

ЛЕГКО ЧИТАЕМ  
ПО-АНГЛИЙСКИ

3  
УРОВЕНЬ



Bram Stoker  
DRACULA

Брэм Стокер  
ДРАКУЛА

словарь • комментарии • упражнения

Легко читаем по-английски

Брэм Стокер  
**Дракула / Dracula**

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Когда Джонатан Харкер прибыл в мрачный замок Дракулы в Трансильвании, он и не предполагал, что с ним может случиться. Однако ужасные ночные повадки хозяина замка вскоре заставили Харкера опасаться за свою жизнь... Это рассказ о битве со злом, которую ведут профессор Ван Хелсинг и его молодые друзья. Их противник – самый коварный вампир в мире. Текст адаптирован для продолжающих изучать английский язык (уровень 3 – Intermediate) и сопровождается комментариями, упражнениями и словарем.

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# **Брэм Стокер / Bram Stoker**

## **Дракула / Dracula**

Адаптация текста, комментарии, упражнения и словарь С. А. Матвеева

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## Jonathan Harker's<sup>1</sup> Journal

3 May. Bistritz.<sup>2</sup> – I left Munich at 8:35 P. M. on May 1st, and arrived at Vienna early next morning. The train was an hour late. I could walk through the streets a little; Buda-Pesth<sup>3</sup> seems a wonderful place. We were leaving the West and entering the East. Here I stopped for the night at the Hotel Royale.<sup>4</sup> I had for dinner, or rather supper, chicken with red pepper, which was very good but thirsty. I asked the waiter, and he said it was a national dish. I used German here.

Before my journey, I visited the British Museum, and studied some of the books and maps in the library regarding Transylvania.<sup>5</sup> It was impossible to mark the exact locality of the Castle Dracula, as there were no maps of this country; but I found that Bistritz, the town named by Count Dracula,<sup>6</sup> was a well-known place.

I did not sleep well, though my bed was comfortable enough, for I had queer dreams. Anyway, in the morning the continuous knocking at my door woke me up. My train started at eight.

All day long we were watching beautiful views. Sometimes we saw little towns or castles on top of the hills; sometimes we ran by rivers and streams. At every station there were groups of people, sometimes crowds. The strangest figures we saw were the Slovaks<sup>7</sup> with their big cowboy hats, great trousers, white linen shirts, and enormous heavy leather belts. They looked like real brigands.

We got to Bistritz in the evening. It was a very interesting old place. Earlier, Count Dracula directed me to go to the Golden Krone Hotel.<sup>8</sup> An elderly woman in the usual peasant dress smiled, and gave me a letter:

*My Friend, welcome to the Carpathians<sup>9</sup>. I am anxiously expecting you.  
Sleep well tonight. At the Borgo Pass<sup>10</sup> my carriage will await you and will bring  
you to me. I hope that your journey from London has been a happy one, and that  
you will enjoy your stay on my beautiful land.  
Your friend,  
Dracula.*

4 May. – My landlord got a letter from the Count to give the best place on the coach<sup>11</sup> for me. He and his wife, the old lady who had received me, looked frightened. When I asked him if he knew Count Dracula, and could tell me anything of his castle, both he and his wife said that they knew nothing at all, and simply refused to speak further. It was all very mysterious and suspicious.

Just before I was leaving, the old lady came up to my room and said in a very hysterical way, “Must you go? Oh! Young Herr, must you go?”

She was very excited, and mixed German with some other language which I did not know at all. When I told her that I must go at once, and that I had important business, she asked again, “Do

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<sup>1</sup> Jonathan Harker – Джонатан Харкер

<sup>2</sup> Bistritz – Бистрица (город на западе Румынии в Трансильвании на реке Бистрица)

<sup>3</sup> Buda-Pesth (Budapest) – Будапешт

<sup>4</sup> Hotel Royale – отель «Ройяль»

<sup>5</sup> Transylvania – Трансильвания (историческая область на северо-западе Румынии)

<sup>6</sup> Count Dracula – граф Дракула

<sup>7</sup> the Slovaks – словаки

<sup>8</sup> Golden Krone Hotel – гостиница «Золотая корона»

<sup>9</sup> Carpathians – Карпаты

<sup>10</sup> Borgo Pass – перевал Борго

<sup>11</sup> the best place on the coach – лучшее место в дилижансе

you know what day it is? It is the eve of St. George's Day.<sup>12</sup> Do you not know that tonight, when the clock strikes midnight, all the evil things in the world<sup>13</sup> will have full power on the earth? Do you know where you are going, and what you are going to?"

She was in such evident distress that I tried to comfort her, but without effect. Finally she went down on her knees and implored me not to go; at least to wait a day or two. It was all very ridiculous but I did not feel comfortable. However, there was business to be done, and I couldn't allow anything to interfere. I thanked her, and said that my duty was imperative, and that I must go. She then rose, dried her eyes, and gave me a little cross from her neck. She put the rosary round my neck, and said, "For your mother's sake,<sup>14</sup>" and went out of the room. I am writing up this part of the diary while I am waiting for the coach, which is, of course, late; the cross is still round my neck. I think about Mina.<sup>15</sup> Here comes the coach!

5 May. The castle. – When I got on the coach the driver had not taken his seat. He was talking with the landlady. They were evidently talking of me, for they looked at me the entire time, and some of the people who were sitting on the bench outside the door came and listened, and then looked at me. I could hear a lot of words often repeated, queer words, for there were many nationalities in the crowd. I quietly got my dictionary from my bag. These words were not funny to me, for amongst them were "Ordog" – Satan, "pokol" – hell, "stregoica" – witch, "vrollok" and "vlkoslak" – both of which mean the same, werewolf<sup>16</sup> or vampire (I must ask the Count about these superstitions).

When we started, the crowd round the inn door made the sign of the cross and pointed two fingers towards me. I asked a fellow passenger<sup>17</sup> to tell me what they meant; he explained that it was a charm against the evil eye.

I soon forgot my fears in the beauty of the scene's nature. Before us lay a green land full of forests and woods, with steep hills here and there. Sometimes the hills were so steep that the horses could only go slowly. I wished to get down, as we do at home, but the driver said, "No, no, you must not walk here; the dogs are too fierce".

When it grew dark the passengers began to urge the driver to go faster. The mountains came nearer to us on each side; we were entering on the Borgo Pass.

I was looking out for the conveyance which would take me to the Count. Each moment I expected to see the glare of lamps through the blackness; but all was dark. Finally, I noticed a carriage with four horses. The horses were coal-black and splendid animals. A tall man, with a long brown beard and a great black hat, which hid his face from us, was the driver. I could only see the gleam of a pair of very bright eyes, which seemed red, as he turned to us. He said to the driver, "You are early tonight, my friend."

The man replied, "The English Herr was in a hurry."

"Give me the Herr's luggage," said the driver and took my bags. Then I descended from the side of the coach, as the carriage was close. The driver helped me with a hand which caught my arm in a grip of steel;<sup>18</sup> his strength was prodigious. Without a word he shook his reins, the horses turned, and we ran into the darkness of the Pass.

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<sup>12</sup> the eve of St. George's Day – канун Св. Георгия

<sup>13</sup> all the evil things in the world – вся нечисть этого мира

<sup>14</sup> For your mother's sake – Ради вашей матери

<sup>15</sup> Mina – Мина

<sup>16</sup> werewolf – оборотень

<sup>17</sup> a fellow passenger – попутчик

<sup>18</sup> a grip of steel – стальная хватка

The driver said in excellent German, “The night is chill, mein Herr,<sup>19</sup> there is a flask of slivovitz<sup>20</sup> (the plum brandy of the country) underneath the seat.”

The carriage went straight along, then we made a complete turn and went along another straight road. I felt suspense. Then a dog began to howl somewhere in a farmhouse far down the road – a long wailing, as if from fear.<sup>21</sup> Another dog took the sound, and then another and another, till a wild howling began.

The driver suddenly turned down a narrow roadway. Soon we entered the wood, and again great rocks guarded us boldly on either side. The wind carried the howling of the dogs, though the baying of the wolves sounded nearer and nearer. I grew dreadfully afraid, and the horses shared my fear. The driver, however, was not disturbed at all; he was turning his head to left and right, but I could not see anything through the darkness.

Suddenly, I saw a faint blue flame. The driver saw it at the same moment; he jumped to the ground and disappeared into the darkness. I did not know what to do, as the howling of the wolves grew closer; but while I wondered the driver suddenly appeared again, and without a word took his seat. There appeared a strange optical effect: when he stood between me and the flame he did not obstruct it, for I could see the flame through him. It was like a sort of awful nightmare. I decided that my eyes deceived me.

