



THE GOTHIC MASTERPIECE

# DRACULA

BRAM  
STOKER

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BRAM STOKER

HARPER

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# DRACULA

## Foreword

My sisters and I grew up with the knowledge that Bram Stoker was our great-grand uncle; and so we have always felt that his creation, *Dracula*, is our cousin and that his story is intertwined with our own. Halloween is a big deal for children in Canada, so growing up with a personal *Dracula* connection caused a certain stir, although it was our friends who were more impressed by the idea than my sisters and I were. Of course, we dressed the part at Halloween, and thanks to the enduring popularity of all things vampire, even today fangs and a cape make a simple, yet unmistakable costume.

Despite the family connection, it may seem surprising that the first time I read *Dracula* was in college, in order to write a paper on the subject of repressed Victorian sexuality. I read the novel under the pressure of considering such knotty problems as what the characters 'really' represented, and all the potential subtexts and 'deep meanings' in the book. But almost immediately I was drawn into the narrative and swept away in its tide. I quickly came to the conclusion there is no need to examine it so deeply in order to enjoy Bram's most famous book. Even now, after all the time I have spent with the novel, I regard Bram as a hard-working and honourable man who

happened to write a most remarkable story, and leave the psychoanalysis to others.

While researching that paper I became overwhelmed by the many variations of the story that were available in book and film form. Clearly my ancestor had struck a chord in the popular imagination. But what I found most confounding was that there seemed to be little or no respect for his original work. I became obsessed with the idea of preserving that original vision.

Then I met Ian Holt, a young man who had his own fascination with *Dracula* and had spent twenty years researching both the historic Prince Dracula and Bram's *Dracula*, lecturing and giving papers at scholarly gatherings around the world. At Ian's suggestion, my wife Jenne and I made a pilgrimage to the Rosenbach Museum in Philadelphia, drawn there like so many others seeking the genesis of *Dracula*. As I held my ancestor's jotted notes in my hands, I sensed his presence and felt my connection with him flowing through my veins. It was the first time in my life I had felt so close to him, and this sense was pivotal in prompting me to dig deeper. I realized that my own research methods were similar, for while some of my ideas and information were methodically collected in spiral notebooks or in Word files, at other times I grabbed fleeting ideas, scribbling them on the backs of envelopes or whatever first came to hand.

I discovered that Bram Stoker carried out thorough research before writing *Dracula*, although he never set foot in the foreign lands he so accurately described in the novel. Instead, he made good use of stories told by my great-grandfather, Bram's younger brother George, set in the rugged mountains of Eastern Europe where George served in the Red Crescent (originally the Ottoman equivalent to the Red Cross), as well as his own extensive research in the British Museum library. Similarly, in order for Bram's characters in Whitby to use just a few words of the correct local dialect, Bram compiled for

himself an entire dictionary of Yorkshire dialect during his visits to the area.

Sir William Thornley Stoker, Bram's oldest brother, also contributed to his notes with diagrams and explanations of brain surgery which Bram used to describe Renfield's medical condition following the severe head and brain injuries inflicted on the character by Dracula.

Ian and I have discussed for hours which of Bram's notes could have been made for his own inspiration only, necessary for his writing process, but deemed at some point to be unnecessary for the finished book. As notes transformed to novel, certain characters and concepts faded away, digested by the story, hidden to the reader, while still flowing through Bram's mind. Holes left in the story, intentional or not, have fuelled many debates since the story was first published in 1897.

For example, Inspector Cotford, as originally outlined by Bram, was especially interesting to me, since he does not exist in the published version of *Dracula*. It seems that the original editor cut him out entirely. Knowing Bram's degree of meticulous attention to detail, it made no sense to me that police weren't present in London to investigate a string of corpses. From my background in local search and rescue, I viewed Cotford himself as a missing person, one I was delighted to find: for Ian and I gave him a prominent role in our story: *Dracula: The Un-Dead*.

I am proud to have Bram Stoker as a relative, as well as many other Stokers, past and present, who have strived to their purpose, and have left high marks in their various pursuits, their professions, military service, sporting endeavours and charity work. In reality, Bram is but one of many Stokers to be admired, and as much as we share characteristics, we also share the family motto, 'whatever is true and honourable'.

When I introduce myself, someone is likely to ask casually, 'Any relation to Bram Stoker?' Until now there has usually

been surprise when I answer, yes. Perhaps now, with the publication of the authorized sequel to the original, that will no longer be the case.

