

A decorative, black-and-white frame with intricate, symmetrical scrollwork and a pointed top and bottom. Inside the frame, the word "Chapter" is written in a large, elegant, blackletter-style font, and the number "1" is centered below it in a smaller, similar font.

Chapter 1

Jonathan Harker's Journal

May 3. I left Munich at 8:35 p.m. on May 1 and arrived in Vienna early the next morning. Next we stopped in Budapest, which looked like a wonderful place. I would have liked to get off the train and explore, but there was no time. But from my look out the window, I had the impression that I had left the Western world and entered the mysterious East.

By nightfall of the next day I had arrived at the city of Klausenburgh. I stopped for the night at the Hotel Royale, where I ordered a very good dish of chicken prepared with red pepper. (Note: Remember to get the recipe for Mina.) It is certainly lucky that I speak some

German. I don't know how I would get along here otherwise.

Before I left London, I visited the British Museum and looked at all the books and maps about Transylvania that I could find. I thought that knowing something about the region would help me make a good impression on Count Dracula, the nobleman with whom I will be dealing. From what I could make out, Transylvania is one of the wildest and least known portions of Europe. I couldn't find any map that gave the exact location of the Castle Dracula, but I did see that Bistritz, the town nearest the castle, is fairly well known. From my reading, it seems as though every superstition in the world is alive in this ancient region. If that is true, my stay may be very interesting. (Note: Ask the Count all about those old beliefs.)

I did not sleep well, although my bed was comfortable enough, for I had all sorts of odd dreams. There was a dog howling all night under my window, which may have had something to do with it; or it may have been all the red pepper in my dinner. After I awoke I had to hurry through breakfast, for my train was scheduled to leave a little before eight. At least it ought to have left then. Once I rushed to my seat, I had to sit there for more than an hour

before we began to move. It seems to me that the further east you go, the less punctual are the trains. I wonder what they are like in China?

All day long we moved slowly through a country which was full of beauty of every kind. Sometimes we saw little towns or castles on the top of steep hills; sometimes we passed rivers and streams which had wide stony margins on each side of them, showing that great floods were frequent there.

It was on the dark side of twilight when we got to Bistritz, which is a very interesting old place. It has had a very stormy existence, and it shows the marks of it. Fifty years ago a series of great fires took place. At the very beginning of the seventeenth century, it underwent an attack by enemies that lasted three weeks. Between the fighting and the famine and disease that went along with it, 13,000 people lost their lives.

My letter from Count Dracula had instructed me to stay at the Golden Krone Hotel. The hotel was very old-fashioned, and this delighted me, for, of course, I want to see all the old traditions of this country.

At the hotel I was met by a cheery-looking elderly woman. She wore the peasant costume of the region—a white dress, topped with a

long, brightly-colored apron. Apparently I was expected, for when I came up she bowed and said, "You are our English guest?"

"Yes," I said, "my name is Jonathan Harker."

She smiled, and spoke in her language to an elderly man who had followed her to the door. He left, but immediately returned with a letter, which he handed to me. It read:

"My friend—Welcome to my homeland. I am eagerly expecting you. Sleep well tonight. At three tomorrow the stagecoach will stop at your inn. I have reserved a seat on it for you. My own carriage will be waiting for you at the Borgo Pass, and it will bring you to me. I trust that your journey from London has been a happy one and that you will enjoy your stay in my beautiful land. —Your friend, Dracula."

May 4. Today I tried to have a chat with my host at the inn. But when I asked him a few questions about the Count and his castle, he became very quiet and claimed that he could not understand my German. I'm sure this wasn't true, because up until then he had understood it perfectly.

When I continued to try, he and his wife looked at each other in a frightened sort of way. He mumbled that the money for my

room had been sent in a letter, and that was all he knew. When I asked him if he knew Count Dracula, both he and his wife crossed themselves and said that they knew nothing at all. It was nearly time for the stagecoach to arrive, and I had no time to ask anyone else. This was all very mysterious and not at all comforting.

