

ESL EASY READ

NÍVEL

B1

LEITURA FACILITADA EM INGLÊS



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Dracula



1 NÍVEL DE
LEITURA

B1



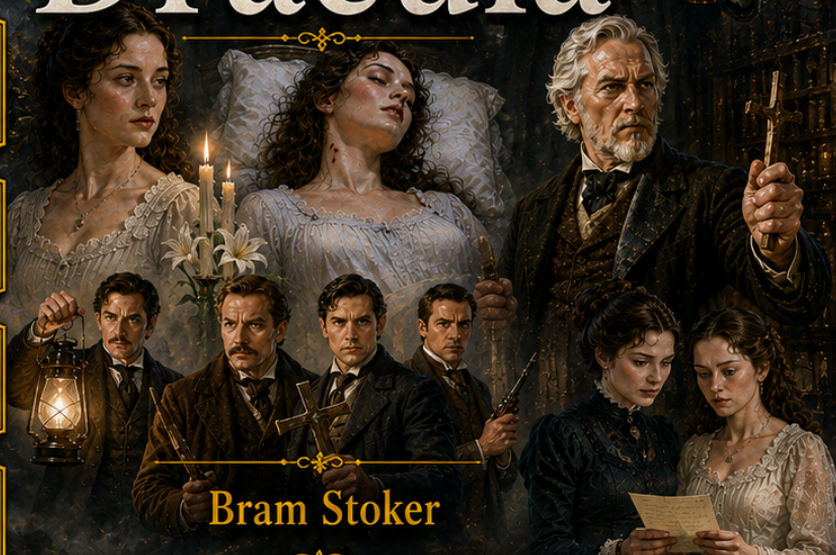
TEXTO
ORIGINAL
EM INGLÊS



TRADUÇÃO
EM PORTUGUÊS

AZ

NOTAS E
GLOSSÁRIO
DE VOCABULÁRIO



Bram Stoker

DRÁCULA

TRADUÇÃO EM PORTUGUÊS

APRENDA • LEIA • ENTENDA • PROGRIDA



→ DO NÍVEL **B1** AO TEXTO ORIGINAL ←

LEITURA INTELIGENTE, COMPREENSÃO REAL, PROGRESSO CONSTANTE.

Dracula

Drácula

Bram Stoker

ESL Easy Read

Reading Comprehension B1 • Original Text • Português
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Autor

Bram Stoker (1847–1912)

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Introdução

Como ler este livro

Cada livro desta coleção é apresentado em um nível de leitura simplificada, de acordo com o CEFR — Quadro Europeu Comum de Referência para Línguas.

A2 — Básico: indicado para leitores que já compreendem frases simples, vocabulário frequente e textos curtos sobre situações do cotidiano.

B1 — Intermediário: indicado para leitores que conseguem compreender as ideias principais de textos claros e acompanhar uma narrativa com vocabulário e estruturas de dificuldade moderada.

B2 — Intermediário avançado: indicado para leitores que já conseguem compreender textos mais complexos, acompanhar descrições detalhadas e reconhecer uma variedade maior de vocabulário e estruturas gramaticais.

Este livro foi adaptado para o nível B1.

Assim, você pode começar a lê-lo mesmo sem dominar completamente o inglês. O texto foi simplificado para facilitar a compreensão, preservando a história, os personagens e os acontecimentos principais da obra original.

Como usar as notas

No texto de leitura simplificada, cada parágrafo possui um link Pt/En. Esse link abre uma nota com a tradução em português do texto simplificado e o trecho correspondente no texto original em inglês.

No texto original em inglês, o link PT leva diretamente ao parágrafo correspondente na versão em português. Na tradução portuguesa, o link En retorna ao parágrafo correspondente no texto original.

A tradução para o português é feita a partir do texto em inglês simplificado, e não diretamente do texto original. O objetivo é ajudar você a compreender com precisão a frase simplificada que está estudando naquele momento.

O texto original em inglês é apresentado separadamente para a etapa seguinte do aprendizado, quando você já estiver preparado para ler e comparar a obra em sua forma original.

Cada nota contém links que permitem retornar exatamente ao parágrafo que você estava lendo.

Como usar o glossário

Na última parte do livro, o Glossary: New Words reúne, em ordem alfabética, palavras mais complexas ou menos frequentes presentes no texto simplificado de nível B1. Essas palavras aparecem em itálico no texto.

Cada entrada apresenta pronúncia, tradução em português, explicação simples em inglês, frase de exemplo e até cinco frases reais do livro.

O link [Back to B1](#) retorna exatamente à frase correspondente na versão simplificada.

Depois do texto simplificado, o livro apresenta também o texto original completo em inglês e a versão completa em português.

Sobre este livro

Drácula é um romance de terror gótico de 1897 do autor irlandês Bram Stoker, narrado por meio de cartas, diários e artigos de jornal. A história começa com o solicitador inglês Jonathan Harker viajando para a Transilvânia para ajudar o Conde Drácula com uma compra de imóveis na Inglaterra. Harker logo descobre que seu anfitrião é um vampiro, que o aprisiona em seu castelo enquanto planeja se mudar para a Inglaterra. Drácula parte para Whitby, onde começa a atacar a população local, incluindo a noiva de Harker, Mina Murray, e sua amiga Lucy Westenra. Lucy adoce misteriosamente, levando seus antigos pretendentes e o Dr. John Seward a chamar o Professor Abraham Van Helsing, um médico holandês com conhecimento do sobrenatural. Van Helsing identifica a causa como vampirismo e lidera um grupo — incluindo Harker, Seward, o noivo de Lucy Arthur Holmwood e o americano Quincey Morris — para caçar Drácula. A narrativa alterna entre múltiplas perspectivas, criando suspense à medida que os personagens descobrem os movimentos e fraquezas de Drácula. O conflito central é a

luta entre o mundo racional e moderno e o mal sobrenatural antigo. O cenário vai das montanhas assustadoras dos Cárpatos às ruas nebulosas da Londres vitoriana e de volta à Transilvânia, criando uma atmosfera de pavor. O tom é sombrio e cheio de suspense, misturando horror com elementos de romance e aventura. O romance explora temas de medo, sexualidade e o choque entre ciência e folclore. O grupo finalmente persegue Drácula pela Europa, determinado a destruí-lo antes que ele possa espalhar sua maldição.

Nota editorial

A tradução para o português e a versão Reading Comprehension B1 foram geradas com apoio de inteligência artificial e submetidas a revisão editorial.

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MicMac from Las Vegas LLC

Contato: admin@micmacfromlasvegas.com

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Front Matter

Pt/En For my good friend Hommy-Beg.

Pt/En The order of these papers will be clear when you read them. Unnecessary parts have been removed. This makes the story seem like simple fact, even if it is hard to believe later. All the information comes from people who were there at the time and knew what was happening, so the memories are correct.

Pt/En Dracula

I

Pt/En Jonathan Harker's Journal.

Pt/En Written in shorthand.

Pt/En The narrator left Munich on May 1st and arrived in Vienna the next morning. The train was late. He saw Budapest briefly from the train and felt he was leaving Western Europe and entering the East, with its Turkish traditions.

Pt/En The train left on time and arrived in Klausenburgh after dark. The narrator stayed at the Hotel Royale and ate a spicy chicken dish called "paprika hendl." He learned it was a national dish and could be found near the Carpathian Mountains. He found his basic German language skills very useful.

Pt/En Before the trip, the narrator studied Transylvania in London. He learned the area Count Dracula mentioned was in a remote part of the country, near the Carpathian Mountains. It was hard to find the exact location of Castle Dracula on maps, but Bistritz, the town mentioned, was a known place. He decided to write down his notes for Mina.

Pt/En In Transylvania, there are four main groups of people: Saxons and Wallachs in the South, Magyars in the West, and Szekelys in the East and North. The narrator is going to the Szekelys, who believe they are descendants of Attila and the Huns. He read that the Carpathian Mountains are a place where many superstitions gather, and he thought his stay might be interesting.

Pt/En The narrator did not sleep well due to strange dreams and a dog howling. He also felt thirsty, possibly from the spicy food he ate. He slept soundly towards morning and was woken by knocking. For breakfast, he had more spicy food and a maize porridge called "mamaliga," and stuffed eggplant called "impletata." He had to rush to the station for his train, which left much later than scheduled, making him think that trains are less punctual the further east you go.

Pt/En The journey passed through a very beautiful countryside. They saw small towns and castles on hills, and rivers that looked like they could flood easily. Many people watched them at the stations. Some

looked like farmers from home, but others wore colourful clothes. The women were pretty but seemed a bit clumsy. They wore full white sleeves and large belts with many strips hanging down. The most unusual people were the Slovaks. They looked like cowboys with large hats, baggy trousers, white shirts, and very wide leather belts with brass nails. They wore high boots and had long black hair and moustaches. They looked interesting but not very friendly, like robbers from an old story. However, they were said to be harmless and not very confident.

Pt/En They arrived in Bistritz, an old town near the border, as it was getting dark. Because it was close to Bukovina, the town had a difficult history. It had suffered from several large fires fifty years before. In the early 1600s, the town was attacked for three weeks and lost 13,000 people due to war, hunger, and sickness.

Pt/En Count Dracula had told Jonathan Harker to stay at the Golden Krone Hotel. Jonathan was happy to find it was very old-fashioned, as he wanted to see the local ways. He felt expected when he arrived. An older woman, dressed in traditional clothes, greeted him. She wore a white undershirt and a long, colourful apron that was quite tight. She asked if he was the Englishman, and when he confirmed his name, Jonathan Harker, she smiled. She spoke to an older man who came to the door. The man returned quickly with a letter.

Pt/En The letter was from Dracula. He welcomed Jonathan to the Carpathian Mountains and said he was waiting for him. He advised Jonathan to sleep well that night. The next day, a coach would leave for Bukovina at three o'clock, and a seat was reserved for him. Dracula's carriage would meet him at the Borgo Pass to take him to Dracula's home. Dracula hoped Jonathan's trip from London had been good and that he would enjoy his time in his country.

Pt/En The letter was signed, 'Your friend, Dracula.'

Pt/En The landlord had received a letter from Count Dracula. The letter told him to find the best seat on the coach for me. When I asked for more information, the landlord seemed unwilling to talk. He pretended he could not understand my German, but this was not true. He and his wife looked at each other with fear. The landlord said he only knew that money had been sent in a letter. When I asked if he knew Count Dracula or his castle, both he and his wife made the sign of the cross. They said

they knew nothing and would not talk more. It was close to my departure time, so I could not ask anyone else. The situation was mysterious and worrying.

Pt/En Just before I left, the old lady came to my room. She spoke in a very upset way.

Pt/En She asked if I had to go, sounding very emotional. She was so upset that she mixed her German with another language I did not know. I could understand her only by asking many questions. When I told her I had to leave immediately for important business, she asked me again:

Pt/En She asked if I knew the date. I replied that it was the fourth of May. She shook her head and said again:

Pt/En She said she knew it was the fourth of May, but asked again if I knew what day it was. When I said I did not understand, she continued speaking.

Pt/En It was the night before St. George's Day. A woman was very worried. She told me that at midnight, evil things would be very powerful. She asked if I knew where I was going and what I would do. She was so upset that I tried to calm her, but it did not help. She knelt and begged me not to leave, or at least to wait a few days. It seemed strange, but I felt uneasy. However, I had important business and could not delay. I tried to help her stand up and told her seriously that I thanked her, but I had to go because my duty was important. She stood up, wiped her eyes, and took a crucifix from her neck to give to me. I was not sure what to do. As an English Churchman, I thought it was like *idol* worship. But it seemed rude to refuse an old lady who meant well and was so worried. She saw my doubt, so she put the crucifix around my neck and said it was for my mother's sake. Then she left. I am writing this while waiting for the coach, which is late. The crucifix is still around my neck. I do not know if it is her fear, the old ghost stories of this place, or the crucifix itself, but I do not feel as calm as usual. If this book reaches Mina before I do, please tell her goodbye. The coach is here.

Pt/En 5 May. The Castle. The morning light has passed, and the sun is high. The horizon looks rough, maybe with trees or hills, because it is very far away. I am not tired, and since no one will wake me until I am ready, I am writing. There are many strange things to write about. To make sure the reader does not think I ate too much before leaving

Bistritz, I will describe my dinner. I ate something called "robber steak." It was pieces of bacon, onion, and beef, with red pepper, cooked on sticks over a fire, like simple street food. The wine was Golden Mediasch. It made my tongue tingle a little, but it was nice. I only had two glasses of it and nothing else.

Pt/En When I got on the coach, the driver had not yet sat down. I saw him talking to the innkeeper. They were clearly talking about me. They kept looking at me, and some people sitting outside listened, then looked at me with pity. I heard many words repeated. They were strange words because many different languages were spoken by the people. So, I quietly took my dictionary from my bag and looked up the words. The words were not good news for me. They included "Ordog" (Satan), "pokol" (hell), "stregoica" (witch), and "vrolok" and "vlkoslak," which both mean something like werewolf or vampire. I need to ask the Count about these old beliefs.

Pt/En When we started, the crowd by the inn door, which had grown quite large, all made the sign of the cross and pointed two fingers at me. It was difficult to get someone to explain. At first, he refused, but when he learned I was English, he told me it was a charm to protect against the evil eye. This was not pleasant, as I was going to an unknown place to meet an unknown man. However, everyone seemed kind, sad, and understanding, which touched me. I will always remember the last sight of the inn yard and the people making the sign of the cross as they stood by the entrance, with plants behind them. Then, our driver, wearing wide trousers, cracked his whip over his four small horses, and we began our journey.

Pt/En As we drove, I soon forgot my fears because the scenery was beautiful. If I had understood the languages my fellow passengers were speaking, I might not have forgotten so easily. Ahead of us was a green, sloping land with forests and hills. Some hills had trees or houses on top. There were many fruit trees in bloom, like apple, plum, pear, and cherry. As we drove past, I saw fallen petals on the green grass under the trees. The road went through these green hills, which they call the "Mittel Land." It curved around hills or disappeared behind pine woods that came down the slopes. The road was rough, but we seemed to travel very fast. I did not understand why we were in such a hurry, but the driver clearly wanted to reach Borgo Prund quickly. I was told the road is good in summer, but

it was not yet repaired after the winter snow. This is different from most roads in the Carpathians, as there is an old tradition that they are not kept in very good condition. In the past, rulers did not repair them, fearing that the enemy might think they were preparing to bring in foreign soldiers and start a war.

Pt/En Beyond the green hills, tall forests reached up to the high Carpathian mountains. The afternoon sun showed the beautiful colours of the mountains, like deep blue and purple in the shadows, and green and brown where grass and rock met. The peaks looked sharp and rocky, disappearing into the distance where snowy tops rose. Sometimes, deep cuts in the mountains showed white waterfalls as the sun began to set.

Pt/En One of the narrator's companions pointed to a mountain peak and called it "God's seat." He then made the sign of the cross respectfully.

Pt/En As the journey continued and the sun went down, shadows grew longer. The snowy mountaintop still caught the last light and glowed pink. They passed people from local groups, the Cszeks and Slovaks, who wore colourful clothes. The narrator noticed many people had goitre, a swelling in the neck. People prayed at roadside shrines, not noticing the travellers. The narrator saw new things like hay stored in trees and beautiful birch trees with white trunks. They also saw carts called leiter-wagons, used by farmers, carrying groups of people in sheepskins. As it got dark and cold, the trees like oak, beech, and pine seemed to merge into a dark mist. In the valleys, dark fir trees stood out against snow. The dark pine woods looked strange and made the narrator think of earlier, spooky thoughts from the sunset. The hills were very steep, and the horses moved slowly. The narrator wanted to walk, but the driver said it was too dangerous because of fierce dogs. The driver only stopped briefly to light his lamps.

Pt/En When it became dark, the passengers seemed excited and urged the driver to go faster. He whipped the horses, and they ran quickly. The narrator saw a patch of grey light ahead, like an opening in the hills. The passengers became more excited, and the coach rocked greatly. The road became flatter, and they seemed to fly. The mountains appeared closer, and they entered the Borgo Pass. Some passengers gave the narrator gifts with great kindness, including blessings and signs to protect against bad luck. The driver leaned forward, and passengers

looked eagerly into the darkness. It was clear something exciting was happening or expected, but no one would explain it. The excitement continued until they saw the Pass opening up. Dark clouds were overhead, and the air felt heavy, like before a thunderstorm. The narrator looked for the carriage that would take him to the Count, expecting to see lights, but it was dark. Only their own lamps shone, and the steam from the horses rose in a white cloud. They saw the white sandy road ahead but no vehicle. The passengers seemed happy, but the narrator was disappointed. The driver checked his watch and quietly said something about the time. Then, he spoke to the narrator in German.

Pt/En The driver told the narrator that there was no carriage and he was not expected. He said the narrator would go to Bukovina and return later. While he was speaking, the horses became wild. Suddenly, with screams from the passengers and them making protective signs, a four-horse carriage drove up behind them and stopped beside their coach. The narrator saw that the horses were black and strong. A tall man with a long brown beard and a large black hat drove the carriage. The man's face was mostly hidden, but the narrator saw his bright eyes, which looked red in the lamplight, as he turned towards them. The driver of the coach then spoke to this man.

Pt/En The man replied that his friend was early that night.

Pt/En The stranger explained that the English gentleman was in a hurry.

Pt/En The driver said that the passenger wanted the English gentleman to go to Bukovina. He told the passenger he knew too much to be tricked and that his horses were fast. As he spoke, he smiled, showing a mouth with red lips and teeth as white as ivory. One of the passengers whispered a line from a poem to another.

Pt/En The line meant that the dead travel fast.

Pt/En The driver heard the words and smiled. The passenger turned away and made the sign of the cross. The driver asked for the passenger's luggage, and it was quickly put into the carriage. The driver helped the passenger out of the coach with a very strong hand. He then started the horses, and they drove into the dark pass. Looking back, the passenger saw the steam from the horses and his companions making the sign of the cross. The driver then urged the horses on towards

Bukovina. As they disappeared, the passenger felt cold and alone, but the driver put a cloak over him and a rug on his knees, speaking in German.

Pt/En The driver told the passenger that the night was cold and offered him some plum brandy. The passenger felt strange and a little scared, wishing he had not started this journey in the dark. The carriage drove fast, turning often, and it seemed they were going in circles. The passenger checked his watch and saw it was almost midnight. This made him feel more worried because of old stories about midnight. He waited nervously.

Pt/En A dog started howling, and soon other dogs joined in from far away. This sound made the horses nervous and they tried to run away, but the driver calmed them. Then, louder howling began from the mountains. It was the sound of wolves. This frightened the horses and the passenger, who wanted to jump out. The driver had to use all his strength to control the horses. After a while, the passenger got used to the sound, and the horses became calmer. The driver spoke to them gently, and they were manageable again, though still shaking. He then drove off quickly down a narrow road.

Pt/En The carriage passed through a road surrounded by trees and rocks. The wind made noise in the trees and rocks. It became very cold, and soft snow started to fall, covering everything in white. The howling of dogs became quieter, but the sound of wolves seemed to get closer. The passenger became very afraid, and the horses were scared too. The driver, however, seemed calm. He looked around in the dark, but the passenger could not see anything.

Pt/En Suddenly, the passenger saw a faint blue light on the left. The driver saw it too, stopped the horses, and got out into the dark. The passenger was worried because the wolves sounded closer. The driver returned quickly and they continued their journey. The passenger felt like he was dreaming about this event many times. Sometimes the blue light was very close to the road. The driver went to the light, picked up some stones, and made a shape. Once, the driver seemed to be invisible when he stood in front of the light, which startled the passenger. After this, there were no more blue lights, and they drove on through the dark with the wolves howling around them.

Pt/En The driver went further away than before. During his absence, the horses became very frightened and started to scream. The howling of the wolves had stopped. The moon came out from behind a rock, and by its light, the passenger saw a circle of wolves around them. The wolves had sharp teeth and long hair. They were more frightening in the silence than when they howled. The passenger felt frozen with fear, realizing how terrible such a situation was.

Pt/En Suddenly, wolves began to howl, which seemed to make the horses very frightened. The horses jumped and looked around nervously. The narrator wanted to help the coachman, so he shouted and hit the carriage to try and scare the wolves away from one side. He hoped this would allow the coachman to reach them. The coachman then appeared and, with a commanding voice and large arm movements, made the wolves move back. Just then, a cloud covered the moon, and it became dark.

Pt/En When the narrator could see again, the driver was getting back into the carriage, and the wolves had gone. This strange event made the narrator feel very scared, and he was afraid to speak or move. They continued travelling in the dark, as clouds hid the moon. They were mostly going uphill. Suddenly, the driver stopped the horses in the courtyard of a large, ruined castle. The castle had tall, dark windows with no lights, and its broken top looked jagged against the sky.

II

Pt/En This is a continuation of Jonathan Harker's journal.

Pt/En The writer thought he must have been asleep, because he did not notice such a remarkable place arriving. In the dim light, the courtyard seemed large, and with several dark archways leading from it, it appeared even bigger. He had not yet seen it in daylight.

Pt/En When the carriage stopped, the driver helped the narrator get out. The narrator noticed the driver's great strength; his hand felt like a strong clamp. The driver then took the narrator's bags and put them on the ground near a large, old wooden door set in a stone frame. The stone was carved but worn by time. The driver quickly got back into his seat, shook the reins, and the horses pulled the carriage away into one of the dark openings.

Pt/En I stood quietly because I didn't know what to do. There was no doorbell or knocker. The walls looked dark and unfriendly, and the windows were dark, so my voice probably wouldn't be heard inside. I waited for a very long time and started to feel worried and afraid. He wondered what kind of place this was and who the people were. He also questioned the difficult journey he had started. He thought about his job as a solicitor's clerk, explaining a property purchase in London to a foreigner. He remembered that he had recently passed his exam and was now a full solicitor. He rubbed his eyes and pinched himself, thinking it was a bad dream. But he was awake and in the Carpathian mountains. He decided he had to be patient and wait for morning.

Pt/En Just as he thought this, he heard heavy footsteps coming towards the large door. He saw a light appearing through the cracks. Then, he heard chains and heavy bolts being moved. A key turned loudly in a lock that sounded like it hadn't been used for a long time, and the big door opened.

Pt/En Inside, a tall old man was standing. He was clean-shaven except for a long white moustache. He wore black clothes from head to toe, with no other colours. He held an old silver lamp that burned without a glass cover. The flame made long, moving shadows in the air from the open door. The old man used his right hand to invite me inside

with a polite movement. He spoke in very good English, but with a strange accent.

Pt/En The man said, "Welcome to my house! Please come in freely." He did not move to meet me but stood still like a statue. As soon as I stepped inside, he moved quickly towards me. He took my hand with a strong grip that made me hurt. His hand felt as cold as ice, like the hand of someone dead. He spoke again.

Pt/En He said, "Welcome to my house. Come freely. Leave safely, and bring some of your happiness with you!" The strong handshake felt very similar to the one from the driver, whose face I had not seen. For a moment, I wondered if it was the same person. To check, I asked him a question.

Pt/En The man asked if he was Count Dracula. He bowed politely when he answered.

Pt/En The man said he was Dracula and welcomed Mr. Harker to his home. He told Mr. Harker to come inside because the night was cold and he must be hungry and tired. While he spoke, he placed the lamp on the wall. Then he went outside and took Mr. Harker's bags. He carried them inside before Mr. Harker could stop him. Mr. Harker tried to say no, but Dracula insisted.

Pt/En Dracula told Mr. Harker that he was his guest and that it was late, so his staff were not available. He said he would help Mr. Harker himself. He insisted on carrying the bags along a passage and up a large, winding staircase. They walked along another passage where their steps made loud noises on the stone floor. At the end, Dracula opened a heavy door. Inside, Mr. Harker saw a well-lit room with a table set for supper and a large fire burning brightly.

Pt/En The Count stopped and put down the bags. He closed the first door and opened another door. This led to a small, round room with only one lamp and no windows. Going through that room, he opened a third door and invited Mr. Harker to enter. It was a bedroom, well-lit and warm from another fire. The Count left the bags inside and went out, saying before he closed the door:

Pt/En He said that after the journey, Mr. Harker would need to wash and get ready. He hoped everything would be to his liking. He

added that when Mr. Harker was ready, he should come into the other room where his supper would be waiting.

Pt/En The warm room and the Count's kind welcome made me feel less worried. I felt normal again and realized I was very hungry. I quickly got ready and went into another room.

Pt/En Supper was ready on the table. My host stood by the large fireplace. He gestured towards the table and spoke.

Pt/En The Count invited me to sit down and eat. He said he would not join me because he had already eaten dinner and did not eat supper.

Pt/En I gave him the sealed letter that Mr. Hawkins had given me. He read it carefully. Then, he smiled and let me read a part of it that made me happy.

Pt/En The Count explained that he had gout, a painful illness, and could not travel for a while. However, he was happy to send a good substitute. He described this person as a young, energetic, and talented man who was very loyal and discreet. He had worked for the Count for many years and would be ready to help me and take instructions.

Pt/En The Count uncovered a dish, and I started eating an excellent roast chicken. My supper also included cheese, a salad, and two glasses of old Tokay wine. While I ate, the Count asked me many questions about my journey, and I told him everything that had happened.

Pt/En After I finished my supper, my host asked me to sit by the fire. He offered me a cigar, and he apologized for not smoking himself. Now I had a chance to look at him closely and saw that his face was very distinctive.

Pt/En His face had a strong, hooked nose with high nostrils. His forehead was high and rounded, and his hair was thin at the temples but thick everywhere else. His eyebrows were very large and almost met over his nose, with thick, curly hair. His mouth, seen under a thick moustache, looked serious and a bit cruel. He had very white, sharp teeth that stuck out over his lips. His lips were very red, showing he was full of life for his age. His ears were pale and very pointed at the top. His chin was wide and strong, and his cheeks were firm but thin. Overall, he looked unusually pale.

Pt/En Before, I had only seen the backs of his hands, which looked pale and smooth. But now, seeing them up close, I noticed they were rough, with wide, short fingers. Strangely, there were hairs in the middle of his palms. His fingernails were long, thin, and sharp. When the Count leaned towards me and his hands touched me, I felt a shiver. Perhaps his breath smelled bad, but I felt very sick and could not hide it. The Count saw this, moved back, and smiled in a way that showed his protruding teeth even more. He sat down again. We were quiet for a while. As I looked out the window, I saw the first light of morning. Everything was very still. Then, I heard many wolves howling from the valley below. The Count's eyes shone, and he spoke.

Pt/En He said, "Listen to them – the children of the night. What beautiful music they make!" Seeing my surprised look, he added something else.

Pt/En He told the man from the city that people who live in cities could not understand how a hunter felt. Then he stood up and spoke again.

Pt/En The host said that the guest must be tired. He explained that the bedroom was ready and that the guest could sleep late the next day. He also mentioned he would be away until the afternoon and wished the guest good sleep. With a polite bow, he opened the door to the octagonal room, and the guest entered their bedroom.

Pt/En The writer felt confused and full of wonder. They had doubts and fears, and thought strange things they did not want to admit. They prayed for protection, especially for the sake of people they loved.

Pt/En It was early morning on May 7th. The writer had rested well during the past twenty-four hours and slept late. After getting dressed, they went to the room where they had eaten dinner. A cold breakfast was ready, and coffee was kept warm on the hearth. A card was on the table.

Pt/En The card said that the host would be away for a while and that the guest should not wait. The writer ate a good meal. Afterwards, they looked for a servant to tell them they had finished but could not find a bell. The writer noted that the house had great wealth, with expensive gold dishes and beautiful, old fabrics on the furniture and bed. However, there were no mirrors, not even a small one for shaving or hair. The writer had not seen any servants or heard anything except wolves howling. Later, after the meal (which was between five and six o'clock), the writer wanted

to read but found no books or writing materials in the room. They then found a library by opening another door. The door opposite their room was locked.

Pt/En In the library, the narrator was very happy to find many English books, magazines, and newspapers. The books covered many different subjects about England and English life. There were also reference books like the London Directory and Whitaker's Almanac.

Pt/En While the narrator was looking at the books, the Count entered the room. He greeted the narrator in a friendly way and asked if they had slept well.

Pt/En The Count said he was glad the narrator found the library because the books would be interesting. He explained that these books had been his friends and helped him learn about England since he planned to visit London. He wanted to experience the busy life in London. However, he felt he only knew the English language from books and needed help to speak it.

