the men appear at the last moment they possibly could, and on horseback, is straight out of a cowboy film. Time and time again the Harker gang demonstrate how the old world is no match for the orderly, industrialised modern one with its train timetables, steam engines, telegraphs and, of course, firearms.

The climax of the novel is written from Mina's point of view and, as she was still a fair distance away when Dracula finally met his end, it would be impossible for her to hear any exchange between The Count and her brave husband. We decided it was necessary that Jonathan and his erstwhile captor – the creature who did unspeakable things to his lady wife while he lay stupefied and helpless in the same room – had a brief conversation before the deed was done. We felt like Harker needed to have his revenge proper to be able to put the whole thing behind him as well as he has by the final epilogue page. We also wanted Dracula to know that, in underestimating the Englishman back in #1, he had doomed himself from the very start. Don't mess with Exeter!

And then a volcano erupts and Castle Dracula is destroyed?! Where the heck did that come from? Well, straight from Bram Stoker's original manuscript, as it happens.

"As we looked there came a terrible convulsion of the earth so that we seemed to rock to and fro and fell to our knees. At the same moment with a roar which seemed to shake the very heavens the whole castle and the rock and even the hill on which it stood seemed to rise into the air and scatter in fragments while a mighty cloud of black and yellow smoke volume on volume in rolling grandeur was shot upwards with inconceivable rapidity."

Some are not wholly convinced that the eruption was intended to have completely annihilated the castle – *New Annotated Dracula* author the learned Leslie S. Klinger being amongst them – but really, what better way to show the triumph of modernity over the old world than the demolition of an historic building? It's a custom we still like to practice here in the UK. Nothing says "progress" quite like a bulldozer and a wrecking ball. Of course, a massive explosion at the climax of a story never did either (well, unless you're a character in the story, obviously).

Working on *The Complete Dracula* has, overall, been a wonderful experience for us and has taught us a massive amount about adaptation and, indeed, writing in general. There have, admittedly, been setbacks; having a fill-in artist on a project is, in many cases, a writer's

(and a reader's) worst nightmare. We count ourselves extremely lucky therefore that Dynamite found us Dheeraj and Malti, whose work on issues #3 and #4 was absolutely superb. Colton Worley is, of course, a huge, huge talent whom we have no doubt has a bright future ahead of him and we feel privileged to have been able to work with him on the series. Our eternal gratitude also goes to Messrs Bowland and (Baker Street's finest) Campbell whose typographical and layout skills, respectively, contributed hugely to the overall success of the book. As some of you may know already, our first child is scheduled to arrive upon this earth in November of this year and we have decided that his/her bundle of names will link all our little band of creators together... Oh okay, not really.

Finally, thanks to you, dear reader, for buying *The Complete Dracula*. We sincerely hope you have enjoyed our efforts to bring an authentic adaptation of Stoker's novel to comic books. We didn't want to end up with just blocks of the original text cut and pasted in over some artwork but instead to try to use all the devices the medium has to offer to tell the story as faithfully, and excitingly, as possible. Part of our original pitch was that we wanted to create a book which could be read along side Stoker's novel and used as a perhaps slightly more accessible reference for anyone studying the text. Admittedly we have made minor changes here and there – some out of necessity and some as a matter of personal judgement – but we've done our best to always "show our working out", as it were, in our notes. When all is said and done we're very pleased with what we and the team have achieved and we very much hope that you are too.

Moore & Reppion, October 2009.



BRINGING A SCRIPT TO LIFE - ISSUE #1 PAGE 19

Script By Moore & Reppion

This is a four panel page, with three small panels at the top and one big splash panel underneath them.

Panel One.

This is a shot from a little way up a stone spiral staircase, looking back down the stairs to the hallway below, where we can see the small figure of Jonathan stood pulling on a door handle on the right of the hall. The stairs continue up behind us to the left, and the hallway below continues some way into the distance with doors every so far on either side. It's clear Jonathan is trying to get in or out through the door he is tugging on, but he is looking over his shoulder towards us and the stairs.

There are three typewritten captions.

Cap: When he left, I tried many doors and again found them locked. The castle is a veritable prison, and I its prisoner.

Cap: This nocturnal existence is telling on me. It destroys my nerve, and fills me with horrible imaginings.

Cap: God knows there is ground for any terrible fear in this accursed place!

us. We can see the tiny window that Jonathan is presumably looking out of in the very background, all the way almost at the top of the building. Between him and us there is a seemingly endless expanse of wall, with windows dotted almost at random, arrow slits here and there, and the odd tree or plant growing sideways out of the brickwork. Long trails of ivy are growing up the building from the bottom right foreground, and Dracula is climbing lizard fashion, headfirst towards the ivy and the bottom right corner of the page. The wind is blowing his cloak out behind him, and his face is horrible. We can see clouds racing overhead above the turrets and battlements of the castle; we can see Dracula's fingers hanging onto the gaps between the enormous stones. Really have fun with this as it's one of the few big panels we can squeeze into this issue. There are three typewritten captions down the left hand side of the page so we follow Jonathan's gaze down the building to Dracula and his nightmarish descent.

Cap: My interest changed to repulsion and terror when I saw the figure fully emerge and crawl down the castle wall over the dreadful abyss.

Cap: I could not believe my eyes.

Cap: What manner of man is this or what manner of creature in the semblance of man?

Panel Two.

This is a shot of the landing on the floor above the hall. The top steps are in the background, and we can see the wall on the right of the landing has a window in it, and the wall on the left of the landing has a door in it again. Jonathan is over by the window looking out. The early evening twilight gives the scene a bluish purple tinge, with Jonathan's white face the lightest point. There are two typewritten captions.

Cap: I ascended a stone stair to where I could look out. There was some sense of freedom in the landscape, inaccessible though it was.

Cap: I know not if it were a small sound that alerted me, or perhaps some movement caught my eye.

Panel Three.

