

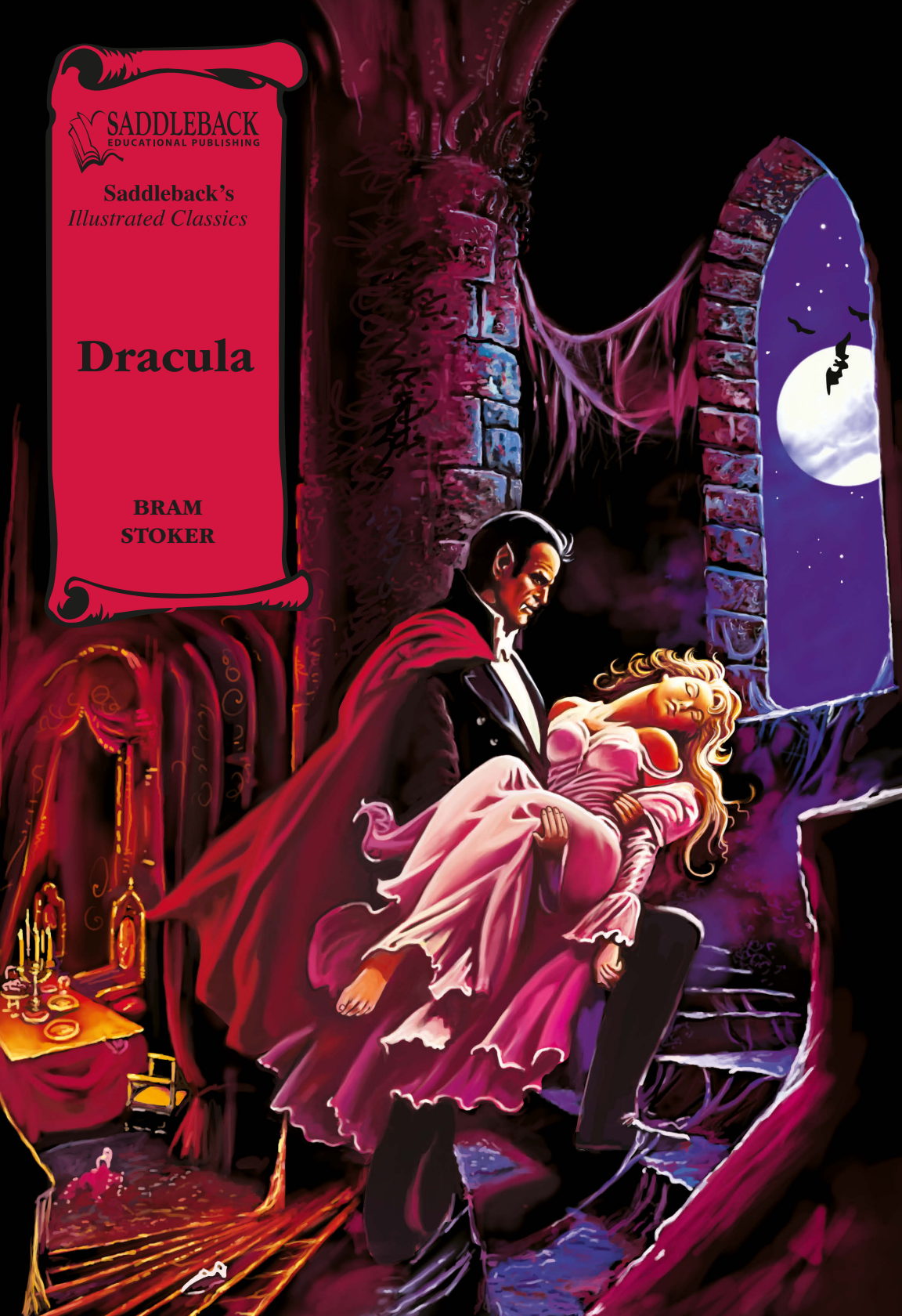


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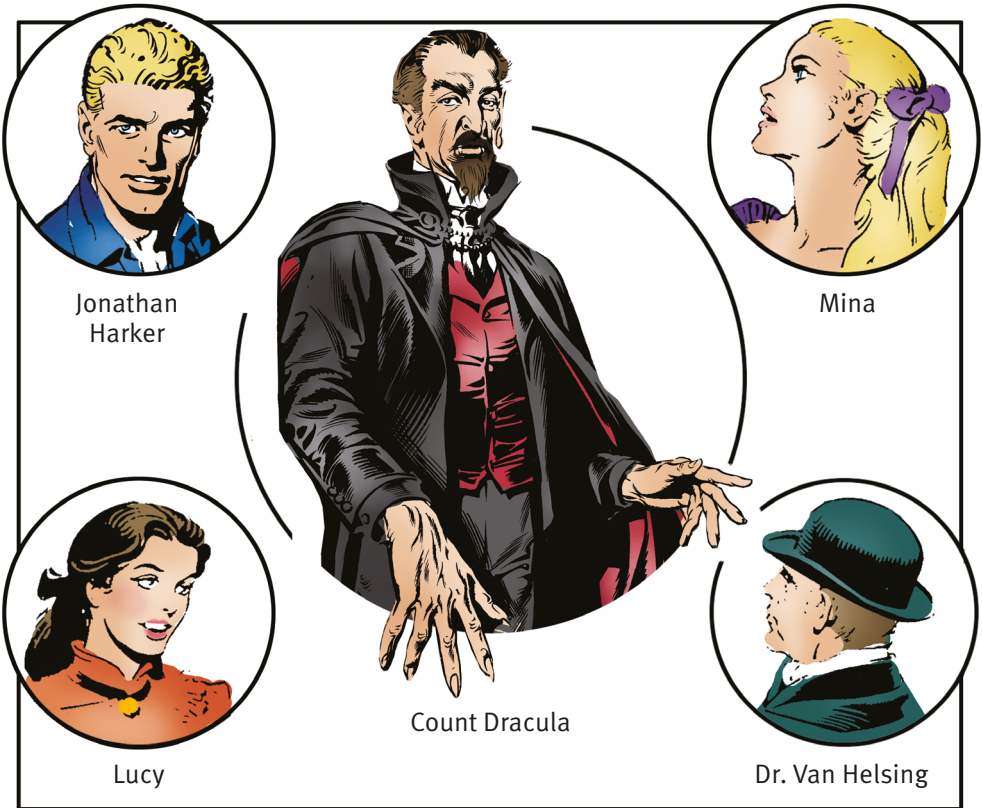
Dracula

**BRAM
STOKER**



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.

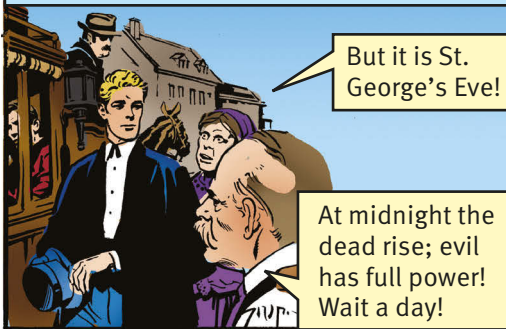


Yes, I am Jonathan Harker.

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.



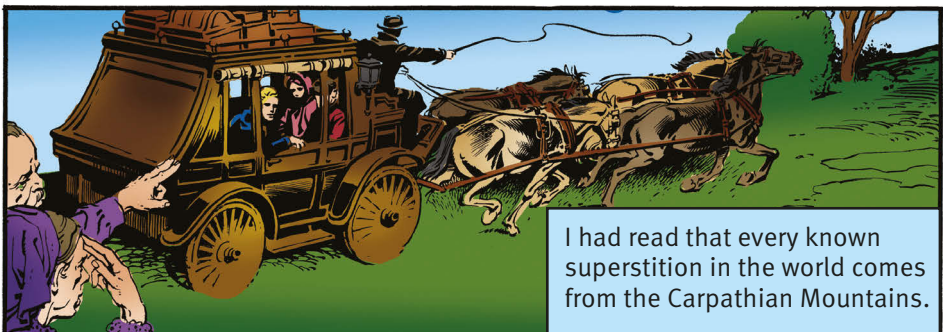
But it is St. George's Eve!

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

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



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!

