



DRACULA: PART I

CAST

NARRATOR	<i>Jonathan Narrating</i>
JONATHAN	<i>English Lawyer</i>
LANDLADY	<i>Peasant Woman</i>
PASSENGER	<i>Passenger on a Coach</i>
DRIVER	<i>Driver of a Coach</i>
COACHMAN	<i>Mysterious Driver</i>
DRACULA	<i>Mysterious Nobleman</i>
WAITER	<i>Villager</i>

NARRATOR: May 3rd. Oh the sights I have seen! It is not often that a poor English lawyer's clerk gets to travel all the way to Eastern Europe—and at his company's expense. I know you would be angry at me, dearest Mina, for calling myself a lawyer's clerk. Technically, I have passed my exam, so I am a lawyer in full now. And soon I

will be your husband. It is the latter thought, not the former, that fills me with such joy! Being far from you is pain itself. Therefore, I have decided to keep this journal and jot down my experiences each day. At least in these pages, I can feel close to you.

During this entire journey, I have had the uncanny feeling that I am leaving the West and entering the East. I have seen new sights—the Carpathian Mountains, the streets of Budapest, and the waters of the Danube. Fortunately, the smattering of German I know has served me well, and I have dined on new dishes like chicken done up with red pepper.

JONATHAN: Delightful! (*cough*) Although it does leave you quite thirsty! What do you call this pepper?

WAITER: Paprika, Herr Englishman.

NARRATOR: I made a note of it in my journal before returning to my lodging. You should try this pepper in some of your recipes sometime, Mina—if we can find it at home in England.

Before I departed London, I visited the British Museum and searched among the books and maps in the library for any information about my destination. I knew I would have to know something of this country if I am to deal with a nobleman of this region. Turns out, this is one of the wildest and least-known portions of Europe. I was unable to light on any map giving the exact locality of the castle for which I am bound as there are no maps of this region that compare with our own. Even its name has an air of mystery...

JONATHAN: Transylvania.

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NARRATOR: My first night traveling through this new land, I did not sleep well, although my bed at the hotel was comfortable enough. I had all sorts of strange dreams. There was a dog howling beneath my window all night, and the paprika made my stomach uneasy. The next morning, to my dismay, I found that my breakfast porridge was sprinkled with red pepper.

JONATHAN: More paprika? (*grumble*) I still have some of it with me from yesterday.

NARRATOR: I rushed to catch my train on time, and it moved through country that was full of beauty of every kind—little towns and castles on the top of steep hills accented with gorgeous rivers and streams. Each village we passed, I saw peasants with short jackets and round hats and home-made trousers.

JONATHAN: Oh, Mina. How I wish you were here with me!

NARRATOR: It was on the dark side of twilight when we arrived in the town of Bistritz. I checked my notes carefully and tried to inquire of the station master if I was indeed in the right place.

JONATHAN: Excuse me! Is this where the Borgo Pass leads into Bukovina? I was told by my client to stop here.

NARRATOR: But the fellow was incommunicative and only gave me a strange glance before turning away.

JONATHAN: (*to himself*) I don't know what's more unsettling—the people or the

food. (*rumbling*) Perhaps I will skip the paprika for one meal...if possible.

NARRATOR: My client had instructed me to stay at the Golden Krone Hotel in Bistritz, and when I managed to find my way there, I saw it was an old-fashioned place. At the door I was greeted by a cheery-looking, elderly woman in peasant dress and her husband.

LANDLADY: Herr Englishman?

JONATHAN: Yes, Jonathan Harker! My client told me that he had arranged lodging for me here tonight.

LANDLADY: Of course! This letter was left here for you.

NARRATOR: I saw immediately it was from my client.

JONATHAN: (*reading*) My friend, welcome to the Carpathians. I am anxiously expecting you. Sleep well tonight. At three tomorrow the coach will start for Bukovina. A seat upon it is kept for you. At the Borgo Pass, *my* carriage will await you and will bring you to me. I trust that your journey from England has been a happy one, and that you will enjoy your stay in my beautiful land. Your friend, Dracula.

NARRATOR: I folded the letter up neatly in my pocket.