This is a shot of Jonathan flattening himself to the window frame, so that he can't be easily seen from outside. He is trying to blend in with the frame and the stone niche around it. He is trying to look down the outside of the wall. He looks terrified. There is one typewritten caption.

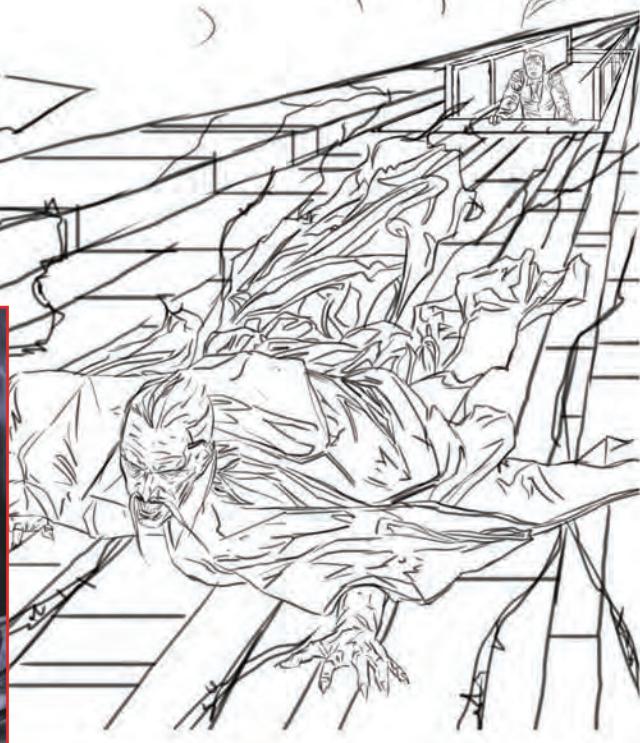
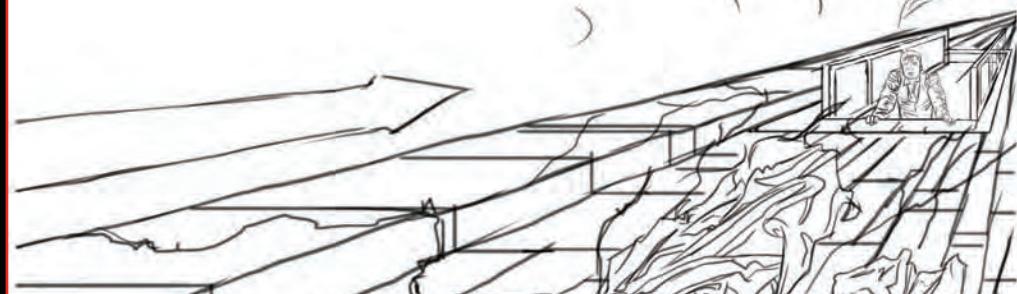
Cap: But there, below, I saw the Count's head coming out from a window. I did not see the face, but I knew him instantly.

Panel Four.

This is a wonderful iconic shot that we couldn't miss having in our adaptation. We are looking up from ground level at the castle towering over us. Dracula is halfway down the wall of the castle, crawling towards

RIGHT FACING PAGE:

TOP RIGHT - Colton's line art "map" for page 19
BOTTOM LEFT - Colton's final interior art for page 19



188UE #2 PAGE 20

Script By Moore & Reppion

This page is divided into seven panels across three tiers. The top and bottom tiers are each divided into three panels while the middle tier is one large panel.

Panel One.

Here we can see Seward's face and head as he lies on the couch. It is evidently morning now and he is being roused from his slumber by Doctor Van Helsing whose hand we can see sticking into shot from the left and touching his shoulder. There is one typewritten caption.

Cap: DR. SEWARD'S DIARY
10 September.—I was conscious of the Professor's hand on my head, and started awake all in a second.

Panel Two.

This is a shot of Van Helsing on the left looking rather disdainful of his young friend as Seward rises up on one elbow and tries to seem fully awake all too quickly. Van Helsing has two linked balloons, Doctor Seward only one.

Van Helsing: And how is our patient?
Doctor Seward: Very well, when I left her, or rather when she left me.

Van Helsing: Come, let us see.

Panel Three.
Here we are in Lucy's room. Van Helsing is in the foreground bending down to look at us/Lucy with a look of utter shock and horror on his face. In the left hand background Seward is opening the curtains of the room and light is flooding in quite harshly to illuminate the scene. There is one balloon from Seward and one from Van Helsing.

Doctor Seward: She promised to call out if...

Van Helsing: Gott in Himmel!

Panel Four.
This large panel shows an over head shot of Lucy lying in her bed. She looks terrible; as if every ounce of blood has been drained from her body. You would swear that she was dead. Her eyes are partially open adding to the effect. Basically, really go for it here; it's worse than it ever has been before and we want the reader to be shocked (though obviously don't go too OTT and make her look undead yet). The black choker is pushed up and the wounds are showing; they look puckered and white. There are two typewritten captions.

Cap: There on the bed, lay poor Lucy, more horribly white and wan-looking than ever.

Cap: Van Helsing cried out "All our work is undone! We must begin again."

Panel Five.
This is a close shot of the blood pump apparatus,

evidently in full operation as another transfusion takes place. Go for as much technical detail as you like here and make sure we can see plenty of the red stuff in the glass cylinder(s)/tubes/whatever. There are two typewritten captions.

Cap: "There is no young Arthur now. I have to call on yourself today, friend John."

Cap: Before he finished speaking I had removed my coat and rolled up my shirt sleeve.

Panel Six.

Here we have Seward sat at Lucy's bedside with his jacket off and his shirtsleeves rolled up. He is looking at Lucy lovingly and she is awake and talking to him though still very weak and ill looking. He is holding a wad of something over the wound on his arm where the blood has been drained from. There are two typewritten captions.

Cap: Lucy slept well, and when she woke she was fairly strong.

Cap: Van Helsing saw her, then went out for a walk, giving me strict injunctions not to leave her side.

Panel Seven.