But just before I was to leave, the host's wife came up to my room and said in a hysterical way: "Must you go? Oh, young man, must you go?" She was in such an excited state that she seemed to have forgotten the little German she knew, and mixed it all up with some other language. When I told her that I must go at once, and that I had important business, she asked, "Do you know what day it is?" I answered that it was the fourth of May. She shook her head as she said again, "Yes, I know that! I know that, but do you know what day it is?"

I said that I did not understand, and she went on: "It is the eve of St. George's Day. Don't you know that tonight, when the clock strikes midnight, all the evil things in the world will have their full power? Don't you know where you are going, and what you are going to?" She was so upset! I tried to comfort her, but I failed completely. Finally, she got down on her knees and begged me not to go,

or at least to wait a day or two before starting.

It was all nonsense, of course, but it still made me nervous. However, there was nothing I could do. So I thanked her and said that my business could not wait, and that I must go.

She then rose and dried her eyes. Taking a crucifix on a chain from around her neck, she offered it to me.

I did not know what to do. The church I grew up in did not approve of symbols such as crucifixes, and yet it seemed rude to refuse the old lady's gift, especially when she was so upset.

I suppose she saw the doubt in my face, for she fastened the chain around my neck herself. "Wear it for your mother's sake," she said, and went out of the room.

I am writing this part of the diary while I wait for the coach—which is, of course, late—and the crucifix is still round my neck.

Whether it is the old lady's fear, or the many ghostly traditions of this place, I do not know, but I am not feeling nearly as relaxed as usual. But here comes the coach!

May 5. When I got on the coach, the driver was still outside talking to my landlady. They seemed to be speaking of me, for every now and then they looked at me. Then some other

people who were sitting on the bench outside the door came and listened, and then stared at me too, most of them with pity in their eyes. I could hear words often repeated, strange words, for there were many nationalities in the crowd. I quietly got my European languages dictionary from my bag and looked them up.

I must say they did nothing to cheer me up, for among them were *Ordog*, which means "Satan," *Pokol*—"hell," *stregoica*—"witch," *vrolok* and *vlkoslak*—both meaning something that is either werewolf or vampire. (Note: Ask the Count about all this.)

When we started, the crowd around the inn door all made the sign of the cross and pointed two fingers towards me.

With some difficulty, I got a fellow passenger to tell me what they meant. He would not answer at first, but finally explained that the gesture was a charm against the evil eye.

This was not very pleasant for me, just starting out for an unknown place to meet an unknown man. But everyone seemed so kind-hearted that I was sure they meant well.

Then our driver cracked his big whip over his four small horses, and we set off on our journey.

I soon forgot my ghostly fears in the beauty of the scenery. Before us lay a green, sloping

land full of forests and woods, with steep hills here and there, crowned with clumps of trees or with farmhouses. There were fruit blossoms everywhere—apple, plum, pear, cherry. And as we drove by, I could see the green grass under the trees dotted with the fallen petals. In and out among these green hills ran the road.

Beyond the hills rose the mighty slopes of the Carpathian Mountains. They towered on either side of us, with the afternoon sun bringing out all their glorious colors: deep blue and purple in the shadows of the peaks, green and brown where grass and rock mingled, and over all, the gleam of the snowy peaks.

As we continued on our endless way, and the sun sank lower and lower, the shadows of the evening began to creep around us. Sometimes the hills were so steep that the horses could only go slowly, no matter how the driver cracked his whip. I wanted to get out of the coach and walk, as we do at home, to make the load lighter, but the driver would not hear of it. "No, no," he said. "You must not walk here. The dogs are too fierce." And then he added, "And you may have enough of such trouble before you go to sleep." The only stop he would make was a moment's pause to light his lamps.

When it grew dark, the passengers seemed

to become very excited, and they kept speaking to him, as though telling him to go faster. He lashed the horses unmercifully with his long whip, and shouted at them to gallop harder. Then through the darkness I could see a sort of patch of gray light ahead of us. The excitement of the passengers grew greater. The coach rocked like a boat tossed on a stormy sea, so I was forced to hang on. Then the mountains seemed to come nearer to us on each side and to frown down upon us. We were entering the Borgo Pass.

