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# Dracula

BRAM  
STOKER



## Bram Stoker

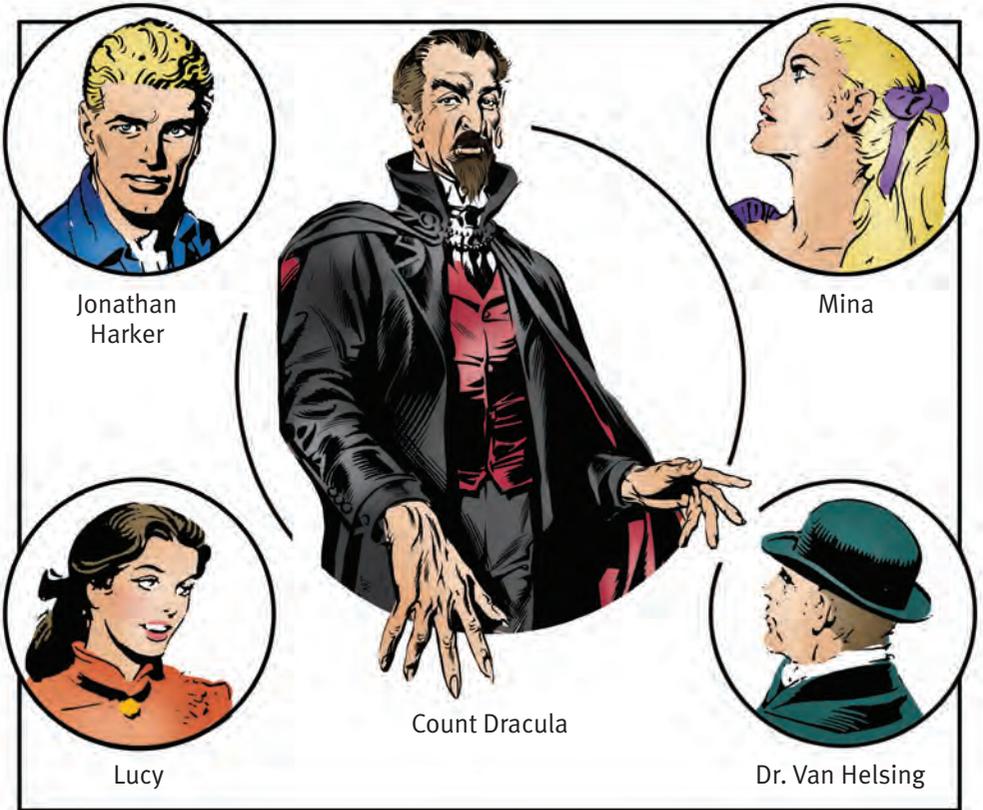
According to the Reverend Montague Summers (an authority on vampirism and author of *The Vampire: His Kith and Kin* and *The Vampire in Europe*), the vampire is "one who has led a life of more than ordinary immorality and unbridled wickedness; a man of foul, gross, and selfish passions, of evil ambitions, delighting in cruelty and blood." Bram Stoker creates such a man in the character of Count Dracula.