JONATHAN: What a friendly reception! What can you tell me of this Count Dracula?

LANDLADY: (*gasp*) Nothing! Nothing!

JONATHAN: Surely, you must know *something* of a nobleman who lives so close to your village.

LANDLADY: (*quickly*) I do not understand.

JONATHAN: (*confused*) But you understood me perfectly a moment ago.

NARRATOR: The old lady looked to her husband in a frightened way and continued to pretend not to understand my German.

JONATHAN: Can you tell me nothing of his castle then? Dracula's castle?

NARRATOR: The couple crossed themselves frantically.

LANDLADY: (*gasping*) Nothing! Herr Englishman, we know nothing! We will say no more!

JONATHAN: Odd. You haven't said anything to begin with. Very well...I shall have to learn of Count Dracula myself.

NARRATOR: I entered my room and prepared my things for the coach ride to the castle. But before I was much engaged, the old landlady appeared at my doorway—most hysterical and agitated.

LANDLADY: (*frantically*) Oh, young herr! Must you go? Must you?

NARRATOR: She seemed to have lost her grip on what little German she knew and was mixing it up with some language that I did not know.

LANDLADY: Do you not know what day it is? It is the Eve of St. George's Day.

Tonight when the clock strikes midnight, all the evil things in the world have full sway! Do you even know where you are going—and what you are going into?

JONATHAN: (*incredulously*) But madam, I've traveled from England. I have business with the Count.

NARRATOR: The old woman dropped to her knees—clinging to my pants, begging me not to go.

LANDLADY: (*crazily*) You mustn't!

JONATHAN: (*in shock*) My dear woman! I am expected. This is my business.

NARRATOR: I raised her to her feet, and I could feel her entire body was shivering. She dried her eyes and took a crucifix from her neck and offered it to me. I started to refuse, but before I could, she put the rosary around my neck.

LANDLADY: For your mother's sake.

JONATHAN: Ha! You would not find a more devoted member of the Church of England than my mother, and now her son is wearing a crucifix around his neck?

NARRATOR: But I saw the intensity in the woman's face, so I let the crucifix remain.

JONATHAN: Very well. Thank you for this gift.

NARRATOR: The whole event unnerved me a bit, and I continued to wear the crucifix—not knowing why. Was it the strange land I found myself in? The old woman's superstition? Or an odd fore-

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boding I felt in my heart?

The gray of the morning passed away. I dined on what they call “robber steak,” seasoned with the same red pepper, of course.

JONATHAN: *(sigh)* Most unfortunate.

NARRATOR: Finally, my coach rolled up before the Golden Krone. I went downstairs to greet it, and I saw the coachman talking with the landlady. Evidently, they were talking of me, for every now and then they looked my way. I pulled my polyglot dictionary from my bag to look up a few of the words they were saying.

JONATHAN: *(to himself)* *Ordog. Satan. Pokol. Hell. Stregoica. Witch. Oh my. What is vrolok? Werewolf...or what's this? Vampire. Hmmm. I must ask the Count about these superstitions. Hopefully, he is not the sort who believes in witches and warlocks.*

NARRATOR: As the coachman loaded my luggage, I noticed quite a crowd of locals had gathered to watch my departure—all murmuring, making the sign of the cross, and pointing two fingers toward me.

JONATHAN: *(to himself)* Perhaps they have never seen an Englishman before.

NARRATOR: I climbed into the coach and nodded politely to my fellow passengers, trying my best to downplay my newfound celebrity.

JONATHAN: Being from England must bring you some kind of fame in this land! Perhaps you can tell me—what is that gesture they are making?

PASSENGER: Herr Englishman, it is a charm against the Evil Eye.

JONATHAN: Ah! Well, I am touched by their concern, but it is all for nothing. I am merely conducting some business. You see, I have come here to...

PASSENGER: Herr Englishman, whatever business you have, let it be yours alone.

JONATHAN: *(taken aback)* Very well.

NARRATOR: I shall never forget the last glimpse I had of the inn, with its picturesque peasants, all crossing themselves and making their strange, superstitious gestures. Then our driver cracked his big whip over his four small horses, and we set off on our journey.