The wolves began to howl. The driver stopped the carriage and stood in the roadway. As he swept his long arms, the wolves fell back and back further. Then a heavy cloud passed across the face of the moon, so that we were again in darkness.

The wolves had disappeared and the driver climbed back on. This was all so strange that a dreadful fear came upon me, and I was afraid to speak or move. Suddenly, we found ourselves in the courtyard of a vast ruined castle, from whose tall black windows came no light.

Same day, later. – In the gloom the courtyard looked considerable. Several dark ways led from it under great round arches. It perhaps seemed bigger than it really is. I have not seen it by daylight.<sup>22</sup>

When the carriage stopped, the driver jumped down and assisted me. Again I noticed his prodigious strength. His hand actually seemed like a steel vice<sup>23</sup> that could crush mine. I stood close to a great old door. As I stood, the driver jumped again into his seat and went away.

I stood in silence where I was, for I did not know what to do. There was no sign of a bell or a knocker. The time I waited seemed endless. What sort of place had I come to, and among what kind of people? I was a solicitor’s clerk,<sup>24</sup> here to explain the purchase of a London estate to a foreigner. Solicitor’s clerk! No, no, no. Just before leaving London I passed my examination successfully; and I am now a solicitor!

I heard a heavy step behind the great door. Then it opened. Within, stood a tall old man, with a long white moustache. He was dressed in black from head to foot.<sup>25</sup> He held in his hand an antique silver lamp. The old man made a courtly and said in excellent English, but with a strange intonation.

“Welcome to my house! Enter freely and of your own free will!” He stood like a statue, but when I had stepped over the threshold, he moved impulsively forward, and shook my hand. His hand was as cold as ice – more like the hand of a dead than a living man.

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<sup>19</sup> mein Herr – мой господин (нем.)

<sup>20</sup> slivovitz – сливовица

<sup>21</sup> as if from fear – как будто от страха

<sup>22</sup> by daylight – при дневном свете

<sup>23</sup> a steel vice – стальные тиски

<sup>24</sup> a solicitor’s clerk – помощник стряпчего

<sup>25</sup> from head to foot – с головы до ног



Again he said, "Welcome to my house. Come freely. Go safely; and leave something of the happiness you bring!"

The strength of the handshake was so much akin to that which I had noticed in the driver, whose face I had not seen. Maybe it is the same person to whom I was speaking. I asked, "Count Dracula?"

"Yes, I am Dracula; and welcome, Mr. Harker, to my house. Come in; the night air is chill, and you need to eat and rest."

As he was speaking, he took my luggage. I protested, but he insisted.

"No, sir, you are my guest. It is late, and my servants are not available."

We entered a long passage, and then went up a great winding stair, and along another great passage, on whose stone floor our steps rang heavily. At the end of the passage he opened a heavy door, and I saw a table.

The Count stopped, put down my bags, closed the door, and crossed the room. He opened another door, which led into a small octagonal room. He then opened another door, and invited me to enter. Here was a great bedroom with a big bed and a log fire.<sup>26</sup> The Count left my luggage inside and said before he closed the door.

"You will need, after your journey, to refresh yourself. Here you will find all you wish. When you are ready, please come into the other room, where you will find your supper."

The light and warmth and the Count's courteous welcome dissipated all my doubts and fears. So in some minutes I went into the other room.

I found a wonderful supper. My host was standing on one side of the great fireplace. He said, "I pray you, seat down and eat, please. You will, I trust, excuse me that I do not join you; but I have dined already, and I do not have supper usually."

I handed to him the letter which Mr. Hawkins<sup>27</sup> had given to me. He opened it and read it attentively; then he handed it to me to read. I liked one passage most of all.

"I must regret that my malady forbids absolutely any travelling; but I am happy to say I can send a talented clerk. He is a young man, full of energy and talent. He is discreet and silent. He will be ready to attend, and take your instructions in all matters."<sup>28</sup>

The Count came forward and took off the cover of a dish, and I saw an excellent roast chicken. This, with some cheese and a salad and a bottle of old wine, of which I had two glasses, was my supper. During the time I was eating it the Count asked me many questions about my journey.

His face was a strong, a very strong aquiline, with high bridge of the thin nose and arched nostrils;<sup>29</sup> with domed forehead. His eyebrows were very massive, almost meeting over the nose. The mouth was rather cruel-looking, with peculiarly sharp white teeth. His ears were pale, and at the tops extremely pointed;<sup>30</sup> the chin was broad and strong, and the cheeks were firm and thin. His hands seemed white and fine; but they were rather coarse, broad, with squat fingers. Strange to say, there were hairs in the centre of the palm. The nails were long and fine.

We were both silent for a while. There seemed a strange stillness over everything; but as I listened I heard the howling of many wolves. The Count's eyes gleamed, and he said, "Listen to them – the children of the night. What music they make!" Then he rose and said, "But you must be tired. Your bedroom is all ready, and tomorrow you will sleep as late as you will. I have to be away till the afternoon; so sleep well and dream well!"

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<sup>26</sup> a log fire – камин

<sup>27</sup> Mr. Hawkins – мистер Хокинс

<sup>28</sup> and take your instructions in all matters – и выполнит все ваши распоряжения

<sup>29</sup> arched nostrils – изогнутые ноздри

<sup>30</sup> at the tops extremely pointed – сильно заострённые сверху

With a courteous bow, he opened the door to the octagonal room for me, and I entered my bedroom.

7 May. – It is again early morning. I slept till late in the day. When I had dressed myself I went into the room where we had supper, and found a cold breakfast. There was a card on the table, on which was written:

*I have to be absent for a while<sup>31</sup>. Do not wait for me.*

– D.

I enjoyed a great meal. When I had done, I looked for a bell, but I could not find it. The table service is of gold and very beautiful. The curtains are of the most expensive and most beautiful fabrics. But there are no mirrors at all. There is not even a toilet glass on my table, and I had to use the little shaving glass from my bag before I could either shave or brush my hair. I have not yet seen a servant anywhere, or heard a sound near the castle except the howling of wolves.

Some time after I had finished my meal – I do not know whether to call it breakfast or dinner, for it was between five and six o'clock when I had it – I looked about for something to read. There was absolutely nothing in the room, book, newspaper; so I opened another door in the room and found a library.

In the library I found, to my great delight, a vast number of English books and volumes of magazines and newspapers. The books were on history, geography, politics, political economy, botany, geology, law – all relating to England and English life, customs and manners.

While I was looking at the books, the door opened, and the Count entered. He saluted me in a hearty way.<sup>32</sup> Then he went on.

“I am glad you found your way in here. These books have been good friends to me, and for some years past, since I had the idea of going to London, they have given me many, many hours of pleasure. Through them I knew your great England; and to know it is to love it. I studied English through books, and you, my friend, will you help me to speak it better?”

“But, Count,” I said, “You know and speak English thoroughly!”

He bowed gravely.

“I thank you, my friend, for your estimate. True, I know the grammar and the words, but I do not know how to speak them.”

“Indeed,” I said, “you speak excellently.”

“Not so,” he answered. “Well, I am sure, when I move and speak in your London, the people will know me for a stranger.<sup>33</sup> That is not enough for me. Here I am noble; I am a Count; the common people know me, and I am the master. But a stranger in a strange land, he is no one. ‘Ha, ha! A stranger!’ You came to me not alone as<sup>34</sup> agent of my friend Peter Hawkins, to tell me all about my new estate in London. You will, I hope, rest here with me a little; and, please, tell me when I make errors, even the smallest, in my speaking.”

Of course I said that I would, and asked if I could use his library. He answered, “Yes, certainly,” and added.

“Tell me of London and of the house which you have prepared for me.”

With an apology, I went into my room to get the papers from my bag. When I returned the Count put away the books and papers from the table and we went into plans and figures of all

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<sup>31</sup> for a while – ненадолго

<sup>32</sup> in a hearty way – сердечно

<sup>33</sup> the people will know me for a stranger – люди узнают во мне иностранца

<sup>34</sup> not alone as – не только как

sorts. He was interested in everything, and asked me a thousand questions about the place and its surroundings.

We discussed the purchase of the estate at Purfleet.<sup>35</sup> When I had told him the facts and got his signature to the necessary papers, he had written a letter to Mr. Hawkins. Then he said, "I am glad that it is old and big house. I am of an old family, and to live in a new house means to kill me. I love the shade and the shadow, and I want to be alone with my thoughts."

He asked me to put all my papers together and left. I began to look at some of the books around me. One was an atlas of England. I found certain places marked with little rings,<sup>36</sup> one was near London on the east side, where his new estate was situated; the other two were Exeter<sup>37</sup> and Whitby<sup>38</sup> on the Yorkshire coast.<sup>39</sup>

In an hour the Count returned. "Aha!" he said. "Still at your books? Good! But you must not work always. Come; your supper is ready."