This is a shot of Van Helsing seeing Seward out of the room. He is evidently planning on staying there himself and is gesturing for Seward to head home. Seward looks reluctant but compliant as he walks away from the room's door and towards us, still holding his arm as if it pains him (though he is fully dressed now). There are two typewritten captions.

Cap: Van Helsing returned presently. "You go home, and eat well and drink enough."

Cap: "Make yourself strong. I shall stay here tonight, and I shall sit up with little miss myself."

RIGHT FACING PAGE:

TOP LEFT -Aaron's layout for page 20
TOP RIGHT - Colton's final interior art for page 20
BOTTOM LEFT - Colton's line art "map" for page 20



188UE #3 PAGE 1

Script By Moore & Reppion

This is a four panel page with three across the top and one big panel underneath them.

Panel One.

This is a small shot of Mina Harker 's finger and thumb placing the needle of Doctor Seaward's phonograph into the groove on the wax cylinder below We are in Seward's study in the Asylum. We can see some of the metal horn of the instrument in the background, and there is a crackle balloon from the horn off panel top.

Horn (crackle): hSShhsss

Panel Two.

This is a shot of the phonograph on the desk, with all the lovely details of the wooden box base, the brass fittings, the little catch to hold the cylinder in place and of course the splendid amplifier horn. There is another crackle balloon from the horn itself.

Horn (crackle): Twentieth of September, continued.
The funeral was arranged for the next succeeding day, so that Lucy and her mother might be buried together.

Panel Three.

This is a shot of Mina' s typewriter. We are looking at it from the back, so we can see mina' s hands poised above it and the paper spooling towards us as she types. We cannot see her face yet, only her arms and however much of her torso is visible behind the typewriter . She is the anonymous author of Dracula after all, typing up all these diaries one after the other , compiling all the documents. Without Mina it wouldn' t be possible! Between us and the typewriter on the desk are some of the vast amounts of documents she has assembled. We can see her own diary, Lucy's, Jonathan's as well as several news clippings in the stack, great sheaves of typed pages where she has already typed up the diaries, yellow telegram papers, memorandums, train timetables, tickets, The Westenra Will, the house sale documents for Dracula' s properties, postcards from Whitby, a guide to Transylvania, stationery from the four seasons hotel Jonathan stayed in. Obviously you can't fit them all in, but that is the level of documentation we are dealing with here. Dracula doesn't get killed because they are bold adventurers or super sleuths; he gets beaten by their fastidious approach to paperwork! There is one crackle balloon from the phonograph off panel to the left.

Phonograph (crackle): I attended to all the ghastly formalities, poor Arthur having left already for his father's burial which was to be held the following day.

Panel Four.

This is a wonderful shot, the kind that most Dracula comics would be entirely made of as they cut out all the talking and got quickly to the good stuff. I hope it makes more of an impact in our story because of that. We are looking along the body of Lucy Westenra past her hands folded over a single lily at her breast, toward her face, more beautiful and radiant than we have ever seen her

before. She is lying on a special table, and draped with a sheet which has been folded back to reveal her lovely dead form. The room is the front parlour downstairs in the Westenra house, but it is almost unrecognisable as such because it has been draped with white muslins and covered in vase after vase, basket upon basket of white lilies and dark funereal foliage. Between the flowers great tall candlesticks hold dozens of candles, great church candles as thick as your arm, dripping yellow tallow into the candlestick's cup below. The room is dark except for these candles, but they are so numerous that Lucy is very well lit from all sides, and her glossy hair shines in perfect curls around her face. She is utterly pale, no colour at all, but more like alabaster than the blue grey of a dead woman. She seems carved from Parian marble to adorn her own tomb. Note that the ubiquitous black velvet band is still fastened with a small diamond encrusted buckle at her throat, covering her bite marks.

This black band is always there unless we state otherwise. Because we are quite close in we can see her lips are slightly parted, and there might even be the slightest suggestion of some longer than normal canine teeth, but it should be really subtle. Doctor Seward stands to the right of Lucy, only visible as his sur geons hand clasped across the front of his coat and waistcoat. It is a scene reminiscent of *The Lady of Shallott*. It should be noted that it is night time and dark outside (though the curtains will, naturally be drawn). There are three captions from Doctor Seward's diary, typed up by Mina.

Typed Cap:

Even the woman who performed the last offices for the dead remarked upon the beauty of Lucy's corpse.

Typed Cap:

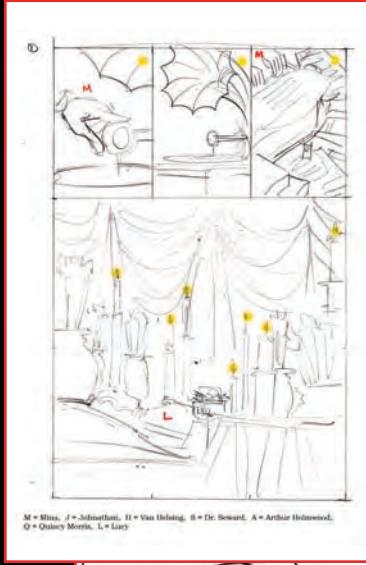
Her loveliness had returned to her in death, and the hours passed, instead of leaving traces of "decay's effacing fingers", had but restored her beauty.

Typed Cap:

On seeing the body so laid out Professor Van Helsing grew sternly grave and left the room.

RIGHT FACING PAGE:

TOP LEFT -Aaron's layout for page 1
TOP RIGHT - Malti's final interior art for page 1
BOTTOM LEFT - Dheeraj's line art for page 1



Script By Moore & Reppion

This is a seven panel page with one wide panel taking up the top tier and three panels each on the middle and bottom tiers.

Panel One.

This wide panel is a shot of Paddington station. In amongst all the hustle and bustle we can see Seward and Van Helsing meeting in the foreground as the professor gets off his train. Van Helsing has a few cases with him and has obviously brought back quite a lot of stuff from Amsterdam. The two men are greeting each other warmly and there are two typewritten captions and one balloon from Van Helsing.