The road was rugged, but still we seemed to fly over it with a feverish haste. The crazy coach rocked on its great leather springs—swaying like a boat tossed on stormy seas. We passengers were jolted and jostled against one another.

JONATHAN: Our driver seems to be in a terrible hurry. I can't imagine why! Perhaps I should ask him to slow his pace a bit?

PASSENGER: *(in fright)* No! God forbid!

JONATHAN: But he's driving as if the devil himself is on his heels!

NARRATOR: This comment only made the eyes of my fellow passengers grow even wider, as they clung to the carriage straps.

The snowy mountain tops still held the sunset, and seemed to glow with a delicate, cool pink. Through the rushing trees, I would catch a glimpse of a peasant man or

woman kneeling before a roadside cross. They did not even turn around as our carriage passed them by, but seemed to neither have eyes nor ears for the outer world.

JONATHAN: I really should speak to the driver about his speed.

PASSENGER: No, I will. *(shouting)* Faster, driver! It grows dark!

NARRATOR: The driver lashed the horses unmercifully with his whip, and his wild cries urged them to further exertions. *(whip cracks and horse whinnying)*

JONATHAN: Is there some emergency?

NARRATOR: But my fellow passengers would only make the sign of the cross and guard against the evil eye.

The dark, frowning mountains were drawing closer to us on either side. We were entering the Borgo Pass. Dark, rolling clouds, loomed over us, and the air was heavy with the oppressive sense of thunder.

JONATHAN: The Count said he would arrange for some sort of conveyance. We are sure to meet it soon!

PASSENGER: *(whimper)*

NARRATOR: Suddenly, our coach skidded to a stop, and craning my neck out the window, I saw a sandy road branching off from our own. Yet there was no second carriage waiting there for me.

DRIVER: There is no carriage here.

(sighs of relief from the fellow passengers)

JONATHAN: Well, I'm sure he won't be a moment. The Count told me—

DRIVER: *(excitedly)* We cannot wait! The English Herr must come on with us to Bukovina and return tomorrow! Or even better the next day.

JONATHAN: Now see here! I have an appointment to keep.

NARRATOR: The driver raised his whip, but before he could strike, the horses began to neigh and plunge wildly. *(neighing of horses)* My fellow passengers let up a chorus of screams. *(cries of fright)*

Appearing from the gloom of the side-road came an open carriage pulled by four, coal-black horses, and it came to a stop next to our own. Its coachman was a tall man with a long, brown beard and an enormous black hat, which seemed to hide his face from us. From the darkness, where a face should be, I could only see the gleam of a pair of very bright eyes. They seemed red in the lamplight.

COACHMAN: *(deadly calm)* You arrived early tonight, my friend.

DRIVER: *(stammering)* The—the—the English Herr was in a hurry.

COACHMAN: Tut tut. You cannot deceive me. I know too much. Nor can you outpace me. My horses are swift.

PASSENGER: *(whispering)* The dead travel fast.

NARRATOR: The mysterious coachman apparently heard these words, for he turned toward the passenger who had spoken and

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smiled, revealing a mouth with very red lips and sharp, ivory-white teeth. He nodded toward me.

COACHMAN: Mine Herr, your carriage awaits. My master, the Count, bade me bring you to him.

NARRATOR: As he descended from his carriage with a smooth motion and neared our own, the horses fidgeted as did the passengers within. (*whinnying of horses*)

COACHMAN: Allow me.

NARRATOR: He caught my shoulder in his grip of steel and without the slightest sense of effort lifted me to the ground. His strength must have been prodigious.

Before I knew it, my former driver had hurled my luggage down, I was whisked aboard the new carriage, and the coachman spurred us into the darkness of the Borgo Pass. (*sounds of horse hooves*)

Over my shoulder I watched my former carriage, still lit by the lamps, and the passengers crossing themselves sink into the darkness. I felt a strange chill, and a lonely feeling came over me. (*howling of wolves*)

JONATHAN: Good heavens!