He took my arm, and we went into the next room, where I found an excellent supper ready on the table. The Count again excused himself, as he had dined already. But he sat as on the previous night, and chatted while I ate.

After supper I smoked, as on the last evening, and the Count stayed with me, chatting and asking different questions, hour after hour. All at once<sup>40</sup> we heard the crow of a cock; Count Dracula jumped to his feet and said, "Why, there is the morning again! You must make your conversation regarding my dear new country of England less interesting, so that I may not forget how time flies," and, with a courtly bow, he quickly left me.

I went into my own room and drew the curtains; my window opened into the courtyard, all I could see was the warm grey sky. So I pulled the curtains again.

8 May. – I have only the Count to speak with, and he – I fear I am myself the only living soul here.

I only slept a few hours when I went to bed, and got up. I had hung my shaving glass by the window, and was just beginning to shave. And I made a cut. Suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder, and heard the Count's voice saying to me, "Good morning." But I had not seen him, even though the reflection of the glass covered the whole room behind me. I answered the Count's salutation and turned to the glass again to see how I had been mistaken. This time there was no error, for the man was close to me, and I could see him over my shoulder. But there was no reflection of him in the mirror! The whole room behind me was displayed; but there was no sign of a man in it, except myself. At the instant I saw that the cut had bled a little,<sup>41</sup> and the blood was trickling over my chin. I laid down the razor, and turned to look for some plaster. When the Count saw my face, his eyes blazed with a demoniac fury, and he suddenly made a grab at my throat. I drew away, and his hand touched the little cross. It made an instant change in him, for the fury passed very quickly.

"Take care!<sup>42</sup>" he said, "It is more dangerous than you think in this country."

Then he seized my shaving glass and went on, "It is guilty, this wretched thing! Away with it!"

He opened the heavy window and flung out the glass, which has shattered into a thousand pieces on the stones of the courtyard far below. Then he left without a word.

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<sup>35</sup> Purfleet – Перфлит

<sup>36</sup> certain places marked with little rings – некоторые места обведены кружками

<sup>37</sup> Exeter – Эксетер (*главный город английского графства Девоншир*)

<sup>38</sup> Whitby – Уитби (*город в английском графстве Норт-Йоркшир*)

<sup>39</sup> Yorkshire coast – йоркширское побережье

<sup>40</sup> all at once – вдруг, внезапно

<sup>41</sup> the cut had bled a little – ранка слегка кровоточила

<sup>42</sup> Take care! – Будьте осторожны!

When I went into the dining room, the breakfast was prepared; but I could not find the Count anywhere. So I had my breakfast alone. It is strange but it seems to me that the Count does not eat or drink. He must be a very peculiar man!

After breakfast I did a little exploring in the castle. First, about the castle. It is situated on the edge of a terrible precipice. As far as the eye can reach is a sea of green tree tops.

I explored further; doors, doors, doors everywhere, and all locked. There is no place to exit from the castle. The castle is a veritable prison, and I am a prisoner!

When I found that I was a prisoner, I rushed up and down the stairs. I was trying to open every door and every window I could find. I understood that I was helpless, and I sat down quietly and began to think over what to do best of all.

I heard some noise and knew that the Count had returned. He did not come at once into the library, so I went to my room. He was making the bed. This was odd, but only confirmed the idea that there were no servants in the house. But if there is no one else in the castle, it was the Count himself who was the driver of the carriage that brought me here. This is a terrible thought; for if so, does it mean that he could control the wolves, as he did, when he just held up his hand in silence? Bless that good, good woman who hung the little cross round my neck! I feel comfort and strength whenever I touch it. I must find out all I can about Count Dracula. Tonight he may talk of himself, if I turn the conversation that way. I must be very careful, however, not to awake his suspicion.

8 May, midnight. – I have had a long talk with the Count. I asked him a few questions on Transylvania history, and he spoke of things and people, and especially of battles, as if he had been present at them all.<sup>43</sup>

We went to bed in the morning.

12 May. – Let me begin with facts – bare, meagre facts, of which there can be no doubt. I must not confuse them with experiences, or my memory of them. Last evening when the Count came from his room he began to ask me questions on legal matters and on the doing of certain kinds of business.<sup>44</sup> First, he asked if a man in England might have two solicitors or more. I told him he could have a dozen solicitors if he wished. But it is not be wise to have more than one solicitor. We solicitors have a system of agency, so the client usually has no further trouble.

“Have you written since your first letter to our friend Mr. Peter Hawkins, or to any other?” asked he.

I answered no, because I could not send letters to anybody.

“Then write now, my young friend,” he said, “write to our friend and to any other; and say that you will stay with me for a month.”

“Do you wish me to stay so long?” I asked, for my heart grew cold at the thought.

“I desire it much; nay, I will take no refusal. When your master, employer, sent someone here, it was understood that my needs only were to be consulted.<sup>45</sup> Is it not so?”

What could I do? It was Mr. Hawkins’s interest, not mine, and I had to think of him, not myself; and besides, I was a prisoner, I had no choice.

“I pray you, my good young friend, that you will discuss only business in your letters. Your friends will be happy to know that you are well. Is it not so?”

As he spoke he handed me three sheets of paper and three envelopes. So I decided to write only formal notes now, but to write fully to Mr. Hawkins in secret, and also to Mina, for to her

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<sup>43</sup> as if he had been present at them all – как будто он сам в них участвовал

<sup>44</sup> on the doing of certain kinds of business – о совершении различных дел

<sup>45</sup> my needs only were to be consulted – принимались бы во внимание только мои интересы

I could write in shorthand.<sup>46</sup> When I had written my two letters I sat quiet, reading a book. The Count took my two letters and left, the door closed behind him.

Soon the Count entered the room. He took up the letters on the table and stamped them carefully, and then said, "I hope you will forgive me, but I have much work to do this evening. You will, I hope, find all things as you wish."

At the door he turned, and after a moment's pause said, "Let me advise you, my dear young friend – let me warn you with all seriousness. If you leave these rooms don't go to sleep in any other part of the castle. It is old, and has many memories, and there are bad dreams for those who sleep unwisely. Be careful! In your own chamber your rest will then be safe. But if you be not careful in this respect, then..."

Same day, later. – I will not fear to sleep in any place where he is not. I have placed the cross over the head of my bed – I imagine that my rest is thus freer from dreams.

When he left me I went to my room. After a little while,<sup>47</sup> I came out and went up the stone stair. There I could look out towards the South. There was some sense of freedom. I felt that I was indeed in prison, and I wanted a breath of fresh air. This nocturnal existence is destroying my nerve. As I leaned from the window my eye noticed something moving a storey below me. There were the windows of the Count's own room. I drew back, and looked carefully out.

The Count's head was coming out from the window. I did not see the face, but I knew the man by the neck and the movement of his back and arms. The Count slowly emerged from the window and began to crawl down the castle wall over the dreadful abyss. His cloak was spreading out around him like great wings. At first I could not believe my eyes. I thought it was some trick of the moonlight, some weird effect of shadow. But I kept looking,<sup>48</sup> and it could be no delusion. His fingers and toes grasped the corners of the stones, he was crawling just as a lizard.

What is he? I feel the dread of this horrible place; I am in fear – in awful fear – and there is no escape for me.

15 May. – The Count went out in his lizard fashion<sup>49</sup> again. He moved downwards and vanished into some hole or window. When his head had disappeared, I decided to use the opportunity to explore the castle. I knew he had left the castle now. I went back to the room and took a lamp. Then I tried all the doors. They were all locked, as I had expected, and the locks were comparatively new. I went down the stone stairs to the hall where I had entered originally.

I went on to make a thorough examination of the various stairs and passages, and to try the doors that opened from them. One or two small rooms near the hall were open, but there was nothing to see in them except old furniture, dusty and moth-eaten.<sup>50</sup> At last, however, I found one door at the top of the stairway. I tried it and found that it was not really locked. So I entered.

The castle was built on the corner of a great rock, and great windows were placed here. This was evidently the portion of the castle occupied by the ladies in the past.

16 May, morning. – When I had written in my diary and had put the book and the pen in my pocket I felt sleepy. The Count's warning came into my mind, but it was a pleasure to disobey it.

I determined not to return tonight to my rooms, but to sleep here. I drew a great couch out of its place near the corner. I suppose I fell asleep; I hope so, but I fear I cannot in the least believe that it was all sleep.