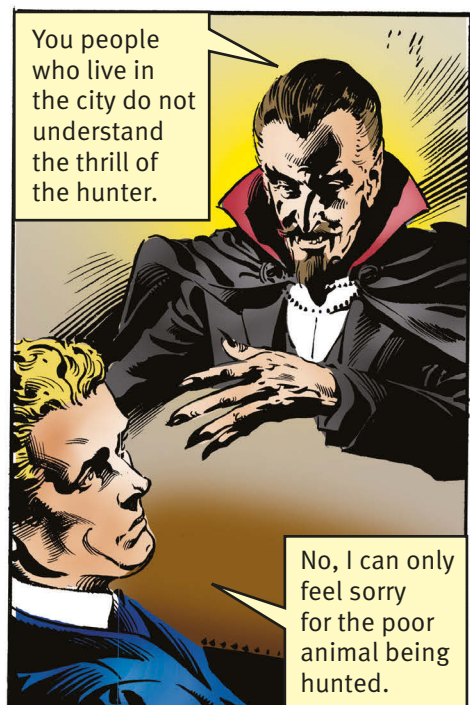


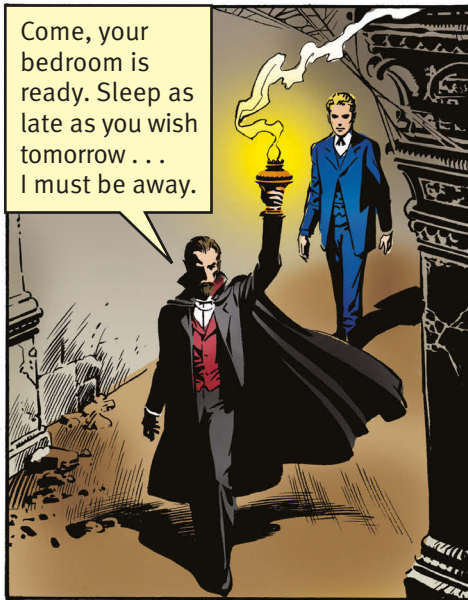
His grip is as strong as steel and as cold as ice!

Come in! You must be chilled and hungry!

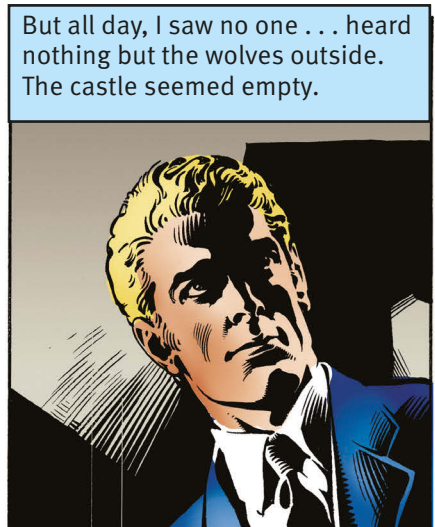
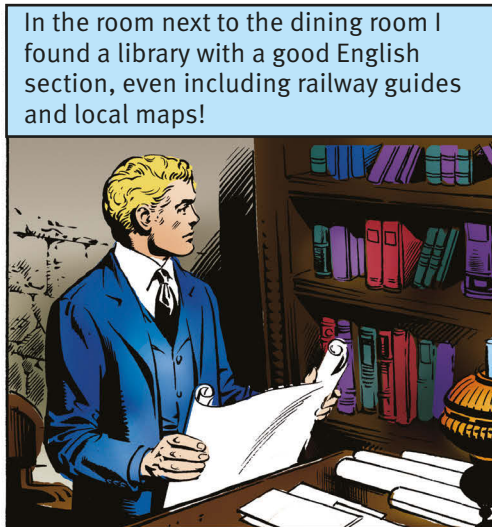
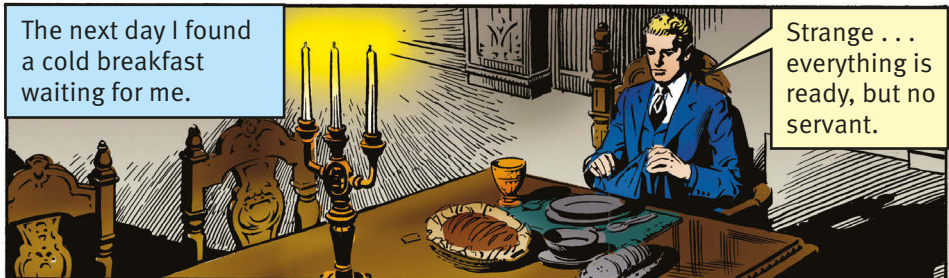


The fire and food were welcome sights and did away with my fears.