NARRATOR: Wolf howls split the night—growing nearer and nearer as if they were closing in on our open carriage from every side. (*frantic neighing*) The sound of it caused the horses to lose control. I felt the same sensation—as if I wanted to bolt into the night. The coachman, however, was not in the least disturbed.

COACHMAN: One moment.

NARRATOR: He stopped the carriage, dismounted, and drew close to the terrified horses—whispering something to them. Then he reboarded, and our journey continued.

Away in the darkness on our left, I saw a faint, flickering blue flame. The coachman saw it at the same moment, and at once, pulled the horses to a halt. He jumped to the ground and disappeared into the night. (*distant howling of wolves*)

JONATHAN: Errr. Driver? Driver?

NARRATOR: Yet after a bit, the coachman returned from the darkness, reboarded the carriage without a word, and we continued our journey. It seemed like this ritual happened time and time again—or perhaps I fell asleep and dreamed it all. The blue flame would appear in the distance. The coachman would stop and disappear in the darkness for what seemed an eternity—then eventually return. It was like an awful nightmare.

JONATHAN: What can he be doing?

NARRATOR: Only once did the flame appear near enough to the road that I could see his actions. The coachman went rapidly to where the blue flame arose and, gathering a few stones, made a small pile before it.

I watched him intently, but it must have been some trick of my eyes, for although he was between me and the blue flame, I could see the flame *through* him.

JONATHAN: Heaven preserve me!

NARRATOR: But the next occurrence was more terrifying yet. The coachman stopped

and disappeared in the darkness yet again, only he did not return for quite some time. (*howling of wolves*) The howling of the wolves grew closer—much closer than before—and I did not know what to do. The horses snorted and screamed with fright, and just then the moon cleared the black clouds, appearing behind the jagged mountains. By its light I saw all around me a ring of wolves—crouched in grim silence, waiting to spring. How much worse was their stillness than their howling! I was face-to-face with an unimaginable horror!

JONATHAN: (*yelling*) Driver! Driver!

NARRATOR: I searched the carriage for some weapon to protect myself, for I knew the wolves would spring at any moment. But out of the darkness, the coachman reappeared.

COACHMAN: (*yelling*) Back! Back!

NARRATOR: He swept his long arms toward the wolves as though brushing aside some impalpable obstacle. Then the moon was obscured by cloud, and we were left in darkness again. Without a word, he took his seat, we resumed our journey, and I heard the wolves no more.

I was so stunned, I could not speak nor move for minutes. Or was it hours? I suddenly became conscious of the fact that we were pulling into the courtyard of a vast, ruined castle. No ray of light came from the tall, black windows. Its broken battlements formed a jagged line against the moonlit sky.

JONATHAN: (*in shock*) How could I have missed the approach of this fortress? I must have fallen asleep!

NARRATOR: When the carriage stopped, the coachman jumped down and lifted me to the ground. Once again, I noticed his phenomenal strength. His hand seemed like a steel vice that could have crushed mine if he had so chosen.

COACHMAN: You are delivered.

NARRATOR: The coachman returned to his carriage and disappeared into one of the dark archways of the courtyard—leaving me standing before a huge door, old and studded with large iron nails.

JONATHAN: (*to himself*) What sort of place have I come to? Among what kind of people? What sort of grim adventure is this? I am just a lawyer—sent out to explain the purchase of a London estate to a foreigner!

NARRATOR: I kept thinking I would awake and find myself at home with the dawn struggling in through the window. But I was, in fact, not dreaming.

I heard footsteps approaching me from behind the heavy door. There was the sound of rattling chains and the clanking of massive bolts being drawn back. A key was turned with the grating noise of long disuse, and the door swung inward. (*grating door*)

Behind it was a tall, old man, clad in black from head to foot, without a speck of color about him anywhere. He held in his hand an antique lamp—throwing long, quivering shadows as it flickered in the draft of the open door. The man spoke in excellent English but with a strange intonation.

DRACULA: Welcome to my house! Enter freely and of your own will!

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NARRATOR: He made a courtly motion of welcome. But since he made no movement to step outside to meet me, I stepped over the threshold. Only then did he move toward me and grasp my hand with his own—as cold as ice—with such strength that it made me wince. It was more like the hand of a dead man than a living one. His grip seemed as strong as the coachman’s had been.