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<sup>46</sup> in shorthand – с помощью стенографии

<sup>47</sup> after a little while – вскоре

<sup>48</sup> I kept looking – я продолжал смотреть

<sup>49</sup> in his lizard fashion – на манер ящерицы

<sup>50</sup> moth-eaten – изъеденная молью

I was not alone. The room was the same, unchanged since I came into it. In the moonlight opposite me were three young ladies. Though the moonlight was behind them, they threw no shadow on the floor. They came close to me, and looked at me for some time, and then whispered together. Two were dark, and had high aquiline noses, like the Count, and great dark, piercing eyes. The other was fair, with wavy golden hair and eyes like pale sapphires. All three had brilliant white teeth that shone like pearls. They whispered together, and then they all three laughed – such a silvery, musical laugh. The fair girl shook her head, and the other two urged her on.<sup>51</sup> One said, “Go on! You are first, and we shall follow. Just begin!”

The other added, “He is young and strong; there are kisses for us all.”<sup>52</sup> I lay quiet, looking out under my eyelashes. The fair girl bent over me till I could feel the movement of her breath upon me. I was afraid to raise my eyelids, but looked out and saw perfectly under the lashes. The girl went on her knees, and bent over me, simply gloating. Scarlet lips, the red tongue, white sharp teeth. Lower and lower went her head as the lips went below my mouth and chin and was ready to fasten on my throat. Her tongue licked her teeth and lips, and I could feel the hot breath on my neck. I felt the soft touch of the lips on the skin of my throat, and two sharp teeth touched and paused there. I closed my eyes and waited.

But at that moment, another sensation came to me. The Count arrived, in a storm of fury. My eyes opened; he grasped the slender neck of the fair woman and with giant’s power drew it back.<sup>53</sup> The blue eyes transformed with fury, the white teeth champed with rage. But the Count! The red light in his eyes was lurid, his face was deathly pale. He said, “How dare you touch him?!”<sup>54</sup> How dare you cast eyes on him?! Back, I tell you all! This man belongs to me!”

The fair girl tried to answer, “You never loved; you never love!”

The Count turned, and said in a soft whisper, “Yes, I too can love; you can tell it from the past. Is it not so? Well, now I promise you that when I finish with him you will kiss him. Now go! Go! I must awaken him.”

“We have nothing tonight?” said one of them, with a low laugh. She pointed to the bag which he had thrown upon the floor. For answer he nodded his head. One of the women jumped forward and opened it. If my ears did not deceive me there was a gasp and a low wail, as of a child. The women disappeared with the dreadful bag. There was no door near them, they simply faded into the rays of the moonlight and passed out through the window.

Then the horror overcame me, and I sank down unconscious.<sup>55</sup>

I awoke in my own bed. I think the Count carried me here. This room is now a sanctuary, for nothing can be more dreadful than those awful women, who were – who are – waiting to suck my blood.

18 May. – I went down to look at that room again in daylight, for I must know the truth. When I got to the doorway at the top of the stairs, it was closed. The door is fastened from the inside. I fear it was no dream.

19 May. – I am surely in the toils.<sup>56</sup> Last night the Count asked me to write three letters, one saying that my work here was nearly done, and that I should start for home within a few days, another that I was starting on the next morning, and the third that I had left the castle and arrived

<sup>51</sup> urged her on – уговаривали её

<sup>52</sup> there are kisses for us all – поцелуев хватит на всех нас

<sup>53</sup> drew it back – оттащил её назад

<sup>54</sup> How dare you touch him?! – Как вы смеете его трогать?!

<sup>55</sup> I sank down unconscious – я потерял сознание

<sup>56</sup> in the toils – в западне

at Bistritz. It is madness to quarrel openly with the Count while I am so absolutely in his power. To refuse is to excite his suspicion and to arouse his anger. He knows that I know too much, and that I must not live, lest I be dangerous to him; my only chance is to prolong my opportunities. I am waiting for a chance to escape.

I asked him: what dates must I put on the letters? He calculated a minute, and then said, "The first letter must be June 12, the second June 19, and the third June 29."

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

28 May. – There is a chance of escape, or to send word home. A band of gypsies<sup>57</sup> have come to the castle, and are encamped in the courtyard. There are thousands of them in Hungary and Transylvania, who are almost outside all law. They are fearless and without religion.

I shall write some letters home, and shall give them to the gypsies. I have already spoken to them through my window. They took their hats off and made many signs, which, however, I could not understand.

I have written the letters. Mina's letter is in shorthand. I have given the letters; I threw them through the bars of my window with a gold piece. The gypsy man who took them pressed them to his heart and bowed, and then put them in his cap. I could do no more.

The Count has come. He sat down beside me, and said in his smoothest voice as he opened two letters, "The gypsies have given me these letters. I do not know whence they come, but I shall, of course, take care. See! One is from you, and to my friend Peter Hawkins. The other is not signed. Well!" And he calmly held letter and envelope in the flame of the lamp.

Then he went on, "I shall send, of course, the letter to Hawkins. Your letters are sacred to me."

When he went out of the room I heard the key. The door was locked.

An hour or two after, the Count came quietly into the room. He was very courteous and very cheery, and he said, "So, my friend, you are tired? Get to bed."

I passed to my room and went to bed, and slept without dreaming.

31 May. – This morning when I woke I decided to take some paper and envelopes from my bag and keep them in my pocket. But again a surprise, again a shock!

Every paper was gone, and with it all my notes, my memoranda, my letter of credit, in fact all that can be useful to me.

Moreover: the suit in which I had travelled was gone, and also my overcoat and rug...

17 June. – This morning the gypsies brought great, square boxes, with handles of thick rope. The boxes were packed in a great heap in one corner of the yard.

24 June, before morning. – Last night the Count left me early, and locked himself into his own room. Something is going on.

The gypsies are in the castle and are doing some work with the boxes.

When I watched from the window, it was a new shock to me. The Count put on my suit and slung over his shoulder the terrible bag! This, then, is his new scheme of evil: that he will allow others to see me, as they think.

In a couple of hours I heard something in the Count's room, something like a sharp wail; and then there was silence, deep, awful silence, which chilled me. I tried the door; but I was locked in my prison, and could do nothing. I sat down and simply cried.

I heard a sound in the courtyard – the agonized cry of a woman. I rushed to the window, and peered out between the bars. There, indeed, was a woman. She was holding her hands over her

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<sup>57</sup> a band of gypsies – цыганский табор

heart. She was leaning against a corner of the gateway. When she saw my face at the window, she threw herself forward, and shouted, "Monster, give me my child!"

She threw herself on her knees, and raising up her hands, cried the same words. Then she threw herself forward. Her naked hands were beating against the door.

Somewhere I heard the voice of the Count, his harsh, metallic whisper. Suddenly the wolves appeared... There was no cry from the woman. The wolves went away, licking their lips.

What shall I do? What can I do? How can I escape from this dreadful castle of night and gloom and fear?

25 June, morning. – I must take action. Last night one of my letters went to post, the first of that fatal series. Action! I have not yet seen the Count in the daylight. Does he sleep when others wake? I want to get into his room! But there is no possible way. The door is always locked, no way for me.

Yes, there is a way! He crawled from his window. Why can't I imitate him? I shall risk it. God help me in my task! Goodbye, Mina, if I fail; goodbye, my faithful friend and second father; goodbye, all, and last of all Mina!

Same day, later. – I have made the effort, and have come safely back to this room. I got outside on the narrow ledge of stone which runs around the building. The stones are big and roughly cut. I took off my boots, I knew pretty well the direction and distance of the Count's window. I did not feel dizzy – I suppose I was too excited – and the time seemed ridiculously short. I was filled with agitation.

I bent down and slid in through the window. Then I looked around for the Count, but, with surprise and gladness, made a discovery. The room was empty! The furniture was covered with dust. I looked for the key, but it was not in the lock, and I could not find it anywhere. The only thing I found was a great heap of gold in one corner – gold of all kinds, Roman, and British, and Austrian, and Hungarian, and Greek and Turkish money, covered with a film of dust. There were also chains and ornaments, all of them old and stained.

At one corner of the room was a heavy door. I tried it. It was open, and led through a stone passage to a circular stairway. I descended. At the bottom there was a dark, tunnel-like passage, through which came a deathly, sickly odour. At last I pulled open a heavy door, and found myself in an old, ruined chapel, which was used as a graveyard. There were great wooden boxes, those which the gypsies had brought. In two of these boxes I saw nothing except fragments of old coffins and piles of dust; in the third, however, I made a discovery.

There lay the Count! He was either dead or asleep – for his eyes were open and stony. I fled from the place, and left the Count's room by the window, crawled again up the castle wall. In my room, I tried to think...