Pt/En The narrator told the Count that he spoke English very well. The Count bowed his head politely.

Pt/En The Count thanked the narrator but said he did not think his English was that good. He explained that he knew the grammar and words, but he still had trouble speaking the language.

Pt/En The speaker agreed and said that the other person spoke very well.

Pt/En The man explained that in London, people would not know him and he would be a stranger. He wanted to be known and respected, like he was in his home country where he was a boyar and a master. He did not want to be a nobody. He was happy if he was like everyone else, and no one stopped to look at him or comment on his words. He wanted to remain a master or at least not be controlled by others. He mentioned that the visitor was there to tell him about his new estate in London, sent by his friend Peter Hawkins. He invited the visitor to stay for a while so he could learn the English way of speaking and asked the visitor to correct him if he made mistakes. He apologized for being busy that day with important matters.

Pt/En The narrator agreed to everything and asked if he could enter a specific room whenever he wanted. The other person said yes, certainly.

Pt/En The man told the narrator he could go anywhere in the castle, except in rooms with locked doors. He said there were reasons for everything and that if the narrator knew and saw things as he did, he might understand better. The narrator agreed, and the man continued speaking.

Pt/En He reminded the narrator that they were in Transylvania, which was different from England. He said their customs were not the same and that many strange things would happen. He also pointed out that based on the narrator's earlier experiences, he already knew that strange things could occur.

Pt/En We talked a lot. He seemed to want to talk, so I asked him many questions about things that had happened to me or that I had seen. Sometimes he changed the subject or pretended not to understand, but usually he answered my questions honestly. Later, I felt a bit braver and asked him about strange things from the night before, like why the coachman went to places where he saw blue flames. He explained that people believed that on a certain night of the year, when evil spirits are strong, a blue flame appears over hidden treasure. He said there was probably treasure hidden in the area I had travelled through, because it had been fought over for centuries by different groups. He mentioned that the land was rich with the blood of many people who fought there in the past, and that when invaders came, the local people hid their valuables in the ground.

Pt/En I asked how the treasure could remain hidden for so long if there was a clear sign for people to find it. The Count smiled, showing his long, sharp teeth, and answered.

Pt/En He explained that ordinary people are often afraid and not very smart. He said the flames only appear on one specific night, and most people would not go outside then if they could avoid it. He also added that even if they did go out, they wouldn't know what to do with the information. He believed that even the person who saw the flame would not be able to find the spot again in daylight, and that I probably wouldn't be able to find it either.

Pt/En I agreed with him, saying I had no idea where to look. After that, we started talking about other subjects.

Pt/En Finally, the Count asked me to tell him about London and the house he had bought there. I *apologized* for not mentioning it sooner and went to my room for the papers. While I was organizing them, I heard noises from the next room. The table had been cleared and the lamp was lit because it was dark outside. The lamps were also lit in the study. I found the Count there, reading an English travel guide. He cleared the table, and we looked at plans, deeds, and *financial* papers. He was very interested in everything and asked many questions about the house and its area. He had clearly *researched* the neighbourhood beforehand and knew more about it than I did. When I commented on this, he replied.

Pt/En The speaker explained that it was necessary for him to go somewhere alone. He mentioned that his friend, Jonathan Harker, would not be with him to help. Jonathan Harker would be far away in Exeter, likely busy with legal papers with another friend, Peter Hawkins.

Pt/En They discussed the purchase of an estate in Purfleet. After the speaker gave the details and got the necessary papers signed, he wrote a letter to Mr. Hawkins. Then, the other person asked how the speaker found such a good place. The speaker then read his notes about finding the property.

Pt/En The speaker found a suitable place on a side road in Purfleet. There was a sign saying the property was for sale. It was surrounded by a high wall made of old, heavy stones that had not been repaired for many years. The gates were old, made of oak and iron, and were rusty.

Pt/En The estate is named Carfax, which might come from an old name meaning 'four faces' because the house has four sides facing the main directions. It covers about twenty acres and is completely surrounded by the stone wall. Many trees make parts of the land dark. There is a deep, dark pond that seems to be fed by springs and flows into a stream. The house is very old, possibly from medieval times. One part is made of very thick stone with small, barred windows high up, like a castle tower. It is near an old chapel. The speaker could not go inside the chapel because he did not have the key from the house. He took pictures of it. The house has been added to over time in a *messy* way, making it very large. There are few houses *nearby*. One large house, recently

changed into a private hospital for people with mental illness, cannot be seen from the estate.

Pt/En After the speaker finished talking, the other person spoke.

Pt/En The Count explained he was happy the castle was old and large. He said he came from an old family and would not like living in a new house. He also liked that there was an old chapel, as he and other nobles did not want their graves to be with ordinary people. He said he did not want fun or bright, sunny places, as he was not young anymore and had been sad for a long time. He mentioned his castle walls were broken, and it was shadowy and cold, which he preferred. However, his words and his expression did not seem to match.

Pt/En The Count left for a while and asked the narrator to collect his papers. While waiting, the narrator looked at some books. He found an atlas that was open to a map of England. He saw small marks on the map in a few places. One mark was near London, where the Count's new land was. The other two marks were at Exeter and Whitby.

Pt/En The Count returned after about an hour. He saw the narrator was still working and told him it was time for supper. They went to a room where a good meal was ready. The Count did not eat, saying he had already eaten. He sat with the narrator and talked while he ate. After supper, they both smoked and talked for many hours about many different things. The narrator felt it was very late but did not want to upset his host. He was not tired because he had slept a lot the day before. He noticed a cold feeling in the air, like the start of dawn or a change in the tide, which he thought people near death might feel. Suddenly, they heard a rooster crow loudly in the morning air.

Pt/En The Count said that morning had arrived and apologized for letting the narrator stay up so late. He asked the narrator to make his stories about England less interesting so he would not lose track of time. Then, with a polite bow, the Count quickly left.

Pt/En The narrator went to his room and closed the curtains. His window looked out onto the courtyard, and he could only see the grey sky as morning began. He closed the curtains again and decided to write about the day.

Pt/En The writer feels uneasy about the strange place and its inhabitants. He wishes he could leave. He thinks the strange night life might be affecting him. He feels alone because he can only talk to the Count, and he suspects he might be the only living person there. He wants to focus on facts to stay calm and not let his imagination cause problems.

Pt/En The writer woke up early and was shaving in front of a mirror by the window. Suddenly, the Count touched his shoulder and said good morning. The writer was surprised because he had not seen the Count approach, as the mirror showed the whole room behind him. In his surprise, he cut himself slightly. When he looked in the mirror again, the Count was standing very close, but he did not appear in the reflection. The room behind the writer was visible in the mirror, but no Count. This was very strange and increased the writer's unease. He noticed he was bleeding and put down his razor to find a plaster. When the Count saw the blood on his face, he became very angry and tried to grab the writer's throat. The writer moved away, and the Count's hand touched a necklace with a crucifix. This immediately calmed the Count, and his anger disappeared quickly.

Pt/En The Count warned the writer to be careful when cutting himself, saying it was dangerous in that country. He then took the shaving mirror, calling it a bad object from human vanity. He opened the window with great strength and threw the mirror out. It broke into many pieces on the ground below. The Count left without another word. The writer found this very annoying because he now had no way to shave, except perhaps in his watch or the shaving pot.

Pt/En The writer went to the dining room for breakfast, but the Count was not there, so he ate alone. He noted that he had not seen the Count eat or drink, finding him very unusual. After breakfast, he explored the castle. He found a room with a magnificent view from the South. The castle was located on the edge of a very high cliff. A falling stone would drop a great distance. The landscape below was a vast forest, with deep valleys and rivers winding through the trees.

Pt/En The writer was not in the mood to describe the beautiful view. After seeing it, he explored more of the castle. He found many doors, but they were all locked. The only way to leave the castle was through the windows.

Pt/En The castle feels like a prison, and the speaker feels like he is trapped inside.

III

Pt/En This is a continuation of Jonathan Harker's journal.

Pt/En When the speaker realized he was a prisoner, he felt panicked and ran around trying doors and windows. He soon felt helpless. He thinks he acted like a trapped animal. After accepting his situation, he sat down to think about what to do. He is still thinking and has no clear plan. He is sure it is useless to tell the Count his thoughts because the Count already knows he is imprisoned and has his own reasons. The speaker decided his best plan is to keep his knowledge and fears to himself and watch carefully. He knows he is either scared or in serious trouble, and if it is the latter, he will need all his intelligence to survive.

Pt/En Soon after deciding his plan, the speaker heard the Count return. He saw the Count making the bed and later laying the table. This confirmed his belief that there were no servants in the castle. He realized the Count must have been the coach driver who brought him there, which was a frightening thought. He wondered why the Count could control wolves and why people in Bistritz and on the coach seemed afraid for him. He also questioned the purpose of the crucifix, garlic, wild rose, and mountain ash given to him. He felt comforted by the crucifix, finding it helpful in his difficult and lonely situation. He decided he must learn more about Count Dracula to understand what is happening. He plans to try and get the Count to talk about himself tonight, but he must be very careful not to make the Count suspicious.

Pt/En It is midnight. The speaker had a long conversation with the Count. He asked questions about Transylvania's history, and the Count became very enthusiastic. The Count spoke about past events and people as if he had been there himself. He explained that for a nobleman, the pride and history of his family are like his own. He always used the word "we" when talking about his house, like a king. The speaker found this fascinating and felt it told the history of the country. The Count became excited, walking around the room, pulling his moustache, and gripping objects tightly.

Pt/En The speaker explained that the Szekely people were proud of their brave ancestors and their history of fighting. He said that their blood

came from many strong races who fought for power. He mentioned that their ancestors fought against many groups like the Huns and Turks and were known for their warlike spirit. The Szekelys had guarded the borders of Turkey for many years. He also spoke about the Dracula family, saying that one of them was a great leader who fought the Turks many times. He believed that the Szekelys, with the Dracula family as their heart, were a great race whose past glories could not be matched. He felt that the current time of peace was dishonourable compared to their warlike past.

Pt/En It was almost morning, so they went to bed. The writer noted that the diary felt like the start of a story where things always had to stop when the sun came up.

Pt/En On May 12th, the writer decided to start with clear facts that could be proven, not personal experiences. The previous evening, the Count had asked him questions about law and business. The writer had spent the day studying and had reviewed some of the legal topics he had learned. He thought the Count's questions were organised and decided to write them down, as the information might be useful later.

Pt/En First, the Count asked if a person in England could have more than one solicitor. The writer explained that it was possible to have many, but it was better to use only one for a specific task to avoid problems. The Count seemed to understand and then asked if it would be difficult to have one person handle banking and another handle shipping, especially if local help was needed far away from the bank's location. The writer asked for more details to make sure he gave correct advice.

Pt/En The Count gave an example: if Mr. Hawkins, who lived far from London, bought a property for him through the writer. The Count explained that he chose a solicitor far from London so that only his own interests would be served, not local ones. He then asked if it would be easier to ship goods to places like Newcastle or Dover by using someone in those ports. The writer agreed that it would be easier, but explained that solicitors have a system where they can work with local agents to handle tasks in different places. This means a client only needs to deal with one solicitor, who will then arrange everything.

Pt/En He said that he wanted to be free to make his own choices. He asked if this was correct.

Pt/En I replied that it was. I also explained that businessmen often prefer to keep their business private and not let one person know everything.

Pt/En He was pleased and asked about sending goods, the necessary paperwork, and possible problems. He wanted to know how to prepare for these. I explained everything I could. He seemed very thoughtful and prepared for everything, like a good lawyer. It was surprising how much he knew about business, especially since he did not seem to work in the country or do much business. After he was satisfied with my answers and I had checked the books, he stood up.

Pt/En He asked if I had written to Mr. Peter Hawkins or anyone else since my first letter. I answered sadly that I had not, because I had not had any chance to send letters to anyone yet.

Pt/En He then told me to write to Mr. Hawkins and anyone else. He also said that I could stay with him for another month if I wished.

Pt/En The narrator asked the Count if he wanted him to stay for such a long time. He felt worried when he thought about it.

Pt/En The Count said he really wanted him to stay and would not accept no. He explained that when the narrator's employer hired someone, it was only to help the Count. The Count felt he had provided enough.

Pt/En The narrator had to agree. It was for Mr. Hawkins's benefit, not his own. He also remembered that he was like a prisoner and had no real choice, especially when he saw the Count's look and behaviour. The Count saw that the narrator accepted and looked troubled, so he started to use this to his advantage in his usual calm and strong way.

Pt/En The Count asked the narrator to only write about business in his letters. He said it would be good for his friends to know he was well and wanted to come home. The Count gave him paper and envelopes. Looking at them and the Count's smile, the narrator understood he should be careful what he wrote because the Count could read it. So, he decided to write only formal notes for the Count to see, but he would write more details to Mr. Hawkins and Mina in secret, using shorthand that the Count would not understand. After writing his two letters, the narrator read a book while the Count wrote some notes. Then the

Count took the narrator's letters and his own, and left. As soon as the door closed, the narrator looked at the letters on the table. He felt he needed to protect himself in any way he could.

Pt/En One letter was for Samuel F. Billington in Whitby, another for Herr Leutner in Varna, a third for Coutts & Co. in London, and the fourth for bankers Herren Klopstock & Billreuth in Budapest. The letters for Varna and Budapest were not sealed. The narrator was about to look at them when he saw the door handle move. He quickly put the letters back and picked up his book. The Count entered the room holding another letter. He took the letters from the table, stamped them carefully, and then spoke to the narrator.

Pt/En The man asked for forgiveness because he had a lot of private work to do that evening. He said he hoped everything would be fine for the other person. Before leaving, he turned at the door and paused before speaking again.

Pt/En The man seriously warned his young friend not to sleep anywhere else in the castle. He explained that the castle was old, had many memories, and that people who slept badly there had bad dreams. He advised the friend to go to his own room or the current rooms if he felt sleepy, as it would be safer. He finished by making a gesture like washing his hands, which the listener understood. The listener wondered if any dream could be worse than the strange, dark feeling that was surrounding him.

Pt/En Later, the writer agreed with what was previously written and stated there was no doubt about it. The writer would not fear sleeping anywhere the man was not. The writer had put a crucifix above the bed, believing it would help prevent bad dreams, and decided to leave it there.

Pt/En After the man left, the writer went to his room. Later, hearing no noise, he went outside and up the stone stairs to look towards the South. He felt a sense of freedom looking at the large, open space, even though he could not reach it. Looking at the dark courtyard made him feel like he was in prison and he wanted fresh air. He felt that living at night was affecting him and making him nervous. He was easily startled and had terrible thoughts. He believed he had good reason to be very afraid in this terrible place. He looked out at the beautiful landscape, lit by soft yellow moonlight, which made it look almost like day. The distant hills seemed

soft, and the valleys were dark. The beauty made him feel better and peaceful. As he leaned out the window, he saw something moving a floor below and to his left, where he thought the Count's room might be. The window he was at was old but complete, though the glass was missing. He hid behind the stone and looked carefully.

Pt/En The writer saw the Count's head coming out of the window. He recognized him by his neck, back, and arms, and especially by his hands. At first, he was interested and amused because small things can be interesting when you are a prisoner. But his feelings changed to disgust and fear when the Count slowly came out of the window and began to crawl down the castle wall over the deep drop. The Count moved face down, with his cloak spread out like wings. The writer thought it was a trick of the light or shadows, but he kept watching and realized it was real. He saw the Count's fingers and toes grab the edges of the stones, which were worn smooth by the years. Using every small bump and rough spot, the Count moved down the wall very quickly, like a lizard.

Pt/En The writer feels very scared and thinks the place and the person who looks like a man are terrible. They feel too much fear and believe there is no way to escape from the frightening things around them.

Pt/En The writer saw the Count leave the castle in a strange, lizard-like way. After the Count was gone, the writer tried to explore. The doors were locked, and the key for the main door was missing. The writer searched more and found a door that seemed locked but was just stuck because its hinges were low. The writer pushed it open and entered a new part of the castle. This area was on the right and lower than the rooms they knew. From the windows, they saw the castle was built on a high rock, making it hard to attack. This part of the castle seemed more comfortable and might have been used by ladies long ago. The writer felt lonely but also calmer here than in the rooms where the Count stayed. They decided to write in their diary about what happened.

Pt/En The writer is worried about losing their mind. They feel unsafe and think that the Count is the least frightening thing in the castle. They believe they can only be safe while they are useful to the Count. The writer asks for help to stay calm and starts to understand things that confused them before. They think about what Shakespeare's Hamlet meant when he said certain things.

Pt/En The writer remembered Hamlet saying he needed to write things down quickly.

Pt/En The writer feels like their mind is not working correctly because of a shock. They turn to their diary to feel better. They hope that writing down events accurately will help calm them.

Pt/En The Count's strange warning scared me before, and it scares me even more now. I feel he has a strong power over me. I will be afraid to question anything he says.

Pt/En After writing in my diary, I felt sleepy. I remembered the Count's warning, but I decided to ignore it. Sleepiness made me stubborn. The moonlight and the open space felt peaceful and free. I decided to sleep there instead of returning to the dark rooms. I moved a couch to get a better view and prepared to sleep, not caring about the dust. I think I fell asleep, but what happened next felt very real, not like a dream.

Pt/En I realized I was not alone. The room was the same, and I could see my footprints in the dust. In the moonlight, three young women stood opposite me. They looked like ladies. I thought I was dreaming because they did not cast shadows. They came closer, looked at me, and whispered. Two women had dark hair and features similar to the Count, with dark, intense eyes. The third woman was very fair, with golden hair and pale blue eyes. I felt I knew her face but could not remember from where. All three had beautiful white teeth and red lips. I felt uneasy, a mix of longing and fear. I wanted them to kiss me. I am writing this truth, hoping Mina never sees it and gets hurt. They whispered and then laughed a beautiful but cold sound. The fair woman shook her head, and the others encouraged her. One spoke.

Pt/En One woman said that she was first and the others would follow, giving her the right to start. Another woman added:

Pt/En The second woman said that the man was young and strong, and there would be kisses for all of them. I stayed still, watching them with great anticipation. The fair woman leaned over me, and I could feel her breath. It smelled sweet like honey, but there was also a bitter, unpleasant smell underneath, like blood.

Pt/En The narrator was afraid to open his eyes fully but looked under his eyelashes. He saw a girl kneeling over him, watching him with great

interest. She moved in a way that was both exciting and unpleasant. She bent her head towards his throat, and he felt her hot breath. His skin tingled as she got closer. He felt her soft lips touch his sensitive throat, and the sharp points of her teeth lightly touched his skin. He closed his eyes, feeling a strong, pleasant feeling and waited with his heart beating fast.

Pt/En Suddenly, the narrator felt the Count was there and was extremely angry. When the narrator opened his eyes, he saw the Count grab the woman's neck with great strength and pull her back. The Count's eyes were full of anger, his teeth were bared, and his cheeks were red. The narrator had never seen such anger. The Count's eyes seemed to burn with a red light. His face was very pale, and his expression was hard. He threw the woman away and then made a strong hand movement to push the other women back, like he had done with wolves. He spoke in a low voice that seemed to fill the room.

Pt/En The Count angrily asked why they had touched the narrator and looked at him when he had forbidden it. He told them all to go back, saying the narrator belonged to him and that they would have to deal with him if they interfered. The woman, laughing playfully and without respect, turned to answer him.

Pt/En She told the Count that he had never loved and never would love. The other women laughed with her. Their laughter was hard and unpleasant, and it made the narrator feel weak. It sounded like the laughter of evil spirits. Then the Count looked closely at the narrator's face. He turned to the women and spoke in a soft whisper.

Pt/En He told them that he could love, and they knew it from his past actions. He promised that after he was finished with the narrator, they could kiss him if they wished. He then ordered them to leave, saying he needed to wake the narrator because there was important work to do.

Pt/En One of the women asked if they would have nothing to eat that night. She pointed to a bag on the floor that seemed to move. The man nodded. A woman opened the bag. The narrator heard a sound like a child crying, as if it was being choked. The women gathered around. The narrator was very scared. Then, the women and the bag vanished. They seemed to disappear into the moonlight and go through the window.

Pt/En The narrator felt so much fear that he lost consciousness.

IV

Pt/En Jonathan Harker's Journal continued

Pt/En The narrator woke up in his own bed and thought the Count might have brought him there. He noticed small signs, like his clothes being neatly folded and his watch not being wound, which were not his usual habits. He felt he needed more proof because he had been very upset. He was relieved that his pockets were untouched, especially his diary, which he believed the Count would have taken or destroyed. He felt safe in his room, which had been scary before, because the women who wanted to harm him were more frightening.

Pt/En The narrator decided to check the room again in daylight to find out the truth. He found the door at the top of the stairs closed and damaged, with part of the wood broken. The door was locked from the inside, and he feared that his experience was real and not a dream. He knew he had to do something.

Pt/En The Count asked the narrator to write three letters. One letter was to say that the narrator's work was almost finished and they would go home soon. Another letter said the narrator was leaving the next morning. The third letter said the narrator had left the castle and arrived at Bistritz. The narrator felt trapped and could not refuse because the Count had too much power. Refusing would make the Count suspicious and angry. The narrator thought they must try to stay alive and wait for a chance to escape. The Count explained that the letters would help the narrator's friends not worry. He also said he could stop the later letters if the narrator stayed longer. The narrator agreed to write the letters and asked for the dates.

Pt/En The Count told the narrator the dates for the letters: June 12, June 19, and June 29.

Pt/En The narrator felt that they now knew how long they might live and asked for help.

Pt/En A group of Szgany, who are like gypsies, have arrived at the castle. They are known in this area and are often connected to important people. They are brave, have no religion except for superstitions, and speak their own language.

Pt/En The narrator plans to write letters home and try to send them. They have already spoken to the Szgany through the window to start a connection. The Szgany showed respect by taking off their hats and making signs, but the narrator did not understand their language or their actions.

Pt/En The writer had written letters. One letter was for Mina, written in shorthand. The writer asked Mr. Hawkins to speak with Mina. The writer told Mina about her situation but did not include the frightening details because it would scare her too much. If the letters did not reach their destination, the Count would not learn the writer's secret or how much she knew.

Pt/En The writer gave the letters by throwing them out of the window with a gold coin. She made signs to ask for them to be sent. A man took the letters, showing respect. The writer could not do more, so she returned to the study to read and write because the Count had not arrived.

Pt/En The Count arrived and sat next to the writer. He spoke in a soft voice and opened two letters.

Pt/En The Count said that a traveler had given him the letters and he would take care of them. He saw that one letter was for Peter Hawkins and said he would send it. He then opened the other letter and saw strange symbols. He became angry, calling it a bad thing that insulted friendship and hospitality. He noted it was not signed and said it did not matter. He then burned both the letter and its envelope in a lamp flame.

Pt/En The Count told the writer he would send the letter to Hawkins because it was hers and her letters were important to him. He apologized for accidentally opening it and offered a new envelope. The writer silently put the address on it and gave it back. After the Count left, the writer heard the door lock. She tried the door a minute later and found it was locked.

Pt/En About an hour later, the Count came quietly into the room. He woke me because I had fallen asleep on the sofa. He was very polite and cheerful. When he saw I had been sleeping, he spoke to me.

Pt/En The Count asked if I was tired and suggested I go to bed for rest. He explained he could not talk much that night because he had many tasks, but he hoped I would sleep well. I went to my room and slept without dreaming. The text mentions that despair can sometimes bring a sense of calm.

Pt/En On the morning of May 31st, I woke up and decided to take some paper and envelopes from my bag to keep in my pocket. I wanted to be ready to write if I had the chance. However, I experienced another surprise and shock.

Pt/En All my paper and envelopes were gone. My notes about railways and travel, my letter of credit, and everything else useful for leaving the castle had also disappeared. I sat and thought for a while. Then, I had an idea and searched my suitcase and the wardrobe where my clothes were.

Pt/En The suit I had worn for travelling was missing, along with my overcoat and rug. I could not find any sign of them. This situation seemed like a new act of wickedness.

Pt/En On June 17, the narrator was thinking in their room. They heard horses and whips outside. They looked out the window and saw two large wagons arriving in the yard. Each wagon was pulled by eight strong horses, and each pair of horses had a Slovak driver. The drivers wore hats, belts, sheepskins, and boots, and carried long sticks. The narrator wanted to go outside to meet them, but found their door was locked from the outside.

Pt/En The narrator then called to the drivers from the window. They looked up and pointed, but the Szgany leader came out and spoke to them. After that, the drivers ignored the narrator. The wagons were carrying large, empty boxes. The Slovaks unloaded the boxes into a pile. The Szgany paid the Slovaks, who then left. Soon after, the narrator heard the sound of their whips disappear.

Pt/En On June 24, before morning, the narrator heard sounds of digging from outside. The Count had gone to his room early. The narrator went to a window and watched. They knew something was happening because the Szgany were in the castle and working. The narrator felt that this work was part of a bad plan.

Pt/En After watching for a while, the narrator saw the Count come out of his window. He was wearing the narrator's travel clothes and carrying a bag that the narrator had seen before. The narrator realized the Count was trying to make it look like the narrator was visiting towns and villages. The Count wanted people to think the narrator was doing bad things, so that any trouble would be blamed on the narrator.

Pt/En The narrator felt very angry that this was happening. They were like a prisoner, shut inside, and did not have the legal protection that even criminals have.

Pt/En The narrator waited at the window for the Count to return. While waiting, they saw small specks, like dust, dancing in the moonlight. These specks gathered together. Watching them made the narrator feel calm and relaxed. They moved to a more comfortable position to watch the specks more easily.

Pt/En Suddenly, the narrator was woken by the sound of dogs howling far away. The dust specks in the moonlight seemed to change shape with the sound. The narrator felt a strong urge to wake up, as if their instincts or soul were calling. They felt hypnotised. The dust danced faster, and the moonbeams seemed to shake. The specks gathered and began to look like ghostly shapes. The narrator suddenly woke up fully and ran from the room screaming. The shapes they saw were the three ghostly women they were destined to meet. They felt safer in their own room, where there was no moonlight and a lamp was lit.

Pt/En After two hours, the narrator heard a noise from the Count's room, like a short cry that was quickly stopped. Then there was a deep, frightening silence that made the narrator feel cold. With a fast-beating heart, they tried the door, but they were locked in their room and could not get out. They sat down and cried.

Pt/En While sitting, the narrator heard a woman crying out in pain in the courtyard below. They ran to the window and looked out. A woman with messy hair was leaning against the gateway. She seemed upset and was holding her chest. When she saw the narrator at the window, she moved forward and shouted angrily.

Pt/En The woman shouted, calling the narrator a monster and demanding her child.

Pt/En The woman fell to her knees and cried out with sad words that deeply affected the *narrator*. She then tore her hair, beat her chest, and showed extreme emotion. Finally, she threw herself forward and hit the door with her hands, making a sound the *narrator* could hear.

Pt/En The *narrator* heard the Count calling from high up, possibly from the tower, in a rough whisper. The Count's call was answered by wolves howling. Soon after, a group of wolves ran into the courtyard through the large entrance.

Pt/En The woman did not cry out, and the wolves' howling stopped quickly. The wolves soon left, one by one, and seemed to be satisfied.

Pt/En The *narrator* felt no pity for the woman because they knew what had happened to her child and thought she deserved to die.

Pt/En The person asked what they should do and how they could escape from the frightening darkness and fear.

Pt/En The *narrator* felt much better in the morning after a frightening night. The sun's light felt like a sign of hope. He felt brave enough to take action. He remembered sending a letter the night before, which he thought would make him disappear completely.

Pt/En He decided not to think about the past and to focus on taking action.

Pt/En The *narrator* realized that he had always felt in danger or fear at night. He had never seen the Count during the day. He wondered if the Count slept during the day and was awake at night. He wanted to get into the Count's room but knew it was impossible because the door was always locked.

Pt/En He thought there was a way to get into the Count's room if he was brave enough. He had seen the Count crawl out of his window and decided he could do the same. The plan was dangerous, but he felt he had no other choice. He decided to risk it, thinking that death was the worst that could happen. He said goodbye to Mina and his friends, in case he did not succeed.

Pt/En Later that day, the *narrator* successfully went to the Count's window and returned safely to his room. He went to the window on the south side and climbed *onto* a narrow stone ledge outside. He took off his

boots and carefully walked along the ledge towards the Count's window. He did not look down because he was too excited. He reached the Count's window and managed to open it. He climbed inside and was surprised to find the room empty. The room was simply furnished and dusty. He looked for a key but could not find one. In a corner, he found a large pile of old gold coins from different countries, covered in dust. He also saw old, stained chains and jewellery.