DRACULA: Welcome to my house! Come freely. Go safely. Leave behind something of the happiness you bring.

JONATHAN: Count Dracula I presume?

DRACULA: I am Dracula, and I bid you welcome, Mr. Harker. Come in. The night air is chill. And you must need rest and food.

NARRATOR: I expected a porter of some kind, but he himself picked up my bags although I tried to object.

DRACULA: Nonsense. You are my guest, and my servants are not available at this late hour.

NARRATOR: He led me up a great winding stair, over a stone floor on which our footsteps rang loudly. At the end of the hallway, he threw open a heavy door to reveal a well-lit room, where a table had been laid for supper and a large fire was burning in the fireplace. We walked through this to a bedchamber, well-lit and warmed by another fire. Here he sat down my luggage and turned to me.

DRACULA: After such a journey, you will wish to refresh yourself. When you are

finished, I will be waiting just in the next room, where your supper is prepared.

NARRATOR: The Count’s courteous welcome—not to mention a warm bedroom with a crackling fire—had dissipated my doubts and fears from such a harrowing journey. I washed up and went in to join the Count at supper. He was leaning upon the fireplace and motioned for me to sit.

DRACULA: I hope you do not mind. I have already dined, and I do not sup.

JONATHAN: Not at all. But business first. Here is the letter from my employer, Mr. Hawkins.

NARRATOR: The Count scanned it with his shining eyes and then flashed me a charming smile.

DRACULA: Mr. Hawkins speaks of you kindly. He says you are a trustworthy young man. Indeed, he must trust you greatly to let you do business so far away from home—among foreigners such as us.

JONATHAN: I am flattered—and honored to be here.

NARRATOR: The Count pulled the cover off the dish that sat on the table before me. It was an excellent roast chicken—no hint of paprika at all.

DRACULA: Does it please you?

JONATHAN: (*relieved*) Yes!

NARRATOR: As I ate, the Count questioned me about my journey, and I related all I had experienced.

As we conversed, I was able to observe his appearance for the first time. He had a thin nose and arched nostrils. White hair grew plentifully above his high domed forehead. His mouth was rather cruel-looking, and he had peculiarly sharp white teeth, which protruded over his lips—ruddy in spite of his pallid skin. His ears were pale, and their tips were extraordinarily pointed. And it may have been a trick of the light, but he seemed to have long wisps of hair dangling down from his palms.

JONATHAN: Thank you for the wonderful dinner—and the cigar as well. Will you join me?

DRACULA: No, no. I do not partake.

NARRATOR: He poured me some wine from a bottle on the table. I noticed his fingernails were long and cut to a sharp point.

JONATHAN: Will you not drink?

DRACULA: I never drink...wine.

NARRATOR: As he handed me the glass, his hands touched mine. A shudder ran through me—a feeling of nausea, which I could not conceal.

JONATHAN: My apologies.

NARRATOR: The Count noticed my reaction and drew back with a grim smile. We were both silent, and as I looked toward the window, I saw the first dim streak of the coming dawn. A strange stillness seemed to fall over everything. Then out of the valley

below rose the howling of many wolves.
(*distant wolves*)

JONATHAN: Wolves again!

NARRATOR: I looked up, and the Count's eyes were gleaming.

DRACULA: Listen to them—the children of the night. What music they make!

JONATHAN: Music?

DRACULA: Oh, you city dwellers! You cannot understand the feeling of a hunter. (*pause*) But it is nearly dawn, and you must be tired. Your bedroom is ready. Tomorrow, you shall sleep as late as you want. I will have to be away until the afternoon. Sleep well. Dream well.

NARRATOR: With a courteous bow, he opened the door to my bedchambers.

When I awoke the next morning, I found a cold breakfast laid out in the same room where I had supped the night before with hot coffee by the hearth. Beside it, there was a card on the table.

DRACULA: (*voiceover*) My apologies, but I must be absent for a while. Do not wait for me. D.

NARRATOR: I enjoyed the hearty meal, and when I was done, I looked for the bell to summon the servants, but there was none.