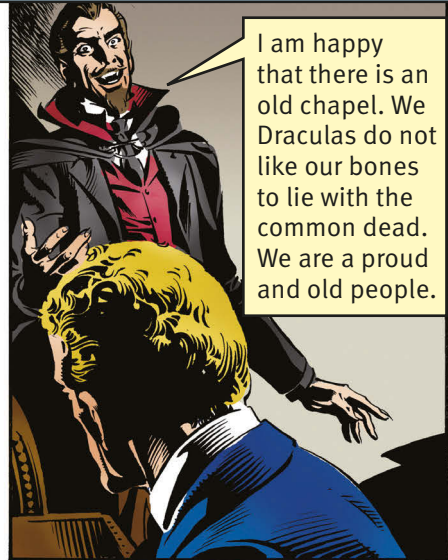


So began my stay at Castle Dracula. I thought strange things but was too tired to know what was real and what I only dreamed.



The Count returned and again dinner was served. But still no servant, and Dracula did not eat anything.

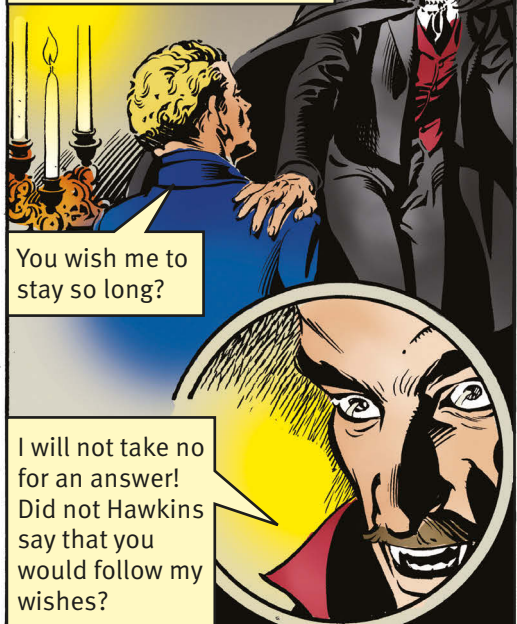
Afterward we talked about Carfax Abbey, the property bought for Dracula in London.



The blood of Attila flows in my veins. We Draculas have defeated many people. We are proud and love war. You might say we are bloodthirsty.



But come, my friend, write to your employer and say that you shall stay with me for a month!



What could I do but stay? I was there on business for Mr. Hawkins, not on my own.

The days passed. I looked through many rooms of the castle . . .



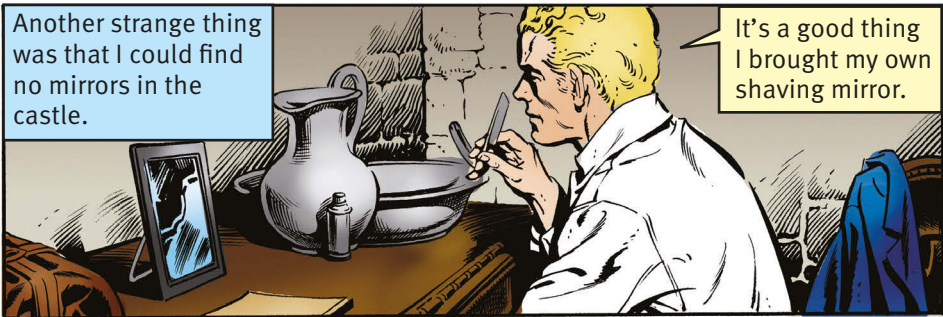
But I saw no living person . . .



. . . and always came to a locked door. There was no exit!



Another strange thing was that I could find no mirrors in the castle.



One evening Dracula came up behind me without my hearing.



Dracula

Dracula opens the door to the unknown. Do all superstitions have a basis in reality, or are they just folklore? Bram Stoker's *Dracula* is one of the most feared and most loved tales in literature. From Transylvania to London, the reader explores the dark side of mystery and intrigue riding on the coattails of Dracula's cape, changing from wolf to bat, and living only in the nighttime. Do vampires really exist? Read *Dracula* and decide for yourself.



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