Pt/En The narrator found a heavy door in the room. He opened it and went down dark stairs. At the bottom, there was a dark passage with a bad smell. He then opened another door and found an old, ruined chapel that looked like a graveyard. The roof was broken, and the ground had been dug up recently. There were large wooden boxes. The narrator searched for another way out but found none. He also looked inside the dark vaults, but only saw old coffins and dust.

Pt/En Inside one of the large boxes, on top of newly dug earth, the narrator saw the Count. He was not sure if the Count was dead or asleep because his eyes were open, but his cheeks were warm. There was no sign of movement or breathing. The narrator tried to find a sign of life but could not. He thought the Count had not been there long because the smell of earth was still strong. Next to the box was its cover, which had holes. The narrator thought the Count might have keys, but when he looked at the Count's eyes, he saw a look of hate. This frightened him, and he quickly left the room and climbed back up the castle wall. He returned to his room and tried to think.

Pt/En On June 29th, the narrator saw the Count leave the castle through the same window, wearing the narrator's clothes. The Count was moving down the wall like a lizard. The narrator wished he had a weapon to stop him, but he believed no normal weapon would work against him. He did not wait to see the Count return because he was afraid of seeing the three weird sisters. He went back to the library and read until he fell asleep.

Pt/En The Count woke the narrator up. The Count looked at him with a very serious expression and spoke.

Pt/En The Count told the narrator that they must part the next day. The narrator would go back to England, and the Count would go to do some work that might mean they would never meet again. The Count

confirmed that the narrator's letter home had been sent and that everything would be ready for his journey. He explained that the Szgany and some Slovaks would visit the next day. After they left, the Count's carriage would take the narrator to the Borgo Pass to catch a coach. The Count also said he hoped to see the narrator again at Castle Dracula. The narrator suspected the Count and decided to test if he was telling the truth. He asked the Count directly.

Pt/En He asked why he could not go that night.

Pt/En The other person explained that his coachman and horses were away on a mission.

Pt/En He said he would walk with pleasure and wanted to leave at once. His smile seemed tricky, and the narrator felt there was a hidden plan.

Pt/En The other person then asked about his baggage.

Pt/En He replied that he did not care about his baggage and could send for it later.

Pt/En The Count stood up and spoke politely. His words seemed very real, almost like a dream.

Pt/En The Count told the narrator that he liked an English saying: "Welcome the coming; speed the parting guest." He said this idea was important to his people. He invited the narrator to come with him, saying he would not be kept waiting if he wanted to leave. The Count was sad the narrator wanted to go so soon. He then led the way downstairs with a lamp, walking with serious importance. Suddenly, he stopped.

Pt/En The Count suddenly said, "Hark!" which means "Listen!"

Pt/En Close by, the howling of many wolves could be heard. It sounded as if it started when the Count raised his hand. After a short pause, he walked to the door in his serious way. He opened the heavy bolts and chains and began to open the door.

Pt/En To the narrator's great surprise, the door was not locked. He looked around carefully but could not find any key.

Pt/En As the door began to open, the narrator heard the howling of wolves outside become louder and more angry. The wolves' red mouths

with sharp teeth and their feet with blunt claws appeared through the opening. The narrator understood that fighting the Count was useless at that moment because he had allies like the wolves. The door continued to open slowly, with only the Count's body blocking the gap. Suddenly, the narrator realized this might be the moment of his death, fearing he would be given to the wolves, and that it was his own fault. He thought this idea was very wicked, typical of the Count, and as a last chance, he shouted.

Pt/En The narrator told the Count to shut the door and that he would wait until morning. He covered his face with his hands to hide his tears of great disappointment. With a strong movement of his arm, the Count shut the door. The large bolts made loud noises as they were locked back into place.

Pt/En They returned to the library without speaking. After a short time, the narrator went to his room. The last thing he saw of Count Dracula was the Count kissing his hand. The Count had a triumphant red light in his eyes and a smile that was very evil.

Pt/En When the narrator was in his room and about to go to bed, he thought he heard whispering at his door. He went to the door quietly and listened. He believed he heard the Count's voice.

Pt/En The Count told him to go back to his own place, saying his time had not yet come and he should wait and be patient. He said that night was his, but the next night would be the narrator's. There was a quiet, sweet sound of laughter. In anger, the narrator opened the door and saw the three terrible women outside licking their lips. When he appeared, they all laughed loudly and ran away.

Pt/En The person returned to their room and knelt down. They realized that the end was very close, perhaps tomorrow. They prayed for help for themselves and for the people they cared about.

Pt/En It was the morning of June 30th, and the writer thought these might be the last words they wrote in their diary. They slept until just before dawn. When they woke up, they knelt down, determined to be ready if death arrived.

Pt/En The writer felt the morning had arrived and heard the sound of a rooster, which made them feel safe. With happiness, they went to the

hall. They saw the door was unlocked and escape was possible. Their hands shook with excitement as they opened the door.

Pt/En However, the door would not open. The person felt desperate. They pulled and shook the large door, making it rattle. They saw that the bolt had been shot, meaning it had been locked after they left the Count.

Pt/En Then, the person strongly wanted to get the key, no matter the risk. They decided to climb the wall again to reach the Count's room. They thought dying might be better than their current situation. They quickly went to the east window and climbed down the wall into the Count's room, which was empty. They did not find a key, but the gold was still there. They went through a door, down stairs, and along a dark path to the old chapel, knowing they would find the monster they were looking for there.

Pt/En The *narrator* found the great box open, with nails ready to close it. Inside, he saw the Count's body. The Count looked younger, with dark hair and red skin. His mouth was covered in fresh blood, and he looked like he had drunk a lot of blood. The *narrator* was very scared but needed to find a key in the body. He searched but found nothing. He saw a smile on the Count's face, which made him angry. He thought about the Count going to London to harm more people. He decided to stop the Count. He took a shovel and hit the Count's face. But the Count's head moved, and the shovel cut his forehead. The shovel fell, and the lid of the box closed, hiding the Count's bloody face.

Pt/En The *narrator* was trapped and thinking hard. He heard people singing and wheels coming closer; these were the Szgany and Slovaks. He ran from the box to the Count's room, planning to escape when the door opened. He heard a key in the main lock downstairs and the heavy door opening. Then he heard many footsteps. He wanted to go back to find a new way out, but a door blew shut with a strong wind. When he tried to open it, he found it was locked. He realized he was trapped again, and his situation was becoming more dangerous.

Pt/En The *narrator* heard many people walking downstairs and heavy boxes being put down, likely filled with earth. He heard hammering, which meant the box was being nailed shut. Then he heard the heavy footsteps again, with other people following.

Pt/En The *narrator* heard a door close and chains rattling. A key turned in the lock, and then another door opened and closed. He could hear locks and bolts being used.

Pt/En The *narrator* heard the sound of heavy wheels and whips in the courtyard. He also heard the Szgany singing as they moved away into the distance.

Pt/En The speaker felt alone in the castle with some bad women. They were very evil, unlike Mina, who was a real woman.

Pt/En The speaker decided not to stay alone with the women. They planned to try climbing the castle wall higher than before. They would take some gold, in case it was needed later, hoping to find a way out of the terrible place.

Pt/En The speaker wanted to go home quickly by the fastest train. They wanted to escape from this bad place and land, where evil people still lived.

Pt/En The speaker thought that God's help was better than the help of the monsters. They mentioned that the cliff was very steep and high, and that a person could sleep safely at its bottom. They said goodbye to everyone, especially Mina.

V

Pt/En This was a letter from Mina Murray to Lucy Westenra.

Pt/En The date is 9 May.

Pt/En The writer sends her love to Lucy.

Pt/En The writer apologizes for not writing sooner, explaining she has been very busy as a schoolmistress. She wishes she could be with Lucy by the sea to talk and dream. She has been studying hard, especially shorthand, to help Jonathan when they marry. She wants to be able to write for him using a typewriter and by taking notes quickly. She and Jonathan sometimes write letters in shorthand, and he keeps a journal of his travels. She plans to keep a personal diary when she is with Lucy, not for others to read, but for herself. She wants to practice interviewing and writing descriptions, like journalists. She has received a short note from Jonathan, who is in Transylvania and is well. He will return in about a week, and she is eager to hear about his travels. She wonders if she and Jonathan will travel together. A bell rings, and she must say goodbye.

Pt/En The letter is signed by Mina.

Pt/En The writer asks Lucy to share all her news, as she has not heard from her for a long time. She mentions hearing rumours about a tall, handsome man with curly hair.

Pt/En This is a letter from Lucy Westenra to Mina Murray.

Pt/En The letter was written on Wednesday from 17, Chatham Street.

Pt/En Lucy begins her letter by saying hello to her dear friend Mina.

Pt/En Lucy tells Mina that she thinks Mina is unfair about her writing. Lucy says she has written twice, and Mina's last letter was only her second. Lucy feels she has nothing interesting to share. She says that town is nice now, and they often visit art galleries, go for walks, and ride in the park. Lucy explains that the tall, curly-haired man Mina asked about was Mr. Holmwood. He visits often and gets along well with her mother. Lucy also tells Mina about a doctor she met. She thinks he would be a good match for Mina if Mina were not engaged to Jonathan. The doctor is handsome, rich, well-born, and clever. He is 29 years old and is in charge of a large asylum. Mr. Holmwood introduced them, and the

doctor now visits Lucy's home often. Lucy finds him very determined but also very calm. She thinks he must be very good at understanding his patients. He often looks directly at people, as if trying to read their thoughts, but Lucy feels she is too difficult for him to understand. She says he told her she is an interesting psychological study. Lucy admits she is not very interested in fashion and finds it boring. She then tells Mina that she has fallen in love. She is blushing as she writes because she thinks the doctor loves her, even though he has not said it. Lucy feels happy to tell Mina this. She wishes she could be with Mina, sitting by the fire and talking about her feelings. She is afraid to stop writing because she wants to tell Mina everything. Lucy asks Mina to write back soon and share her thoughts. Lucy must stop writing now and says goodnight. She asks Mina to pray for her happiness.

Pt/En The letter is signed Lucy.

Pt/En Lucy added a note saying that Mina knew it was a secret. She wished Mina good night again.

Pt/En The letter was signed "L."

Pt/En This was a letter from Lucy Westenra to Mina Murray.

Pt/En The date of the letter was 24 May.

Pt/En Lucy began her letter by calling Mina "My dearest Mina."

Pt/En The writer thanked Mina many times for her kind letter and said it was good to be able to share her feelings and have Mina's support.

Pt/En The writer told Mina that she was almost twenty and had received three marriage proposals that day, which was unusual. She felt sorry for two of the men. She was very happy but asked Mina to keep it a secret from other girls, who might become jealous. She explained that she would tell her future husband, Jonathan, and expected Mina to tell Arthur. The writer then described the first proposal from Dr. John Seward. He was nervous and tried to act calm, even playing with a small knife. He told her he loved her and wanted to be with her. When he saw she was crying, he stopped and asked if she could love him later or if she already loved someone else. He explained he only wanted to know if her heart was free. The writer felt she had to tell him that there was someone. He then took her hands, wished her happiness, and said he would be her

friend if she ever needed one. The writer felt sad seeing him leave heartbroken, even though she was happy about the proposals.

Pt/En Good evening.

Pt/En After Arthur left, the writer felt better and continued her letter. She explained that the second proposal came after lunch from Mr. Quincey P. Morris, an American from Texas. He seemed young and adventurous. She mentioned that men often find women alone to propose. She noted that Mr. Morris was well-educated and polite but sometimes used American slang because he knew it amused her. He sat down, looking happy but nervous. He took her hand and spoke kindly.

Pt/En Mr. Morris asked Miss Lucy if she would marry him and go through life together.

Pt/En Lucy found it easier to say no to Mr. Morris than to Dr. Seward because Mr. Morris seemed very happy. She told him she did not understand his question about being ready for marriage. Mr. Morris explained he had spoken without thinking too much and hoped she would forgive him for any mistake on such an important day for him. Lucy felt serious when he spoke like this. She also felt a little excited because he was the second man to propose to her that day. Then, Mr. Morris started to express his love for her very strongly. Lucy saw how serious he was and realized that men can be serious even if they are sometimes cheerful. She thought he saw something in her face that made him stop talking. He then spoke with strong feeling, and Lucy thought she might have loved him if she had been free.

Pt/En Mr. Morris told Lucy he knew she was an honest person. He said he would not be there talking to her if he did not believe she was good. He asked her to tell him honestly if she cared for anyone else. He promised that if she did, he would leave her alone and would be a very good friend if she allowed it.

Pt/En Lucy wrote to Mina that she wondered why men were so noble when women were not as worthy. She felt bad because she had almost made fun of Mr. Morris, who was a kind and true gentleman. She started to cry and felt very sad. She thought it would be easier if a woman could marry many men if they wanted her. But she knew this was a wrong thought. Even though she was crying, she looked at Mr. Morris and told him directly.

Pt/En Lucy told Mr. Morris that she did love someone, but that person had not yet told her he loved her. She felt it was right to speak honestly. Mr. Morris's face lit up with happiness. He took her hands and said something in a warm and friendly way.

Pt/En Mr. Morris called her his brave girl. He said it was better to be late to win her than to be on time for any other girl. He told her not to cry. He said if she was crying for him, he was strong and could handle it. He added that if the other man did not know how happy he was, he should find out soon, or Mr. Morris would deal with him. He told Lucy that her honesty and courage made him a friend, which was more special than a lover. He said he would have a lonely time ahead and asked for one kiss to help him through the dark times. He reminded her that the other man, who must be good if she loved him, had not yet spoken. Lucy was moved by his brave, kind, and noble words to a rival, especially because he seemed sad. She leaned over and kissed him. He held her hands and looked at her face, and she felt herself blushing.

Pt/En The man said goodbye. He told Lucy that because she held his hand and kissed him, they should be friends. He thanked her for being honest and then left the room quickly. Lucy started crying a lot. She wondered why a good man like him was unhappy, as many girls would love him. She said she would love him if she were free, but she did not want to be free. She felt very sad and could not write about happiness right away. She wanted to wait to talk about "number three" until everything was happy.

Pt/En Lucy signed off, saying she was "Ever your loving Lucy".

Pt/En Lucy added a *postscript* about "number Three". She said she did not need to explain it because it was all a *blur*. She remembered that he came into the room, and then he was holding her and kissing her. She felt very happy and did not know why she deserved it. She promised to try to show in the future that she was thankful to God for sending her such a lover, husband, and friend.

Pt/En The *text* ended with the word "Goodbye".

Pt/En This section is from Dr. Seward's Diary.

Pt/En This was kept on a phonograph.

Pt/En On May 25th, the writer felt unwell and had no appetite. They could not eat or rest, so they wrote in their diary. After being rejected the day before, they felt empty and unmotivated. Knowing that work was the best cure, they went to see the patients. They chose one patient who was very interesting and unusual. The writer wanted to understand this patient better and felt they were getting closer to understanding his mystery.

Pt/En The writer asked the patient more questions than before to understand his false beliefs. Looking back, the writer realized their method was a bit cruel. They felt they wanted to keep the patient focused on his madness, which is something they usually try hard to avoid with patients.

Pt/En The writer noted that they would avoid a terrible situation if possible. They thought about how everything has a price. They decided it would be useful to carefully study any hidden reasons behind the patient's behavior, so they decided to start doing that.

Pt/En The patient, R. M. Renfield, is 59 years old. He has a cheerful nature and is very strong. He gets excited easily and sometimes feels sad, leading to fixed ideas that the writer cannot understand. The writer believes that his cheerful nature and disturbing influences might lead to a mental breakdown. They think he could be dangerous, especially if he is not thinking of others. When people are selfish, they are usually careful, which protects their enemies and themselves. The writer thinks that when a person's main focus is themselves, their forces are balanced. But when their focus is on duty or a cause, other forces become more important, and only chance can balance them.

Pt/En This is a letter from Quincey P. Morris to Arthur Holmwood.

Pt/En The date of the letter is 25 May.

Pt/En The letter begins with a friendly greeting to Art.

Pt/En Quincey reminds Arthur of their past adventures together, like telling stories by the fire, helping each other with injuries in faraway places, and celebrating. He invites Arthur to his campfire tomorrow night. Quincey knows Arthur is free because a lady he knows is busy with a dinner party. Jack Seward, an old friend from Korea, will also be there. Both Quincey and Jack want to share their sadness with Arthur over drinks and wish happiness to the person they consider the happiest man

in the world. They say he has won a very special and valuable heart. They promise Arthur a warm welcome and a sincere toast, but they will make sure he stops drinking if he has had too much for the sake of a certain pair of eyes. Quincey urges him to come.

Pt/En The letter ends with Quincey P. Morris signing off, saying he is always Arthur's friend.

Pt/En This is a telegram from Arthur Holmwood to Quincey P. Morris.

Pt/En The date is 26 May.

Pt/En Arthur Holmwood said that he would always join them and that he had messages that would be very surprising.

Pt/En The sender signed his name as Art.

VI

Pt/En This is Mina Murray's journal.

Pt/En On July 24th, Lucy met me at the station in Whitby. She looked very beautiful. We went to a house on the Crescent. The town is in a lovely valley with the river Esk. A large bridge crosses the valley. The valley is very green and steep. On one side, the houses of the old town look like they are piled up, similar to pictures of Nuremberg. Above the town are the ruins of Whitby Abbey, which was attacked by the Danes. It is a large and *impressive* ruin, *famous* from a *poem* called Marmion. A legend says a white lady is seen there. Near the abbey is the parish church with a large graveyard. The *writer* thinks this is the best place in Whitby because it *overlooks* the town and has a great view of the harbour and the sea. The ground is very steep, and some graves have fallen down the bank. People often sit in the churchyard to enjoy the view and the sea breeze. The *writer* plans to sit here often to work and is doing so now, listening to three old men talking *nearby*.

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Front Matter

PT To My Dear Friend Hommy-Beg

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

PT Dracula

I

PT Jonathan Harker's Journal.

PT (Kept in shorthand.)

PT 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. Budapest 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.

PT We left in pretty good time, and came after nightfall to Klausenburgh. Here I stopped for the night at the Hotel 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.

PT Having had 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 nobleman 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.

PT 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.)

PT 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 eggplant 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?

PT 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 homemade 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 there were petticoats

under them. The strangest figures we saw were the Slovaks, who were 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.

PT 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.

PT 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 shirtsleeves, who had followed her to the door. He went, but immediately returned with a letter:□—

PT “My Friend.□—Welcome to the Carpathians. I am anxiously expecting you. Sleep well tonight. 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.

PT “Your friend, “Dracula.”

PT 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.

PT Just before I was leaving, the old lady came up to my room and said in a very hysterical way:

PT “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:

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

PT “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:

PT “It is the eve of St. George’s Day. Do you not know that tonight, 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 a day or two before starting. It was all very ridiculous but I did not feel comfortable. However, there was business to be done, and I could allow nothing to interfere with it. I therefore tried to raise her up, and said, as gravely as I could, that I thanked her, but my duty was imperative, and that I must go. She then rose and dried her eyes, and taking a crucifix from her neck offered it to me. I did not know what to do, for, as an English Churchman, I have been taught to regard such things as in some measure idolatrous, and yet it seemed so

ungracious to refuse an old lady meaning so well and in such a state of mind. She saw, I suppose, the doubt in my face, for she put the rosary round my neck, and said, "For your mother's sake," and went out of the room. I am writing up this part of the diary whilst I am waiting for the coach, which is, of course, late; and the crucifix is still round my neck. Whether it is the old lady's fear, or the many ghostly traditions of this place, or the crucifix itself, I do not know, but I am not feeling nearly as easy in my mind as usual. If this book should ever reach Mina before I do, let it bring my goodbye. Here comes the coach!

PT 5 May. The Castle. □—The grey of the morning has passed, and the sun is high over the distant horizon, which seems jagged, whether with trees or hills I know not, for it is so far off that big things and little are mixed. I am not sleepy, and, as I am not to be called till I awake, naturally I write till sleep comes. There are many odd things to put down, and, lest who reads them may fancy that I dined too well before I left Bistritz, let me put down my dinner exactly. I dined on what they called "robber steak" □—bits of bacon, onion, and beef, seasoned with red pepper, and strung on sticks and roasted over the fire, in the simple style of the London cat's meat! The wine was Golden Mediasch, which produces a queer sting on the tongue, which is, however, not disagreeable. I had only a couple of glasses of this, and nothing else.

PT When I got on the coach the driver had not taken his seat, and I saw him talking with the landlady. They were evidently talking of me, for every now and then they looked at me, and some of the people who were sitting on the bench outside the door □—which they call by a name meaning "word-bearer" □—came and listened, and then looked at me, most of them pityingly. I could hear a lot of words often repeated, queer words, for there were many nationalities in the crowd; so I quietly got my polyglot dictionary from my bag and looked them out. I must say they were not cheering to me, for amongst them were "Ordog" □—Satan, "pokol" □—hell, "stregoica" □—witch, "vrolok" and "vlkoslak" □—both of which mean the same thing, one being Slovak and the other Serbian for something that is either werewolf or vampire. (Mem., I must ask the Count about these superstitions)

PT When we started, the crowd round the inn door, which had by this time swelled to a considerable size, all made the sign of the cross and pointed two fingers towards me. With some difficulty I got a

fellow-passenger to tell me what they meant; he would not answer at first, but on learning that I was English, he explained that it was a charm or guard against the evil eye. This was not very pleasant for me, just starting for an unknown place to meet an unknown man; but everyone seemed so kindhearted, and so sorrowful, and so sympathetic that I could not but be touched. I shall never forget the last glimpse which I had of the innyard and its crowd of picturesque figures, all crossing themselves, as they stood round the wide archway, with its background of rich foliage of oleander and orange trees in green tubs clustered in the centre of the yard. Then our driver, whose wide linen drawers covered the whole front of the box-seat—“gotza” they call them—cracked his big whip over his four small horses, which ran abreast, and we set off on our journey.

PT I soon lost sight and recollection of ghostly fears in the beauty of the scene as we drove along, although had I known the language, or rather languages, which my fellow-passengers were speaking, I might not have been able to throw them off so easily. Before us lay a green sloping land full of forests and woods, with here and there steep hills, crowned with clumps of trees or with farmhouses, the blank gable end to the road. There was everywhere a bewildering mass of fruit blossom—apple, plum, pear, cherry; and as we drove by I could see the green grass under the trees spangled with the fallen petals. In and out amongst these green hills of what they call here the “Mittel Land” ran the road, losing itself as it swept round the grassy curve, or was shut out by the straggling ends of pine woods, which here and there ran down the hillsides like tongues of flame. The road was rugged, but still we seemed to fly over it with a feverish haste. I could not understand then what the haste meant, but the driver was evidently bent on losing no time in reaching Borgo Prund. I was told that this road is in summertime excellent, but that it had not yet been put in order after the winter snows. In this respect it is different from the general run of roads in the Carpathians, for it is an old tradition that they are not to be kept in too good order. Of old the Hospadars would not repair them, lest the Turk should think that they were preparing to bring in foreign troops, and so hasten the war which was always really at loading point.

PT Beyond the green swelling hills of the Mittel Land rose mighty slopes of forest up to the lofty steeps of the Carpathians themselves. Right and left of us they towered, with the afternoon sun falling full upon them and bringing out all the glorious colours of this beautiful range, deep

blue and purple in the shadows of the peaks, green and brown where grass and rock mingled, and an endless perspective of jagged rock and pointed crags, till these were themselves lost in the distance, where the snowy peaks rose grandly. Here and there seemed mighty rifts in the mountains, through which, as the sun began to sink, we saw now and again the white gleam of falling water. One of my companions touched my arm as we swept round the base of a hill and opened up the lofty, snow-covered peak of a mountain, which seemed, as we wound on our serpentine way, to be right before us: □—

PT “Look! Isten szek!” □—“God’s seat!” □—and he crossed himself reverently.

PT As we wound on our endless way, and the sun sank lower and lower behind us, the shadows of the evening began to creep round us. This was emphasised by the fact that the snowy mountaintop still held the sunset, and seemed to glow out with a delicate cool pink. Here and there we passed Cszeks and Slovaks, all in picturesque attire, but I noticed that goitre was painfully prevalent. By the roadside were many crosses, and as we swept by, my companions all crossed themselves. Here and there was a peasant man or woman kneeling before a shrine, who did not even turn round as we approached, but seemed in the self-surrender of devotion to have neither eyes nor ears for the outer world. There were many things new to me: for instance, hayricks in the trees, and here and there very beautiful masses of weeping birch, their white stems shining like silver through the delicate green of the leaves. Now and again we passed a leiter-wagon □—the ordinary peasant’s cart □—with its long, snakelike vertebra, calculated to suit the inequalities of the road. On this were sure to be seated quite a group of homecoming peasants, the Cszeks with their white, and the Slovaks with their coloured, sheepskins, the latter carrying lance-fashion their long staves, with axe at end. As the evening fell it began to get very cold, and the growing twilight seemed to merge into one dark mistiness the gloom of the trees, oak, beech, and pine, though in the valleys which ran deep between the spurs of the hills, as we ascended through the Pass, the dark firs stood out here and there against the background of late-lying snow. Sometimes, as the road was cut through the pine woods that seemed in the darkness to be closing down upon us, great masses of greyness, which here and there bestrewed the trees, produced a peculiarly weird and solemn effect, which carried on the thoughts and grim fancies engendered earlier in the

evening, when the falling sunset threw into strange relief the ghostlike clouds which amongst the Carpathians seem to wind ceaselessly through the valleys. Sometimes the hills were so steep that, despite our driver's haste, the horses could only go slowly. I wished to get down and walk up them, as we do at home, but the driver would not hear of it. "No, no," he said; "you must not walk here; the dogs are too fierce"; and then he added, with what he evidently meant for grim pleasantry——for he looked round to catch the approving smile of the rest——"and you may have enough of such matters before you go to sleep." The only stop he would make was a moment's pause to light his lamps.

PT When it grew dark there seemed to be some excitement amongst the passengers, and they kept speaking to him, one after the other, as though urging him to further speed. He lashed the horses unmercifully with his long whip, and with wild cries of encouragement urged them on to further exertions. Then through the darkness I could see a sort of patch of grey light ahead of us, as though there were a cleft in the hills. The excitement of the passengers grew greater; the crazy coach rocked on its great leather springs, and swayed like a boat tossed on a stormy sea. I had to hold on. The road grew more level, and we appeared to fly along. Then the mountains seemed to come nearer to us on each side and to frown down upon us; we were entering on the Borgo Pass. One by one several of the passengers offered me gifts, which they pressed upon me with an earnestness which would take no denial; these were certainly of an odd and varied kind, but each was given in simple good faith, with a kindly word, and a blessing, and that strange mixture of fear-meaning movements which I had seen outside the hotel at Bistritz——the sign of the cross and the guard against the evil eye. Then, as we flew along, the driver leaned forward, and on each side the passengers, craning over the edge of the coach, peered eagerly into the darkness. It was evident that something very exciting was either happening or expected, but though I asked each passenger, no one would give me the slightest explanation. This state of excitement kept on for some little time; and at last we saw before us the Pass opening out on the eastern side. There were dark, rolling clouds overhead, and in the air the heavy, oppressive sense of thunder. It seemed as though the mountain range had separated two atmospheres, and that now we had got into the thunderous one. I was now myself looking out for the conveyance which was to take me to the Count. Each moment I expected to see the glare of lamps through the

blackness; but all was dark. The only light was the flickering rays of our own lamps, in which the steam from our hard-driven horses rose in a white cloud. We could see now the sandy road lying white before us, but there was on it no sign of a vehicle. The passengers drew back with a sigh of gladness, which seemed to mock my own disappointment. I was already thinking what I had best do, when the driver, looking at his watch, said to the others something which I could hardly hear, it was spoken so quietly and in so low a tone; I thought it was "An hour less than the time." Then turning to me, he said in German worse than my own: □—

PT "There is no carriage here. The Herr is not expected after all. He will now come on to Bukovina, and return tomorrow or the next day; better the next day." Whilst he was speaking the horses began to neigh and snort and plunge wildly, so that the driver had to hold them up. Then, amongst a chorus of screams from the peasants and a universal crossing of themselves, a calèche, with four horses, drove up behind us, overtook us, and drew up beside the coach. I could see from the flash of our lamps, as the rays fell on them, that the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. They were driven by a tall man, with a long brown beard and a great black hat, which seemed to hide his face from us. I could only see the gleam of a pair of very bright eyes, which seemed red in the lamplight, as he turned to us. He said to the driver: □—

PT "You are early tonight, my friend." The man stammered in reply: □—

PT "The English Herr was in a hurry," to which the stranger replied: □—

PT "That is why, I suppose, you wished him to go on to Bukovina. You cannot deceive me, my friend; I know too much, and my horses are swift." As he spoke he smiled, and the lamplight fell on a hard-looking mouth, with very red lips and sharp-looking teeth, as white as ivory. One of my companions whispered to another the line from Burger's "Lenore": □—

PT "Denn die Todten reiten schnell" □— ("For the dead travel fast.")