JONATHAN: Odd that he does not seem to have any servants. Such a castle must require a staff of many. The Count is obviously wealthy. His table service is made of solid gold.

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NARRATOR: I did not wish to wander far about the castle without the Count to guide me, but I tried a few doors and found them locked. In a room adjacent to mine, I found a library filled—to my delight—with quite a number of English books. One was an atlas, open naturally to England. I found certain locations circled in red—one near London, where Dracula’s new estate was situated, one at Exeter, and one at Whitby on the Yorkshire coast. While I was poring over the books, the Count entered.

DRACULA: Ah, I am glad you found your way here! These books have been good friends to me. Ever since I had the idea of going to England, some years past, they have given me great pleasure. I have read all about your mighty land. To know her is to love her. I long to go through the crowded streets of your London. To be in the midst of so much...humanity. In fact, these books are how I learned your tongue.

JONATHAN: (*surprised*) From books? But you speak English so fluently.

NARRATOR: The Count bowed.

DRACULA: You flatter me. I hope you will stay with me awhile, so I can learn to speak your language even more fluently.

JONATHAN: Stay here? Oh, I had not planned to stay longer than one night...

NARRATOR: He laid his hand upon my arm.

DRACULA: I insist.

JONATHAN: But of course, of course. If I do stay, might I explore your grounds here?

NARRATOR: A strange expression passed over the Count’s face.

DRACULA: Certainly. You may go anywhere you wish...except where the doors are locked.

JONATHAN: I would love to see as much of your home as I can.

DRACULA: Where the doors are locked, you will not wish to go. If you knew what I know, you would prefer them locked as well. We are in Transylvania, Mr. Harker, and Transylvania is not England. Our ways are not your ways. Perhaps you have already experienced some of our strange customs.

JONATHAN: Actually yes....

NARRATOR: I asked him about some of the things I had witnessed the previous night—for example why the coachman had gone toward the blue flames.

DRACULA: It is peasant superstition. It is believed on a certain night of the year that a blue flame will appear over the spot where a treasure has been hidden. Not surprising. There isn’t a foot of soil in this region that hasn’t been soaked by the blood of men—patriots or invaders—and their loot hidden in the ground.

JONATHAN: But if the peasants know this is why the blue flames appear, why do they not dig up these treasures for themselves?

NARRATOR: The Count smiled, and his lips ran back over his gums—the long, sharp, canine teeth showed out strangely.

DRACULA: Because in his heart, the peasant is a coward and a fool.

NARRATOR: He faced the fire with a dramatic sweep of his arm—a motion that seemed vaguely familiar.

DRACULA: What good are peasants without a leader? I myself am descended from Attila the Hun. In my people's veins flows the blood of many brave races. For centuries, we have fought as the lion fights—for lordship. We conquered the peasantry wherever we went, and those we conquered said we must be the offspring of devils and witches. Fools! Their blood is not as mighty as that of Attila.

NARRATOR: As he continued to speak of many ancient battles, it sounded strangely as if he had been there himself. At last, he sighed.

DRACULA: But the warlike days are over. Blood is too precious a thing in these times of dishonorable peace. The glories of the great races are simply a tale that is told. But, come! Tell me of England! Tell me of London! Tell me of Carfax Abbey, the fine house you and your employer have secured for me!

JONATHAN: Well, the house is ancient and large, and the ground encompasses twenty acres. There is a solid stone wall around the property. There are many trees on it. That makes it gloomy to some.

DRACULA: To some perhaps. I love the shade and the shadow. And I am glad the house is old and big. I come from an ancient line. To live in a new house would kill me.

JONATHAN: There are no houses in close proximity, but there *is* a lunatic asylum nearby.

DRACULA: Interesting...

NARRATOR: He was interested in every detail of his new property and asked me a myriad of questions. Yet as I spoke, it seemed I was telling him nothing he did not already know. He clearly had studied beforehand all the information he could get on the neighborhood.

JONATHAN: Count, you seem to know more of this property than I do!

DRACULA: Well, my friend, shouldn't I know? Soon I will be alone in your country without my friend, Jonathan Harker, to teach me your English ways.