29 June. – Today is the date of my last letter. I came to the library, and read there till I fell asleep.

I was awakened by the Count. He said, "Tomorrow, my friend, we must part. You return to your beautiful England, I – to some work. We may never meet. In the morning my carriage will come for you, and will bring you to the Borgo Pass to meet the diligence from Bukovina to Bistritz. But I hope to see you again at Castle Dracula."

"Why may I not go tonight?"

"Because, dear sir, my coachman and horses are away."

"But I can walk with pleasure. I want to get away at once."

He smiled, a soft, smooth, diabolical smile. He said, "And your baggage?"

"I do not care about it. I can send for it some other time."

The Count stood up, and said, "Come with me, my dear young friend. Come!"



He, with the lamp, went down the stairs and along the hall. Suddenly he stopped.  
“Hark!”

I heard the howling of many wolves. Their red jaws, with ugly teeth, came in through the opening door. I knew then that to struggle at the moment against the Count was useless. With such allies as these, I could do nothing. But still the door continued slowly to open. As a last chance I cried out, “Shut the door! I shall wait till morning”. And covered my face with my hands to hide my tears of bitter disappointment.

The Count shut the door. In silence we returned to the library, and after a minute or two I went to my own room. Count Dracula was smiling.

When I was in my room, I heard voices at my door. I went to it softly and listened. I heard the voice of the Count, “Back, back, to your own place! Your time is not yet come. Wait! Have patience! Tonight is mine. Tomorrow night is yours!”

In a rage I opened the door, and saw three terrible women licking their lips. They all joined in a horrible laugh, and ran away.

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

30 June, morning. – These may be the last words I ever write in this diary. I slept till just before the dawn. I came down and drew back the massive bolts. But the door would not move. Despair seized me. I pulled, and pulled, at the door, and shook it. No luck. It was locked.

Where is the key? I decided to crawl the wall again and get to the Count’s room. It was empty, but that was as I expected. I could not see a key anywhere, but the heap of gold. I went through the door in the corner and down the winding stair and along the dark passage to the old chapel. I knew now well enough where to find the monster.

The great box was in the same place. There lay the Count, but he looked much younger than before. The white hair and moustache were changed to dark grey; the cheeks were fuller, and the white skin seemed red; the mouth was redder than ever, for on the lips were gouts of fresh blood. I stopped and looked at the Count. There was a mocking smile on the face. I must rid the world of such a monster. I seized a shovel, and lifted it high. But as I did so the head turned. The sight paralyzed me, and the shovel turned in my hand and glanced from the face. The shovel fell from my hand across the box, and as I pulled it away the edge of the lid moved and hid the horrid Count from my sight.

I ran from the place to the Count’s room and listened. I heard downstairs the grinding of the key in the great lock and the falling back of the heavy door. Then there came the sound of many feet. I turned and ran down again towards the vault, where I might find the new entrance. But alas! I was again a prisoner.

I am alone in the castle with those awful women. They are real devils! I shall not remain alone with them; I shall try to crawl the castle wall. I shall take some of the gold with me. I may find a way from this dreadful place.

And then away for home! Away to the quickest and nearest train! Away from this cursed spot, from this cursed land, where the devil and his children still walk with earthly feet!

The precipice is steep and high. But it is better to try to escape than to stay here.  
Goodbye, all! Mina!

## Letter from Miss Mina Murray to Miss Lucy Westenra<sup>58</sup>

9 May.

My dearest Lucy,

I want to be with you, and by the sea, where we can talk together freely. Jonathan and I sometimes write letters in shorthand, and he is keeping a stenographic journal of his travels abroad. When I am with you I shall keep a diary in the same way. I shall try to do what I see journalists do: interviewing and writing. I will tell you of my little plans when we meet. I have just received a few lines from Jonathan from Transylvania. He is well, and will return in about a week. It's ten o'clock. Goodbye.

Your loving

Mina

P. S. Tell me all the news when you write. I hear rumours, and especially of a tall, handsome, curly-haired man???

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<sup>58</sup> Lucy Westenra – Люси Вестенра

## Letter, Lucy Westenra to Mina Murray

17, Chatham Street,

Wednesday.

My dearest Mina,

I have nothing to tell you. There is really nothing to interest for walks and rides in the park. As to<sup>59</sup> the tall, curly-haired man, that is Mr. Holmwood.<sup>60</sup> He often comes to see us.

We met some time ago a very interesting man. He is handsome and rich. He is a doctor and really clever. He is only nine-and-twenty, and he has his own lunatic asylum.<sup>61</sup> Mr. Holmwood introduced him to me, and he often comes now. He seems absolutely imperturbable. Arthur is not against him. Oh, Arthur!

Mina, we have told all our secrets to each other since we were children; we have slept together and eaten together, and laughed and cried together. Oh, Mina, can you guess? I love him. Arthur. I think he loves me, too, although he has not told me so in words. But oh, Mina, I love him; I love him; I love him! Please, tell me all that you think about it.

Mina, I must stop. Goodnight. Bless me in your prayers; and, Mina, pray for my happiness.

Lucy

P. S. Of course, this is a secret. Goodnight again.

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<sup>59</sup> as to – что касается

<sup>60</sup> Holmwood – Холмвуд

<sup>61</sup> lunatic asylum – психиатрическая больница

## Letter, Lucy Westenra to Mina Murray

24 May.

My dearest Mina,

Thanks, and thanks, and thanks again for your sweet letter. My dear, I shall be twenty in September, and yet I never had a proposal<sup>62</sup> till today, not a real proposal, and today I have had three. Three proposals in one day! Isn't it awful! I feel sorry, really and truly sorry, for two of the poor fellows. Oh, Mina, I am so happy that I don't know what to do with myself. And three proposals!

Well, my dear, number One came just before lunch. I told you of him, Dr. John Seward,<sup>63</sup> the lunatic-asylum man,<sup>64</sup> with the strong jaw and the good forehead. He was very cool outwardly, but was nervous all the same. He spoke to me, Mina, very straightforwardly.<sup>65</sup> He told me how dear I was to him. He said that he was my friend. My dear, I must stop here at present, I feel so miserable, though I am so happy.

24 May, evening.

Arthur has just gone, so I can go on. Well, my dear, number Two came after lunch. He is an American from Texas, and he looks young and fresh. Mr. Quincey P. Morris<sup>66</sup> telling us his stories, and Arthur never told any, and yet —

My dear, Mr. Morris is really well educated and has exquisite manners. He took my hand in his, and said ever so sweetly, "Miss Lucy, you are an honest hearted girl, I know. Tell me, is there any one else that you love? And if there is I'll be just a very faithful friend."

My dear Mina, why are men so noble when we women are so little worthy of them? I was able to look into Mr. Morris's brave eyes, and I told him, "Yes, there is some one I love."

Ever your loving

Lucy.

P. S. Oh, about number Three — I needn't tell you of number Three, need I? Besides, it was all so confused. When he entered the room, he kissed me. I am very, very happy, and I don't know what I have done to deserve it. God Himself sent me such a lover, such a husband, and such a friend.

Goodbye.

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<sup>62</sup> I never had a proposal — мне никогда не делали предложения

<sup>63</sup> Dr. John Seward — доктор Джон Сьюворд

<sup>64</sup> lunatic-asylum man — психиатр

<sup>65</sup> very straightforwardly — весьма прямолинейно

<sup>66</sup> Mr. Quincey P. Morris — мистер Квинси П. Моррис

## Dr. Seward's Diary

25 May. – No appetite today. I cannot eat, cannot rest. The only cure for this is work, so I went to the asylum. There is a patient there who is of great interest to me.

R. M. Renfield,<sup>67</sup> 59. Sanguine temperament;<sup>68</sup> great physical strength; morbidly excitable; periods of gloom, fixed ideas.<sup>69</sup>

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<sup>67</sup> R. M. Renfield – Р. М. Ренфилд

<sup>68</sup> sanguine temperament – сангвинический темперамент

<sup>69</sup> fixed ideas – навязчивые идеи

## Mina Murray's Journal

24 July. Whitby.<sup>70</sup> – Lucy met me at the station, she looks sweeter and lovelier than ever. This is a lovely place. The little river, the Esk,<sup>71</sup> runs through a deep valley. The valley is beautifully green. The houses of the old town are all red-roofed; there is a legend that one can see a white lady in one of the windows. Between it and the town there is a church. This is the nicest spot in Whitby.

I shall go home at the moment. Lucy with her mother will be home soon.

1 August. – I came up here an hour ago with Lucy, and we had a most interesting talk with my old friend. Lucy looks sweetly pretty in her white dress; she has got a beautiful colour since she has been here. She is so sweet with old people; I think they all fell in love with her.