PT The strange driver evidently heard the words, for he looked up with a gleaming smile. The passenger turned his face away, at the same time putting out his two fingers and crossing himself. "Give me the Herr's luggage," said the driver; and with exceeding alacrity my bags were handed out and put in the calèche. Then I descended from the side of the coach, as the calèche was close alongside, the driver helping me with a

hand which caught my arm in a grip of steel; his strength must have been prodigious. Without a word he shook his reins, the horses turned, and we swept into the darkness of the Pass. As I looked back I saw the steam from the horses of the coach by the light of the lamps, and projected against it the figures of my late companions crossing themselves. Then the driver cracked his whip and called to his horses, and off they swept on their way to Bukovina. As they sank into the darkness I felt a strange chill, and a lonely feeling came over me; but a cloak was thrown over my shoulders, and a rug across my knees, and the driver said in excellent German: □—

PT “The night is chill, mein Herr, and my master the Count bade me take all care of you. There is a flask of slivovitz (the plum brandy of the country) underneath the seat, if you should require it.” I did not take any, but it was a comfort to know it was there all the same. I felt a little strangely, and not a little frightened. I think had there been any alternative I should have taken it, instead of prosecuting that unknown night journey. The carriage went at a hard pace straight along, then we made a complete turn and went along another straight road. It seemed to me that we were simply going over and over the same ground again; and so I took note of some salient point, and found that this was so. I would have liked to have asked the driver what this all meant, but I really feared to do so, for I thought that, placed as I was, any protest would have had no effect in case there had been an intention to delay. By-and-by, however, as I was curious to know how time was passing, I struck a match, and by its flame looked at my watch; it was within a few minutes of midnight. This gave me a sort of shock, for I suppose the general superstition about midnight was increased by my recent experiences. I waited with a sick feeling of suspense.

PT Then a dog began to howl somewhere in a farmhouse far down the road □—a long, agonised wailing, as if from fear. The sound was taken up by another dog, and then another and another, till, borne on the wind which now sighed softly through the Pass, a wild howling began, which seemed to come from all over the country, as far as the imagination could grasp it through the gloom of the night. At the first howl the horses began to strain and rear, but the driver spoke to them soothingly, and they quieted down, but shivered and sweated as though after a runaway from sudden fright. Then, far off in the distance, from the mountains on each side of us began a louder and a sharper howling □—that of

wolves□—which affected both the horses and myself in the same way□—for I was minded to jump from the calèche and run, whilst they reared again and plunged madly, so that the driver had to use all his great strength to keep them from bolting. In a few minutes, however, my own ears got accustomed to the sound, and the horses so far became quiet that the driver was able to descend and to stand before them. He petted and soothed them, and whispered something in their ears, as I have heard of horse-tamers doing, and with extraordinary effect, for under his caresses they became quite manageable again, though they still trembled. The driver again took his seat, and shaking his reins, started off at a great pace. This time, after going to the far side of the Pass, he suddenly turned down a narrow roadway which ran sharply to the right.

PT Soon we were hemmed in with trees, which in places arched right over the roadway till we passed as through a tunnel; and again great frowning rocks guarded us boldly on either side. Though we were in shelter, we could hear the rising wind, for it moaned and whistled through the rocks, and the branches of the trees crashed together as we swept along. It grew colder and colder still, and fine, powdery snow began to fall, so that soon we and all around us were covered with a white blanket. The keen wind still carried the howling of the dogs, though this grew fainter as we went on our way. The baying of the wolves sounded nearer and nearer, as though they were closing round on us from every side. I grew dreadfully afraid, and the horses shared my fear. The driver, however, was not in the least disturbed; he kept turning his head to left and right, but I could not see anything through the darkness.

PT Suddenly, away on our left, I saw a faint flickering blue flame. The driver saw it at the same moment; he at once checked the horses, and, jumping to the ground, disappeared into the darkness. I did not know what to do, the less as the howling of the wolves grew closer; but while I wondered the driver suddenly appeared again, and without a word took his seat, and we resumed our journey. I think I must have fallen asleep and kept dreaming of the incident, for it seemed to be repeated endlessly, and now looking back, it is like a sort of awful nightmare. Once the flame appeared so near the road, that even in the darkness around us I could watch the driver's motions. He went rapidly to where the blue flame arose□—it must have been very faint, for it did not seem to illumine the place around it at all□—and gathering a few stones, formed them into

some device. Once there appeared a strange optical effect: when he stood between me and the flame he did not obstruct it, for I could see its ghostly flicker all the same. This startled me, but as the effect was only momentary, I took it that my eyes deceived me straining through the darkness. Then for a time there were no blue flames, and we sped onwards through the gloom, with the howling of the wolves around us, as though they were following in a moving circle.

PT At last there came a time when the driver went further afield than he had yet gone, and during his absence, the horses began to tremble worse than ever and to snort and scream with fright. I could not see any cause for it, for the howling of the wolves had ceased altogether; but just then the moon, sailing through the black clouds, appeared behind the jagged crest of a beetling, pine-clad rock, and by its light I saw around us a ring of wolves, with white teeth and lolling red tongues, with long, sinewy limbs and shaggy hair. They were a hundred times more terrible in the grim silence which held them than even when they howled. For myself, I felt a sort of paralysis of fear. It is only when a man feels himself face to face with such horrors that he can understand their true import.

PT All at once the wolves began to howl as though the moonlight had had some peculiar effect on them. The horses jumped about and reared, and looked helplessly round with eyes that rolled in a way painful to see; but the living ring of terror encompassed them on every side; and they had perforce to remain within it. I called to the coachman to come, for it seemed to me that our only chance was to try to break out through the ring and to aid his approach. I shouted and beat the side of the calèche, hoping by the noise to scare the wolves from that side, so as to give him a chance of reaching the trap. How he came there, I know not, but I heard his voice raised in a tone of imperious command, and looking towards the sound, saw him stand in the roadway. As he swept his long arms, as though brushing aside some impalpable obstacle, the wolves fell back and back further still. Just then a heavy cloud passed across the face of the moon, so that we were again in darkness.

PT When I could see again the driver was climbing into the calèche, and the wolves had disappeared. This was all so strange and uncanny that a dreadful fear came upon me, and I was afraid to speak or move. The time seemed interminable as we swept on our way, now in almost complete darkness, for the rolling clouds obscured the moon. We kept on

ascending, with occasional periods of quick descent, but in the main always ascending. Suddenly, I became conscious of the fact that the driver was in the act of pulling up the horses in the courtyard of a vast ruined castle, from whose tall black windows came no ray of light, and whose broken battlements showed a jagged line against the moonlit sky.

II

PT Jonathan Harker's Journal □—continued

PT 5 May. □—I must have been asleep, for certainly if I had been fully awake I must have noticed the approach of such a remarkable place. In the gloom the courtyard looked of considerable size, and as several dark ways led from it under great round arches, it perhaps seemed bigger than it really is. I have not yet been able to see it by daylight.

PT When the calèche stopped, the driver jumped down and held out his hand to assist me to alight. Again I could not but notice his prodigious strength. His hand actually seemed like a steel vice that could have crushed mine if he had chosen. Then he took out my traps, and placed them on the ground beside me as I stood close to a great door, old and studded with large iron nails, and set in a projecting doorway of massive stone. I could see even in the dim light that the stone was massively carved, but that the carving had been much worn by time and weather. As I stood, the driver jumped again into his seat and shook the reins; the horses started forward, and trap and all disappeared down one of the dark openings.

PT I stood in silence where I was, for I did not know what to do. Of bell or knocker there was no sign; through these frowning walls and dark window openings it was not likely that my voice could penetrate. The time I waited seemed endless, and I felt doubts and fears crowding upon me. What sort of place had I come to, and among what kind of people? What sort of grim adventure was it on which I had embarked? Was this a customary incident in the life of a solicitor's clerk sent out to explain the purchase of a London estate to a foreigner? Solicitor's clerk! Mina would not like that. Solicitor □—for just before leaving London I got word that my examination was successful; and I am now a full-blown solicitor! I began to rub my eyes and pinch myself to see if I were awake. It all seemed like a horrible nightmare to me, and I expected that I should suddenly awake, and find myself at home, with the dawn struggling in through the windows, as I had now and again felt in the morning after a day of overwork. But my flesh answered the pinching test, and my eyes were not to be deceived. I was indeed awake and among the Carpathians. All I could do now was to be patient, and to wait the coming of the morning.

PT Just as I had come to this conclusion I heard a heavy step approaching behind the great door, and saw through the chinks the gleam of a coming light. Then there was the sound of rattling chains and the clanking of massive bolts drawn back. A key was turned with the loud grating noise of long disuse, and the great door swung back.

PT Within, stood a tall old man, clean shaven save for a long white moustache, and clad in black from head to foot, without a single speck of colour about him anywhere. He held in his hand an antique silver lamp, in which the flame burned without chimney or globe of any kind, throwing long quivering shadows as it flickered in the draught of the open door. The old man motioned me in with his right hand with a courtly gesture, saying in excellent English, but with a strange intonation: □—

PT “Welcome to my house! Enter freely and of your own will!” He made no motion of stepping to meet me, but stood like a statue, as though his gesture of welcome had fixed him into stone. The instant, however, that I had stepped over the threshold, he moved impulsively forward, and holding out his hand grasped mine with a strength which made me wince, an effect which was not lessened by the fact that it seemed as cold as ice □—more like the hand of a dead than a living man. Again he said: □—

PT “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, that for a moment I doubted if it were not the same person to whom I was speaking; so to make sure, I said interrogatively: □—

PT “Count Dracula?” He bowed in a courtly way as he replied: □—

PT “I am Dracula; and I bid you welcome, Mr. Harker, to my house. Come in; the night air is chill, and you must need to eat and rest.” As he was speaking, he put the lamp on a bracket on the wall, and stepping out, took my luggage; he had carried it in before I could forestall him. I protested but he insisted: □—

PT “Nay, sir, you are my guest. It is late, and my people are not available. Let me see to your comfort myself.” He insisted on carrying my traps along the passage, and then up a great winding stair, and along another great passage, on whose stone floor our steps rang heavily. At the end of this he threw open a heavy door, and I rejoiced to see within a

well-lit room in which a table was spread for supper, and on whose mighty hearth a great fire of logs, freshly replenished, flamed and flared.

PT The Count halted, putting down my bags, closed the door, and crossing the room, opened another door, which led into a small octagonal room lit by a single lamp, and seemingly without a window of any sort. Passing through this, he opened another door, and motioned me to enter. It was a welcome sight; for here was a great bedroom well lighted and warmed with another log fire—also added to but lately, for the top logs were fresh—which sent a hollow roar up the wide chimney. The Count himself left my luggage inside and withdrew, saying, before he closed the door:—

PT “You will need, after your journey, to refresh yourself by making your toilet. I trust you will find all you wish. When you are ready, come into the other room, where you will find your supper prepared.”

PT The light and warmth and the Count’s courteous welcome seemed to have dissipated all my doubts and fears. Having then reached my normal state, I discovered that I was half famished with hunger; so making a hasty toilet, I went into the other room.

PT I found supper already laid out. My host, who stood on one side of the great fireplace, leaning against the stonework, made a graceful wave of his hand to the table, and said:—

PT “I pray you, be seated and sup how you please. You will, I trust, excuse me that I do not join you; but I have dined already, and I do not sup.”

PT I handed to him the sealed letter which Mr. Hawkins had entrusted to me. He opened it and read it gravely; then, with a charming smile, he handed it to me to read. One passage of it, at least, gave me a thrill of pleasure.

PT “I must regret that an attack of gout, from which malady I am a constant sufferer, forbids absolutely any travelling on my part for some time to come; but I am happy to say I can send a sufficient substitute, one in whom I have every possible confidence. He is a young man, full of energy and talent in his own way, and of a very faithful disposition. He is discreet and silent, and has grown into manhood in my service. He shall

be ready to attend on you when you will during his stay, and shall take your instructions in all matters.”

PT The Count himself came forward and took off the cover of a dish, and I fell to at once on an excellent roast chicken. This, with some cheese and a salad and a bottle of old Tokay, of which I had two glasses, was my supper. During the time I was eating it the Count asked me many questions as to my journey, and I told him by degrees all I had experienced.

PT By this time I had finished my supper, and by my host's desire had drawn up a chair by the fire and begun to smoke a cigar which he offered me, at the same time excusing himself that he did not smoke. I had now an opportunity of observing him, and found him of a very marked physiognomy.

PT His face was a strong□—a very strong□—aquiline, with high bridge of the thin nose and peculiarly arched nostrils; with lofty domed forehead, and hair growing scantily round the temples but profusely elsewhere. His eyebrows were very massive, almost meeting over the nose, and with bushy hair that seemed to curl in its own profusion. The mouth, so far as I could see it under the heavy moustache, was fixed and rather cruel-looking, with peculiarly sharp white teeth; these protruded over the lips, whose remarkable ruddiness showed astonishing vitality in a man of his years. For the rest, his ears were pale, and at the tops extremely pointed; the chin was broad and strong, and the cheeks firm though thin. The general effect was one of extraordinary pallor.

PT Hitherto I had noticed the backs of his hands as they lay on his knees in the firelight, and they had seemed rather white and fine; but seeing them now close to me, I could not but notice that 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, and cut to a sharp point. As the Count leaned over me and his hands touched me, I could not repress a shudder. It may have been that his breath was rank, but a horrible feeling of nausea came over me, which, do what I would, I could not conceal. The Count, evidently noticing it, drew back; and with a grim sort of smile, which showed more than he had yet done his protuberant teeth, sat himself down again on his own side of the fireplace. We were both silent for a while; and as I looked towards the window I saw the first dim streak of the coming dawn. There seemed a strange stillness over

everything; but as I listened I heard as if from down below in the valley the howling of many wolves. The Count's eyes gleamed, and he said: □—

PT "Listen to them □—the children of the night. What music they make!" Seeing, I suppose, some expression in my face strange to him, he added: □—

PT "Ah, sir, you dwellers in the city cannot enter into the feelings of the hunter." Then he rose and said: □—

PT "But you must be tired. Your bedroom is all ready, and tomorrow you shall sleep as late as you will. I have to be away till the afternoon; so sleep well and dream well!" With a courteous bow, he opened for me himself the door to the octagonal room, and I entered my bedroom. □ □...

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

PT 7 May. □—It is again early morning, but I have rested and enjoyed the last twenty-four hours. I slept till late in the day, and awoke of my own accord. When I had dressed myself I went into the room where we had supped, and found a cold breakfast laid out, with coffee kept hot by the pot being placed on the hearth. There was a card on the table, on which was written: □—

PT "I have to be absent for a while. Do not wait for me. □—D." I set to and enjoyed a hearty meal. When I had done, I looked for a bell, so that I might let the servants know I had finished; but I could not find one. There are certainly odd deficiencies in the house, considering the extraordinary evidences of wealth which are round me. The table service is of gold, and so beautifully wrought that it must be of immense value. The curtains and upholstery of the chairs and sofas and the hangings of my bed are of the costliest and most beautiful fabrics, and must have been of fabulous value when they were made, for they are centuries old, though in excellent order. I saw something like them in Hampton Court, but there they were worn and frayed and moth-eaten. But still in none of the rooms is there a mirror. There is not even a toilet glass on my table, and I had to get 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, for I did not like to go about the castle until I had asked the Count's permission. There was absolutely nothing in the room, book, newspaper, or even writing materials; so I opened another door in the room and found a sort of library. The door opposite mine I tried, but found it locked.

PT In the library I found, to my great delight, a vast number of English books, whole shelves full of them, and bound volumes of magazines and newspapers. A table in the centre was littered with English magazines and newspapers, though none of them were of very recent date. The books were of the most varied kind—history, geography, politics, political economy, botany, geology, law—all relating to England and English life and customs and manners. There were even such books of reference as the London Directory, the “Red” and “Blue” books, Whitaker's Almanac, the Army and Navy Lists, and—it somehow gladdened my heart to see it—the Law List.

PT Whilst I was looking at the books, the door opened, and the Count entered. He saluted me in a hearty way, and hoped that I had had a good night's rest. Then he went on:—

PT “I am glad you found your way in here, for I am sure there is much that will interest you. These companions”—and he laid his hand on some of the books—“have been good friends to me, and for some years past, ever since I had the idea of going to London, have given me many, many hours of pleasure. Through them I have come to know your great England; and to know her is to love her. I long to go through the crowded streets of your mighty London, to be in the midst of the whirl and rush of humanity, to share its life, its change, its death, and all that makes it what it is. But alas! as yet I only know your tongue through books. To you, my friend, I look that I know it to speak.”

PT “But, Count,” I said, “you know and speak English thoroughly!” He bowed gravely.

PT “I thank you, my friend, for your all too-flattering estimate, but yet I fear that I am but a little way on the road I would travel. True, I know the grammar and the words, but yet I know not how to speak them.”

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

PT “Not so,” he answered. “Well, I know that, did I move and speak in your London, none there are who would not know me for a stranger. That is not enough for me. Here I am noble; I am boyar; the common people know me, and I am master. But a stranger in a strange land, he is no one; men know him not——and to know not is to care not for. I am content if I am like the rest, so that no man stops if he see me, or pause in his speaking if he hear my words, ‘Ha, ha! a stranger!’ I have been so long master that I would be master still——or at least that none other should be master of me. You come to me not alone as agent of my friend Peter Hawkins, of Exeter, to tell me all about my new estate in London. You shall, I trust, rest here with me awhile, so that by our talking I may learn the English intonation; and I would that you tell me when I make error, even of the smallest, in my speaking. I am sorry that I had to be away so long today; but you will, I know, forgive one who has so many important affairs in hand.”

PT Of course I said all I could about being willing, and asked if I might come into that room when I chose. He answered: “Yes, certainly,” and added: —

PT “You may go anywhere you wish in the castle, except where the doors are locked, where of course you will not wish to go. There is reason that all things are as they are, and did you see with my eyes and know with my knowledge, you would perhaps better understand.” I said I was sure of this, and then he went on: —

PT “We are in Transylvania; and Transylvania is not England. Our ways are not your ways, and there shall be to you many strange things. Nay, from what you have told me of your experiences already, you know something of what strange things there may be.”

PT This led to much conversation; and as it was evident that he wanted to talk, if only for talking’s sake, I asked him many questions regarding things that had already happened to me or come within my notice. Sometimes he sheered off the subject, or turned the conversation by pretending not to understand; but generally he answered all I asked most frankly. Then as time went on, and I had got somewhat bolder, I asked him of some of the strange things of the preceding night, as, for instance, why the coachman went to the places where he had seen the blue flames. He then explained to me that it was commonly believed that on a certain night of the year——last night, in fact, when all evil spirits are

supposed to have unchecked sway—a blue flame is seen over any place where treasure has been concealed. “That treasure has been hidden,” he went on, “in the region through which you came last night, there can be but little doubt; for it was the ground fought over for centuries by the Wallachian, the Saxon, and the Turk. Why, there is hardly a foot of soil in all this region that has not been enriched by the blood of men, patriots or invaders. In old days there were stirring times, when the Austrian and the Hungarian came up in hordes, and the patriots went out to meet them—men and women, the aged and the children too—and waited their coming on the rocks above the passes, that they might sweep destruction on them with their artificial avalanches. When the invader was triumphant he found but little, for whatever there was had been sheltered in the friendly soil.”

PT “But how,” said I, “can it have remained so long undiscovered, when there is a sure index to it if men will but take the trouble to look?” The Count smiled, and as his lips ran back over his gums, the long, sharp, canine teeth showed out strangely; he answered:—

PT “Because your peasant is at heart a coward and a fool! Those flames only appear on one night; and on that night no man of this land will, if he can help it, stir without his doors. And, dear sir, even if he did he would not know what to do. Why, even the peasant that you tell me of who marked the place of the flame would not know where to look in daylight even for his own work. Even you would not, I dare be sworn, be able to find these places again?”

PT “There you are right,” I said. “I know no more than the dead where even to look for them.” Then we drifted into other matters.

PT “Come,” he said at last, “tell me of London and of the house which you have procured for me.” With an apology for my remissness, I went into my own room to get the papers from my bag. Whilst I was placing them in order I heard a rattling of china and silver in the next room, and as I passed through, noticed that the table had been cleared and the lamp lit, for it was by this time deep into the dark. The lamps were also lit in the study or library, and I found the Count lying on the sofa, reading, of all things in the world, an English Bradshaw’s Guide. When I came in he cleared the books and papers from the table; and with him I went into plans and deeds and figures of all sorts. He was interested in everything, and asked me a myriad questions about the place and its surroundings.

He clearly had studied beforehand all he could get on the subject of the neighbourhood, for he evidently at the end knew very much more than I did. When I remarked this, he answered:—

PT “Well, but, my friend, is it not needful that I should? When I go there I shall be all alone, and my friend Harker Jonathan—nay, pardon me, I fall into my country’s habit of putting your patronymic first—my friend Jonathan Harker will not be by my side to correct and aid me. He will be in Exeter, miles away, probably working at papers of the law with my other friend, Peter Hawkins. So!”

PT We went thoroughly into the business of the purchase of the estate at Purfleet. When I had told him the facts and got his signature to the necessary papers, and had written a letter with them ready to post to Mr. Hawkins, he began to ask me how I had come across so suitable a place. I read to him the notes which I had made at the time, and which I inscribe here:—

PT “At Purfleet, on a byroad, I came across just such a place as seemed to be required, and where was displayed a dilapidated notice that the place was for sale. It is surrounded by a high wall, of ancient structure, built of heavy stones, and has not been repaired for a large number of years. The closed gates are of heavy old oak and iron, all eaten with rust.

PT “The estate is called Carfax, no doubt a corruption of the old Quatre Face, as the house is four-sided, agreeing with the cardinal points of the compass. It contains in all some twenty acres, quite surrounded by the solid stone wall above mentioned. There are many trees on it, which make it in places gloomy, and there is a deep, dark-looking pond or small lake, evidently fed by some springs, as the water is clear and flows away in a fair-sized stream. The house is very large and of all periods back, I should say, to medieval times, for one part is of stone immensely thick, with only a few windows high up and heavily barred with iron. It looks like part of a keep, and is close to an old chapel or church. I could not enter it, as I had not the key of the door leading to it from the house, but I have taken with my kodak views of it from various points. The house has been added to, but in a very straggling way, and I can only guess at the amount of ground it covers, which must be very great. There are but few houses close at hand, one being a very large house only recently added

to and formed into a private lunatic asylum. It is not, however, visible from the grounds.”

PT When I had finished, he said: □—

PT “I am glad that it is old and big. I myself am of an old family, and to live in a new house would kill me. A house cannot be made habitable in a day; and, after all, how few days go to make up a century. I rejoice also that there is a chapel of old times. We Transylvanian nobles love not to think that our bones may lie amongst the common dead. I seek not gaiety nor mirth, not the bright voluptuousness of much sunshine and sparkling waters which please the young and gay. I am no longer young; and my heart, through weary years of mourning over the dead, is not attuned to mirth. Moreover, the walls of my castle are broken; the shadows are many, and the wind breathes cold through the broken battlements and casements. I love the shade and the shadow, and would be alone with my thoughts when I may.” Somehow his words and his look did not seem to accord, or else it was that his cast of face made his smile look malignant and saturnine.

PT Presently, with an excuse, he left me, asking me to put all my papers together. He was some little time away, and I began to look at some of the books around me. One was an atlas, which I found opened naturally at England, as if that map had been much used. On looking at it I found in certain places little rings marked, and on examining these I noticed that one was near London on the east side, manifestly where his new estate was situated; the other two were Exeter, and Whitby on the Yorkshire coast.

PT It was the better part of an hour when the Count returned. “Aha!” he said; “still at your books? Good! But you must not work always. Come; I am informed that 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 out on his being away from home. But he sat as on the previous night, and chatted whilst I ate. After supper I smoked, as on the last evening, and the Count stayed with me, chatting and asking questions on every conceivable subject, hour after hour. I felt that it was getting very late indeed, but I did not say anything, for I felt under obligation to meet my host’s wishes in every way. I was not sleepy, as the long sleep yesterday had fortified me; but I could not help experiencing that chill which comes over one at the coming of

the dawn, which is like, in its way, the turn of the tide. They say that people who are near death die generally at the change to the dawn or at the turn of the tide; anyone who has when tired, and tied as it were to his post, experienced this change in the atmosphere can well believe it. All at once we heard the crow of a cock coming up with preternatural shrillness through the clear morning air; Count Dracula, jumping to his feet, said: □—

PT “Why, there is the morning again! How remiss I am to let you stay up so long. You must make your conversation regarding my dear new country of England less interesting, so that I may not forget how time flies by us,” and, with a courtly bow, he quickly left me.

PT I went into my own room and drew the curtains, but there was little to notice; my window opened into the courtyard, all I could see was the warm grey of quickening sky. So I pulled the curtains again, and have written of this day.

PT 8 May. □—I began to fear as I wrote in this book that I was getting too diffuse; but now I am glad that I went into detail from the first, for there is something so strange about this place and all in it that I cannot but feel uneasy. I wish I were safe out of it, or that I had never come. It may be that this strange night-existence is telling on me; but would that that were all! If there were anyone to talk to I could bear it, but there is no one. I have only the Count to speak with, and he! □—I fear I am myself the only living soul within the place. Let me be prosaic so far as facts can be; it will help me to bear up, and imagination must not run riot with me. If it does I am lost. Let me say at once how I stand □—or seem to.

PT I only slept a few hours when I went to bed, and feeling that I could not sleep any more, got up. I had hung my shaving glass by the window, and was just beginning to shave. Suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder, and heard the Count’s voice saying to me, “Good morning.” I started, for it amazed me that I had not seen him, since the reflection of the glass covered the whole room behind me. In starting I had cut myself slightly, but did not notice it at the moment. Having answered the Count’s salutation, I turned to the glass again to see how I had been mistaken. This time there could be 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. This was startling, and, coming on the top of

so many strange things, was beginning to increase that vague feeling of uneasiness which I always have when the Count is near; but at the instant I saw that the cut had bled a little, and the blood was trickling over my chin. I laid down the razor, turning as I did so half round to look for some sticking plaster. When the Count saw my face, his eyes blazed with a sort of demoniac fury, and he suddenly made a grab at my throat. I drew away, and his hand touched the string of beads which held the crucifix. It made an instant change in him, for the fury passed so quickly that I could hardly believe that it was ever there.

PT "Take care," he said, "take care how you cut yourself. It is more dangerous than you think in this country." Then seizing the shaving glass, he went on: "And this is the wretched thing that has done the mischief. It is a foul bauble of man's vanity. Away with it!" and opening the heavy window with one wrench of his terrible hand, he flung out the glass, which was shattered into a thousand pieces on the stones of the courtyard far below. Then he withdrew without a word. It is very annoying, for I do not see how I am to shave, unless in my watch-case or the bottom of the shaving-pot, which is fortunately of metal.

PT When I went into the dining-room, breakfast was prepared; but I could not find the Count anywhere. So I breakfasted alone. It is strange that as yet I have not seen the Count eat or drink. He must be a very peculiar man! After breakfast I did a little exploring in the castle. I went out on the stairs, and found a room looking towards the South. The view was magnificent, and from where I stood there was every opportunity of seeing it. The castle is on the very edge of a terrible precipice. A stone falling from the window would fall a thousand feet without touching anything! As far as the eye can reach is a sea of green tree tops, with occasionally a deep rift where there is a chasm. Here and there are silver threads where the rivers wind in deep gorges through the forests.