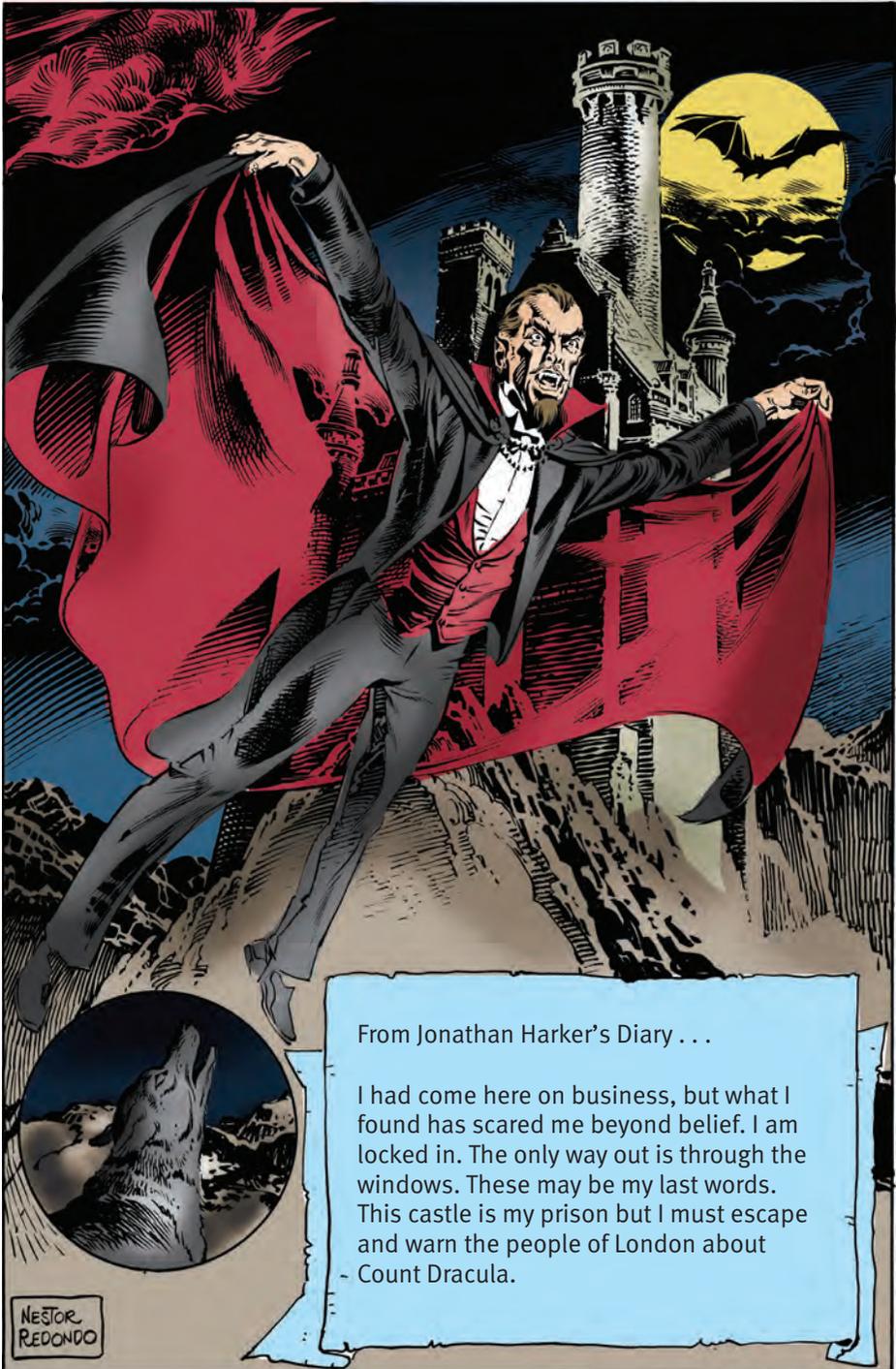
Stoker was born in Dublin in 1847, at a time when reports of vampirism were rampant. He made the most of these in his tale of horror, *Dracula*. The story is enhanced by the superstitious nature of the people and the protective measures they take to escape vampires. Garlic and crucifixes become especially significant as they save the life of the intended victim more than once in the story.

In addition to *Dracula*, certainly his most famous contribution, Stoker also wrote dramatic criticism and articles for the *Dublin Mail*. One story, *Dracula's Guest*, was to have been the opening chapter to *Dracula*, but the story survives well without it. He wrote one other novel, *The Lair of the White Worm*, but it is little known.

*Bram Stoker*

# *Dracula*





From Jonathan Harker's Diary . . .

I had come here on business, but what I found has scared me beyond belief. I am locked in. The only way out is through the windows. These may be my last words. This castle is my prison but I must escape and warn the people of London about Count Dracula.

NESTOR  
REDONDO

It was a long trip on which my business company sent me from the busy London of the 1890s to the wild Carpathian Mountains of Transylvania. On May 31, I reached Bistritz, last stop before Castle Dracula.



Yes, I am Jonathan Harker.

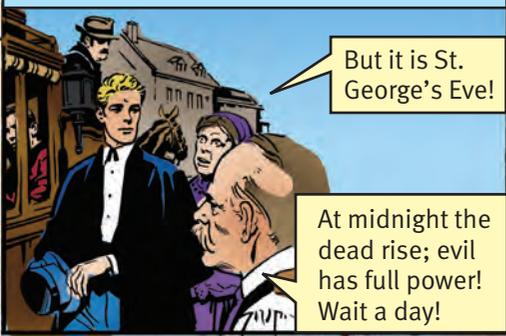
Welcome! Count Dracula has told us how to help you.

Are you the Englishman?



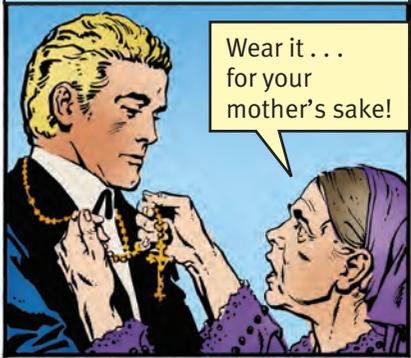
A seat had been saved for me on the Bukovina coach leaving the next morning, but at the last minute, the innkeepers tried to keep me from leaving.

When I told them that my business could not be put off, the good woman made me wear her cross.



But it is St. George's Eve!

At midnight the dead rise; evil has full power! Wait a day!



Wear it . . . for your mother's sake!



I had read that every known superstition in the world comes from the Carpathian Mountains.

The people are kind but ignorant and superstitious.

That sign again . . . what is it?



A charm against the evil eye!

That night we came to the Borgo Pass where Count Dracula's private coach was to meet me.



At the meeting the other passengers became very nervous. But I was only thankful to be nearing the end of my trip.

Mr. Harker? The Count is waiting for you. I will take your bags.



Ordog!

Vlkoslak!  
God help us!