But *Dracula: The Un-Dead*, is more than just a sequel. It is a love letter and thank you to of the millions of fans of *Dracula* and Bram Stoker around the world, and in it we merge the vampire mythology of my ancestor's time into those aspects of the genre that are commonly accepted now, all the while attempting to stay true to the historical detail of the time period. I am very honoured to have had the support of my extended Stoker family in resurrecting the historical connection between *Dracula* and a modern-day Stoker, and I think that Bram would be proud that a family member has taken the initiative.

I hope you will greatly enjoy the classic and beloved original novel, and that your curiosity will be sufficiently piqued to read our authorized sequel.

DACRE STOKER, 2009



## Contents

	Foreword	vii
I	Jonathan Harker's Journal	3
II	Jonathan Harker's Journal	19
III	Jonathan Harker's Journal	34
IV	Jonathan Harker's Journal	50
V	Letters – Lucy and Mina	67
VI	Mina Murray's Journal	78
VII	Cutting from <i>The Dailygraph</i> , 8 August	94
VIII	Mina Murray's Journal	110
IX	Letter, Mina Harker to Lucy Westenra	128
X	Letter, Dr Seward to Hon. Arthur Holmwood	145
XI	Lucy Westenra's Diary	163
XII	Dr Seward's Diary	179
XIII	Dr Seward's Diary	200
XIV	Mina Harker's Journal	219

XV	Dr Seward's Diary	238
XVI	Dr Seward's Diary	255
XVII	Dr Seward's Diary	268
XVIII	Dr Seward's Diary	285
XIX	Jonathan Harker's Journal	305
XX	Jonathan Harker's Journal	321
XXI	Dr Seward's Diary	338
XXII	Jonathan Harker's Journal	355
XXIII	Dr Seward's Diary	370
XXIV	Dr Seward's Phonograph Diary, spoken by Van Helsing	386
XXV	Dr Seward's Diary	404
XXVI	Dr Seward's Diary	422
XXVII	Mina Harker's Journal	443
	Note	465

# DRACULA

How these papers have been placed in sequence will be made clear in the reading of them. All needless matters have been eliminated, so that a history almost at variance with the possibilities of latter-day belief may stand forth as simple fact. There is throughout no statement of past events wherein memory may err, for all the records chosen are exactly contemporary, given from the stand-points and within the range of knowledge of those who made them.

## Chapter I

JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL

*(Kept in shorthand)*

3 May. *Bistritz*. — Left Munich at 8.35 p.m. on 1st May, arriving at Vienna early next morning; should have arrived at 6.46, but train was an hour late. Buda-Pesth seems a wonderful place, from the glimpse which I got of it from the train and the little I could walk through the streets. I feared to go very far from the station, as we had arrived late and would start as near the correct time as possible. The impression I had was that we were leaving the West and entering the East; the most Western of splendid bridges over the Danube, which is here of noble width and depth, took us among the traditions of Turkish rule.

We left in pretty good time, and came after nightfall to Klausenburgh. Here I stopped for the night at the Hôtel Royale. I had for dinner, or rather supper, a chicken done up some way with red pepper, which was very good but thirsty. (*Mem.*, get recipe for Mina.) I asked the waiter, and he said it was called 'paprika hendl,' and that, as it was a national dish, I should be able to get it anywhere along the Carpathians.

I found my smattering of German very useful here; indeed, I don't know how I should be able to get on without it.

Having some time at my disposal when in London, I had visited the British Museum, and made search among the books and maps in the library regarding Transylvania; it had struck me that some foreknowledge of the country could hardly fail to have some importance in dealing with a noble of that country. I find that the district he named is in the extreme east of the country, just on the borders of three states, Transylvania, Moldavia, and Bukovina, in the midst of the Carpathian mountains; one of the wildest and least known portions of Europe. I was not able to light on any map or work giving the exact locality of the Castle Dracula, as there are no maps of this country as yet to compare with our own Ordnance Survey maps; but I found that Bistritz, the post town named by Count Dracula, is a fairly well-known place. I shall enter here some of my notes, as they may refresh my memory when I talk over my travels with Mina.

In the population of Transylvania there are four distinct nationalities: Saxons in the south, and mixed with them the Wallachs, who are the descendants of the Dacians; Magyars in the west, and Szekelys in the east and north. I am going among the latter, who claim to be descended from Attila and the Huns. This may be so, for when the Magyars conquered the country in the eleventh century they found the Huns settled in it. I read that every known superstition in the world is gathered into the horseshoe of the Carpathians, as if it were the centre of some sort of imaginative whirlpool; if so my stay may be very interesting. (*Mem.*, I must ask the Count all about them.)