Cap: Van Helsing stepped from his train carriage with the eager nimbleness of a boy.

Cap: He saw me at once, and rushed over.

Van Helsing: Ah, friend John, I have been busy!

Panel Two.

Here we have a shot of the two men at the cab rank. A cab driver is holding the door of his carriage open and Van Helsing is climbing aboard closely followed by Seward. Maybe the bags could already be on the roof? Up to you really. There is one balloon from Van Helsing.

Van Helsing: All affairs are settled with me, and I have much to tell. All four of our friends are waiting for us at the Asylum, yes?

Panel Three.

This panel shows the driver in the foreground shaking his reigns to get his horse moving. Behind him we can see the two men ensconced in the carriage looking cheerful and a bit excited. There is one typewritten caption.

Cap: As we drove I told him what had passed, and of how my own diary had come to be of use through Mrs. Harker's suggestion.

Panel four.

Here we have closed in on the men talking. Seward is beaming and looks very pleased as he tells the professor what has been going on. Van Helsing also looks pleased. They each have one balloon.

Seward: ...she even had the idea of searching the newspapers and taking cuttings.

Van Helsing: Ah Madam Mina, she has the mind of a gifted man. Yet she retains a woman's heart...

Panel Five.

This is more or less the same shot but feel free to change the angle to make it more interesting. Van Helsing's face looks a little grimmer suddenly as if he is

saying "what a shame..." Seward looks a little shocked as if he was not expecting Van Helsing's reaction. Van Helsing has two balloons.

Van Helsing: My mind is made up, we have kept her in harm's way long enough.

Van Helsing: After tonight's meeting she must have no more to do with this dark business.

Panel Six.

This is a shot of Seward regaining his composure, his expression now echoing that of the professor in the previous panel. He has one balloon.

Seward: Of course. There is much danger to come, and she should not be a part of any of it.

Panel Seven.

This is a shot showing the carriage as it approaches the ornate gates of the Asylum (it's still afternoon by the way). The building looms up ominously beyond. There are two typewritten captions.

Cap: I told him what we had discovered in his absence: that the house which Dracula had bought was that next to my own.

Cap: He was agast.

RIGHT FACING PAGE:

TOP RIGHT - Dheeraj's line art for page 7
BOTTOM LEFT - Colors and finishes by Digikore Studios and Colton Worley



ISSUE #5 PAGE 27

Script By Moore & Reppion

This is a six panel page with one wide panel across the top of the page, two on the middle tier and three across the bottom of the page.

Panel One.

This is a shot from behind Mina and Van Helsing, so they almost appear just as heads and shoulders in the middle foreground of the picture. The circle on the snow extends around them on all sides a foot or so away from them, and beyond that we can see the fire jumping and spitting, and the snow falling ever faster. We can see the carriage, just about, and the black looming shapes of the trees around them. The scene would be quite peaceful were it not for the women. The three women are on every side, repeated over and over, like a long exposure photograph, so they leave a blurred trail and then another instance of themselves. They are all three quite faint, so they overlap and criss cross each others trails. They are screeching and howling, enticing and beckoning, raging and then fawning, anything to frighten the pair out of their protective circle. The women seem like demons and then like beautiful maidens, they bare their long fangs and claws, and shriek to themselves. The overall impression is of a montage of terrifying tableaus, which Mina and Van Helsing are watching helplessly as it morphs and writhes before them. I know this all sounds like too much movement for one panel, but as long as it looks like a nightmarish couple of hours, and involves the women in several places at once, trying to get into the circle, then it's cool. There are two captions.

Cap: I knew that we were safe within the circle, which Madam Mina could not leave any more than they could enter.

Cap: Even so, I was desolate and afraid, and full of woe and terror.

Panel Two.

This is a wide shot of the two of them, huddled together against the cold, not even noticing their close proximity to each other. They are exhausted, with Mina slumped over on one side, and Van Helsing half leaning on her. The circle around them is intact, and it seems the women have gone. The scene is just snowy darkness, dimly lit by the dying fire glowing just out of shot to the bottom. There are two typewritten captions.

Cap: Soon, the horses ceased to moan, and lay still on the ground. The snow fell on them softly, and they grew whiter.

Cap: I knew that there was for the poor beasts no more of terror.

Panel Three.

This is a small panel showing Van Helsing sat shell shocked in his furs. We can see he has his little gold cross held tightly in his fist, pressed up close to his face. The cross reflects the firelight as do his eyes which are staring, and wide. All we can see to prove he or Mina

(off panel right) is alive is the faint strands of steam from their breathing. There are two typewritten captions.

Cap: And so we remained till the red of the dawn began to fall through the snow gloom.

Cap: The horrid figures melted and moved wraithlike towards the castle.

Panel Four.

This is a small shot with the fire in the foreground, with Van Helsing throwing more wood on to it. Mina is lying on her side in the circle behind the fire. And behind her we can make out two snowy hillocks in the snow, which are the horses. A lot for a small shot, but it should be okay, especially as so much is covered in snow. (Ah snow the artist's friend!) There are two typewritten captions.

Cap: At sunrise I looked to Madam Mina but she was asleep and would not wake.

Cap: I ventured out of the circle and rekindled the fire.

Panel Five.

This is a small shot, really close in on the sideways head of a dead horse. There is snow covering it mostly, and even snow on the poor creature's cold staring eyes. The horses tongue is lolling out to one side, and we can see the rest of it is very snow covered too. Just bits of it sticking out as if under a duvet. There is one typewritten caption.

Cap: The horses are all dead, frightened to death.

Panel Six.