Lucy told me all over again about Arthur and their future marriage. That made me just a little sad, for I haven't heard from Jonathan for a whole month.

Same day, later. – I came up here alone, for I am very sad. There was no letter for me. Where is Jonathan? Does he think of me?

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<sup>70</sup> Whitby – Уитби (город в английском графстве Норт-Йоркшир).

<sup>71</sup> the Esk – Эск (название реки)

## Dr. Seward's Diary

5 June. – The case of Renfield becomes more interesting. He has certain qualities; selfishness, secrecy, and purpose.<sup>72</sup> He has some scheme, but what it is I do not yet know. He loves animals and insects very much, though his love is very strange. Just now his hobby is catching flies. What will he do with them? I must watch him.

18 June. – He has turned to spiders, and has got several very big spiders in a box. He feeds them with his flies.

1 July. – He disgusted me much. While with him, a horrid fly came into the room, he caught it, held it for a few moments between his finger and thumb, and, before I knew what he was going to do, put it in his mouth and ate it. I scolded him for it, but he argued quietly that it was very good and very wholesome. He has evidently some deep problem in his mind, for he keeps a little notebook in which he is always writing down something. Whole pages of it are filled with figures.

8 July. – There is a method in his madness. He has managed to get a sparrow.<sup>73</sup> The spiders have diminished.

19 July. – We are progressing. My friend has now a whole colony of sparrows, and his flies and spiders almost disappeared. When I came in he ran to me and said he wanted to ask me a great favour – a very, very great favour. I asked him what it was, and he said, with a sort of rapture in his voice, “A kitten, a nice little, sleek playful kitten, I want to play with it, teach it, and feed it – and feed – and feed!”

I could see his face; there was a warning of danger in it, for there was a sudden fierce, sidelong look which meant killing. The man is a maniac.

20 July. – I visited Renfield very early. He was spreading out his sugar, which he had saved. I looked around for his birds, and did not see them. I asked him where they were. He replied that they had all flown away. There were a few feathers in the room and on his pillow a drop of blood. I said nothing.

20 July, 11 a.m. – The attendant said that Renfield was very sick and disgorged a whole lot of feathers. “I am sure, doctor,” he said, “that he has eaten his birds!”

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<sup>72</sup> purpose – здесь: целеустремлённость

<sup>73</sup> he has managed to get a sparrow – ему удалось поймать воробья

## Mina Murray's Journal

26 July. – I am anxious. I am unhappy about Lucy and about Jonathan. I had not heard from Jonathan for some time; but yesterday dear Mr. Hawkins, who is always so kind, sent me a letter from him. It is only a line dated from Castle Dracula, and says that he is just starting for home. That is not like Jonathan; I do not understand it, and it makes me uneasy. Then, too, Lucy, although she is so well, has lately taken to her old habit of walking in her sleep.<sup>74</sup> Her mother has spoken to me about it, and we have decided that I must lock the door of our room every night. Mrs. Westenra is naturally anxious about Lucy, and she tells me that her husband, Lucy's father, had the same habit.

27 July. – No news from Jonathan. I am getting quite uneasy about him. Lucy walks more than ever, and each night she moves about the room. Fortunately, the weather is so hot that she cannot get cold.

3 August. – Still no news from Jonathan, not even to Mr. Hawkins. Oh, I hope he is not ill. I look at his last letter, but somehow it does not satisfy me. I think it is not his letter writing. Lucy has not walked much in her sleep the last week, but even in her sleep she is watching me. She tries the door, and if it is locked, she goes about the room and searches for the key.

6 August. – Another three days, and no news. It is getting dreadful. Where to write? Where to go? No one has heard a word of Jonathan since that last letter. I must only pray to God for patience. Lucy is more excitable than ever.

One day the coastguard<sup>75</sup> came along, with his spyglass<sup>76</sup> under his arm. He stopped to talk with me, as he always does, but all the time he was looking at a strange ship.

"I can't understand what ship it is," he said. "Look there! Who is the captain? The ship changes about with every puff of wind."<sup>77</sup> We'll hear more of this ship before this time tomorrow."

9 August. Whitby. – As to the strange ship... There was a dead man steering it. The man was simply fastened by his hands, tied one over the other, to a spoke of the wheel. It is a Russian ship, and is called the *Demeter*.<sup>78</sup> There were some great wooden boxes filled with mould on it. This cargo was consigned to a Whitby solicitor, Mr. S. F. Billington,<sup>79</sup> of 7, The Crescent,<sup>80</sup> who this morning went aboard and took the boxes. There was a dog on the ship, but it ran away and nobody could find it.

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<sup>74</sup> old habit of walking in sleep – старая привычка ходить во сне

<sup>75</sup> coastguard – охранник береговой службы

<sup>76</sup> spyglass – подзорная труба

<sup>77</sup> changes about with every puff of wind – меняет направление с каждым порывом ветра

<sup>78</sup> *Demeter* – «Деметра» (название корабля)

<sup>79</sup> Mr. S. F. Billington – мистер С. Ф. Биллингтон

<sup>80</sup> The Crescent – Кресент (улица в Лондоне)



## Log of the Demeter<sup>81</sup>

6 July. Varna to Whitby. – We finished taking in cargo, silver sand<sup>82</sup> and boxes of earth. East wind, fresh. Five sailors... two mates, cook, and myself (captain).

11 July. – At dawn entered Bosphorus.<sup>83</sup>

12 July. – Through Dardanelles.<sup>84</sup> At dark passed into Archipelago.

13 July. – Passed Cape Matapan.<sup>85</sup> Crew dissatisfied about something. Seemed scared.

14 July. – Somewhat anxious about crew. Something wrong; crew crossed themselves.<sup>86</sup>

16 July. – One of crew, Petrofsky,<sup>87</sup> is missing. Could not find him. Men say that there was something aboard. Mate gets very impatient; feared some trouble ahead.

17 July. – Yesterday, one of the men, Olgaren,<sup>88</sup> came to my cabin, and in an awestruck told me that he thought there was a strange man aboard the ship. He said he saw a tall, thin man, who was not like any of the crew. That man went along the deck, and disappeared. He followed cautiously, but he found no one, and the hatchways were all closed. He was in a panic of superstitious fear, and I am afraid the panic may spread.

We searched everywhere. There were only the big wooden boxes, there were no odd corners where a man could hide. First mate scowled, but said nothing.

22 July. – Rough weather last three days – no time to be frightened. Passed Gibraltar.<sup>89</sup> All well.

24 July. – Last night another man lost. Like the first, he came off his watch<sup>90</sup> and disappeared. Men all in a panic of fear; ask to have double watch,<sup>91</sup> as they fear to be alone. Mate angry. Fear there will be some trouble.

28 July. – Four days in hell, maelstrom, a tempest. No sleep for any one. Men all worn out.

29 July. – Another tragedy. Second mate disappeared. Thorough search, but found no one. We are now without second mate, and crew in a panic.

30 July. – Last night. We are near England. Weather is fine. Slept soundly;<sup>92</sup> awaked by mate. He said that both man of watch and steersman were missing. Only myself and mate and two hands sailors left.

1 August. – Two days of fog. Mate now demoralized.

2 August, midnight. – Could see nothing in fog. Rushed on deck. No sign of man on watch. One more gone.<sup>93</sup> Lord, help us! Only God can guide us in the fog, which moves with us.

3 August. – I did not find the man at the wheel. After a few seconds he rushed up on deck in his flannels.<sup>94</sup> He looked haggard. He came close to me and whispered hoarsely, with his mouth

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<sup>81</sup> Log of the *Demeter* – Судовой журнал «Деметры»

<sup>82</sup> silver sand – серебристый песок

<sup>83</sup> Bosphorus – Босфор (*пролив между Европой и Малой Азией, соединяющий Чёрное море с Мраморным*).

<sup>84</sup> Dardanelles – Дарданеллы (*пролив между европейским полуостровом Галлиполи и западной частью Малой Азии*)

<sup>85</sup> Cape Matapan – мыс Матапан

<sup>86</sup> to cross oneself – креститься

<sup>87</sup> Petrofsky – Петровский

<sup>88</sup> Olgaren – Олгарен

<sup>89</sup> Gibraltar – Гибралтар (*небольшое государство на юге Пиренейского полуострова*)

<sup>90</sup> came off his watch – закончил свою вахту

<sup>91</sup> to have double watch – нести вахту вдвоём

<sup>92</sup> slept soundly – спал крепко

<sup>93</sup> One more gone. – Пропал ещё один.