PT But I am not in heart to describe beauty, for when I had seen the view I explored further; doors, doors, doors everywhere, and all locked and bolted. In no place save from the windows in the castle walls is there an available exit.

PT The castle is a veritable prison, and I am a prisoner!



PT Jonathan Harker's Journal □—continued

PT When I found that I was a prisoner a sort of wild feeling came over me. I rushed up and down the stairs, trying every door and peering out of every window I could find; but after a little the conviction of my helplessness overpowered all other feelings. When I look back after a few hours I think I must have been mad for the time, for I behaved much as a rat does in a trap. When, however, the conviction had come to me that I was helpless I sat down quietly □—as quietly as I have ever done anything in my life □—and began to think over what was best to be done. I am thinking still, and as yet have come to no definite conclusion. Of one thing only am I certain; that it is no use making my ideas known to the Count. He knows well that I am imprisoned; and as he has done it himself, and has doubtless his own motives for it, he would only deceive me if I trusted him fully with the facts. So far as I can see, my only plan will be to keep my knowledge and my fears to myself, and my eyes open. I am, I know, either being deceived, like a baby, by my own fears, or else I am in desperate straits; and if the latter be so, I need, and shall need, all my brains to get through.

PT I had hardly come to this conclusion when I heard the great door below shut, and knew that the Count had returned. He did not come at once into the library, so I went cautiously to my own room and found him making the bed. This was odd, but only confirmed what I had all along thought □—that there were no servants in the house. When later I saw him through the chink of the hinges of the door laying the table in the dining-room, I was assured of it; for if he does himself all these menial offices, surely it is proof that there is no one else to do them. This gave me a fright, for if there is no one else in the castle, it must have been the Count himself who was the driver of the coach that brought me here. This is a terrible thought; for if so, what does it mean that he could control the wolves, as he did, by only holding up his hand in silence. How was it that all the people at Bistritz and on the coach had some terrible fear for me? What meant the giving of the crucifix, of the garlic, of the wild rose, of the mountain ash? Bless that good, good woman who hung the crucifix round my neck! for it is a comfort and a strength to me whenever I touch it. It is odd that a thing which I have been taught to regard with disfavour and as

idolatrous should in a time of loneliness and trouble be of help. Is it that there is something in the essence of the thing itself, or that it is a medium, a tangible help, in conveying memories of sympathy and comfort? Some time, if it may be, I must examine this matter and try to make up my mind about it. In the meantime I must find out all I can about Count Dracula, as it may help me to understand. Tonight he may talk of himself, if I turn the conversation that way. I must be very careful, however, not to awake his suspicion.

PT Midnight. □—I have had a long talk with the Count. I asked him a few questions on Transylvania history, and he warmed up to the subject wonderfully. In his speaking of things and people, and especially of battles, he spoke as if he had been present at them all. This he afterwards explained by saying that to a boyar the pride of his house and name is his own pride, that their glory is his glory, that their fate is his fate. Whenever he spoke of his house he always said “we,” and spoke almost in the plural, like a king speaking. I wish I could put down all he said exactly as he said it, for to me it was most fascinating. It seemed to have in it a whole history of the country. He grew excited as he spoke, and walked about the room pulling his great white moustache and grasping anything on which he laid his hands as though he would crush it by main strength. One thing he said which I shall put down as nearly as I can; for it tells in its way the story of his race: □—

PT “We Szekelys have a right to be proud, for in our veins flows the blood of many brave races who fought as the lion fights, for lordship. Here, in the whirlpool of European races, the Ugric tribe bore down from Iceland the fighting spirit which Thor and Wodin gave them, which their Berserkers displayed to such fell intent on the seaboard of Europe, ay, and of Asia and Africa too, till the peoples thought that the werewolves themselves had come. Here, too, when they came, they found the Huns, whose warlike fury had swept the earth like a living flame, till the dying peoples held that in their veins ran the blood of those old witches, who, expelled from Scythia had mated with the devils in the desert. Fools, fools! What devil or what witch was ever so great as Attila, whose blood is in these veins?” He held up his arms. “Is it a wonder that we were a conquering race; that we were proud; that when the Magyar, the Lombard, the Avar, the Bulgar, or the Turk poured his thousands on our frontiers, we drove them back? Is it strange that when Arpad and his legions swept through the Hungarian fatherland he found us here when

he reached the frontier; that the Honfoglalas was completed there? And when the Hungarian flood swept eastward, the Szekelys were claimed as kindred by the victorious Magyars, and to us for centuries was trusted the guarding of the frontier of Turkey-land; ay, and more than that, endless duty of the frontier guard, for, as the Turks say, 'water sleeps, and enemy is sleepless.' Who more gladly than we throughout the Four Nations received the 'bloody sword,' or at its warlike call flocked quicker to the standard of the King? When was redeemed that great shame of my nation, the shame of Cassova, when the flags of the Wallach and the Magyar went down beneath the Crescent? Who was it but one of my own race who as Voivode crossed the Danube and beat the Turk on his own ground? This was a Dracula indeed! Woe was it that his own unworthy brother, when he had fallen, sold his people to the Turk and brought the shame of slavery on them! Was it not this Dracula, indeed, who inspired that other of his race who in a later age again and again brought his forces over the great river into Turkey-land; who, when he was beaten back, came again, and again, and again, though he had to come alone from the bloody field where his troops were being slaughtered, since he knew that he alone could ultimately triumph! They said that he thought only of himself. Bah! what good are peasants without a leader? Where ends the war without a brain and heart to conduct it? Again, when, after the battle of Mohács, we threw off the Hungarian yoke, we of the Dracula blood were amongst their leaders, for our spirit would not brook that we were not free. Ah, young sir, the Szekelys——and the Dracula as their heart's blood, their brains, and their swords——can boast a record that mushroom growths like the Hapsburgs and the Romanovs can never reach. The warlike days are over. Blood is too precious a thing in these days of dishonourable peace; and the glories of the great races are as a tale that is told."

PT It was by this time close on morning, and we went to bed. (Mem., this diary seems horribly like the beginning of the "Arabian Nights," for everything has to break off at cockcrow——or like the ghost of Hamlet's father.)

PT 12 May. —Let me begin with facts——bare, meagre facts, verified by books and figures, and of which there can be no doubt. I must not confuse them with experiences which will have to rest on my own observation, or my memory of them. Last evening when the Count came from his room he began by asking me questions on legal matters and on

the doing of certain kinds of business. I had spent the day wearily over books, and, simply to keep my mind occupied, went over some of the matters I had been examined in at Lincoln's Inn. There was a certain method in the Count's inquiries, so I shall try to put them down in sequence; the knowledge may somehow or some time be useful to me.

PT First, he asked if a man in England might have two solicitors or more. I told him he might have a dozen if he wished, but that it would not be wise to have more than one solicitor engaged in one transaction, as only one could act at a time, and that to change would be certain to militate against his interest. He seemed thoroughly to understand, and went on to ask if there would be any practical difficulty in having one man to attend, say, to banking, and another to look after shipping, in case local help were needed in a place far from the home of the banking solicitor. I asked him to explain more fully, so that I might not by any chance mislead him, so he said: □—

PT "I shall illustrate. Your friend and mine, Mr. Peter Hawkins, from under the shadow of your beautiful cathedral at Exeter, which is far from London, buys for me through your good self my place at London. Good! Now here let me say frankly, lest you should think it strange that I have sought the services of one so far off from London instead of someone resident there, that my motive was that no local interest might be served save my wish only; and as one of London residence might, perhaps, have some purpose of himself or friend to serve, I went thus afield to seek my agent, whose labours should be only to my interest. Now, suppose I, who have much of affairs, wish to ship goods, say, to Newcastle, or Durham, or Harwich, or Dover, might it not be that it could with more ease be done by consigning to one in these ports?" I answered that certainly it would be most easy, but that we solicitors had a system of agency one for the other, so that local work could be done locally on instruction from any solicitor, so that the client, simply placing himself in the hands of one man, could have his wishes carried out by him without further trouble.

PT "But," said he, "I could be at liberty to direct myself. Is it not so?"

PT "Of course," I replied; and "such is often done by men of business, who do not like the whole of their affairs to be known by any one person."

PT "Good!" he said, and then went on to ask about the means of making consignments and the forms to be gone through, and of all sorts

of difficulties which might arise, but by forethought could be guarded against. I explained all these things to him to the best of my ability, and he certainly left me under the impression that he would have made a wonderful solicitor, for there was nothing that he did not think of or foresee. For a man who was never in the country, and who did not evidently do much in the way of business, his knowledge and acumen were wonderful. When he had satisfied himself on these points of which he had spoken, and I had verified all as well as I could by the books available, he suddenly stood up and said: □—

PT “Have you written since your first letter to our friend Mr. Peter Hawkins, or to any other?” It was with some bitterness in my heart that I answered that I had not, that as yet I had not seen any opportunity of sending letters to anybody.

PT “Then write now, my young friend,” he said, laying a heavy hand on my shoulder: “write to our friend and to any other; and say, if it will please you, that you shall stay with me until a month from now.”

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

PT “I desire it much; nay, I will take no refusal. When your master, employer, what you will, engaged that someone should come on his behalf, it was understood that my needs only were to be consulted. I have not stinted. Is it not so?”

PT What could I do but bow acceptance? It was Mr. Hawkins’s interest, not mine, and I had to think of him, not myself; and besides, while Count Dracula was speaking, there was that in his eyes and in his bearing which made me remember that I was a prisoner, and that if I wished it I could have no choice. The Count saw his victory in my bow, and his mastery in the trouble of my face, for he began at once to use them, but in his own smooth, resistless way: □—

PT “I pray you, my good young friend, that you will not discourse of things other than business in your letters. It will doubtless please your friends to know that you are well, and that you look forward to getting home to them. Is it not so?” As he spoke he handed me three sheets of notepaper and three envelopes. They were all of the thinnest foreign post, and looking at them, then at him, and noticing his quiet smile, with the sharp, canine teeth lying over the red underlip, I understood as well

as if he had spoken that I should be careful what I wrote, for he would be able to read it. So I determined to write only formal notes now, but to write fully to Mr. Hawkins in secret, and also to Mina, for to her I could write in shorthand, which would puzzle the Count, if he did see it. When I had written my two letters I sat quiet, reading a book whilst the Count wrote several notes, referring as he wrote them to some books on his table. Then he took up my two and placed them with his own, and put by his writing materials, after which, the instant the door had closed behind him, I leaned over and looked at the letters, which were face down on the table. I felt no compunction in doing so, for under the circumstances I felt that I should protect myself in every way I could.

PT One of the letters was directed to Samuel F. Billington, No. 7, The Crescent, Whitby, another to Herr Leutner, Varna; the third was to Coutts & Co., London, and the fourth to Herren Klopstock & Billreuth, bankers, Budapest. The second and fourth were unsealed. I was just about to look at them when I saw the door-handle move. I sank back in my seat, having just had time to replace the letters as they had been and to resume my book before the Count, holding still another letter in his hand, entered the room. He took up the letters on the table and stamped them carefully, and then turning to me, said: □—

PT “I trust you will forgive me, but I have much work to do in private this evening. You will, I hope, find all things as you wish.” At the door he turned, and after a moment’s pause said: □—

PT “Let me advise you, my dear young friend □—nay, let me warn you with all seriousness, that should you leave these rooms you will not by any chance 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 warned! Should sleep now or ever overcome you, or be like to do, then haste to your own chamber or to these rooms, for your rest will then be safe. But if you be not careful in this respect, then” □—He finished his speech in a gruesome way, for he motioned with his hands as if he were washing them. I quite understood; my only doubt was as to whether any dream could be more terrible than the unnatural, horrible net of gloom and mystery which seemed closing around me.

PT Later. □—I endorse the last words written, but this time there is no doubt in question. I shall not fear to sleep in any place where he is not. I

have placed the crucifix over the head of my bed— I imagine that my rest is thus freer from dreams; and there it shall remain.

PT When he left me I went to my room. After a little while, not hearing any sound, I came out and went up the stone stair to where I could look out towards the South. There was some sense of freedom in the vast expanse, inaccessible though it was to me, as compared with the narrow darkness of the courtyard. Looking out on this, I felt that I was indeed in prison, and I seemed to want a breath of fresh air, though it were of the night. I am beginning to feel this nocturnal existence tell on me. It is destroying my nerve. I start at my own shadow, and am full of all sorts of horrible imaginings. God knows that there is ground for my terrible fear in this accursed place! I looked out over the beautiful expanse, bathed in soft yellow moonlight till it was almost as light as day. In the soft light the distant hills became melted, and the shadows in the valleys and gorges of velvety blackness. The mere beauty seemed to cheer me; there was peace and comfort in every breath I drew. As I leaned from the window my eye was caught by something moving a storey below me, and somewhat to my left, where I imagined, from the order of the rooms, that the windows of the Count's own room would look out. The window at which I stood was tall and deep, stone-mullioned, and though weatherworn, was still complete; but it was evidently many a day since the case had been there. I drew back behind the stonework, and looked carefully out.

PT What I saw was the Count's head 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. In any case I could not mistake the hands which I had had so many opportunities of studying. I was at first interested and somewhat amused, for it is wonderful how small a matter will interest and amuse a man when he is a prisoner. But my very feelings changed to repulsion and terror when I saw the whole man slowly emerge from the window and begin to crawl down the castle wall over that dreadful abyss, face down with his cloak 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, and it could be no delusion. I saw the fingers and toes grasp the corners of the stones, worn clear of the mortar by the stress of years, and by thus using every projection and inequality move downwards with considerable speed, just as a lizard moves along a wall.

PT What manner of man is this, or what manner of creature is it in the semblance of man? I feel the dread of this horrible place overpowering me; I am in fear□—in awful fear□—and there is no escape for me; I am encompassed about with terrors that I dare not think of.□ □...

PT 15 May.□—Once more have I seen the Count go out in his lizard fashion. He moved downwards in a sidelong way, some hundred feet down, and a good deal to the left. He vanished into some hole or window. When his head had disappeared, I leaned out to try and see more, but without avail□—the distance was too great to allow a proper angle of sight. I knew he had left the castle now, and thought to use the opportunity to explore more than I had dared to do as yet. I went back to the room, and taking a lamp, tried all the doors. They were all locked, as I had expected, and the locks were comparatively new; but I went down the stone stairs to the hall where I had entered originally. I found I could pull back the bolts easily enough and unhook the great chains; but the door was locked, and the key was gone! That key must be in the Count's room; I must watch should his door be unlocked, so that I may get it and escape. 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 with age and moth-eaten. At last, however, I found one door at the top of the stairway which, though it seemed to be locked, gave a little under pressure. I tried it harder, and found that it was not really locked, but that the resistance came from the fact that the hinges had fallen somewhat, and the heavy door rested on the floor. Here was an opportunity which I might not have again, so I exerted myself, and with many efforts forced it back so that I could enter. I was now in a wing of the castle further to the right than the rooms I knew and a storey lower down. From the windows I could see that the suite of rooms lay along to the south of the castle, the windows of the end room looking out both west and south. On the latter side, as well as to the former, there was a great precipice. The castle was built on the corner of a great rock, so that on three sides it was quite impregnable, and great windows were placed here where sling, or bow, or culverin could not reach, and consequently light and comfort, impossible to a position which had to be guarded, were secured. To the west was a great valley, and then, rising far away, great jagged mountain fastnesses, rising peak on peak, the sheer rock studded with mountain ash and thorn, whose roots

clung in cracks and crevices and crannies of the stone. This was evidently the portion of the castle occupied by the ladies in bygone days, for the furniture had more air of comfort than any I had seen. The windows were curtainless, and the yellow moonlight, flooding in through the diamond panes, enabled one to see even colours, whilst it softened the wealth of dust which lay over all and disguised in some measure the ravages of time and the moth. My lamp seemed to be of little effect in the brilliant moonlight, but I was glad to have it with me, for there was a dread loneliness in the place which chilled my heart and made my nerves tremble. Still, it was better than living alone in the rooms which I had come to hate from the presence of the Count, and after trying a little to school my nerves, I found a soft quietude come over me. Here I am, sitting at a little oak table where in old times possibly some fair lady sat to pen, with much thought and many blushes, her ill-spelt love-letter, and writing in my diary in shorthand all that has happened since I closed it last. It is nineteenth century up-to-date with a vengeance. And yet, unless my senses deceive me, the old centuries had, and have, powers of their own which mere "modernity" cannot kill.

PT Later: the Morning of 16 May. □—God preserve my sanity, for to this I am reduced. Safety and the assurance of safety are things of the past. Whilst I live on here there is but one thing to hope for, that I may not go mad, if, indeed, I be not mad already. If I be sane, then surely it is maddening to think that of all the foul things that lurk in this hateful place the Count is the least dreadful to me; that to him alone I can look for safety, even though this be only whilst I can serve his purpose. Great God! merciful God! Let me be calm, for out of that way lies madness indeed. I begin to get new lights on certain things which have puzzled me. Up to now I never quite knew what Shakespeare meant when he made Hamlet say: □—

PT "My tablets! quick, my tablets! 'Tis meet that I put it down," etc.,

PT for now, feeling as though my own brain were unhinged or as if the shock had come which must end in its undoing, I turn to my diary for repose. The habit of entering accurately must help to soothe me.

PT The Count's mysterious warning frightened me at the time; it frightens me more now when I think of it, for in future he has a fearful hold upon me. I shall fear to doubt what he may say!

PT When I had written in my diary and had fortunately replaced the book and pen in my pocket I felt sleepy. The Count's warning came into my mind, but I took a pleasure in disobeying it. The sense of sleep was upon me, and with it the obstinacy which sleep brings as outrider. The soft moonlight soothed, and the wide expanse without gave a sense of freedom which refreshed me. I determined not to return tonight to the gloom-haunted rooms, but to sleep here, where, of old, ladies had sat and sung and lived sweet lives whilst their gentle breasts were sad for their menfolk away in the midst of remorseless wars. I drew a great couch out of its place near the corner, so that as I lay, I could look at the lovely view to east and south, and unthinking of and uncaring for the dust, composed myself for sleep. I suppose I must have fallen asleep; I hope so, but I fear, for all that followed was startlingly real—so real that now sitting here in the broad, full sunlight of the morning, I cannot in the least believe that it was all sleep.

PT I was not alone. The room was the same, unchanged in any way since I came into it; I could see along the floor, in the brilliant moonlight, my own footsteps marked where I had disturbed the long accumulation of dust. In the moonlight opposite me were three young women, ladies by their dress and manner. I thought at the time that I must be dreaming when I saw them, for, 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 that seemed to be almost red when contrasted with the pale yellow moon. The other was fair, as fair as can be, with great wavy masses of golden hair and eyes like pale sapphires. I seemed somehow to know her face, and to know it in connection with some dreamy fear, but I could not recollect at the moment how or where. All three had brilliant white teeth that shone like pearls against the ruby of their voluptuous lips. There was something about them that made me uneasy, some longing and at the same time some deadly fear. I felt in my heart a wicked, burning desire that they would kiss me with those red lips. It is not good to note this down, lest some day it should meet Mina's eyes and cause her pain; but it is the truth. They whispered together, and then they all three laughed—such a silvery, musical laugh, but as hard as though the sound never could have come through the softness of human lips. It was like the intolerable, tingling sweetness of water-glasses when played on by a cunning hand.

The fair girl shook her head coquettishly, and the other two urged her on. One said: □—

PT “Go on! You are first, and we shall follow; yours is the right to begin.” The other added: □—

PT “He is young and strong; there are kisses for us all.” I lay quiet, looking out under my eyelashes in an agony of delightful anticipation. The fair girl advanced and bent over me till I could feel the movement of her breath upon me. Sweet it was in one sense, honey-sweet, and sent the same tingling through the nerves as her voice, but with a bitter underlying the sweet, a bitter offensiveness, as one smells in blood.

PT 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. There was a deliberate voluptuousness which was both thrilling and repulsive, and as she arched her neck she actually licked her lips like an animal, till I could see in the moonlight the moisture shining on the scarlet lips and on the red tongue as it lapped the white sharp teeth. Lower and lower went her head as the lips went below the range of my mouth and chin and seemed about to fasten on my throat. Then she paused, and I could hear the churning sound of her tongue as it licked her teeth and lips, and could feel the hot breath on my neck. Then the skin of my throat began to tingle as one’s flesh does when the hand that is to tickle it approaches nearer □—nearer. I could feel the soft, shivering touch of the lips on the super-sensitive skin of my throat, and the hard dents of two sharp teeth, just touching and pausing there. I closed my eyes in a languorous ecstasy and waited □—waited with beating heart.

PT But at that instant, another sensation swept through me as quick as lightning. I was conscious of the presence of the Count, and of his being as if lapped in a storm of fury. As my eyes opened involuntarily I saw his strong hand grasp the slender neck of the fair woman and with giant’s power draw it back, the blue eyes transformed with fury, the white teeth champing with rage, and the fair cheeks blazing red with passion. But the Count! Never did I imagine such wrath and fury, even to the demons of the pit. His eyes were positively blazing. The red light in them was lurid, as if the flames of hellfire blazed behind them. His face was deathly pale, and the lines of it were hard like drawn wires; the thick eyebrows that met over the nose now seemed like a heaving bar of white-hot metal. With a fierce sweep of his arm, he hurled the woman from him, and then

motioned to the others, as though he were beating them back; it was the same imperious gesture that I had seen used to the wolves. In a voice which, though low and almost in a whisper seemed to cut through the air and then ring round the room he said: □—

PT “How dare you touch him, any of you? How dare you cast eyes on him when I had forbidden it? Back, I tell you all! This man belongs to me! Beware how you meddle with him, or you’ll have to deal with me.” The fair girl, with a laugh of ribald coquetry, turned to answer him: □—

PT “You yourself never loved; you never love!” On this the other women joined, and such a mirthless, hard, soulless laughter rang through the room that it almost made me faint to hear; it seemed like the pleasure of fiends. Then the Count turned, after looking at my face attentively, and said in a soft whisper: □—

PT “Yes, I too can love; you yourselves can tell it from the past. Is it not so? Well, now I promise you that when I am done with him you shall kiss him at your will. Now go! go! I must awaken him, for there is work to be done.”

PT “Are we to have nothing tonight?” said one of them, with a low laugh, as she pointed to the bag which he had thrown upon the floor, and which moved as though there were some living thing within it. 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 half-smothered child. The women closed round, whilst I was aghast with horror; but as I looked they disappeared, and with them the dreadful bag. There was no door near them, and they could not have passed me without my noticing. They simply seemed to fade into the rays of the moonlight and pass out through the window, for I could see outside the dim, shadowy forms for a moment before they entirely faded away.

PT Then the horror overcame me, and I sank down unconscious.

IV

PT Jonathan Harker's Journal □—continued

PT I awoke in my own bed. If it be that I had not dreamt, the Count must have carried me here. I tried to satisfy myself on the subject, but could not arrive at any unquestionable result. To be sure, there were certain small evidences, such as that my clothes were folded and laid by in a manner which was not my habit. My watch was still unwound, and I am rigorously accustomed to wind it the last thing before going to bed, and many such details. But these things are no proof, for they may have been evidences that my mind was not as usual, and, from some cause or another, I had certainly been much upset. I must watch for proof. Of one thing I am glad: if it was that the Count carried me here and undressed me, he must have been hurried in his task, for my pockets are intact. I am sure this diary would have been a mystery to him which he would not have brooked. He would have taken or destroyed it. As I look round this room, although it has been to me so full of fear, it is now a sort of sanctuary, for nothing can be more dreadful than those awful women, who were □—who are □—waiting to suck my blood.

PT 18 May. □—I have been 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 I found it closed. It had been so forcibly driven against the jamb that part of the woodwork was splintered. I could see that the bolt of the lock had not been shot, but the door is fastened from the inside. I fear it was no dream, and must act on this surmise.

PT 19 May. □—I am surely in the toils. Last night the Count asked me in the suavest tones 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 from the time of the letter, and the third that I had left the castle and arrived at Bistritz. I would fain have rebelled, but felt that in the present state of things it would be madness to quarrel openly with the Count whilst I am so absolutely in his power; and to refuse would be 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. Something may occur which will give me a chance to escape. I saw in his eyes something of that gathering wrath which was manifest when he

hurled that fair woman from him. He explained to me that posts were few and uncertain, and that my writing now would ensure ease of mind to my friends; and he assured me with so much impressiveness that he would countermand the later letters, which would be held over at Bistritz until due time in case chance would admit of my prolonging my stay, that to oppose him would have been to create new suspicion. I therefore pretended to fall in with his views, and asked him what dates I should put on the letters. He calculated a minute, and then said: □—

PT “The first should be June 12, the second June 19, and the third June 29.”

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

PT 28 May. □—There is a chance of escape, or at any rate of being able to send word home. A band of Szgany have come to the castle, and are encamped in the courtyard. These Szgany are gipsies; I have notes of them in my book. They are peculiar to this part of the world, though allied to the ordinary gipsies all the world over. There are thousands of them in Hungary and Transylvania, who are almost outside all law. They attach themselves as a rule to some great noble or boyar, and call themselves by his name. They are fearless and without religion, save superstition, and they talk only their own varieties of the Romany tongue.

PT I shall write some letters home, and shall try to get them to have them posted. I have already spoken them through my window to begin acquaintanceship. They took their hats off and made obeisance and many signs, which, however, I could not understand any more than I could their spoken language. □ □...

PT I have written the letters. Mina’s is in shorthand, and I simply ask Mr. Hawkins to communicate with her. To her I have explained my situation, but without the horrors which I may only surmise. It would shock and frighten her to death were I to expose my heart to her. Should the letters not carry, then the Count shall not yet know my secret or the extent of my knowledge. □ □...

PT I have given the letters; I threw them through the bars of my window with a gold piece, and made what signs I could to have them posted. The man who took them pressed them to his heart and bowed, and then put them in his cap. I could do no more. I stole back to the

study, and began to read. As the Count did not come in, I have written here. □ □...

PT The Count has come. He sat down beside me, and said in his smoothest voice as he opened two letters: □—

PT “The Szgany has given me these, of which, though I know not whence they come, I shall, of course, take care. See!” □—he must have looked at it □—“one is from you, and to my friend Peter Hawkins; the other” □—here he caught sight of the strange symbols as he opened the envelope, and the dark look came into his face, and his eyes blazed wickedly □—“the other is a vile thing, an outrage upon friendship and hospitality! It is not signed. Well! so it cannot matter to us.” And he calmly held letter and envelope in the flame of the lamp till they were consumed. Then he went on: □—

PT “The letter to Hawkins □—that I shall, of course, send on, since it is yours. Your letters are sacred to me. Your pardon, my friend, that unknowingly I did break the seal. Will you not cover it again?” He held out the letter to me, and with a courteous bow handed me a clean envelope. I could only redirect it and hand it to him in silence. When he went out of the room I could hear the key turn softly. A minute later I went over and tried it, and the door was locked.

PT When, an hour or two after, the Count came quietly into the room, his coming awakened me, for I had gone to sleep on the sofa. He was very courteous and very cheery in his manner, and seeing that I had been sleeping, he said: □—

PT “So, my friend, you are tired? Get to bed. There is the surest rest. I may not have the pleasure to talk tonight, since there are many labours to me; but you will sleep, I pray.” I passed to my room and went to bed, and, strange to say, slept without dreaming. Despair has its own calms.

PT 31 May. □—This morning when I woke I thought I would provide myself with some paper and envelopes from my bag and keep them in my pocket, so that I might write in case I should get an opportunity, but again a surprise, again a shock!

PT Every scrap of paper was gone, and with it all my notes, my memoranda, relating to railways and travel, my letter of credit, in fact all that might be useful to me were I once outside the castle. I sat and

pondered awhile, and then some thought occurred to me, and I made search of my portmanteau and in the wardrobe where I had placed my clothes.

PT The suit in which I had travelled was gone, and also my overcoat and rug; I could find no trace of them anywhere. This looked like some new scheme of villainy. □ □...

PT 17 June. □—This morning, as I was sitting on the edge of my bed cudgelling my brains, I heard without a cracking of whips and pounding and scraping of horses' feet up the rocky path beyond the courtyard. With joy I hurried to the window, and saw drive into the yard two great leiter-wagons, each drawn by eight sturdy horses, and at the head of each pair a Slovak, with his wide hat, great nail-studded belt, dirty sheepskin, and high boots. They had also their long staves in hand. I ran to the door, intending to descend and try and join them through the main hall, as I thought that way might be opened for them. Again a shock: my door was fastened on the outside.