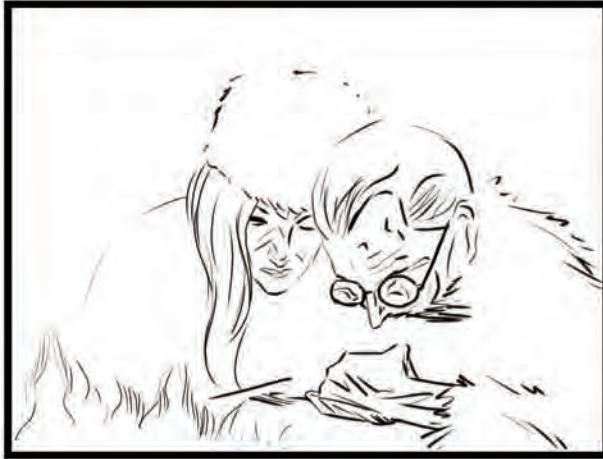
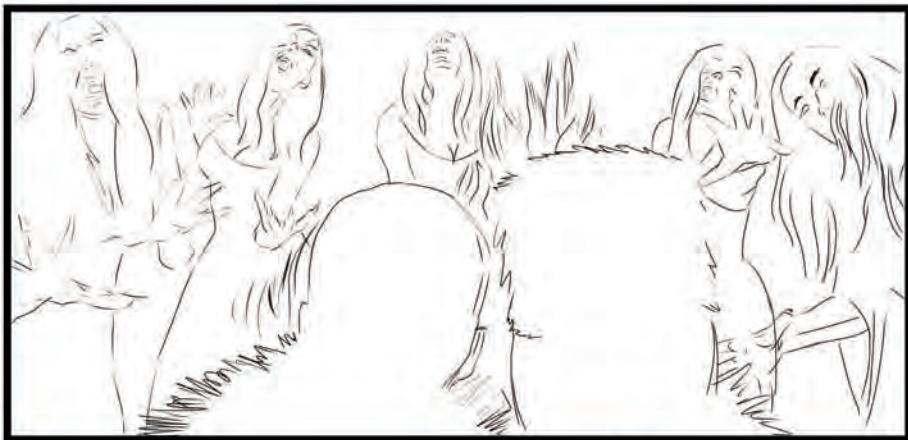
This is a small shot of Van Helsing hunched over the fire as close as he dare, in the foreground, and behind him the sky is blood red as the sun rises. We can see the forest gives way to a mountain, and on the top of the mountain we have the shape of a castle, Dracula's castle. There are two typewritten captions.

Cap: I have much to do today but I must wait until the sun is high.

Cap: I shall take breakfast for strength and then to my terrible work.

RIGHT FACING PAGE:

TOP RIGHT - Colton's line art "map" for page 27
BOTTOM LEFT - Colton's final interior art for page 27



DRACULA'S GUEST

the original text by Bram Stoker

When we started for our drive the sun was shining brightly on Munich, and the air was full of the joyousness of early summer. Just as we were about to depart, Herr Delbrück (the maître d'hôtel of the Quatre Saisons, where I was staying) came down, bareheaded, to the carriage and, after wishing me a pleasant drive, said to the coachman, still holding his hand on the handle of the carriage door:

'Remember you are back by nightfall. The sky looks bright but there is a shiver in the north wind that says there may be a sudden storm. But I am sure you will not be late.' Here he smiled, and added, 'for you know what night it is.'

Johann answered with an emphatic, 'Ja, mein Herr', and, touching his hat, drove off quickly. When we had cleared the town, I said, after signalling to him to stop:

'Tell me, Johann, what is tonight?'

He crossed himself, as he answered laconically: 'Walpurgis nacht.' Then he took out his watch, a great, old-fashioned German silver thing as big as a turnip, and looked at it, with his eyebrows gathered together and a little impatient shrug of his shoulders. I realised that this was his way of respectfully protesting against the unnecessary delay, and sank back in the carriage, merely motioning him to proceed. He started off rapidly, as if to make up for lost time. Every now and then the horses seemed to throw up their heads and sniffed the air suspiciously. On such occasions I often looked round in alarm. The road was pretty bleak, for we were traversing a sort of high, wind-swept plateau. As we drove, I saw a road that looked but little used, and which seemed to dip through a little, winding valley. It looked so inviting that, even at the risk of offending him, I called Johann to stop—and when he had pulled up, I told him I would like to drive down that road. He made all sorts of excuses, and frequently crossed himself as he spoke. This somewhat piqued my curiosity, so I asked him various questions. He answered fencingly, and repeatedly looked at his watch in protest. Finally I said:

'Well, Johann, I want to go down this road. I shall not ask you to come unless you like; but tell me why you do not like to go, that is all I ask.' For answer he seemed to throw himself off the box, so quickly did he reach the ground. Then he stretched out his hands appealingly to me, and implored me not to go. There was just enough of English mixed with the German for me to understand the drift of his talk. He seemed always just about to tell me something—the very idea of which evidently frightened him; but each time he pulled himself up, saying, as he crossed himself: 'Walpurgis-Nacht!'

I tried to argue with him, but it was difficult to argue with a man when I did not know his language. The advantage certainly rested with him, for although he began to speak in English, of a very crude and broken kind, he always got excited and broke into his native tongue—and every time he did so, he looked at his watch. Then the horses became restless and sniffed the air. At this he grew very pale, and, looking around in a frightened way, he suddenly jumped forward, took them by the bridles and led them on some twenty feet. I followed, and asked why he had

done this. For answer he crossed himself, pointed to the spot we had left and drew his carriage in the direction of the other road, indicating a cross, and said, first in German, then in English: 'Buried him—him what killed themselves.'

I remembered the old custom of burying suicides at cross-roads: 'Ah! I see, a suicide. How interesting!' But for the life of me I could not make out why the horses were frightened.

Whilst we were talking, we heard a sort of sound between a yelp and a bark. It was far away; but the horses got very restless, and it took Johann all his time to quiet them. He was pale, and said, 'It sounds like a wolf—but yet there are no wolves here now.'

'No?' I said, questioning him; 'isn't it long since the wolves were so near the city?'

'Long, long,' he answered, 'in the spring and summer; but with the snow the wolves have been here not so long.'