<sup>94</sup> in his flannels – в нижнем белье

to my ear, "It is here; I know it now. On the watch last night I saw It, like a man, tall and thin, and ghastly pale. I crept behind It, and gave It my knife;<sup>95</sup> but the knife went through It, empty as the air." And as he spoke he took his knife and drove it savagely into space. Then he went on, "But It is here, and I'll find It. It is perhaps in one of those boxes. I'll open them and see." He is mad, stark, raving mad. He can't hurt those big boxes: they are marked as "clay". So here I stay, and write these notes. I can only trust in God and wait till the fog clears.

The mate ran up on the deck. "Save me! Save me!" he cried, and then looked round. His horror turned to despair, and in a steady voice he said, "Come with me too, captain, before it is too late. He is there. I know the secret now. The sea will save me from Him!" Before I could say a word, or move forward to seize him, he sprang on the bulwark and deliberately threw himself into the sea. I suppose I know the secret too, now. It was this madman who had killed the men one by one,<sup>96</sup> and now he has followed them himself. God help me! When I get to port! Will that ever be?

4 August. – Still fog, which the sunrise cannot pierce. I know there is sunrise because I am a sailor. I dared not leave the helm; so here all night I stayed, and in the dimness of the night I saw It – Him! God forgive me, but the mate was right to jump overboard. It was better to die like a man; to die like a sailor in blue water. But I am captain, and I must not leave my ship. But I shall baffle this fiend or monster, for I shall tie my hands to the wheel, and along with them I shall tie that which He – It! – dare not touch: the cross; and then, I shall save my soul, and my honour as a captain. I am growing weaker, and the night is coming on. If He can look me in the face again, I may not have time to act...

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<sup>95</sup> gave It my knife – ударил Его своим ножом

<sup>96</sup> one by one – одного за другим

## Mina Murray's Journal

8 August. – Lucy was very restless all night, and I, too, could not sleep. The storm was fearful. Strangely enough, Lucy did not wake; but she got up twice and dressed herself. Fortunately, each time I awoke in time and undressed her without waking her, and got her back to bed. It is a very strange thing, this sleep-walking.

Early in the morning we both got up and went down to the harbour to see if anything had happened in the night. Somehow I was glad that Jonathan was not on the sea last night, but on land. But, oh, is he on land or sea? Where is he, and how? I am getting fearfully anxious about him. If I only knew what to do, and could do anything!

10 August. – The funeral of the poor captain. Lucy came with me. She seemed much upset and was restless and uneasy all the time. Lucy is so sweet and sensitive that she feels influences more acutely than other people do. She was full of pity, and she will dream of this tonight, I am sure. The ship steered into port by a dead man; the captain tied to the wheel with a cross...

Same day, 11 p.m. – Oh, but I am tired! We had a lovely walk. Lucy, after a while, was in good mood. She was really tired, and we intended to go to bed as soon as we could.

Lucy is asleep and breathing softly. She has more colour in her cheeks than usual, and looks, oh, so sweet. I am so happy tonight, because dear Lucy seems better. But I don't know anything about Jonathan... God bless and keep him.

11 August, 3 a.m. – Diary again. No sleep now, so I may as well write. I am too agitated to sleep. We have had such an adventure, such an agonizing experience. I fell asleep as soon as I had closed my diary...

Suddenly I became awake, and sat up, with a horrible sense of fear upon me, and of some feeling of emptiness around me. The room was dark, so I could not see Lucy's bed. The bed was empty. I lit a match and found that she was not in the room. The door was shut, but not locked, as I had left it. I feared to wake her mother. I ran downstairs and looked in the sitting-room. Not there! Then I looked in all the other open rooms of the house, with a growing fear in my heart. Finally I came to the hall door and found it open. It was not wide open. The people of the house usually lock the door every night. I took a big, heavy shawl and ran out. The clock was striking one, and there was not a soul in sight.

I ran along the North Terrace, but could see no sign of the white figure which I expected. Then as the cloud passed I could see the ruins of the abbey; the church and the churchyard became gradually visible. There, on the bench, I saw snowy white figure. It seemed to me that something dark stood behind the figure, and bent over it. What it was, whether man or beast, I could not tell; I did not wait to catch another glance, but flew down the steep steps to the pier and along to the bridge, which was the only way to reach the East Cliff. The town seemed dead, for not a soul did I see. I rejoiced that it was so, for I wanted no witness of poor Lucy's condition. The time and distance seemed endless, and my knees trembled. When I got almost to the top I could see the bench and the white figure, and I was now close enough to distinguish it even through the shadow. There was undoubtedly something, long and black, it was bending over the white figure. I called in fright, "Lucy! Lucy!" and something raised a head, and I saw a white face and red, gleaming eyes. Lucy did not answer, and I ran on to the entrance of the churchyard. As I entered, the church was between me and the bench, and for a minute or so I lost sight of her. When I came in view again the cloud had passed, and I could see Lucy lying on the bench. She was quite alone, and there was not a sign of anybody about.

When I bent over her I noticed that she was still asleep. She was breathing – not softly as usual with her, but in long, heavy gasps. As I came close, she put up her hand in her sleep and pulled the collar of her nightdress close around her throat. I fastened the shawl at her throat with a big safety pin;<sup>97</sup> but I was clumsy in my anxiety and pinched or pricked her with it, for when her breathing became quieter, she put her hand to her throat again and moaned. I put my shoes on her feet and then began very gently to wake her. At first she did not respond; but gradually she became more and more uneasy in her sleep, moaning and sighing occasionally. At last, I shook her more forcibly, till finally she opened her eyes and awoke. She did not seem surprised to see me, as, of course, she did not realize all at once where she was.

Lucy always wakes prettily, and even at such a time in a churchyard at night, she did not lose her grace. She trembled a little, and when I told her to come with me home she rose without a word, with the obedience of a child. We got home and we did not meet anybody. Once we saw a man, who seemed not quite sober; but we hid in a door till he had disappeared.

When we came home, and washed our feet, and said a prayer of thankfulness together, I brought her to bed. Before falling asleep she asked – even implored – me not to say a word to any one, even her mother, about her sleep-walking adventure. I thought it wiser to do so. I hope I did right.

Same day, noon. – All goes well. Lucy slept till I woke her. She looks better this morning than before. I was sorry to notice that I hurt her with the safety-pin. Indeed, it can be serious, for the skin of her throat was pierced. There are two little red points like pin-pricks, and on the band of her nightdress was a drop of blood. When I apologized, she laughed, and said she did not even feel it. Fortunately it is so tiny.

Same day, night. – We passed a happy day. The air was clear, and the sun bright, and there was a cool breeze. We took our lunch to Mulgrave Woods.<sup>98</sup> In the evening we heard some good music by Spohr and Mackenzie,<sup>99</sup> and went to bed early. Lucy seems more restful than she has been for some time, and fell asleep at once. I shall lock the door and secure the key the same as before, though I do not expect any trouble tonight.

12 August. – My expectations were wrong, for twice during the night I was wakened by Lucy. She was trying to get out. I woke with the dawn, and heard the birds outside of the window. Lucy woke, too, and, I was glad to see, was even better than on the previous morning. She came and snuggled in beside me and told me all about Arthur. I told her how anxious I was about Jonathan, and then she tried to comfort me. Well, she succeeded somewhat.

13 August. – Another quiet day, and to bed with the key on my wrist as before. Again I awoke in the night, and found Lucy sitting up in bed, still asleep, pointing to the window. I got up quietly, and looked out. It was brilliant moonlight. Between me and the moonlight flitted a great bat. Once or twice it came quite close. When I came back from the window Lucy had lain down again, and was sleeping peacefully. She did not stir again all night.

14 August. – On the East Cliff, reading and writing all day. This afternoon Lucy made a funny remark. We were coming home for dinner, and had come to the top of the steps up from the West Pier and stopped to look at the view, as we generally do. The setting sun was bathing everything in a beautiful rosy glow. We were silent for a while, and suddenly Lucy murmured as if to herself, “His red eyes again! They are just the same.”

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<sup>97</sup> safety pin – английская булавка

<sup>98</sup> Mulgrave Woods – Малгрейв-Вудс

<sup>99</sup> Spohr and Mackenzie – Шпор и Маккензи

It was such an odd expression, that it quite startled me. Lucy was in a half-dreamy state,<sup>100</sup> with an odd look on her face; so I said nothing, but followed her eyes. She was looking at the bench, whereon was a dark figure. I was a little frightened; but a second look dispelled the illusion. The red sunlight was shining on the windows of St. Mary's Church.<sup>101</sup> Lucy looked sad; so I said nothing, and we went home to dinner. Lucy had a headache and went early to bed. I saw her asleep, and went out for a while.