Several of the passengers began to offer me gifts, refusing to take no for an answer. The gifts were an odd mixture, but each was given with great kindness, along with a blessing and that same strange gesture that I had seen in Bistritz. Then, as we flew along, the driver leaned forward, and on each side the passengers peered eagerly into the darkness. It was clear that something exciting was either happening or expected, but no one would explain it to me.

At last we saw the pass opening out on the eastern side. There were dark, rolling clouds overhead, and a heavy sense of thunder in the air. I looked for the carriage which was to take me to the Count. Each moment I expected to see the glare of lamps through the blackness,

but all was dark. We could now see the sandy road lying white before us, but there was on it no sign of a vehicle. The passengers sat back with a sigh of relief, which contrasted with my own disappointment. I was wondering what I should do, when the driver, looking at his watch, said something to the others that I could hardly hear. I thought what he said was, "An hour early."

Then, turning to me, he spoke in German that was worse than my own: "There is no carriage here. There is no one to meet you after all. I will take you now to Bukovina, and bring you back tomorrow or the next day, better the next day."

But while he was speaking, the horses began to neigh and snort and plunge wildly. Then, among a chorus of screams from my fellow passengers, a carriage with four horses pulled up beside our coach. I could see from the light of our lamps that the horses were splendid, coal-black animals. They were driven by a tall man, with a long brown beard and a great black hat. I could see the gleam of his bright eyes, which seemed red in the lamp-light, as he turned to us.

He said to the driver, "You are early tonight, my friend."

Our driver stammered in reply, "The

Englishman was in a hurry.”

To which the stranger replied, “Is that why you wanted him to go on to Bukovina? You cannot deceive me, my friend. I know too much, and my horses are swift.”

As he spoke he smiled. His lips were very red and his teeth, as white as ivory, looked sharp. “Give me the Englishman’s luggage,” he said, and the coach driver hurriedly did as he asked. As I climbed down from the side of the coach, the bearded man helped me with a hand that had a grip of steel. He must have been tremendously strong.

Without a word he shook his reins, the horses turned, and we swept into the darkness of the pass. As I looked back I saw the steam rise from the stagecoach horses. Their driver cracked his whip, and off they went on their way to Bukovina. As they disappeared into the darkness, I felt a strange chill, and a lonely feeling came over me. But a blanket was thrown over my shoulders, and another across my knees, and the driver said in excellent German, “The night is chilly, sir, and my master the Count told me to take good care of you. There is a bottle of brandy underneath the seat, if you should want some.”

I did not want any, but it was a comfort to know it was there. I felt strange, even fright-

ened, and I wished I was doing anything instead of making this night journey. The carriage went swiftly ahead; then we made a complete turn and went along another straight road. It seemed to me that we were simply going back and forth over the same ground again. I made myself notice a spot in the landscape and, when I saw it pass a second time, knew that I was correct. I wanted to ask the driver what this all meant, but I was really afraid to speak up. There was nothing I could do if he, for some reason, wanted to make our trip take longer than necessary.

Eventually, though, I was curious to know the time. I struck a match, and by its flame looked at my watch. It was a few minutes before midnight. This gave me a sort of shock. I suppose the general superstition about midnight was made worse by my recent experiences. I waited with a sick feeling of suspense.

Then a dog began to howl somewhere in a farmhouse far down the road—a long, agonized wailing, as if from fear. The sound was taken up by another dog, and then another and another. Through the gloom of night, the wild howling seemed to come from all over the country.

At the first howl the horses began to strain and rear. The driver spoke to them soothingly,

and they quieted down, but shivered and sweated. Then, far off in the distance, there began a louder, sharper howling. It was the sound of wolves. The horses and I reacted in about the same way. I wanted to jump from the carriage and run, and the horses reared again and plunged madly. The driver had to use all his great strength to keep them from bolting. In a few minutes, however, my own ears got accustomed to the sound, and the horses became quiet enough that the driver was able to climb down and stand before them.