Whilst he was petting the horses and trying to quiet them, dark clouds drifted rapidly across the sky. The sunshine passed away, and a breath of cold wind seemed to drift past us. It was only a breath, however, and more in the nature of a warning than a fact, for the sun came out brightly again. Johann looked under his lifted hand at the horizon and said:

'The storm of snow, he comes before long time.' Then he looked at his watch again, and, straightway holding his reins firmly—for the horses were still pawing the ground restlessly and shaking their heads—he climbed to his box as though the time had come for proceeding on our journey.

I felt a little obstinate and did not at once get into the carriage.

'Tell me,' I said, 'about this place where the road leads,' and I pointed down.

Again he crossed himself and mumbled a prayer, before he answered, 'It is unholy.'

'What is unholy?' I enquired.

'The village.'

'Then there is a village?'

'No, no. No one lives there hundreds of years.' My curiosity was piqued, 'But you said there was a village.'

'There was.'

'Where is it now?'

Whereupon he burst out into a long story in German and English, so mixed up that I could not quite understand exactly what he said, but roughly I gathered that long ago, hundreds of years, men had died there and been buried in their graves; and sounds were heard under the clay, and when the graves were opened, men and women

were found rosy with life, and their mouths red with blood. And so, in haste to save their lives (aye, and their souls!—and here he crossed himself) those who were left fled away to other places, where the living lived, and the dead were dead and not—not something. He was evidently afraid to speak the last words. As he proceeded with his narration, he grew more and more excited. It seemed as if his imagination had got hold of him, and he ended in a perfect paroxysm of fear—white-faced, perspiring, trembling and looking round him, as if expecting that some dreadful presence would manifest itself there in the bright sunshine on the open plain. Finally, in an agony of desperation, he cried:

'Walpurgis nacht!' and pointed to the carriage for me to get in. All my English blood rose at this, and, standing back, I said:

'You are afraid, Johann—you are afraid. Go home; I shall return alone; the walk will do me good.' The carriage door was open. I took from the seat my oak walking-stick—which I always carry on my holiday excursions—and closed the door, pointing back to Munich, and said, 'Go home, Johann—Walpurgis-nacht doesn't concern Englishmen.'

The horses were now more restive than ever, and Johann was trying to hold them in, while excitedly imploring me not to do anything so foolish. I pitied the poor fellow, he was deeply in earnest; but all the same I could not help laughing. His English was quite gone now. In his anxiety he had forgotten that his only means of making me understand was to talk my language, so he jabbered away in his native German. It began to be a little tedious. After giving the direction, 'Home!' I turned to go down the cross-road into the valley.

With a despairing gesture, Johann turned his horses towards Munich. I leaned on my stick and looked after him. He went slowly along the road for a while: then there came over the crest of the hill a man tall and thin. I could see so much in the distance. When he drew near the horses, they began to jump and kick about, then to scream with terror. Johann could not hold them in; they bolted down the road, running away madly. I watched them out of sight, then looked for the stranger, but I found that he, too, was gone.

With a light heart I turned down the side road through the deepening valley to which Johann had objected. There was not the slightest reason, that I could see, for his objection; and I daresay I tramped for a couple of hours without thinking of time or distance, and certainly without seeing a person or a house. So far as the place was concerned, it was desolation, itself. But I did not notice this particularly till, on turning a bend in the road, I came upon a scattered fringe of wood; then I recognised that I had been impressed unconsciously by the desolation of the region through which I had passed.

I sat down to rest myself, and began to look around. It struck me that it was considerably colder than it had been at the commencement of my walk—a sort of sighing sound seemed to be around me, with, now and then, high overhead, a sort of muffled roar. Looking upwards I noticed that great thick clouds were drifting rapidly across the sky from North to South at a great height. There were signs of coming storm in some lofty stratum of the air. I was a little chilly, and, thinking that it was the sitting still after the exercise of walking, I resumed my journey.

The ground I passed over was now much more picturesque. There were no striking objects that the eye might single out; but in all there was a charm of beauty. I took little heed of time and it was only when the deepening twilight forced itself upon me that I began to think of how I should find my way home. The brightness of the day had gone. The air was cold, and the drifting of clouds high overhead was more marked. They were accompanied by a sort of far-away rushing sound, through which seemed to come at intervals that mysterious cry which the driver had said came from a wolf. For a while I hesitated. I had said I would see the deserted village, so on I went, and presently came on a wide stretch of open country, shut in by hills all around. Their sides were covered with trees which spread down to the plain, dotting, in clumps, the gentler slopes and hollows which showed here and there. I followed with my eye the winding of the road, and saw that it curved close to one of the densest of these clumps and was lost behind it.

As I looked there came a cold shiver in the air, and the snow began to fall. I thought of the miles and miles of bleak country I had passed, and then hurried on to seek the shelter of the wood in front. Darker and darker grew the sky, and faster and heavier fell the snow, till the earth before and around me was a glistening white carpet the further edge of which was lost in misty vagueness. The road was here but crude, and when on the level its boundaries were not so marked, as when it passed through the cuttings; and in a little while I found that I must have strayed from it, for I missed underfoot the hard surface, and my feet sank deeper in the grass and moss. Then the wind grew stronger and blew with ever increasing force, till I was fain to run before it. The air became icy-cold, and in spite of my exercise I began to suffer. The snow was now falling so thickly and whirling around me in such rapid eddies that I could hardly keep my eyes open. Every now and then the heavens were torn asunder by vivid lightning, and in the flashes I could see ahead of me a great mass of trees, chiefly yew and cypress all heavily coated with snow.

I was soon amongst the shelter of the trees, and there, in comparative silence, I could hear the rush of the wind high overhead. Presently the blackness of the storm had become merged in the darkness of the night. By-and-by the storm seemed to be passing away: it now only came in fierce puffs or blasts. At such moments the weird sound of the wolf appeared to be echoed by many similar sounds around me.