I did not sleep well, though my bed was comfortable enough, for I had all sorts of queer dreams. There was a dog howling all night under my window, which may have had something to do with it; or it may have been the paprika, for I had to drink up all the water in my carafe, and was still thirsty. Towards morning I

slept and was wakened by the continuous knocking at my door, so I guess I must have been sleeping soundly then. I had for breakfast more paprika, and a sort of porridge of maize flour which they said was 'mamaliga,' and egg-plant stuffed with forcemeat, a very excellent dish, which they call 'impletata.' (*Mem.*, get recipe for this also.) I had to hurry breakfast, for the train started a little before eight, or rather it ought to have done so, for after rushing to the station at 7.30 I had to sit in the carriage for more than an hour before we began to move. It seems to me that the further East you go the more unpunctual are the trains. What ought they to be in China?

All day long we seemed to dawdle through a country which was full of beauty of every kind. Sometimes we saw little towns or castles on the top of steep hills such as we see in old missals; sometimes we ran by rivers and streams which seemed from the wide stony margin on each side of them to be subject to great floods. It takes a lot of water, and running strong, to sweep the outside edge of a river clear. At every station there were groups of people, sometimes crowds, and in all sorts of attire. Some of them were just like the peasants at home or those I saw coming through France and Germany, with short jackets and round hats and home-made trousers; but others were very picturesque. The women looked pretty, except when you got near them, but they were very clumsy about the waist. They had all full white sleeves of some kind or other, and most of them had big belts with a lot of strips of something fluttering from them like the dresses in a ballet, but of course petticoats under them. The strangest figures we saw were the Slovaks, who are more barbarian than the rest, with their big cowboy hats, great baggy dirty-white trousers, white linen shirts, and enormous heavy leather belts, nearly a foot wide, all studded over with brass nails. They wore high boots, with their trousers tucked into them, and had long black hair and heavy black moustaches. They are very picturesque, but do not look prepossessing. On

the stage they would be set down at once as some old Oriental band of brigands. They are, however, I am told, very harmless and rather wanting in natural self-assertion.

It was on the dark side of twilight when we got to Bistritz, which is a very interesting old place. Being practically on the frontier – for the Borgo Pass leads from it into Bukovina – it has had a very stormy existence, and it certainly shows marks of it. Fifty years ago a series of great fires took place, which made terrible havoc on five separate occasions. At the very beginning of the seventeenth century it underwent a siege of three weeks and lost 13,000 people, the casualties of war proper being assisted by famine and disease.

Count Dracula had directed me to go to the Golden Krone Hotel, which I found, to my great delight, to be thoroughly old-fashioned, for of course I wanted to see all I could of the ways of the country. I was evidently expected, for when I got near the door I faced a cheery-looking elderly woman in the usual peasant dress – white undergarment with long double apron, front and back, of coloured stuff fitting almost too tight for modesty. When I came close she bowed, and said: 'The Herr Englishman?' 'Yes,' I said, 'Jonathan Harker.' She smiled, and gave some message to an elderly man in white shirt-sleeves, who had followed her to the door. He went, but immediately returned with a letter: –

'MY FRIEND, – Welcome to the Carpathians. I am anxiously expecting you. Sleep well to-night. At three tomorrow the diligence will start for Bukovina; a place on it is kept for you. At the Borgo Pass my carriage will await you and will bring you to me. I trust that your journey from London has been a happy one, and that you will enjoy your stay in my beautiful land. – Your friend,

'DRACULA.'



4 May. — I found that my landlord had got a letter from the Count, directing him to secure the best place on the coach for me; but on making inquiries as to details he seemed somewhat reticent, and pretended that he could not understand my German. This could not be true, because up to then he had understood it perfectly; at least, he answered my questions exactly as if he did. He and his wife, the old lady who had received me, looked at each other in a frightened sort of way. He mumbled out that the money had been sent in a letter, and that was all he knew. When I asked him if he knew Count Dracula, and could tell me anything of his castle, both he and his wife crossed themselves, and, saying that they knew nothing at all, simply refused to speak further. It was so near the time of starting that I had no time to ask anyone else, for it was all very mysterious and not by any means comforting.

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 in such an excited state that she seemed to have lost her grip of what German she knew, and mixed it all up with some other language which I did not know at all. I was just able to follow her by asking many questions. When I told her that I must go at once, and that I was engaged on important business, she asked again: —

‘Do you know what day it is?’ I answered that it was the fourth of May. She shook her head as she said again: —

‘Oh, yes! I know that, I know that! but do you know what day it is?’ On my saying that I did not understand, she went on:

‘It is the eve of St George’s Day. Do you not know that to-night, when the clock strikes midnight, all the evil things in the world will have full sway? 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