PT Then I ran to the window and cried to them. They looked up at me stupidly and pointed, but just then the "hetman" of the Szgany came out, and seeing them pointing to my window, said something, at which they laughed. Henceforth no effort of mine, no piteous cry or agonised entreaty, would make them even look at me. They resolutely turned away. The leiter-wagons contained great, square boxes, with handles of thick rope; these were evidently empty by the ease with which the Slovaks handled them, and by their resonance as they were roughly moved. When they were all unloaded and packed in a great heap in one corner of the yard, the Slovaks were given some money by the Szgany, and spitting on it for luck, lazily went each to his horse's head. Shortly afterwards, I heard the cracking of their whips die away in the distance.

PT 24 June, before morning. □—Last night the Count left me early, and locked himself into his own room. As soon as I dared I ran up the winding stair, and looked out of the window, which opened south. I thought I would watch for the Count, for there is something going on. The Szgany are quartered somewhere in the castle and are doing work of some kind. I know it, for now and then I hear a faraway muffled sound as of mattock and spade, and, whatever it is, it must be the end of some ruthless villainy.

PT I had been at the window somewhat less than half an hour, when I saw something coming out of the Count's window. I drew back and watched carefully, and saw the whole man emerge. It was a new shock to me to find that he had on the suit of clothes which I had worn whilst travelling here, and slung over his shoulder the terrible bag which I had seen the women take away. There could be no doubt as to his quest, and in my garb, too! This, then, is his new scheme of evil: that he will allow others to see me, as they think, so that he may both leave evidence that I have been seen in the towns or villages posting my own letters, and that any wickedness which he may do shall by the local people be attributed to me.

PT It makes me rage to think that this can go on, and whilst I am shut up here, a veritable prisoner, but without that protection of the law which is even a criminal's right and consolation.

PT I thought I would watch for the Count's return, and for a long time sat doggedly at the window. Then I began to notice that there were some quaint little specks floating in the rays of the moonlight. They were like the tiniest grains of dust, and they whirled round and gathered in clusters in a nebulous sort of way. I watched them with a sense of soothing, and a sort of calm stole over me. I leaned back in the embrasure in a more comfortable position, so that I could enjoy more fully the aerial gambolling.

PT Something made me start up, a low, piteous howling of dogs somewhere far below in the valley, which was hidden from my sight. Louder it seemed to ring in my ears, and the floating motes of dust to take new shapes to the sound as they danced in the moonlight. I felt myself struggling to awake to some call of my instincts; nay, my very soul was struggling, and my half-remembered sensibilities were striving to answer the call. I was becoming hypnotised! Quicker and quicker danced the dust; the moonbeams seemed to quiver as they went by me into the mass of gloom beyond. More and more they gathered till they seemed to take dim phantom shapes. And then I started, broad awake and in full possession of my senses, and ran screaming from the place. The phantom shapes, which were becoming gradually materialised from the moonbeams, were those of the three ghostly women to whom I was doomed. I fled, and felt somewhat safer in my own room, where there was no moonlight and where the lamp was burning brightly.

PT When a couple of hours had passed I heard something stirring in the Count's room, something like a sharp wail quickly suppressed; and then there was silence, deep, awful silence, which chilled me. With a beating heart, I tried the door; but I was locked in my prison, and could do nothing. I sat down and simply cried.

PT As I sat I heard a sound in the courtyard without—the agonised cry of a woman. I rushed to the window, and throwing it up, peered out between the bars. There, indeed, was a woman with dishevelled hair, holding her hands over her heart as one distressed with running. She was leaning against a corner of the gateway. When she saw my face at the window she threw herself forward, and shouted in a voice laden with menace:—

PT "Monster, give me my child!"

PT She threw herself on her knees, and raising up her hands, cried the same words in tones which wrung my heart. Then she tore her hair and beat her breast, and abandoned herself to all the violences of extravagant emotion. Finally, she threw herself forward, and, though I could not see her, I could hear the beating of her naked hands against the door.

PT Somewhere high overhead, probably on the tower, I heard the voice of the Count calling in his harsh, metallic whisper. His call seemed to be answered from far and wide by the howling of wolves. Before many minutes had passed a pack of them poured, like a pent-up dam when liberated, through the wide entrance into the courtyard.

PT There was no cry from the woman, and the howling of the wolves was but short. Before long they streamed away singly, licking their lips.

PT I could not pity her, for I knew now what had become of her child, and she was better dead.

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

PT 25 June, morning.—No man knows till he has suffered from the night how sweet and how dear to his heart and eye the morning can be. When the sun grew so high this morning that it struck the top of the great gateway opposite my window, the high spot which it touched seemed to me as if the dove from the ark had lighted there. My fear fell from me as if

it had been a vaporous garment which dissolved in the warmth. I must take action of some sort whilst the courage of the day is upon me. Last night one of my postdated letters went to post, the first of that fatal series which is to blot out the very traces of my existence from the earth.

PT Let me not think of it. Action!

PT It has always been at nighttime that I have been molested or threatened, or in some way in danger or in fear. I have not yet seen the Count in the daylight. Can it be that he sleeps when others wake, that he may be awake whilst they sleep? If I could only get into his room! But there is no possible way. The door is always locked, no way for me.

PT Yes, there is a way, if one dares to take it. Where his body has gone why may not another body go? I have seen him myself crawl from his window. Why should not I imitate him, and go in by his window? The chances are desperate, but my need is more desperate still. I shall risk it. At the worst it can only be death; and a man's death is not a calf's, and the dreaded Hereafter may still be open to me. 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!

PT Same day, later. □—I have made the effort, and God, helping me, have come safely back to this room. I must put down every detail in order. I went whilst my courage was fresh straight to the window on the south side, and at once got outside on the narrow ledge of stone which runs around the building on this side. The stones are big and roughly cut, and the mortar has by process of time been washed away between them. I took off my boots, and ventured out on the desperate way. I looked down once, so as to make sure that a sudden glimpse of the awful depth would not overcome me, but after that kept my eyes away from it. I knew pretty well the direction and distance of the Count's window, and made for it as well as I could, having regard to the opportunities available. I did not feel dizzy □—I suppose I was too excited □—and the time seemed ridiculously short till I found myself standing on the windowsill and trying to raise up the sash. I was filled with agitation, however, when I bent down and slid feet foremost in through the window. Then I looked around for the Count, but, with surprise and gladness, made a discovery. The room was empty! It was barely furnished with odd things, which seemed to have never been used; the furniture was something the same style as that in the south rooms, and 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, as though it had lain long in the ground. None of it that I noticed was less than three hundred years old. There were also chains and ornaments, some jewelled, but all of them old and stained.

PT At one corner of the room was a heavy door. I tried it, for, since I could not find the key of the room or the key of the outer door, which was the main object of my search, I must make further examination, or all my efforts would be in vain. It was open, and led through a stone passage to a circular stairway, which went steeply down. I descended, minding carefully where I went, for the stairs were dark, being only lit by loopholes in the heavy masonry. At the bottom there was a dark, tunnel-like passage, through which came a deathly, sickly odour, the odour of old earth newly turned. As I went through the passage the smell grew closer and heavier. At last I pulled open a heavy door which stood ajar, and found myself in an old, ruined chapel, which had evidently been used as a graveyard. The roof was broken, and in two places were steps leading to vaults, but the ground had recently been dug over, and the earth placed in great wooden boxes, manifestly those which had been brought by the Slovaks. There was nobody about, and I made search for any further outlet, but there was none. Then I went over every inch of the ground, so as not to lose a chance. I went down even into the vaults, where the dim light struggled, although to do so was a dread to my very soul. Into two of these I went, but saw nothing except fragments of old coffins and piles of dust; in the third, however, I made a discovery.

PT There, in one of the great boxes, of which there were fifty in all, on a pile of newly dug earth, lay the Count! He was either dead or asleep, I could not say which—for the eyes were open and stony, but without the glassiness of death—and the cheeks had the warmth of life through all their pallor; the lips were as red as ever. But there was no sign of movement, no pulse, no breath, no beating of the heart. I bent over him, and tried to find any sign of life, but in vain. He could not have lain there long, for the earthy smell would have passed away in a few hours. By the side of the box was its cover, pierced with holes here and there. I thought he might have the keys on him, but when I went to search I saw the dead eyes, and in them, dead though they were, such a look of hate, though unconscious of me or my presence, that I fled from the place, and leaving

the Count's room by the window, crawled again up the castle wall. Regaining my room, I threw myself panting upon the bed and tried to think. □ □...

PT 29 June. □—Today is the date of my last letter, and the Count has taken steps to prove that it was genuine, for again I saw him leave the castle by the same window, and in my clothes. As he went down the wall, lizard fashion, I wished I had a gun or some lethal weapon, that I might destroy him; but I fear that no weapon wrought alone by man's hand would have any effect on him. I dared not wait to see him return, for I feared to see those weird sisters. I came back to the library, and read there till I fell asleep.

PT I was awakened by the Count, who looked at me as grimly as a man can look as he said: □—

PT "Tomorrow, my friend, we must part. You return to your beautiful England, I to some work which may have such an end that we may never meet. Your letter home has been despatched; tomorrow I shall not be here, but all shall be ready for your journey. In the morning come the Szgany, who have some labours of their own here, and also come some Slovaks. When they have gone, my carriage shall come for you, and shall bear you to the Borgo Pass to meet the diligence from Bukovina to Bistritz. But I am in hopes that I shall see more of you at Castle Dracula." I suspected him, and determined to test his sincerity. Sincerity! It seems like a profanation of the word to write it in connection with such a monster, so asked him point-blank: □—

PT "Why may I not go tonight?"

PT "Because, dear sir, my coachman and horses are away on a mission."

PT "But I would walk with pleasure. I want to get away at once." He smiled, such a soft, smooth, diabolical smile that I knew there was some trick behind his smoothness. He said: □—

PT "And your baggage?"

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

PT The Count stood up, and said, with a sweet courtesy which made me rub my eyes, it seemed so real: □—

PT “You English have a saying which is close to my heart, for its spirit is that which rules our boyars: ‘Welcome the coming; speed the parting guest.’ Come with me, my dear young friend. Not an hour shall you wait in my house against your will, though sad am I at your going, and that you so suddenly desire it. Come!” With a stately gravity, he, with the lamp, preceded me down the stairs and along the hall. Suddenly he stopped.

PT “Hark!”

PT Close at hand came the howling of many wolves. It was almost as if the sound sprang up at the rising of his hand, just as the music of a great orchestra seems to leap under the bâton of the conductor. After a pause of a moment, he proceeded, in his stately way, to the door, drew back the ponderous bolts, unhooked the heavy chains, and began to draw it open.

PT To my intense astonishment I saw that it was unlocked. Suspiciously, I looked all round, but could see no key of any kind.

PT As the door began to open, the howling of the wolves without grew louder and angrier; their red jaws, with champing teeth, and their blunt-clawed feet as they leaped, 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 at his command, I could do nothing. But still the door continued slowly to open, and only the Count’s body stood in the gap. Suddenly it struck me that this might be the moment and means of my doom; I was to be given to the wolves, and at my own instigation. There was a diabolical wickedness in the idea great enough for the Count, and as a last chance I cried out: □—

PT “Shut the door; I shall wait till morning!” and covered my face with my hands to hide my tears of bitter disappointment. With one sweep of his powerful arm, the Count threw the door shut, and the great bolts clanged and echoed through the hall as they shot back into their places.

PT In silence we returned to the library, and after a minute or two I went to my own room. The last I saw of Count Dracula was his kissing his hand to me; with a red light of triumph in his eyes, and with a smile that Judas in hell might be proud of.

PT When I was in my room and about to lie down, I thought I heard a whispering at my door. I went to it softly and listened. Unless my ears deceived me, I heard the voice of the Count:—

PT “Back, back, to your own place! Your time is not yet come. Wait! Have patience! Tonight is mine. Tomorrow night is yours!” There was a low, sweet ripple of laughter, and in a rage I threw open the door, and saw without the three terrible women licking their lips. As I appeared they all joined in a horrible laugh, and ran away.

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

PT 30 June, morning.—These may be the last words I ever write in this diary. I slept till just before the dawn, and when I woke threw myself on my knees, for I determined that if Death came he should find me ready.

PT At last I felt that subtle change in the air, and knew that the morning had come. Then came the welcome cockcrow, and I felt that I was safe. With a glad heart, I opened my door and ran down to the hall. I had seen that the door was unlocked, and now escape was before me. With hands that trembled with eagerness, I unhooked the chains and drew back the massive bolts.

PT But the door would not move. Despair seized me. I pulled, and pulled, at the door, and shook it till, massive as it was, it rattled in its casement. I could see the bolt shot. It had been locked after I left the Count.

PT Then a wild desire took me to obtain that key at any risk, and I determined then and there to scale the wall again and gain the Count's room. He might kill me, but death now seemed the happier choice of evils. Without a pause I rushed up to the east window, and scrambled down the wall, as before, into 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 remained. 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 I sought.

PT The great box was in the same place, close against the wall, but the lid was laid on it, not fastened down, but with the nails ready in their places to be hammered home. I knew I must reach the body for the key, so I raised the lid, and laid it back against the wall; and then I saw something which filled my very soul with horror. There lay the Count, but looking as if his youth had been half renewed, for the white hair and moustache were changed to dark iron-grey; the cheeks were fuller, and the white skin seemed ruby-red underneath; the mouth was redder than ever, for on the lips were gouts of fresh blood, which trickled from the corners of the mouth and ran over the chin and neck. Even the deep, burning eyes seemed set amongst swollen flesh, for the lids and pouches underneath were bloated. It seemed as if the whole awful creature were simply gorged with blood. He lay like a filthy leech, exhausted with his repletion. I shuddered as I bent over to touch him, and every sense in me revolted at the contact; but I had to search, or I was lost. The coming night might see my own body a banquet in a similar way to those horrid three. I felt all over the body, but no sign could I find of the key. Then I stopped and looked at the Count. There was a mocking smile on the bloated face which seemed to drive me mad. This was the being I was helping to transfer to London, where, perhaps, for centuries to come he might, amongst its teeming millions, satiate his lust for blood, and create a new and ever-widening circle of semi-demons to batten on the helpless. The very thought drove me mad. A terrible desire came upon me to rid the world of such a monster. There was no lethal weapon at hand, but I seized a shovel which the workmen had been using to fill the cases, and lifting it high, struck, with the edge downward, at the hateful face. But as I did so the head turned, and the eyes fell full upon me, with all their blaze of basilisk horror. The sight seemed to paralyse me, and the shovel turned in my hand and glanced from the face, merely making a deep gash above the forehead. The shovel fell from my hand across the box, and as I pulled it away the flange of the blade caught the edge of the lid which fell over again, and hid the horrid thing from my sight. The last glimpse I had was of the bloated face, bloodstained and fixed with a grin of malice which would have held its own in the nethermost hell.

PT I thought and thought what should be my next move, but my brain seemed on fire, and I waited with a despairing feeling growing over me. As I waited I heard in the distance a gipsy song sung by merry voices coming closer, and through their song the rolling of heavy wheels and the

cracking of whips; the Szgany and the Slovaks of whom the Count had spoken were coming. With a last look around and at the box which contained the vile body, I ran from the place and gained the Count's room, determined to rush out at the moment the door should be opened. With strained ears, I listened, and heard downstairs the grinding of the key in the great lock and the falling back of the heavy door. There must have been some other means of entry, or someone had a key for one of the locked doors. Then there came the sound of many feet tramping and dying away in some passage which sent up a clanging echo. I turned to run down again towards the vault, where I might find the new entrance; but at the moment there seemed to come a violent puff of wind, and the door to the winding stair blew to with a shock that set the dust from the lintels flying. When I ran to push it open, I found that it was hopelessly fast. I was again a prisoner, and the net of doom was closing round me more closely.

PT As I write there is in the passage below a sound of many tramping feet and the crash of weights being set down heavily, doubtless the boxes, with their freight of earth. There is a sound of hammering; it is the box being nailed down. Now I can hear the heavy feet tramping again along the hall, with many other idle feet coming behind them.

PT The door is shut, and the chains rattle; there is a grinding of the key in the lock; I can hear the key withdraw: then another door opens and shuts; I hear the creaking of lock and bolt.

PT Hark! in the courtyard and down the rocky way the roll of heavy wheels, the crack of whips, and the chorus of the Szgany as they pass into the distance.

PT I am alone in the castle with those awful women. Faugh! Mina is a woman, and there is nought in common. They are devils of the Pit!

PT I shall not remain alone with them; I shall try to scale the castle wall farther than I have yet attempted. I shall take some of the gold with me, lest I want it later. I may find a way from this dreadful place.

PT 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!

PT At least God's mercy is better than that of these monsters, and the precipice is steep and high. At its foot a man may sleep□—as a man. Goodbye, all! Mina!

V

PT Letter from Miss Mina Murray to Miss Lucy Westenra.

PT “9 May.

PT “My dearest Lucy□—

PT “Forgive my long delay in writing, but I have been simply overwhelmed with work. The life of an assistant schoolmistress is sometimes trying. I am longing to be with you, and by the sea, where we can talk together freely and build our castles in the air. I have been working very hard lately, because I want to keep up with Jonathan’s studies, and I have been practising shorthand very assiduously. When we are married I shall be able to be useful to Jonathan, and if I can stenograph well enough I can take down what he wants to say in this way and write it out for him on the typewriter, at which also I am practising very hard. He 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 don’t mean one of those two-pages-to-the-week-with-Sunday-squeezed-in-a-corner diaries, but a sort of journal which I can write in whenever I feel inclined. I do not suppose there will be much of interest to other people; but it is not intended for them. I may show it to Jonathan some day if there is in it anything worth sharing, but it is really an exercise book. I shall try to do what I see lady journalists do: interviewing and writing descriptions and trying to remember conversations. I am told that, with a little practice, one can remember all that goes on or that one hears said during a day. However, we shall see. I will tell you of my little plans when we meet. I have just had a few hurried lines from Jonathan from Transylvania. He is well, and will be returning in about a week. I am longing to hear all his news. It must be so nice to see strange countries. I wonder if we□—I mean Jonathan and I□—shall ever see them together. There is the ten o’clock bell ringing. Goodbye.

PT “Your loving “Mina.

PT “Tell me all the news when you write. You have not told me anything for a long time. I hear rumours, and especially of a tall, handsome, curly-haired man???”

PT Letter, Lucy Westenra to Mina Murray.

PT "17, Chatham Street, "Wednesday.

PT "My dearest Mina □—

PT "I must say you tax me very unfairly with being a bad correspondent. I wrote to you twice since we parted, and your last letter was only your second. Besides, I have nothing to tell you. There is really nothing to interest you. Town is very pleasant just now, and we go a good deal to picture-galleries and for walks and rides in the park. As to the tall, curly-haired man, I suppose it was the one who was with me at the last Pop. Someone has evidently been telling tales. That was Mr. Holmwood. He often comes to see us, and he and mamma get on very well together; they have so many things to talk about in common. We met some time ago a man that would just do for you, if you were not already engaged to Jonathan. He is an excellent parti, being handsome, well off, and of good birth. He is a doctor and really clever. Just fancy! He is only nine-and-twenty, and he has an immense lunatic asylum all under his own care. Mr. Holmwood introduced him to me, and he called here to see us, and often comes now. I think he is one of the most resolute men I ever saw, and yet the most calm. He seems absolutely imperturbable. I can fancy what a wonderful power he must have over his patients. He has a curious habit of looking one straight in the face, as if trying to read one's thoughts. He tries this on very much with me, but I flatter myself he has got a tough nut to crack. I know that from my glass. Do you ever try to read your own face? I do, and I can tell you it is not a bad study, and gives you more trouble than you can well fancy if you have never tried it. He says that I afford him a curious psychological study, and I humbly think I do. I do not, as you know, take sufficient interest in dress to be able to describe the new fashions. Dress is a bore. That is slang again, but never mind; Arthur says that every day. There, it is all out. 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; and now, though I have spoken, I would like to speak more. Oh, Mina, couldn't you guess? I love him. I am blushing as I write, for although I think he loves me, he has not told me so in words. But oh, Mina, I love him; I love him; I love him! There, that does me good. I wish I were with you, dear, sitting by the fire undressing, as we used to sit; and I would try to tell you what I feel. I do not know how I am writing this even to you. I

am afraid to stop, or I should tear up the letter, and I don't want to stop, for I do so want to tell you all. Let me hear from you at once, and tell me all that you think about it. Mina, I must stop. Good night. Bless me in your prayers; and, Mina, pray for my happiness.

PT "Lucy.

PT "P.S.—I need not tell you this is a secret. Good night again.

PT "L."

PT Letter, Lucy Westenra to Mina Murray.

PT "24 May.

PT "My dearest Mina—

PT "Thanks, and thanks, and thanks again for your sweet letter. It was so nice to be able to tell you and to have your sympathy.

PT "My dear, it never rains but it pours. How true the old proverbs are. Here am I, who shall be twenty in September, and yet I never had a proposal till today, not a real proposal, and today I have had three. Just fancy! 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! But, for goodness' sake, don't tell any of the girls, or they would be getting all sorts of extravagant ideas and imagining themselves injured and slighted if in their very first day at home they did not get six at least. Some girls are so vain! You and I, Mina dear, who are engaged and are going to settle down soon soberly into old married women, can despise vanity. Well, I must tell you about the three, but you must keep it a secret, dear, from everyone, except, of course, Jonathan. You will tell him, because I would, if I were in your place, certainly tell Arthur. A woman ought to tell her husband everything—don't you think so, dear?—and I must be fair. Men like women, certainly their wives, to be quite as fair as they are; and women, I am afraid, are not always quite as fair as they should be. Well, my dear, number One came just before lunch. I told you of him, Dr. John Seward, the lunatic-asylum man, with the strong jaw and the good forehead. He was very cool outwardly, but was nervous all the same. He had evidently been schooling himself as to all sorts of little things, and remembered them; but he almost managed to sit down on his silk hat, which men don't generally do when they are cool, and then when he

wanted to appear at ease he kept playing with a lancet in a way that made me nearly scream. He spoke to me, Mina, very straightforwardly. He told me how dear I was to him, though he had known me so little, and what his life would be with me to help and cheer him. He was going to tell me how unhappy he would be if I did not care for him, but when he saw me cry he said that he was a brute and would not add to my present trouble. Then he broke off and asked if I could love him in time; and when I shook my head his hands trembled, and then with some hesitation he asked me if I cared already for anyone else. He put it very nicely, saying that he did not want to wring my confidence from me, but only to know, because if a woman's heart was free a man might have hope. And then, Mina, I felt a sort of duty to tell him that there was someone. I only told him that much, and then he stood up, and he looked very strong and very grave as he took both my hands in his and said he hoped I would be happy, and that if I ever wanted a friend I must count him one of my best. Oh, Mina dear, I can't help crying: and you must excuse this letter being all blotted. Being proposed to is all very nice and all that sort of thing, but it isn't at all a happy thing when you have to see a poor fellow, whom you know loves you honestly, going away and looking all brokenhearted, and to know that, no matter what he may say at the moment, you are passing quite out of his life. My dear, I must stop here at present, I feel so miserable, though I am so happy.

PT "Evening.

PT "Arthur has just gone, and I feel in better spirits than when I left off, so I can go on telling you about the day. Well, my dear, number Two came after lunch. He is such a nice fellow, an American from Texas, and he looks so young and so fresh that it seems almost impossible that he has been to so many places and has had such adventures. I sympathise with poor Desdemona when she had such a dangerous stream poured in her ear, even by a black man. I suppose that we women are such cowards that we think a man will save us from fears, and we marry him. I know now what I would do if I were a man and wanted to make a girl love me. No, I don't, for there was Mr. Morris telling us his stories, and Arthur never told any, and yet—My dear, I am somewhat previous. Mr. Quincey P. Morris found me alone. It seems that a man always does find a girl alone. No, he doesn't, for Arthur tried twice to make a chance, and I helping him all I could; I am not ashamed to say it now. I must tell you beforehand that Mr. Morris doesn't always speak slang—that is to say,

he never does so to strangers or before them, for he is really well educated and has exquisite manners□—but he found out that it amused me to hear him talk American slang, and whenever I was present, and there was no one to be shocked, he said such funny things. I am afraid, my dear, he has to invent it all, for it fits exactly into whatever else he has to say. But this is a way slang has. I do not know myself if I shall ever speak slang; I do not know if Arthur likes it, as I have never heard him use any as yet. Well, Mr. Morris sat down beside me and looked as happy and jolly as he could, but I could see all the same that he was very nervous. He took my hand in his, and said ever so sweetly:□—

PT “ ‘Miss Lucy, I know I ain’t good enough to regulate the fixin’s of your little shoes, but I guess if you wait till you find a man that is you will go join them seven young women with the lamps when you quit. Won’t you just hitch up alongside of me and let us go down the long road together, driving in double harness?’

PT “Well, he did look so good-humoured and so jolly that it didn’t seem half so hard to refuse him as it did poor Dr. Seward; so I said, as lightly as I could, that I did not know anything of hitching, and that I wasn’t broken to harness at all yet. Then he said that he had spoken in a light manner, and he hoped that if he had made a mistake in doing so on so grave, so momentous, an occasion for him, I would forgive him. He really did look serious when he was saying it, and I couldn’t help feeling a bit serious too□—I know, Mina, you will think me a horrid flirt□—though I couldn’t help feeling a sort of exultation that he was number two in one day. And then, my dear, before I could say a word he began pouring out a perfect torrent of lovemaking, laying his very heart and soul at my feet. He looked so earnest over it that I shall never again think that a man must be playful always, and never earnest, because he is merry at times. I suppose he saw something in my face which checked him, for he suddenly stopped, and said with a sort of manly fervour that I could have loved him for if I had been free:□—

PT “ ‘Lucy, you are an honest-hearted girl, I know. I should not be here speaking to you as I am now if I did not believe you clean grit, right through to the very depths of your soul. Tell me, like one good fellow to another, is there anyone else that you care for? And if there is I’ll never trouble you a hair’s breadth again, but will be, if you will let me, a very faithful friend.’

PT “My dear Mina, why are men so noble when we women are so little worthy of them? Here was I almost making fun of this greathearted, true gentleman. I burst into tears□—I am afraid, my dear, you will think this a very sloppy letter in more ways than one□—and I really felt very badly. Why can’t they let a girl marry three men, or as many as want her, and save all this trouble? But this is heresy, and I must not say it. I am glad to say that, though I was crying, I was able to look into Mr. Morris’s brave eyes, and I told him out straight:□—

PT “ ‘Yes, there is someone I love, though he has not told me yet that he even loves me.’ I was right to speak to him so frankly, for quite a light came into his face, and he put out both his hands and took mine□—I think I put them into his□—and said in a hearty way:□—

PT “ ‘That’s my brave girl. It’s better worth being late for a chance of winning you than being in time for any other girl in the world. Don’t cry, my dear. If it’s for me, I’m a hard nut to crack; and I take it standing up. If that other fellow doesn’t know his happiness, well, he’d better look for it soon, or he’ll have to deal with me. Little girl, your honesty and pluck have made me a friend, and that’s rarer than a lover; it’s more unselfish anyhow. My dear, I’m going to have a pretty lonely walk between this and Kingdom Come. Won’t you give me one kiss? It’ll be something to keep off the darkness now and then. You can, you know, if you like, for that other good fellow□—he must be a good fellow, my dear, and a fine fellow, or you could not love him□—hasn’t spoken yet.’ That quite won me, Mina, for it was brave and sweet of him, and noble, too, to a rival□—wasn’t it?□—and he so sad; so I leant over and kissed him. He stood up with my two hands in his, and as he looked down into my face□—I am afraid I was blushing very much□—he said:□—

PT “ ‘Little girl, I hold your hand, and you’ve kissed me, and if these things don’t make us friends nothing ever will. Thank you for your sweet honesty to me, and goodbye.’ He wrung my hand, and taking up his hat, went straight out of the room without looking back, without a tear or a quiver or a pause; and I am crying like a baby. Oh, why must a man like that be made unhappy when there are lots of girls about who would worship the very ground he trod on? I know I would if I were free□—only I don’t want to be free. My dear, this quite upset me, and I feel I cannot write of happiness just at once, after telling you of it; and I don’t wish to tell of the number three until it can be all happy.

PT “Ever your loving “Lucy.