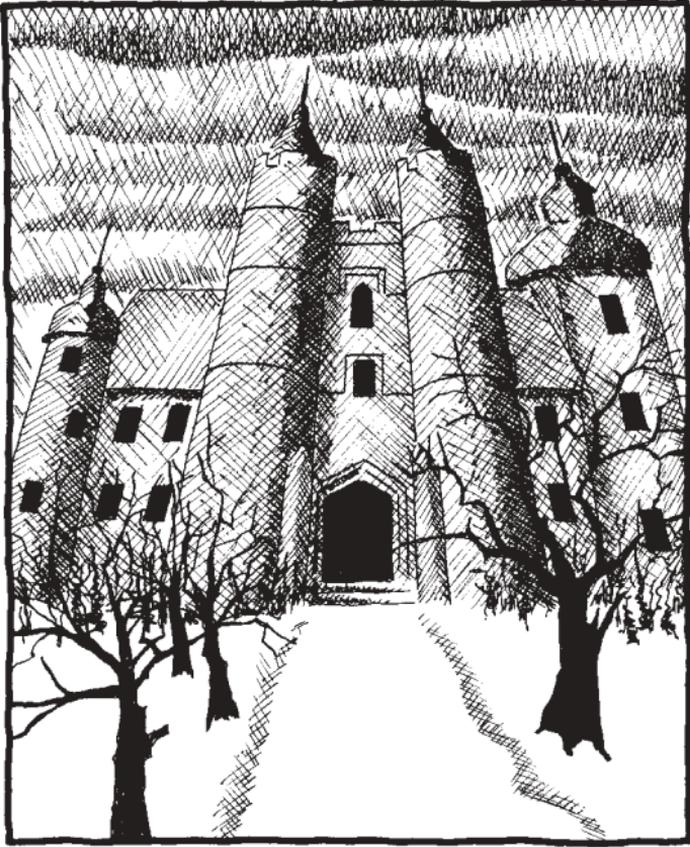
He petted and soothed them, and whispered something in their ears, as I have heard of horse-tamers doing. To my amazement, as they listened they became quite manageable again, though they still trembled. The driver again took his seat, and we started off at a fast pace. This time, after going to the far side of the pass, he turned down a narrow roadway which ran sharply to the right.

Soon we were hemmed in by trees, which in places arched over the roadway to form a tunnel. It grew colder and colder still, and fine, powdery snow began to fall. The wind still carried the howling of the dogs, though this grew fainter as we went on our way. The baying of the wolves sounded nearer and near-

er, as though they were closing round on us from every side. I grew dreadfully afraid, and the horses shared my fear. The driver, however, did not seem the least bit disturbed.

Suddenly, away on our left I saw a faint flickering blue flame. The driver saw it at the same moment. He stopped the horses, and, jumping to the ground, disappeared into the darkness. I did not know what to do, especially since the howling of the wolves was growing closer. But while I wondered, the driver appeared again. Without a word he took his seat, and we resumed our journey. I think I must have fallen asleep and kept dreaming of the incident, for it seemed to be repeated endlessly, and now looking back, it is like a sort of awful nightmare.

A second time the driver left his seat and disappeared after the blue flame, and this time he was gone longer than before. The horses began to tremble worse than ever and to snort and scream with fright. I could not see why, for the howling of the wolves had stopped. But just then, the moon burst out from behind the black clouds. By its light I saw a ring of wolves around us, with white teeth, grinning red mouths, and shaggy hair. They were a hundred times more terrifying in silence than when they howled. I felt paralyzed with fear. It



is only when a man finds himself face to face with such horrors that he can understand how awful they are.

Then the wolves began to howl, as though the moonlight had had some strange effect on them. The horses jumped about and reared, and looked around helplessly with eyes that rolled wildly. But the living ring of terror imprisoned them on every side. I called to the coachman to come. I shouted and beat the

side of the carriage, hoping by the noise to frighten the wolves away and give the driver a chance to return. I don't know where he came from, but suddenly he was there. I heard his voice shout in a commanding tone, and he raised his arms as though brushing something away. The wolves fell back and melted away into the darkness. The driver returned to his seat, and we set off once again.

This was all so strange that a dreadful fear came upon me, and I was afraid to speak or move. The ride seemed to go on forever, and we traveled now in complete darkness. Up and up the road climbed and then, suddenly, I realized we were turning into the courtyard of a vast ruined castle. From its tall black windows came no ray of light.