NARRATOR: We went directly into the business of signing the final papers of purchase. Afterward, we adjourned to the other chamber, where an excellent supper was laid out. The Count excused himself—he had dined earlier. It occurred to me that I had never once seen the Count eat or drink. I ate my supper, smoked my cigar, and went to bed. With my business done, my strange time in Transylvania was drawing to a close—or so I thought.

The next morning I rose, hung my shaving glass upon the wall, and began to shave. As I did, I felt a strong hand on my shoulder.

DRACULA: Good morning.

JONATHAN: (*frightened*) Ah!

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NARRATOR: I was startled, for I had not seen the Count enter the room.

JONATHAN: My apologies, Count! You startled me! Let me just finish my shave.

NARRATOR: I turned back to my shaving mirror. The reflection of the glass covered the entirety of the room behind me, yet, to my shock, I could not see the Count reflected within.

JONATHAN: (*gasp*)

DRACULA: Oh dear, Mr. Harker. You should be more careful.

NARRATOR: I had cut myself with the razor, and the blood was trickling down my chin. Suddenly, the Count's eyes blazed with demonic fury, and with deadly speed, he made a grab for my throat.

DRACULA: (*hiss*)

JONATHAN: (*in fright*) Ah!

NARRATOR: As I drew away, the crucifix around my neck burst free of my shirt. It made an instant change over the Count, and his fury passed so quickly that I could scarcely believe it had been there at all.

DRACULA: (*strangely*) Take care...take care how you cut yourself. It is more dangerous than you think in this country.

NARRATOR: Then he seized up my shaving glass with his pointed fingers.

DRACULA: And it is this foul thing that has done the mischief! A symbol of man's vanity! Away with it!

NARRATOR: To my shock, he hurled it out the open window, and it shattered into a thousand pieces on the stone of the courtyard far below. (*tinkling of glass*) Then he withdrew without a word. My former dread washed back over me.

After finding my breakfast laid out for me, without any sign of a servant, I dared to venture forth from my room. I found a window looking out to the South with a magnificent view, which showed me that the castle was on the edge of a terrible precipice. A stone falling from it would fall a thousand feet before it hit the bottom of the chasm.

But my tour did not extend far. Doors, doors, doors everywhere, and all locked and bolted. I remembered the Count's cryptic words.

DRACULA: (*voiceover*) If you knew what I know, you would prefer the doors locked as well.

JONATHAN: I am all alone in a sea of wonders. I doubt. I fear. I think strange things, which I dare not confess—even to my own soul. God keep me safe—if only for the sake of those dear to me!

NARRATOR: Then a new realization struck me. In no place, except the windows of the castle, was there an available exit.

JONATHAN: This castle is a prison. I am not Dracula's guest. I am his prisoner.

DISCUSSION QUESTIONS

1. Harker, a citizen of the modern world, experiences culture shock as he travels through Transylvania, a land still

- steeped in a medieval lifestyle. What are some examples of this culture shock?
2. What are some examples of foreshadowing from this part of the story?
 3. What is unnerving about the Count?
 4. What is strange about the Count's lack of servants?
 5. If Dracula has no servants, who is his coachman?
 6. Jonathan Harker's narration takes the form of journal entries to his fiancé, Mina Murray, back in England. How does this approach make his experiences seem more realistic?
 7. According to vampire lore, a vampire cannot enter someone's house without an invitation. Likewise, Dracula invites Harker into his home, and Harker must enter of his own free will. Why is this detail interesting?
 8. *Dracula* (first published in 1897) became the standard for all vampire stories that followed. What common folklore beliefs about vampires are reflected in this part of the story (no pun intended)?
 9. **Background:** Jonathan Harker arrives at Dracula's castle on the eve of St. George's Day, which is a holy day in the Eastern Orthodox Church. The folk belief was that the night before, all the evil spirits of the world gather as much power as they can on this night before the dawn of the holy day that follows. Why is it important that Dracula invites Harker to his home on this night above all others?
 10. What do you think will happen in the second part of the story?
 11. Why is the Count purchasing land in England? Why does the Count have certain areas circled in an atlas?