PT “P.S. □—Oh, about number Three □—I needn’t tell you of number Three, need I? Besides, it was all so confused; it seemed only a moment from his coming into the room till both his arms were round me, and he was kissing me. I am very, very happy, and I don’t know what I have done to deserve it. I must only try in the future to show that I am not ungrateful to God for all His goodness to me in sending to me such a lover, such a husband, and such a friend.

PT “Goodbye.”

PT Dr. Seward’s Diary.

PT (Kept in phonograph.)

PT 25 May. □—Ebb tide in appetite today. Cannot eat, cannot rest, so diary instead. Since my rebuff of yesterday I have a sort of empty feeling; nothing in the world seems of sufficient importance to be worth the doing. □ □... As I knew that the only cure for this sort of thing was work, I went down amongst the patients. I picked out one who has afforded me a study of much interest. He is so quaint that I am determined to understand him as well as I can. Today I seemed to get nearer than ever before to the heart of his mystery.

PT I questioned him more fully than I had ever done, with a view to making myself master of the facts of his hallucination. In my manner of doing it there was, I now see, something of cruelty. I seemed to wish to keep him to the point of his madness □—a thing which I avoid with the patients as I would the mouth of hell.

PT (Mem., under what circumstances would I not avoid the pit of hell?) Omnia Romae venalia sunt. Hell has its price! verb. sap. If there be anything behind this instinct it will be valuable to trace it afterwards accurately, so I had better commence to do so, therefore □—

PT R. M. Renfield, ætat 59. □—Sanguine temperament; great physical strength; morbidly excitable; periods of gloom, ending in some fixed idea which I cannot make out. I presume that the sanguine temperament itself and the disturbing influence end in a mentally-accomplished finish; a possibly dangerous man, probably dangerous if unselfish. In selfish men caution is as secure an armour for their foes as for themselves. What I think of on this point is, when self is the fixed point the centripetal force is

balanced with the centrifugal; when duty, a cause, etc., is the fixed point, the latter force is paramount, and only accident or a series of accidents can balance it.

PT Letter, Quincey P. Morris to Hon. Arthur Holmwood.

PT “25 May.

PT “My dear Art—

PT “We’ve told yarns by the campfire in the prairies; and dressed one another’s wounds after trying a landing at the Marquesas; and drunk healths on the shore of Titicaca. There are more yarns to be told, and other wounds to be healed, and another health to be drunk. Won’t you let this be at my campfire tomorrow night? I have no hesitation in asking you, as I know a certain lady is engaged to a certain dinner-party, and that you are free. There will only be one other, our old pal at the Korea, Jack Seward. He’s coming, too, and we both want to mingle our weeps over the wine-cup, and to drink a health with all our hearts to the happiest man in all the wide world, who has won the noblest heart that God has made and the best worth winning. We promise you a hearty welcome, and a loving greeting, and a health as true as your own right hand. We shall both swear to leave you at home if you drink too deep to a certain pair of eyes. Come!

PT “Yours, as ever and always, “Quincey P. Morris.”

PT Telegram from Arthur Holmwood to Quincey P. Morris.

PT “26 May.

PT “Count me in every time. I bear messages which will make both your ears tingle.

PT “Art.”

VI

PT Mina Murray's Journal.

PT 24 July. Whitby. □—Lucy met me at the station, looking sweeter and lovelier than ever, and we drove up to the house at the Crescent in which they have rooms. This is a lovely place. The little river, the Esk, runs through a deep valley, which broadens out as it comes near the harbour. A great viaduct runs across, with high piers, through which the view seems somehow further away than it really is. The valley is beautifully green, and it is so steep that when you are on the high land on either side you look right across it, unless you are near enough to see down. The houses of the old town □—the side away from us □—are all red-roofed, and seem piled up one over the other anyhow, like the pictures we see of Nuremberg. Right over the town is the ruin of Whitby Abbey, which was sacked by the Danes, and which is the scene of part of Marmion, where the girl was built up in the wall. It is a most noble ruin, of immense size, and full of beautiful and romantic bits; there is a legend that a white lady is seen in one of the windows. Between it and the town there is another church, the parish one, round which is a big graveyard, all full of tombstones. This is to my mind the nicest spot in Whitby, for it lies right over the town, and has a full view of the harbour and all up the bay to where the headland called Kettleness stretches out into the sea. It descends so steeply over the harbour that part of the bank has fallen away, and some of the graves have been destroyed. In one place part of the stonework of the graves stretches out over the sandy pathway far below. There are walks, with seats beside them, through the churchyard; and people go and sit there all day long looking at the beautiful view and enjoying the breeze. I shall come and sit here very often myself and work. Indeed, I am writing now, with my book on my knee, and listening to the talk of three old men who are sitting beside me. They seem to do nothing all day but sit up here and talk.

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Preliminares

En Para meu querido amigo Hommy-Beg.

En A ordem destes papéis ficará clara à medida que forem lidos. Todo material desnecessário foi removido para que a história, embora possa parecer conflitar com o que as gerações posteriores possam acreditar, possa se apresentar como um fato simples. Em todo o texto, nenhuma afirmação do passado é incluída que possa ser afetada por memória falha, porque cada registro selecionado foi escrito na época por aqueles que testemunharam os eventos e os compreenderam dentro dos limites de seu próprio conhecimento.

En Drácula

I

En Diário de Jonathan Harker.

En O diário foi mantido em taquigrafia.

En Em 1º de maio, o narrador saiu de Munique às 20h35 e chegou a Viena no início da manhã seguinte, embora o trem estivesse uma hora atrasado. Do trem, ele vislumbrou Budapeste e sentiu que estava deixando o Ocidente e entrando no Oriente, atravessando o Danúbio por uma ponte esplêndida para uma região moldada pelo domínio turco.

En O trem partiu no horário e chegou a Klausenburgh após o anoitecer. O narrador ficou no Hotel Royale e comeu um prato de frango apimentado chamado paprika hendl, que lhe deu sede. Ele o mencionou como um prato nacional encontrado em todos os Cárpatos. Seu alemão limitado mostrou-se muito útil.

En Antes de sair de Londres, o narrador pesquisara a Transilvânia no Museu Britânico, acreditando que o conhecimento do país seria útil ao lidar com o Conde Drácula. Ele soube que a região mencionada ficava nos Cárpatos orientais, perto de três fronteiras. Não conseguiu encontrar a localização exata do Castelo de Drácula em nenhum mapa, mas Bistritz, a cidade postal, era bem conhecida. Ele planejava registrar suas anotações para Mina.

En A Transilvânia tinha quatro nacionalidades distintas: saxões e valáquios no sul, magiares no oeste e szeklers no leste e norte. O narrador se dirigia aos szeklers, que alegavam ser descendentes de Átila e dos hunos. Ele leu que os Cárpatos eram um ponto de encontro de superstições, tornando sua estadia potencialmente fascinante.

En O narrador dormiu mal devido a sonhos estranhos, um cão uivando e sede causada pelo paprika apimentado. Ele dormiu profundamente perto da manhã, mas foi acordado por batidas. Seu café da manhã incluiu mais paprika, mamaliga (mingau de milho) e impletata (berinjela recheada). Ele correu para a estação, mas o trem atrasou mais de uma hora, levando-o a concluir que os trens se tornam menos pontuais à medida que se viaja para o leste.

En O dia parecia passar devagar enquanto viajavam por um campo rico em todo tipo de beleza. Às vezes vislumbravam pequenas cidades

ou castelos empoleirados em colinas íngremes, como ilustrações em manuscritos antigos; outras vezes, corriam ao lado de rios e riachos cujas margens largas e pedregosas sugeriam que estavam sujeitos a grandes inundações. É preciso um fluxo forte e abundante para limpar as bordas externas de um rio. Em cada estação, grupos de pessoas se reuniam, às vezes em multidões, vestindo todos os tipos de roupas. Alguns se assemelhavam a camponeses de sua terra ou aos que vira na França e na Alemanha, com jaquetas curtas, chapéus redondos e calças caseiras; mas outros eram muito pitorescos. As mulheres pareciam bonitas à distância, embora menos de perto, e eram bastante desajeitadas na cintura. Todas usavam mangas brancas cheias de algum tipo, e a maioria tinha cintos grandes com muitas tiras de tecido esvoaçantes, como fantasias de balé, mas com anáguas por baixo. As figuras mais estranhas eram os eslovacos, que pareciam mais bárbaros que os outros, com seus grandes chapéus de caubói, calças largas e sujas de branco, camisas de linho branco e cintos de couro enormes e pesados com quase trinta centímetros de largura, cravejados de pregos de latão. Usavam botas altas com as calças enfiadas dentro, e tinham cabelos longos e pretos e bigodes pretos e grossos. Eram muito pitorescos, mas não pareciam atraentes. Num palco, seriam imediatamente tomados por uma antiga banda de salteadores orientais. No entanto, foi-lhe dito que eram bastante inofensivos e um tanto carentes de autoconfiança natural.

En Foi no crepúsculo escurecido que chegaram a Bistritz, um lugar antigo muito interessante. Por estar praticamente na fronteira – pois o Passo Borgo leva dela para a Bucovina –, tivera uma existência muito tempestuosa, e certamente mostrava marcas disso. Cinquenta anos antes, ocorrera uma série de grandes incêndios, causando terríveis estragos em cinco ocasiões separadas. No início do século XVII, sofrera um cerco de três semanas e perdera 13.000 pessoas, com as baixas da guerra propriamente dita sendo auxiliadas pela fome e pela doença.

En O Conde Drácula o havia instruído a ir ao Hotel Golden Krone, que ele descobriu, para sua grande alegria, ser completamente antiquado, pois queria ver tudo o que pudesse dos costumes do país. Ele era evidentemente esperado, pois quando se aproximou da porta encontrou uma idosa de aparência alegre vestida com o traje camponês habitual – uma roupa de baixo branca com um longo avental duplo, na frente e atrás, de tecido colorido ajustado quase demasiado justo para a

modéstia. Quando ele se aproximou, ela fez uma reverência e perguntou se ele era o cavalheiro inglês. Ele confirmou que era Jonathan Harker. Ela sorriu e deu algum recado a um homem idoso de camisa branca de mangas compridas, que a seguira até a porta. Ele foi, mas imediatamente voltou com uma carta.

En A carta era de seu amigo, dando-lhe as boas-vindas aos Cárpatos e dizendo que o esperava ansiosamente. Aconselhou-o a dormir bem naquela noite. No dia seguinte, às três, a diligência partiria para a Bucovina; um lugar nela estava reservado para ele. No Passo Borgo, sua carruagem o aguardaria e o levaria para sua casa. Confiava que a viagem de Jonathan de Londres tinha sido feliz e que ele desfrutaria de sua estadia em sua bela terra.

En A carta foi assinada simplesmente com o nome de seu amigo, Drácula.

En Descobri que meu senhorio havia recebido uma carta do Conde Drácula, instruindo-o a garantir o melhor assento na carruagem para mim. No entanto, quando pedi detalhes, ele se mostrou evasivo e fingiu não entender meu alemão, o que era obviamente falso, pois ele havia me entendido perfeitamente antes. Ele e sua esposa, a senhora idosa que me recebeu, trocaram olhares assustados. Ele murmurou que o dinheiro havia sido enviado em uma carta e que isso era tudo que sabia. Quando perguntei se conhecia o Conde Drácula ou podia descrever seu castelo, ambos se benzeram, disseram não saber de nada e se recusaram a falar mais. Estava quase na hora de eu partir, então não pude questionar mais ninguém. Toda a situação parecia muito misteriosa e perturbadora.

En Pouco antes da minha partida, a senhora idosa veio ao meu quarto e falou de forma muito agitada.

En Ela perguntou se eu realmente precisava ir, parecendo extremamente perturbada. Estava tão confusa que misturou seu alemão com outra língua que eu não conhecia. Só consegui acompanhá-la fazendo muitas perguntas. Quando lhe disse que tinha que partir imediatamente para negócios importantes, ela perguntou novamente.

En Ela então perguntou se eu sabia que dia era. Respondi que era quatro de maio. Ela balançou a cabeça e repetiu a pergunta.

En Ela reconheceu que sabia que era quatro de maio, mas insistiu em saber se eu realmente entendia que dia era. Quando admiti que não entendia, ela continuou falando.

En Era a véspera do Dia de São Jorge, e uma senhora idosa me avisou que à meia-noite todas as coisas más teriam pleno poder. Ela perguntou se eu sabia para onde estava indo e o que enfrentaria. Ela estava profundamente angustiada e, embora eu tentasse confortá-la, ela se ajoelhou e implorou que eu não fosse, ou pelo menos esperasse um ou dois dias. Achei isso ridículo, porém perturbador. No entanto, meu negócio era urgente, então eu disse firmemente que tinha que ir. Ela então enxugou os olhos, tirou um crucifixo do pescoço e o ofereceu a mim. Como um inglês anglicano, eu considerava tais objetos um tanto idolátricos, mas recusar uma senhora bem-intencionada em tal estado teria sido indelicado. Ela percebeu minha hesitação, colocou o rosário em volta do meu pescoço, dizendo que era por causa da minha mãe, e saiu. Estou escrevendo isso enquanto espero a carruagem atrasada; o crucifixo ainda está comigo. Seja pelo medo dela, pelas tradições fantasmagóricas locais ou pelo próprio crucifixo, sinto-me menos tranquilo que o normal. Se este diário chegar a Mina antes de mim, que transmita meu adeus. A carruagem chegou.

En 5 de maio. O Castelo. A manhã cinzenta passou e o sol está alto sobre um horizonte distante e recortado, onde grandes e pequenas características se misturam. Não estou sonolento e, como não serei chamado até que acorde, estou escrevendo até o sono chegar. Há muitos detalhes estranhos para registrar e, para evitar a suspeita de que bebi demais antes de deixar Bistritz, descreverei meu jantar exatamente. Comi o que chamavam de 'bife de ladrão' — pedaços de bacon, cebola e carne bovina temperados com pimenta vermelha, enfiados em palitos e assados no fogo, no estilo simples da carne de gato de Londres. O vinho era Golden Mediasch, que dá uma sensação curiosa na língua, não desagradável. Tomei apenas alguns copos e nada mais.

En Quando entrei na diligência, o cocheiro ainda estava conversando com a hospedeira. Eles claramente estavam falando de mim, pois me olhavam com frequência, e algumas pessoas sentadas no banco do lado de fora — chamado de 'porta-voz' — vieram ouvir e então me olharam com pena. Ouvi muitas palavras estranhas repetidas, refletindo a mistura de nacionalidades da multidão, então peguei calmamente meu dicionário

políglota e as consultei. Os significados não eram tranquilizadores: entre eles estavam 'Ordog' (Satã), 'pokol' (inferno), 'stregoica' (bruxa), 'vrolok' e 'vlkoslak' — palavras eslovaca e sérvia para lobisomem ou vampiro. Preciso perguntar ao Conde sobre essas superstições.

En Ao partirmos, a multidão na porta da estalagem, agora consideravelmente maior, fez o sinal da cruz e apontou dois dedos para mim. Com dificuldade, convenci um companheiro de viagem a explicar: a princípio ele recusou, mas ao saber que eu era inglês, disse que era um encanto contra o mau-olhado. Isso não foi agradável para alguém que iniciava uma viagem para um lugar desconhecido a fim de encontrar um homem desconhecido. No entanto, todos pareciam tão bondosos, tristes e compreensivos que fiquei comovido. Nunca esquecerei a última visão do pátio da estalagem com sua multidão de figuras pitorescas fazendo o sinal da cruz, emolduradas pelo arco e pela rica folhagem de loendros e laranjeiras em vasos verdes. Então nosso cocheiro, com calças largas de linho cobrindo o assento da boléia, estalou seu chicote sobre seus quatro pequenos cavalos, e partimos.

En Logo esqueci meus medos fantasmagóricos em meio à bela paisagem enquanto dirigíamos, embora se tivesse entendido as línguas que meus companheiros de viagem falavam, talvez não os tivesse afastado tão facilmente. Diante de nós se estendia uma terra verde e inclinada, com florestas e bosques, pontuada por colinas íngremes coroadas por árvores ou casas de fazenda. Em toda parte havia uma profusão desconcertante de flores de frutas — maçã, ameixa, pera, cereja — e a grama sob as árvores estava salpicada de pétalas caídas. A estrada serpenteava pelas colinas do 'Mittel Land', desaparecendo em curvas gramadas ou atrás de pinheiros esparsos que desciam pelas encostas como línguas de fogo. Embora a estrada fosse acidentada, parecíamos voar sobre ela com uma pressa febril. Não entendia a pressa na época, mas o motorista estava determinado a chegar a Borgo Prund sem demora. Disseram-me que a estrada é excelente no verão, mas ainda não havia sido reparada após as neves do inverno. Isso difere da maioria das estradas dos Cárpatos, por causa de uma tradição antiga: os Hospodares não as reparavam, para que os turcos não pensassem que estavam se preparando para trazer tropas estrangeiras e apressar a guerra sempre iminente.

En Além das colinas verdes e ondulantes da Mittel Land, grandes florestas subiam em direção às altas encostas dos Cárpatos. Elas se erguiam de ambos os lados, com o sol da tarde incidindo plenamente sobre elas, revelando as cores gloriosas da cordilheira: azul profundo e roxo nas sombras, verde e marrom onde a grama encontrava a rocha, e picos e penhascos recortados sem fim que se perdiam na distância, onde cumes nevados se erguiam imponentes. Aqui e ali, profundas fendas nas montanhas revelavam, à medida que o sol começava a se pôr, o brilho branco da água em queda. Um dos meus companheiros tocou meu braço enquanto contornávamos uma colina e víamos um imponente pico coberto de neve que parecia, enquanto seguíamos nosso caminho sinuoso, estar bem à nossa frente.

En Um dos companheiros apontou para o pico da montanha e exclamou uma frase que significava o assento de Deus, e então se benzeu reverentemente.

En Conforme continuávamos nosso caminho interminável e o sol se punha atrás de nós, as sombras da noite se espalhavam. O topo da montanha nevada ainda retinha o brilho do pôr do sol, brilhando com um rosa delicado. Passávamos por tchecos e eslovacos em trajes coloridos, mas notei que o bócio era dolorosamente comum. Muitas cruces apareciam à beira da estrada, e meus companheiros se benziam ao passar. Às vezes, um camponês se ajoelhava diante de um santuário, tão absorto em devoção que não se virava. Muitas coisas eram novas para mim, como medas de feno nas árvores e belas bétulas-chorosas com caules prateados. Passávamos por leiter-wagons, as carroças comuns dos camponeses com vértebras de serpente, carregando grupos de camponeses voltando para casa com peles de carneiro. Ao cair da noite, esfriou muito, e o crepúsculo fundiu as árvores em uma névoa escura. Em vales profundos, abetos escuros se destacavam contra a neve tardia. Às vezes, a estrada cortava florestas de pinheiros que pareciam se fechar sobre nós, suas massas cinzentas criando um efeito estranho e solene. As colinas eram tão íngremes que os cavalos só andavam devagar. Eu queria descer e andar, mas o motorista recusou, dizendo que os cães eram muito ferozes e que eu poderia ter o suficiente desses assuntos antes de dormir. Ele só parou brevemente para acender seus lampiões.

En Quando escureceu, os passageiros ficaram animados e insistiram para que o motorista fosse mais rápido. Ele chicoteou os cavalos sem piedade e gritou encorajamento. Através da escuridão, vi uma mancha de luz cinzenta à frente, como uma fenda nas colinas. A excitação dos passageiros aumentou; a carruagem louca balançava em suas molas de couro, oscilando como um barco em um mar tempestuoso. A estrada nivelou-se, e parecíamos voar. As montanhas se fecharam sobre nós ao entrarmos no Passo Borgo. Vários passageiros me ofereceram presentes com uma seriedade que não podia ser recusada, cada um dado com uma bênção e o sinal protetor da cruz. O motorista inclinou-se para a frente, e os passageiros perscrutaram a escuridão. Algo emocionante estava acontecendo, mas ninguém explicou. Finalmente, vimos o Passo se abrindo para o leste. Nuvens escuras rolavam sobre nossas cabeças, e o ar parecia pesado com trovões. Procurei a carruagem que me levaria ao Conde, mas tudo estava escuro, exceto nossas próprias lanternas. A estrada arenosa estava branca diante de nós, mas não havia veículo. Os passageiros suspiraram de alegria, zombando da minha decepção. O motorista olhou para o relógio e disse algo baixinho, depois falou comigo em um alemão ruim.

En O cocheiro me disse que não havia carruagem; que eu não era esperado, afinal, e teria que ir até Bukovina e retornar no dia seguinte ou no outro. Enquanto ele falava, os cavalos começaram a relinchar, bufar e se empinar descontroladamente, de modo que o cocheiro teve que segurá-los. Entre gritos dos camponeses e todos se benzendo, uma calesa com quatro cavalos chegou atrás de nós, nos ultrapassou e parou ao lado da carruagem. À luz das nossas lanternas, vi que os cavalos eram negros como carvão e esplêndidos. O condutor era um homem alto, com uma longa barba castanha e um grande chapéu preto que parecia esconder o rosto. Só pude ver o brilho de olhos muito vivos, que pareciam vermelhos à luz das lanternas, quando ele se virou. Ele falou com o nosso cocheiro.

En O homem gaguejou que seu amigo estava cedo naquela noite.

En O estranho respondeu que o cavalheiro inglês estava com pressa.

En O motorista sugeriu que o passageiro queria que o inglês fosse para Bukovina, gabando-se de que não poderia ser enganado porque sabia demais e seus cavalos eram rápidos. Enquanto falava, sorriu, revelando uma boca dura com lábios muito vermelhos e dentes tão

brancos quanto marfim. Um dos outros passageiros sussurrou para outro um verso do poema de Burger.

En A frase significava que os mortos viajam rápido.

En O estranho motorista claramente ouviu as palavras, pois ergueu os olhos com um sorriso brilhante. O passageiro virou o rosto e benzeu-se. O motorista pediu a bagagem e rapidamente a colocou na carruagem. Ele ajudou o narrador a descer com um aperto de aço, mostrando uma força prodigiosa. Sem uma palavra, sacudiu as rédeas, os cavalos viraram, e eles seguiram para a escuridão do desfiladeiro. Olhando para trás, o narrador viu, à luz das lanternas, o vapor dos cavalos e seus antigos companheiros se benzendo. O motorista estalou o chicote e eles partiram para Bucovina. Enquanto desapareciam na escuridão, o narrador sentiu um calafrio estranho e solidão, mas o motorista colocou uma capa sobre seus ombros e um cobertor sobre seus joelhos, e falou em um excelente alemão.

En O motorista informou ao passageiro que a noite estava fria e ofereceu-lhe aguardente de ameixa. O passageiro recusou, mas sentiu-se confortado por saber que estava ali. Ele se sentiu inquieto e assustado, desejando ter escolhido uma rota diferente. A carruagem seguia rapidamente, mas parecia estar dando voltas. Ele verificou o relógio e viu que era quase meia-noite, o que o chocou, pois a superstição em torno dessa hora aumentou sua ansiedade. Ele esperou com uma sensação de enjoo.

En Um cão uivou de uma fazenda distante, logo acompanhado por outros, criando um coro selvagem. Os cavalos ficaram agitados, mas o motorista os acalmou. Então lobos uivaram das montanhas, o que assustou tanto o passageiro quanto os cavalos, que empinaram loucamente. O motorista usou grande força para controlá-los. Depois de um tempo, os ouvidos do passageiro se acostumaram e os cavalos se acalmaram. O motorista sussurrou para eles como um domador de cavalos, e eles se tornaram manejáveis novamente, embora ainda tremessem. Ele então partiu rapidamente por uma estrada estreita à direita.

En Logo a carruagem foi cercada por árvores que se arqueavam sobre a estrada como um túnel, e grandes rochas se erguiam de ambos os lados. O vento gemia e assobiava, os galhos se chocavam. Esfriou

ainda mais, e uma neve pulverulenta começou a cair, cobrindo tudo de branco. O uivo dos cães ficou mais fraco, mas os lobos pareciam mais próximos. O passageiro ficou terrivelmente assustado; os cavalos compartilhavam seu medo. O motorista, no entanto, permaneceu calmo, virando a cabeça mas não vendo nada na escuridão.

En De repente, uma chama azul fraca apareceu à esquerda. O motorista parou, pulou no chão e desapareceu na escuridão. O passageiro não sabia o que fazer, especialmente porque os lobos soavam mais próximos. Mas o motorista logo voltou e eles continuaram. O passageiro pode ter adormecido, sonhando com o incidente se repetindo infinitamente. Uma vez, a chama estava perto da estrada, e o passageiro observou o motorista pegar pedras e arrumá-las. Um efeito óptico estranho ocorreu: quando o motorista ficou entre o passageiro e a chama, a chama permaneceu visível, o que surpreendeu o passageiro. Ele pensou que seus olhos o enganavam. Então as chamas azuis cessaram, e eles seguiram rapidamente através da escuridão, com lobos uivando ao redor.

En Por fim, o motorista foi mais longe do que antes. Durante sua ausência, os cavalos tremeram pior e relincharam de medo. O uivo dos lobos tinha cessado. A lua apareceu atrás de uma rocha irregular, revelando um círculo de lobos com dentes brancos, línguas vermelhas e pelo desgrenhado. Eles eram mais terríveis em seu silêncio sombrio do que quando uivavam. O passageiro se sentiu paralisado de medo, compreendendo o verdadeiro horror da situação quando confrontado com tais criaturas.

En De repente, os lobos começaram a uivar como se o luar os tivesse afetado de forma estranha. Os cavalos ficaram agitados, pulando e olhando em volta desamparadamente, mas estavam presos pelo círculo de lobos. O narrador chamou o cocheiro, esperando romper o anel. Ele gritou e bateu na lateral da carruagem para assustar os lobos de um lado. De alguma forma, o cocheiro apareceu, falando em tom de comando. Ele moveu seus longos braços como se estivesse empurrando uma barreira invisível, e os lobos recuaram lentamente. Naquele momento, uma nuvem pesada cobriu a lua, mergulhando-os na escuridão novamente.

En Quando o narrador pôde ver novamente, o cocheiro estava subindo de volta na carruagem, e os lobos haviam desaparecido. A

estranheza do evento encheu-o de pavor, e ele não ousou falar nem se mover. Eles continuaram a viagem em meio à escuridão quase total, pois as nuvens escondiam a lua. A maior parte do caminho era subida, com descidas ocasionais. De repente, ele percebeu que o cocheiro estava parando os cavalos no pátio de um vasto castelo em ruínas. Janelas negras e altas não mostravam luz, e as ameias quebradas formavam uma linha irregular contra o céu iluminado pela lua.

II

En O que se segue é uma continuação do diário de Jonathan Harker.

En Ele deve ter estado dormindo, pois caso contrário certamente teria notado a aproximação de um lugar tão extraordinário. Na luz fraca, o pátio parecia bastante grande, e com várias passagens escuras saindo de sob imensos arcos redondos, talvez parecesse maior do que realmente era. Ele ainda não o tinha visto à luz do dia.

En Quando a carruagem parou, o cocheiro saltou e estendeu a mão para ajudá-lo a descer. O narrador não pôde deixar de notar a força imensa do cocheiro; sua mão parecia um torno de aço que poderia esmagar a sua, se quisesse. O cocheiro então pegou sua bagagem e a colocou no chão perto de uma grande porta antiga, cravejada de grandes pregos de ferro e encaixada em uma entrada de pedra saliente. Mesmo na luz fraca, ele pôde ver que a pedra era fortemente esculpida, embora a escultura estivesse desgastada pelo tempo e pelo clima. O cocheiro subiu de volta ao seu assento, sacudiu as rédeas, e os cavalos avançaram, levando a carruagem para dentro de uma das aberturas escuras.

En Ele ficou em silêncio, sem saber o que fazer, pois não havia campainha ou aldrava, e as paredes grossas e as janelas escuras tornavam improvável que sua voz fosse ouvida. A espera parecia interminável, e dúvidas e medos se acumulavam. Ele se perguntou em que tipo de lugar havia chegado e que espécie de aventura sombria havia iniciado. Seria isso normal para um funcionário de um escritório de advocacia enviado para explicar a compra de uma propriedade londrina a um estrangeiro? Então ele lembrou que, pouco antes de deixar Londres, soube que havia passado no exame e agora era um advogado plenamente qualificado. Ele esfregou os olhos e beliscou a si mesmo para ter certeza de que estava acordado; tudo parecia um pesadelo. Mas ele estava realmente acordado, sozinho nos Cárpatos. Tudo o que podia fazer era ter paciência e esperar pela manhã.