Now and again, through the black mass of drifting cloud, came a straggling ray of moonlight, which lit up the expanse, and showed me that I was at the edge of a dense mass of cypress and yew trees. As the snow had ceased to fall, I walked out from the shelter and began to investigate more closely. It appeared to me that, amongst so many old foundations as I had passed, there might be still standing a house in which, though in ruins, I could find some sort of shelter for a while. As I skirted the edge of the copse, I found that a low wall encircled it, and following this I presently found an opening. Here the cypresses formed an alley leading up to a square mass of some kind of building. Just as I caught sight of this, however, the drifting clouds obscured the moon, and I passed up the path in darkness. The wind must have grown colder, for I felt myself shiver as I walked; but there was hope of shelter, and I groped my way blindly on.

I stopped, for there was a sudden stillness. The storm had passed; and, perhaps in sympathy with nature's silence,

my heart seemed to cease to beat. But this was only momentarily; for suddenly the moonlight broke through the clouds, showing me that I was in a graveyard, and that the square object before me was a great massive tomb of marble, as white as the snow that lay on and all around it. With the moonlight there came a fierce sigh of the storm, which appeared to resume its course with a long, low howl, as of many dogs or wolves. I was awed and shocked, and felt the cold perceptibly grow upon me till it seemed to grip me by the heart. Then while the flood of moonlight still fell on the marble tomb, the storm gave further evidence of renewing, as though it was returning on its track. Impelled by some sort of fascination, I approached the sepulchre to see what it was, and why such a thing stood alone in such a place. I walked around it, and read, over the Doric door, in German:

COUNTESS DOLINGEN OF GRATZ
IN STYRIA
SOUGHT AND FOUND DEATH
1801

On the top of the tomb, seemingly driven through the solid marble—for the structure was composed of a few vast blocks of stone—was a great iron spike or stake. On going to the back I saw, graven in great Russian letters:

'The dead travel fast.'

There was something so weird and uncanny about the whole thing that it gave me a turn and made me feel quite faint. I began to wish, for the first time, that I had taken Johann's advice. Here a thought struck me, which came under almost mysterious circumstances and with a terrible shock. This was Walpurgis Night!

Walpurgis Night, when, according to the belief of millions of people, the devil was abroad—when the graves were opened and the dead came forth and walked. When all evil things of earth and air and water held revel. This very place the driver had specially shunned. This was the depopulated village of centuries ago. This was where the suicide lay; and this was the place where I was alone—unmanned, shivering with cold in a shroud of snow with a wild storm gathering again upon me! It took all my philosophy, all the religion I had been taught, all my courage, not to collapse in a paroxysm of fright.

And now a perfect tornado burst upon me. The ground shook as though thousands of horses thundered across it; and this time the storm bore on its icy wings, not snow, but great hailstones which drove with such violence that they might have come from the thongs of Balearic slingers—hailstones that beat down leaf and branch and made the shelter of the cypresses of no more avail than though their stems were standing-corn. At the first I had rushed to the nearest tree; but I was soon fain to leave it and seek the only spot that seemed to afford refuge, the deep Doric doorway of the marble tomb. There, crouching against the massive bronze door, I gained a certain amount of protection from the beating of the hailstones, for now they only drove against me as they ricocheted from the ground and the side of the marble.

As I leaned against the door, it moved slightly and opened inwards. The shelter of even a tomb was welcome in that pitiless tempest, and I was about to enter it when there came a flash of forked-lightning that lit up the whole expanse of the heavens. In the instant, as I am a living man, I saw, as my eyes were turned into the darkness of the tomb, a beautiful woman, with rounded

cheeks and red lips, seemingly sleeping on a bier. As the thunder broke overhead, I was grasped as by the hand of a giant and hurled out into the storm. The whole thing was so sudden that, before I could realise the shock, moral as well as physical, I found the hailstones beating me down. At the same time I had a strange, dominating feeling that I was not alone. I looked towards the tomb. Just then there came another blinding flash, which seemed to strike the iron stake that surmounted the tomb and to pour through to the earth, blasting and crumbling the marble, as in a burst of flame. The dead woman rose for a moment of agony, while she was lapped in the flame, and her bitter scream of pain was drowned in the thundercrash. The last thing I heard was this mingling of dreadful sound, as again I was seized in the giant-grasp and dragged away, while the hailstones beat on me, and the air around seemed reverberant with the howling of wolves. The last sight that I remembered was a vague, white, moving mass, as if all the graves around me had sent out the phantoms of their sheeted-dead, and that they were closing in on me through the white cloudiness of the driving hail.

Gradually there came a sort of vague beginning of consciousness; then a sense of weariness that was dreadful. For a time I remembered nothing; but slowly my senses returned. My feet seemed positively racked with pain, yet I could not move them. They seemed to be numbed. There was an icy feeling at the back of my neck and all down my spine, and my ears, like my feet, were dead, yet in torment; but there was in my breast a sense of warmth which was, by comparison, delicious. It was as a nightmare—a physical nightmare, if one may use such an expression; for some heavy weight on my chest made it difficult for me to breathe.

This period of semi-lethargy seemed to remain a long time, and as it faded away I must have slept or swooned. Then came a sort of loathing, like the first stage of seasickness, and a wild desire to be free from something—I knew not what. A vast stillness enveloped me, as though all the world were asleep or dead—only broken by the low panting as of some animal close to me. I felt a warm rasping at my throat, then came a consciousness of the awful truth, which chilled me to the heart and sent the blood surging up through my brain. Some great animal was lying on me and now licking my throat. I feared to stir, for some instinct of prudence bade me lie still; but the brute seemed to realise that there was now some change in me, for it raised its head. Through my eyelashes I saw above me the two great flaming eyes of a gigantic wolf. Its sharp white teeth gleamed in the gaping red mouth, and I could feel its hot breath fierce and acrid upon me.