I must have fallen asleep and dreamed . . . for the trip was like a nightmare. The carriage seemed surrounded by howling wolves . . . the horses were scared. Then the driver got down, waved his arm, and the wolves turned around and ran. I must have dreamed! A man cannot control wolves.



Suddenly there were rattling chains and the clanking of large locks. . . .



Count Dracula!

Enter freely and of your own will!



I am Dracula! Welcome to my house! Come freely. Go safely; and leave something of the happiness you bring!



His grip is as strong as steel and as cold as ice!



Come in! You must be chilled and hungry!

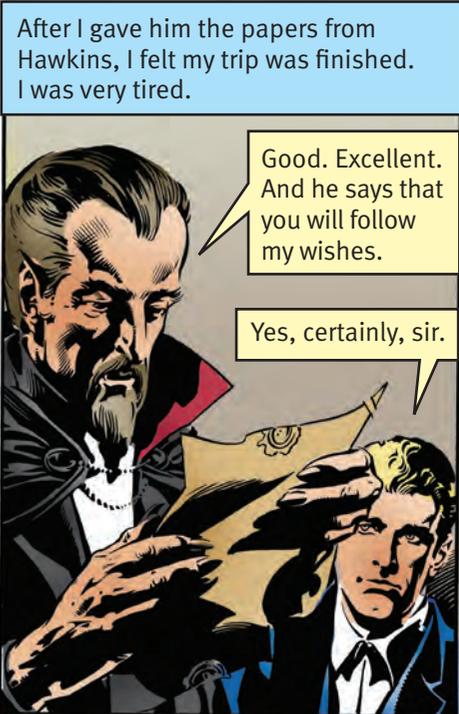


The fire and food were welcome sights and did away with my fears.



Please be seated and eat. I have eaten already.

Thank you. Here are the papers from Mr. Hawkins.



After I gave him the papers from Hawkins, I felt my trip was finished. I was very tired.

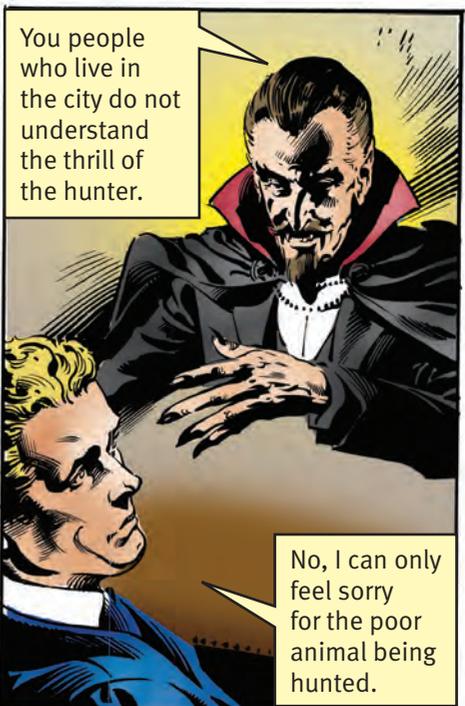
Good. Excellent. And he says that you will follow my wishes.

Yes, certainly, sir.



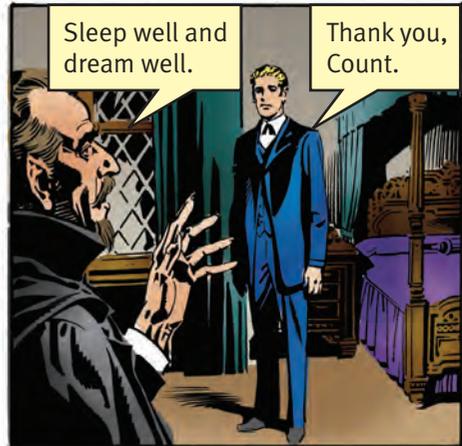
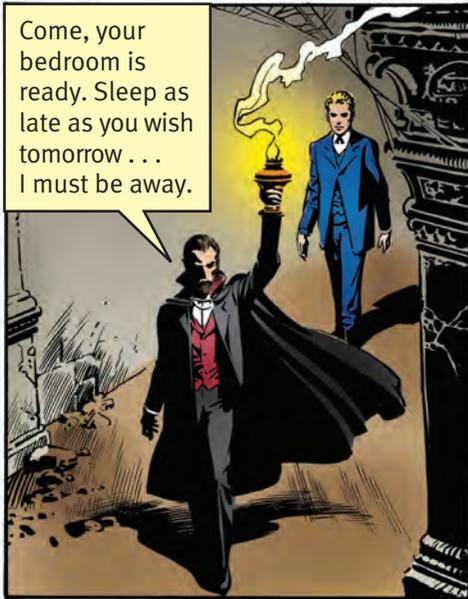
The sun was setting. I could hear the howling of wolves nearby.

Listen . . . the children of the night. What music they make!



You people who live in the city do not understand the thrill of the hunter.

No, I can only feel sorry for the poor animal being hunted.



So began my stay at Castle Dracula. I thought strange things but was too tired to know what was real and what I only dreamed.



In the room next to the dining room I found a library with a good English section, even including railway guides and local maps!



But all day, I saw no one . . . heard nothing but the wolves outside. The castle seemed empty.