I walked along the cliffs to the westward, and was full of sweet sadness, for I was thinking of Jonathan. When I was coming home, I looked at our window, and saw Lucy's head. I thought that perhaps she was looking out for me, so I opened my handkerchief and waved it. She did not notice. Just then the light fell on the window. Lucy was asleep, and by her, was something that looked like a giant bird. I ran upstairs, but as I came into the room she was lying in her bed, she was breathing heavily; and she was holding her hand to her throat.

I did not wake her. She looks so sweet as she sleeps; but she is paler than before. I fear she is fretting about something. What is it?

15 August. – Rose later than usual. Lucy was languid and tired.

17 August. – No diary for two whole days. I did not want to write. No news from Jonathan, and Lucy is growing weaker. I do not understand why Lucy fades away. She eats well and sleeps well, and enjoys the fresh air; but all the time the roses in her cheeks are fading, and she gets weaker and more languid day by day.<sup>102</sup> At night she gets up and walks about the room, and sits at the open window.

I looked at her throat just now as she lay asleep, and the tiny wounds were not healed. They are still open, and larger than before, and the edges of them are faintly white. They are like little white dots with red centres. Unless they heal within a day or two, I shall insist on the doctor.

18 August. – I am happy today. Lucy is ever so much better. Last night she slept well all night, and did not disturb me once. She is full of life and cheerfulness.

19 August. – Joy, joy, joy! Although not all joy. At last, news of Jonathan. He has been ill; that is why he did not write. I am not afraid to think it or say it, now that I know. I shall leave in the morning and go over to Jonathan, and help to nurse him if necessary, and bring him home. I got a good Sister's<sup>103</sup> letter! It is of Jonathan, and it must be next my heart, for he is in my heart. My journey is prepared, and my luggage is ready.

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<sup>100</sup> half-dreamy state – полусонное состояние

<sup>101</sup> St. Mary's Church – церковь Святой Марии

<sup>102</sup> day by day – день за днём

<sup>103</sup> good Sister – сестра милосердия

## **Letter, Sister Agatha, Hospital of St. Joseph and Ste. Mary,<sup>104</sup> Buda-Pesth, to Miss Wilhelmina Murray**

12 August.

Dear Madam,

I write by desire<sup>105</sup> of Mr. Jonathan Harker, who is himself not strong enough to write, but he is recovering, thanks to God and St. Joseph and Ste. Mary. He has been under our care for nearly six weeks, he is suffering from a violent brain fever.<sup>106</sup> He is sorry for his delay, his work is completed. He will require some few weeks' rest in our sanatorium in the hills, but will then return. He wishes me to say that he has not sufficient money with him. He would like to pay for his staying here.

Yours, with sympathy and all blessings,

Sister Agatha.

P. S. My patient is asleep, and I want to let you know something more. He has told me all about you, and that you agree to be his wife. All blessings to you both! He has had some fearful shock – so says our doctor – and his delirium is dreadful; of wolves and poison and blood; of ghosts and demons; and I fear to say of what. Be careful with him always. He came in the train from Klausenburg, and the station-master there said that he rushed into the station and shouted for a ticket for home. They gave him a ticket for the furthest station.

He has won all hearts by his sweetness and gentleness. I have no doubt he will in a few weeks recover completely. There are, I pray God and St. Joseph and Ste. Mary, many, many, happy years for you both.

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<sup>104</sup> Hospital of St. Joseph and Ste. Mary – больница Святого Иосифа и Святой Марии

<sup>105</sup> I write by desire – я пишу по просьбе

<sup>106</sup> brain fever – горячка

## Dr. Seward's Diary

19 August. – Strange and sudden change in Renfield last night. About eight o'clock he began to get excited and sniff about<sup>107</sup> as a dog does. The attendant encouraged him to talk. Renfield is usually respectful to the attendant; but tonight, the man tells me, he was quite haughty. All he said was, "I don't want to talk to you: you are nothing for me now; I have my Master."

The attendant thinks some sudden form of religious mania has seized him. If so, he might be dangerous. At nine o'clock I visited him myself. His attitude to me was the same as that to the attendant. It looks like religious mania, and he will soon think that he himself is God.

For half an hour or more Renfield was getting excited more and more. All at once he became quite quiet, and sat on the edge of his bed, and looked into space. I tried to lead him to talk of his pets. At first he made no reply, but after he said testily, "I don't care about them."

"What?" I said. "You don't care about spiders?" (Spiders at present are his hobby.)

To this he answered enigmatically, "I don't need them anymore."

He did not explain himself, but remained obstinately seated on his bed all the time I remained with him.

Later. – The night watchman<sup>108</sup> came to me and said that Renfield had escaped. I threw on my clothes and ran down at once; my patient is a very dangerous person. He was only in his night-gear,<sup>109</sup> and cannot go far.

The attendant told me that the patient had gone to the left, and had taken a straight line, so I ran as quickly as I could. Soon I saw a white figure. I ran back at once, told the watchman to get three or four men immediately and follow me, in case our friend might be dangerous. I could see Renfield's figure just behind the angle of the deserted house, so I ran after him. He was talking to some one. After a few minutes, however, I could see that he did not see anything around him. I heard his words, "I am here to do Your bidding, Master. I am Your slave, and You will reward me, for I shall be faithful. I have worshipped You long. Now that You are near, I await Your commands!"

When we were trying to catch him he fought like a tiger. He is immensely strong, for he was more like a wild beast than a man. I never saw a lunatic in such a paroxysm of rage before; and I hope I shall not again. His cries are at times awful, but the silences that follow are even more terrible. He spoke like this, "I shall be patient, Master. It is coming – coming – coming!"

I was too excited to sleep, but this diary has quieted me, and I feel I shall get some sleep tonight.

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<sup>107</sup> sniff about – принюхиваться

<sup>108</sup> night watchman – ночной дежурный

<sup>109</sup> night-gear – ночная рубашка

## Letter, Mina Harker to Lucy Westenra

24 August, Buda-Pesth.

My dearest Lucy,

I caught the boat to Hamburg, and then the train on here. I found my poor Jonathan, oh, so thin and pale and weak-looking! He is only a wreck of himself, and he does not remember anything that has happened to him for a long time past. He has had some terrible shock. Sister Agatha is a sweet, good soul.

I am now sitting by his bedside, where I can see his face while he sleeps. He is waking!...

When he woke he asked me for his coat, as he wanted to get something from the pocket; I asked Sister Agatha, and she brought all his things. I saw that amongst them was his note-book, and was going to ask him to let me look at it. I knew that I might find some clue to his trouble. But he sent me over to the window, and said he wanted to be quite alone for a moment. Then he called me back, and when I came he put his hand over the note-book, and he said to me very solemnly, "Wilhelmina, you know, dear: there must be no secret, no concealment between husband and wife. I have had a great shock, and I do not know if it was all real or the dreaming of a madman. You know I have had brain fever. The secret is here, and I do not want to know it. I want to marry you as soon as possible, right here. Wilhelmina, here is the book. Take it and keep it, read it if you want, but never let me know." He fell back exhausted, and I put the book under his pillow, and kissed him. I have asked Sister Agatha to let our wedding be this afternoon, and I am waiting for her reply...

She has come and told me that they sent for the chaplain of the English mission church. We will marry in an hour, or as soon after as Jonathan awakes...

Lucy, I feel very solemn, but very, very happy. Jonathan woke a little after the hour, and all was ready, and he sat up in bed, propped up with pillows. He answered his "I will" firmly and strongly. I could hardly speak. The dear sisters were so kind. Please God, I shall never, never forget them.

Jonathan took my hand in his, and oh, Lucy, it was the first time he took his wife's hand, and said that it was the dearest thing in all the wide world. Well, my dear, what could I say? I could only tell him that I was the happiest woman in all the wide world, and that I had nothing to give him except myself, my life, and my trust, and my love. And then, my dear, he kissed me, and drew me to him with his poor weak hands.

Lucy dear, do you know why I tell you all this? It is not only because it is all sweet to me, but because you are very dear to me. It is my privilege to be your friend.

Goodbye, my dear. I shall post this at once, and, perhaps, write you very soon again. I must stop, for Jonathan is waking.

Your ever-loving

Mina Harker



## Letter, Lucy Westenra to Mina Harker

30 August, Whitby.

My dearest Mina,

Oceans of love and millions of kisses, and may you soon be in your own home with your husband. The strong air would soon restore Jonathan; it has quite restored me. I am full of life, and sleep well. You will be glad to know that I have quite given up walking in my sleep.<sup>110</sup> Arthur says I am getting fat. 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; and I love him more than ever. He tells me that he loves me more, but I doubt that, for at first he told me that he couldn't love me more than he did then. But this is nonsense. There he is, calling to me.

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<sup>110</sup> I have quite given up walking in my sleep – я совершенно прекратила ходить во сне

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