For another spell of time I remembered no more. Then I became conscious of a low growl, followed by a yelp, renewed again and again. Then, seemingly very far away, I heard a 'Holloa! holloa!' as of many voices calling in unison. Cautiously I raised my head and looked in the direction whence the sound came; but the cemetery blocked my view. The wolf still continued to yelp in a strange way, and a red glare began to move round the grove of cypresses, as though following the sound. As the voices drew closer, the wolf yelped faster and louder. I feared to make either sound or motion. Nearer came the red glow, over the white pall which stretched into the darkness around me. Then all at once from beyond the trees there came at a trot a troop of horsemen bearing torches. The wolf rose from my breast and made for the cemetery. I saw one of the horsemen (soldiers by their

caps and their long military cloaks) raise his carbine and take aim. A companion knocked up his arm, and I heard the ball whizz over my head. He had evidently taken my body for that of the wolf. Another sighted the animal as it slunk away, and a shot followed. Then, at a gallop, the troop rode forward—some towards me, others following the wolf as it disappeared amongst the snow-clad cypresses.

As they drew nearer I tried to move, but was powerless, although I could see and hear all that went on around me. Two or three of the soldiers jumped from their horses and knelt beside me. One of them raised my head, and placed his hand over my heart.

'Good news, comrades!' he cried. 'His heart still beats!'

Then some brandy was poured down my throat; it put vigour into me, and I was able to open my eyes fully and look around. Lights and shadows were moving among the trees, and I heard men call to one another. They drew together, uttering frightened exclamations; and the lights flashed as the others came pouring out of the cemetery pell-mell, like men possessed. When the further ones came close to us, those who were around me asked them eagerly:

'Well, have you found him?'

The reply rang out hurriedly:

'No! no! Come away quick—quick! This is no place to stay, and on this of all nights!'

'What was it?' was the question, asked in all manner of keys. The answer came variously and all indefinitely as though the men were moved by some common impulse to speak, yet were restrained by some common fear from giving their thoughts.

'It—it—indeed!' gibbered one, whose wits had plainly given out for the moment.

'A wolf—and yet not a wolf!' another put in shudderingly.

'No use trying for him without the sacred bullet,' a third remarked in a more ordinary manner.

'Serve us right for coming out on this night! Truly we have earned our thousand marks!' were the ejaculations of a fourth.

'There was blood on the broken marble,' another said after a pause—the lightning never brought that there. And for him—is he safe? Look at his throat! See, comrades, the wolf has been lying on him and keeping his blood warm.'

The officer looked at my throat and replied:

'He is all right; the skin is not pierced. What does it all mean? We should never have found him but for the yelping of the wolf.'

'What became of it?' asked the man who was holding up my head, and who seemed the least panic-stricken of the party, for his hands were steady and without tremor. On his sleeve was the chevron of a petty oficer.

'It went to its home,' answered the man, whose long face

was pallid, and who actually shook with terror as he glanced around him fearfully. 'There are graves enough there in which it may lie. Come, comrades—come quickly! Let us leave this cursed spot.'

The officer raised me to a sitting posture, as he uttered a word of command; then several men placed me upon a horse. He sprang to the saddle behind me, took me in his arms, gave the word to advance; and, turning our faces away from the cypresses, we rode away in swift, military order.

As yet my tongue refused its of fice, and I was perforce silent. I must have fallen asleep; for the next thing I remembered was finding myself standing up, supported by a soldier on each side of me. It was almost broad daylight, and to the north a red streak of sunlight was reflected, like a path of blood, over the waste of snow. The officer was telling the men to say nothing of what they had seen, except that they found an English stranger, guarded by a large dog.

'Dog! that was no dog,' cut in the man who had exhibited such fear. 'I think I know a wolf when I see one.'

The young officer answered calmly: 'I said a dog.'

'Dog!' reiterated the other ironically. It was evident that his courage was rising with the sun; and, pointing to me, he said, 'Look at his throat. Is that the work of a dog, master?'

Instinctively I raised my hand to my throat, and as I touched it I cried out in pain. The men crowded round to look, some stooping down from their saddles; and again there came the calm voice of the young oficer:

'A dog, as I said. If aught else were said we should only be laughed at.'

I was then mounted behind a trooper, and we rode on into the suburbs of Munich. Here we came across a stray carriage, into which I was lifted, and it was driven off to the Quatre Saisons—the young oficer accompanying me, whilst a trooper followed with his horse, and the others rode off to their barracks.

When we arrived, Herr Delbrück rushed so quickly down the steps to meet me, that it was apparent he had been watching within. Taking me by both hands he solicitously led me in. The officer saluted me and was turning to withdraw, when I recognised his purpose, and insisted that he should come to my rooms. Over a glass of wine I warmly thanked him and his brave comrades for saving me. He replied simply that he was more than glad, and that Herr Delbrück had at the first taken steps to make all the searching party pleased; at which ambiguous utterance the maître d'hôtel smiled, while the oficer pleaded duty and withdrew.

'But Herr Delbrück,' I enquired, 'how and why was it that the soldiers searched for me?'

He shrugged his shoulders, as if in depreciation of his own deed, as he replied:

'I was so fortunate as to obtain leave from the commander of the regiment in which I served, to ask for volunteers.'

'But how did you know I was lost?' I asked.

'The driver came hither with the remains of his carriage, which had been upset when the horses ran away.'

'But surely you would not send a search-party of soldiers merely on this account?'

'Oh, no!' he answered; 'but even before the coachman arrived, I had this telegram from the Boyar whose guest you are,' and he took from his pocket a telegram which he handed to me, and I read:

Bistritz.

Be careful of my guest—his safety is most precious to me. Should aught happen to him, or if he be missed, spare nothing to find him and ensure his safety. He is English and therefore adventurous. There are often dangers from snow and wolves and night. Lose not a moment if you suspect harm to him. I answer your zeal with my fortune.—Dracula.

As I held the telegram in my hand, the room seemed to whirl around me; and, if the attentive maître d'hôtel had not caught me, I think I should have fallen. There was something so strange in all this, something so weird and impossible to imagine, that there grew on me a sense of my being in some way the sport of opposite forces—the mere vague idea of which seemed in a way to paralyse me. I was certainly under some form of mysterious protection. From a distant country had come, in the very nick of time, a message that took me out of the danger of the snow-sleep and the jaws of the wolf.