En Assim que chegou a essa conclusão, ouviu passos pesados se aproximando por trás da grande porta e, através das frestas, viu o brilho de uma luz se aproximando. Então veio o som de correntes chacoalhando e o barulho de enormes ferrolhos sendo recuados. Uma

chave girou com o alto rangido de longo desuso, e a grande porta se abriu.

En Dentro estava um velho alto, barbeado, exceto por um longo bigode branco, vestido inteiramente de preto, sem nenhum toque de cor. Ele segurava uma antiga lamparina de prata cuja chama queimava sem chaminé ou globo, projetando sombras longas e trêmulas na corrente de ar da porta aberta. Com um gesto cortês da mão direita, ele o convidou para entrar, falando em um inglês excelente, mas com uma entonação estranha.

En Ele o recebeu em sua casa, dizendo-lhe que entrasse livremente e por vontade própria. O velho não se moveu para encontrá-lo, mas ficou imóvel como uma estátua, como se tivesse sido congelado pelo próprio gesto. No entanto, assim que o visitante cruzou a soleira, o homem avançou impulsivamente e apertou sua mão com tanta força que o fez estremecer, e sua mão estava tão fria quanto gelo — mais parecida com a mão de um morto do que de um vivo. Então ele falou novamente.

En Ele repetiu as boas-vindas, acrescentando que o visitante deveria vir livremente, ir em segurança e deixar algo da felicidade que trouxe. A força do aperto de mão o lembrou tanto a do motorista, cujo rosto ele não tinha visto, que por um momento ele se perguntou se estava falando com a mesma pessoa. Para confirmar, ele fez uma pergunta.

En Harker perguntou se ele era o Conde Drácula. O Conde curvou-se educadamente e respondeu afirmativamente.

En Apresentando-se como Drácula, ele recebeu Harker e o incentivou a entrar, notando o ar frio da noite e a necessidade de Harker de comida e descanso. Enquanto falava, colocou a lamparina num suporte de parede, depois saiu para pegar a bagagem de Harker. Antes que Harker pudesse impedi-lo, ele já a havia carregado para dentro. Harker protestou, mas Drácula insistiu.

En Drácula recusou-se a deixar Harker carregar sua própria bagagem, insistindo como anfitrião que cuidaria do conforto de seu hóspede. Carregou as malas por um corredor, subiu uma escada em espiral e percorreu outro corredor de chão de pedra onde seus passos ecoavam. No final, abriu uma porta pesada, revelando um cômodo bem iluminado com uma mesa posta para o jantar e uma grande fogueira crepitando na lareira.

En O Conde parou, baixou as malas e fechou a porta atrás deles. Atravessando o cômodo, abriu outra porta para um pequeno cômodo octogonal iluminado apenas por uma única lâmparina, sem janelas visíveis. Através dele, abriu uma terceira porta e fez um gesto para Harker entrar. Era um grande quarto bem iluminado, aquecido por outra fogueira de lenha que havia sido recentemente reavivada, rugindo pela chaminé. O Conde deixou a bagagem dentro e se retirou, dizendo antes de fechar a porta:

En Ele disse a Harker que, após a viagem, ele precisaria se refrescar e esperava que tudo o que precisasse estivesse disponível. Quando Harker estivesse pronto, deveria ir para o outro cômodo, onde o jantar estaria esperando.

En O calor do ambiente e a recepção educada do Conde me fizeram esquecer meus medos anteriores. Sentindo-me normal novamente, percebi que estava extremamente faminto, então lavei-me e troquei de roupa rapidamente antes de entrar na outra sala.

En A ceia já estava posta. Meu anfitrião, apoiado na alvenaria perto da grande lareira, gesticulou graciosamente em direção à mesa e falou.

En Ele me convidou para me sentar e comer como eu quisesse, mas pediu que o desculpasse por não se juntar a mim, explicando que já havia jantado e não tomava ceia.

En Entreguei a ele a carta selada que o Sr. Hawkins me dera. Ele a abriu, leu-a seriamente, depois com um sorriso encantador passou-a para mim ler. Pelo menos uma passagem me deu uma agradável emoção.

En O Conde expressou pesar que um ataque de gota, da qual sofria constantemente, o impedia de viajar por algum tempo. No entanto, ele disse que poderia enviar um substituto em quem confiava plenamente: um jovem, cheio de energia e talento, muito leal e discreto, que havia crescido em seu serviço e estaria pronto para seguir minhas instruções durante sua estadia.

En O Conde descobriu um prato, e eu imediatamente comecei a comer um delicioso frango assado. Junto com queijo, uma salada e dois copos de vinho Tokay antigo, essa foi minha ceia. Enquanto eu comia, o

Conde me questionou extensivamente sobre minha viagem, e aos poucos contei tudo que havia experimentado.

En Após o jantar, a convite do meu anfitrião, puxei uma cadeira perto do fogo e acendi um charuto que ele me ofereceu, desculpando-se por ele mesmo não fumar. Agora eu podia observá-lo de perto e notei que suas feições eram muito marcantes.

En Seu rosto era fortemente aquilino, com um nariz fino de ponte alta e narinas excepcionalmente arqueadas. Sua testa era alta e abobadada, com cabelos esparsos nas têmporas, mas grossos em outros lugares. Suas sobrancelhas eram muito espessas e quase se encontravam sobre o nariz. Sob seu bigode pesado, sua boca parecia fixa e bastante cruel, com dentes brancos e afiados que se projetavam sobre seus lábios notavelmente vermelhos — um sinal de vitalidade surpreendente para sua idade. Suas orelhas eram pálidas e nitidamente pontudas no topo; seu queixo era largo e forte, suas bochechas firmes embora finas. No geral, ele tinha uma palidez extraordinária.

En Antes eu só tinha visto o dorso das mãos dele, que pareciam bastante brancas e delicadas, mas agora, de perto, vi que eram grossas, com dedos largos e atarracados. Estranhamente, havia pelos no centro da palma, e suas unhas eram longas, finas e cortadas em ponta afiada. Quando o Conde se inclinou sobre mim e suas mãos me tocaram, não consegui reprimir um calafrio. Talvez seu hálito fosse fétido, mas uma náusea horrível me dominou, que não pude esconder. O Conde percebeu, recuou e, com um sorriso sinistro que mostrava seus dentes protuberantes, sentou-se novamente do seu lado da lareira. Ficamos ambos em silêncio por um tempo. Olhando em direção à janela, vi o primeiro clarão fraco do amanhecer. Tudo estava estranhamente quieto, mas então ouvi o uivo de muitos lobos vindo do vale abaixo. Os olhos do Conde brilharam, e ele falou.

En Ele disse para escutá-los — os filhos da noite — e perguntou que música eles fazem. Vendo alguma expressão no meu rosto que ele achou estranha, ele acrescentou mais.

En Ele comentou que os moradores da cidade não conseguiam entender os sentimentos de um caçador. Então ele se levantou e continuou falando.

En Ele disse que o hóspede devia estar cansado, que o quarto estava pronto e que o hóspede poderia dormir até tarde no dia seguinte. Acrescentou que estaria ausente até a tarde e desejou ao hóspede boa sorte. Com uma reverência educada, abriu a porta para o quarto octogonal, e o hóspede entrou no quarto.

En O escritor sentiu-se sobrecarregado de maravilhas, cheio de dúvida e medo, pensando coisas estranhas que não ousava admitir nem para si mesmo. Ele orou pela proteção de Deus, por causa de seus entes queridos.

En Era de manhã cedo no dia 7 de maio. O escritor tinha descansado bem e dormido até tarde, acordando naturalmente. Depois de se vestir, foi à sala de jantar e encontrou um café da manhã frio com café mantido quente na lareira. Um cartão estava sobre a mesa.

En O bilhete dizia que o Conde estaria ausente e que não esperasse. O escritor comeu uma refeição farta. Depois, procurou uma campainha para chamar os criados, mas não encontrou nenhuma. Notou a estranha falta de itens comuns apesar da grande riqueza. A louça era de ouro, os tecidos eram centenários e caros, mas não havia espelhos em lugar nenhum. Teve que usar seu próprio espelho de barbear. Não vira criados e ouvira apenas lobos. Após a refeição, por volta das cinco ou seis, quis algo para ler, mas não encontrou livros nem materiais de escrita. Abriu outra porta e encontrou uma biblioteca. A porta oposta estava trancada.

En Na biblioteca, o narrador ficou encantado ao encontrar uma grande coleção de livros, revistas e jornais ingleses. Os livros cobriam muitos assuntos relacionados à Inglaterra, como história, geografia e direito. Havia também livros de referência, incluindo o London Directory e o Whitaker's Almanac, e ver a Law List lhe trouxe uma alegria particular.

En Enquanto o narrador examinava os livros, o Conde entrou no cômodo. Ele cumprimentou o narrador calorosamente e expressou esperança de que ele tivesse descansado bem.

En O Conde expressou prazer por o narrador ter encontrado a biblioteca, dizendo que havia muito de interessante ali. Ele observou que os livros haviam sido seus companheiros, ensinando-lhe sobre a Inglaterra ao longo de muitos anos. Ele ansiava por experimentar as ruas movimentadas de Londres e compartilhar de sua vida e energia, mas

admitiu que só conhecia a língua inglesa pelos livros e precisava da ajuda do narrador para falá-la fluentemente.

En O narrador disse ao Conde que ele falava inglês perfeitamente. O Conde reconheceu isso com uma reverência educada.

En O Conde agradeceu ao narrador pelo elogio lisonjeiro, mas disse que ainda tinha muito caminho pela frente. Ele afirmou conhecer a gramática e o vocabulário, mas se sentia incapaz de colocá-los em palavras faladas.

En Eu concordei e elogiei seu excelente discurso.

En Ele explicou que em Londres seria reconhecido como estrangeiro, o que não queria. Na Transilvânia, ele era um nobre e um mestre, mas um estrangeiro em terra estranha é insignificante. Preferia passar despercebido para que ninguém notasse sua presença. Tendo sido mestre por tanto tempo, desejava permanecer no controle, ou pelo menos não ser controlado pelos outros. Observou que o visitante viera como agente de Peter Hawkins para discutir a nova propriedade em Londres. Convidou-o a ficar e ajudá-lo a aprender a pronúncia inglesa, pedindo para ser corrigido mesmo em pequenos erros. Pediu desculpas por ter estado ausente por tanto tempo naquele dia devido a assuntos importantes.

En Eu prontamente expressei minha disposição e perguntei se poderia entrar naquele quarto sempre que desejasse. Ele deu sua permissão, dizendo sim, certamente.

En Ele me disse que eu poderia explorar o castelo livremente, exceto pelos quartos trancados, que ele supôs que eu não gostaria de entrar. Disse que havia razões para tudo, e se eu visse as coisas pela perspectiva dele, talvez entendesse melhor. Eu concordei, e ele continuou falando.

En Ele me lembrou que estávamos na Transilvânia, que era diferente da Inglaterra. Os costumes deles não eram os meus, e eu encontraria muitas coisas estranhas. Ele acrescentou que, pelo que eu já havia lhe contado, eu tinha alguma ideia das ocorrências estranhas que poderiam acontecer.

En Isso gerou muita conversa. Como ele claramente queria falar, mesmo que apenas por falar, fiz-lhe muitas perguntas sobre coisas que

já tinham acontecido comigo ou que eu tinha notado. Às vezes ele evitava o assunto ou mudava de conversa fingindo não entender, mas geralmente respondia a maioria das coisas com muita franqueza. Com o passar do tempo e eu me tornando mais ousado, perguntei-lhe sobre alguns dos estranhos acontecimentos da noite anterior, como por que o cocheiro foi aos lugares onde vira as chamas azuis. Ele então me explicou que era crença comum que, em uma certa noite do ano — na noite anterior, de fato, quando se acredita que todos os espíritos malignos têm rédea solta —, uma chama azul aparece sobre qualquer lugar onde um tesouro tenha sido escondido. "Não pode haver dúvida", continuou ele, "de que tesouros foram escondidos na região por onde você veio ontem à noite, pois foi disputada por séculos entre valáquios, saxões e turcos. Ora, dificilmente há um palmo de terra em toda esta região que não tenha sido enriquecido pelo sangue de homens, patriotas ou invasores. Nos velhos tempos houve épocas agitadas, quando austríacos e húngaros vinham em hordas, e os patriotas saíam para enfrentá-los — homens e mulheres, idosos e crianças também — e esperavam por eles nas rochas acima dos desfiladeiros, para que pudessem destruí-los com suas avalanches artificiais. Quando o invasor era vitorioso, encontrava pouco, porque tudo o que havia estava escondido no solo amigo."

En "Mas como", disse eu, "pode ter permanecido tanto tempo despercebido, quando há um sinal certo para ele, se os homens se dessem ao trabalho de olhar?" O conde sorriu e, enquanto seus lábios se retraíam sobre as gengivas, seus longos e afiados dentes caninos apareceram estranhamente. Ele respondeu.

En "Porque seu camponês é, no fundo, um covarde e um tolo! Essas chamas aparecem apenas em uma noite, e nessa noite nenhum homem desta terra, se puder evitar, sai de casa. E, meu caro senhor, mesmo que saísse, não saberia o que fazer. Ora, até mesmo o camponês que você mencionou, que marcou o local da chama, não saberia onde procurar à luz do dia pelo seu próprio trabalho. Até você, ousou dizer, não seria capaz de encontrar esses lugares novamente."

En "Você tem razão", eu disse. "Não sei mais do que os mortos onde procurá-los." Então passamos para outros assuntos.

En "Venha", disse ele finalmente, "conte-me sobre Londres e sobre a casa que você conseguiu para mim." Pedindo desculpas por minha

negligência, fui ao meu quarto pegar os papéis na minha mala. Enquanto os organizava, ouvi um barulho de louça e prata no quarto ao lado e, ao passar, notei que a mesa havia sido limpa e o lampião aceso, pois já era noite escura. As lâmpadas também estavam acesas no escritório ou biblioteca, e encontrei o Conde deitado no sofá, lendo, de todas as coisas, um Guia Bradshaw inglês. Quando entrei, ele limpou os livros e papéis da mesa, e com ele examinei plantas, escrituras e cifras de todos os tipos. Ele se interessava por tudo e me fez uma infinidade de perguntas sobre o lugar e seus arredores. Ele claramente havia estudado antecipadamente tudo o que pôde sobre o bairro, pois evidentemente sabia muito mais do que eu. Quando comentei isso, ele respondeu.

En O falante argumentou que era necessário para ele ir. Ele explicou que estaria sozinho lá, sem a ajuda de seu amigo Jonathan Harker. Jonathan estaria longe, em Exeter, trabalhando em documentos legais com o amigo em comum, Peter Hawkins.

En Eles discutiram os detalhes da compra da propriedade em Purfleet. Depois que o falante forneceu os fatos e obteve a assinatura nos documentos, ele preparou uma carta para enviar ao Sr. Hawkins. A outra pessoa então perguntou como ele havia encontrado uma propriedade tão adequada. O falante leu suas anotações, que ele registrou aqui.

En Em uma estrada lateral em Purfleet, o falante encontrou uma propriedade que parecia ideal. Uma placa desbotada indicava que estava à venda. A propriedade era cercada por um muro alto feito de pedras antigas e pesadas que não eram mantidas há muitos anos. Os portões, feitos de carvalho antigo e ferro, estavam fechados e muito enferrujados.

En A propriedade, chamada Carfax (provavelmente uma corruptela de Quatre Face, que significa quatro faces), tinha uma casa de quatro lados alinhada com os pontos cardeais. Abrangia cerca de vinte acres, cercada por um muro de pedra sólida. Muitas árvores tornavam partes do terreno sombrias. Havia um lago profundo e escuro, alimentado por nascentes, com água clara que fluía para um riacho. A casa era muito grande, com partes que datavam da época medieval; uma seção tinha paredes de pedra imensamente grossas, poucas janelas altas e pesadas barras de ferro, assemelhando-se a uma torre de castelo perto de uma capela

antiga. O falante não pôde entrar na capela por não ter a chave da casa, mas tirou fotografias de vários ângulos. A casa havia sido ampliada de forma desordenada, cobrindo uma grande área. As casas próximas eram poucas; uma casa grande havia sido recentemente convertida em um manicômio particular, embora não fosse visível do terreno.

En Depois que o falante terminou, o outro homem respondeu.

En O Conde expressou seu prazer que o castelo fosse antigo e grande, pois ele próprio vinha de uma família antiga e não suportaria viver em uma casa nova. Ele acreditava que um lar não poderia ser feito confortável rapidamente e observou quantos poucos dias compõem um século. Ele também ficou feliz que houvesse uma capela antiga, explicando que os nobres da Transilvânia não queriam que seus ossos jazessem entre pessoas comuns. Ele disse que não buscava alegria nem os prazeres brilhantes do sol e das águas cintilantes que encantam os jovens, pois já não era jovem e seu coração, após anos de luto pelos mortos, não estava sintonizado com a alegria. Ele acrescentou que as paredes de seu castelo estavam quebradas, as sombras eram muitas e o vento soprava frio através das ameias e janelas rachadas. Ele amava a sombra e a penumbra, e desejava ficar sozinho com seus pensamentos. No entanto, suas palavras e expressão não pareciam combinar, ou talvez a feição de seu rosto fizesse seu sorriso parecer maligno e saturnino.

En Após um breve período, o Conde se desculpou e saiu, pedindo ao narrador que organizasse seus papéis. Enquanto o Conde estava ausente, o narrador começou a examinar alguns livros ao seu redor. Um era um atlas que se abria naturalmente em um mapa da Inglaterra, como se tivesse sido usado com frequência. Olhando de perto, ele notou pequenos círculos marcados em certos lugares. Um estava perto de Londres, no lado leste, claramente onde a nova propriedade do Conde estava localizada; os outros dois eram em Exeter e Whitby, na costa de Yorkshire.

En O Conde voltou após quase uma hora. Ele comentou que o narrador ainda estava com seus livros, o que era bom, mas disse que ele não deveria trabalhar o tempo todo. Informou que sua ceia estava pronta e, pegando seu braço, levou-o para a sala ao lado, onde uma excelente ceia o aguardava. O Conde novamente se desculpou, dizendo que havia jantado fora enquanto estava ausente, mas sentou-se com ele e

conversou enquanto ele comia. Após a ceia, o narrador fumou como na noite anterior, e o Conde ficou, conversando e fazendo perguntas sobre todos os assuntos concebíveis por horas. O narrador sentiu que já era muito tarde, mas não disse nada, pois se sentia obrigado a atender aos desejos de seu anfitrião. Ele não estava com sono, tendo sido fortalecido pelo longo sono do dia anterior, mas não pôde deixar de sentir o frio que vem ao amanhecer, muito parecido com a virada da maré. Diz-se que aqueles próximos da morte geralmente morrem na mudança da aurora ou na virada da maré; qualquer um que, cansado e preso ao seu posto, tenha experimentado essa mudança na atmosfera pode muito bem acreditar nisso. De repente, ouviram um galo cantar com uma estridência sobrenatural através do ar claro da manhã. O Conde Drácula saltou de pé e falou.

En O Conde exclamou que a manhã havia chegado novamente e se repreendeu por ter deixado o narrador ficar acordado por tanto tempo. Pediu-lhe que tornasse sua conversa sobre sua querida nova Inglaterra menos interessante, para que não esquecesse como o tempo voa. Com uma reverência cortês, ele saiu rapidamente.

En O narrador foi para seu próprio quarto e fechou as cortinas, mas havia pouco para ver. Sua janela dava para o pátio; tudo que ele podia ver era o cinza quente do céu que se iluminava. Então ele puxou as cortinas novamente e escreveu sobre este dia.

En O escritor se preocupou por ter sido muito detalhista em seu diário, mas agora se sentia aliviado porque a estranheza do castelo o deixava inquieto. Ele desejava poder ir embora ou nunca ter vindo. Ele se perguntava se sua programação noturna não natural estava afetando-o, mas suspeitava que havia mais nisso. Ele não tinha ninguém com quem conversar, exceto o Conde, e temia ser a única pessoa viva ali. Ele resolveu se ater aos fatos para não se perder na imaginação.

En Após apenas algumas horas de sono, o escritor se levantou e começou a fazer a barba diante de um espelho pendurado perto da janela. De repente, o Conde tocou seu ombro e o cumprimentou. Sobressaltado, o escritor se cortou levemente. Ele ficou surpreso por não ter visto o Conde se aproximar, já que o espelho mostrava todo o cômodo atrás dele. Quando olhou novamente, o Conde estava perto, mas não havia reflexo dele no espelho. O quarto estava visível, mas o Conde não. Isso aumentou sua inquietação. Ele notou que o corte estava

sangrando e largou a navalha. Quando o Conde viu o sangue, seus olhos brilharam com fúria e ele agarrou a garganta do escritor. O escritor recuou, e a mão do Conde tocou o crucifixo em seu pescoço. A fúria do Conde desapareceu instantaneamente.

En O Conde avisou o escritor para ter cuidado, dizendo que se cortar era mais perigoso do que ele pensava naquele país. Ele agarrou o espelho, chamou-o de objeto inútil de vaidade e o jogou pela janela com grande força, estilhaçando-o nas pedras abaixo. Ele saiu sem dizer mais nada. O escritor ficou irritado porque agora não tinha como se barbear, exceto talvez usando a tampa do relógio ou a caneca de barbear de metal.

En Quando o escritor foi à sala de jantar, o café da manhã estava pronto, mas o Conde não estava em lugar nenhum. Ele comeu sozinho, notando que nunca tinha visto o Conde comer ou beber. Ele pensou que o Conde devia ser um homem peculiar. Após o café, ele explorou o castelo e encontrou um cômodo com uma vista magnífica para o sul. O castelo ficava na beira de um precipício aterrorizante; uma pedra jogada da janela cairia mil pés. Lá embaixo havia um mar de copas de árvores verdes com desfiladeiros profundos e rios prateados serpenteando pelos desfiladeiros.

En Mas o escritor não estava com disposição para apreciar a beleza. Depois de ver a vista, ele continuou explorando. Em todos os lugares havia portas, e todas estavam trancadas e emperradas. As únicas saídas possíveis eram as janelas nas muralhas do castelo.

En O castelo é como uma prisão real, e o falante se sente completamente preso lá dentro.

III

En Esta é uma continuação do diário de Jonathan Harker.

En Quando o narrador percebeu que era um prisioneiro, um pânico intenso o dominou. Ele correu para cima e para baixo pelas escadas, tentando todas as portas e olhando por todas as janelas, mas logo se sentiu completamente indefeso. Olhando para trás, ele acha que deve ter enlouquecido temporariamente, agindo como um rato numa armadilha. Assim que aceitou sua impotência, sentou-se calmamente e começou a considerar o que fazer. Ele ainda está pensando e não chegou a um plano definido. Tem certeza de que é inútil compartilhar suas ideias com o Conde, que sabe que ele está preso e apenas o enganaria. Seu único plano é manter seu conhecimento e medos para si mesmo e permanecer vigilante. Ele sabe que ou está sendo enganado por seus próprios medos ou está em perigo grave; se for o último, precisará de toda a sua inteligência para sobreviver.

En Logo após chegar a essa conclusão, o narrador ouviu a grande porta abaixo se fechar, indicando o retorno do Conde. O Conde não veio diretamente à biblioteca, então o narrador foi cautelosamente ao seu quarto e encontrou o Conde arrumando a cama. Isso era estranho, mas confirmou sua suspeita de que não havia empregados. Mais tarde, observando por uma fresta na porta, ele viu o Conde pondo a mesa na sala de jantar, o que o convenceu completamente. Se o Conde realiza todas essas tarefas domésticas ele mesmo, não deve haver mais ninguém. Isso o assustou, porque se não há mais ninguém no castelo, o Conde deve ter sido o cocheiro que o trouxe até ali. Esse foi um pensamento terrível: se assim fosse, o que significava que o Conde conseguia controlar os lobos simplesmente levantando a mão em silêncio? Por que as pessoas em Bistritz e na carruagem pareciam tão amedrontadas por ele? Qual era o significado dos presentes do crucifixo, alho, rosa silvestre e freixo da montanha? Ele abençoou a boa mulher que pendurou o crucifixo em seu pescoço, pois isso lhe trazia conforto e força sempre que o tocava. Ele achou estranho que algo que lhe haviam ensinado a considerar desfavorável e idólatra pudesse ajudá-lo na solidão e nos problemas. Ele se perguntou se havia poder no próprio objeto ou se era um auxílio tangível que transmitia memórias de simpatia e conforto. Ele resolveu examinar essa questão quando possível.

Enquanto isso, ele deve aprender tudo o que puder sobre o Conde Drácula para entender sua situação. Ele esperava conduzir a conversa naquela noite para fazer o Conde falar sobre si mesmo, mas precisava ter muito cuidado para não despertar suspeitas.

En À meia-noite, o narrador teve uma longa conversa com o Conde. Ele fez algumas perguntas sobre a história da Transilvânia, e o Conde ficou muito entusiasmado. Ao falar de eventos e pessoas, especialmente batalhas, o Conde falava como se tivesse estado presente em todas elas. Ele explicou depois que, para um nobre, o orgulho de sua casa e de seu nome é seu próprio orgulho; a glória deles é sua glória, o destino deles é seu destino. Sempre que falava de sua casa, usava a palavra "nós", quase como um rei. O narrador desejou poder registrar exatamente tudo o que o Conde disse, pois era fascinante e parecia conter toda a história do país. O Conde ficou animado enquanto falava, andando pela sala, puxando seu grande bigode branco e apertando qualquer coisa em que pusesse as mãos como se fosse esmagá-la. Uma coisa que o Conde disse, que o narrador registrou o mais fielmente possível, contava a história de sua raça.

En O orador declarou que os székelys tinham toda razão de se orgulhar, pois seu sangue continha a herança de muitas raças corajosas que lutaram ferozmente pelo domínio. Ele traçou suas origens até a tribo úgrica, que trouxe da Islândia o espírito guerreiro dado por Thor e Odin, um espírito que seus berserkers desencadearam nas costas da Europa, Ásia e África, levando as pessoas a acreditar que lobisomens haviam chegado. Quando os székelys chegaram à sua terra, encontraram os hunos, cuja fúria destrutiva varreu a terra como uma chama viva, a ponto de os povos agonizantes pensarem que as veias dos hunos continham o sangue de bruxas antigas que haviam se acasalado com demônios. Ele descartou tais noções como tolas, argumentando que nenhum demônio ou bruxa poderia igualar Átila, cujo sangue ele afirmava correr em suas próprias veias. Ele perguntou retoricamente se era de admirar que fossem uma raça conquistadora e orgulhosa, expulsando magiares, lombardos, ávaros, búlgaros e turcos quando invadiam. Ele observou que, quando Árpád e suas legiões varreram a Hungria, encontraram os székelys já na fronteira, completando ali a Honfoglalás. À medida que a inundação húngara se movia para o leste, os magiares vitoriosos reivindicaram os székelys como parentes, e por séculos os székelys guardaram a fronteira da Turquia, entendendo que um inimigo nunca

dorme. Ele se gabou de que os székelys estavam entre os primeiros a responder à espada sangrenta e afluir ao estandarte do rei. Ele recordou a grande vergonha de sua nação em Cassova, quando as bandeiras da Valáquia e da Hungria caíram sob o Crescente, e foi um de sua própria raça que, como voivoda, cruzou o Danúbio e derrotou o turco em seu próprio território — um verdadeiro Drácula. Ele lamentou que o irmão indigno de Drácula tivesse vendido o povo aos turcos após sua queda. Ele falou de outro Drácula que repetidamente liderou forças para a Turquia, voltando várias vezes apesar de ser repellido, mesmo quando teve que vir sozinho de um campo sangrento, acreditando que só ele poderia triunfar. Os críticos diziam que Drácula pensava apenas em si mesmo, mas o orador argumentou que os camponeses são inúteis sem um líder, e a guerra não pode ter sucesso sem uma mente e um coração para conduzi-la. Após a batalha de Mohács, quando se livraram do jugo húngaro, aqueles de sangue Drácula estavam entre os líderes, pois seu espírito não toleraria ser livre. O orador concluiu que os székelys — e os Drácula como seu sangue vital, cérebros e espadas — podiam se orgulhar de um histórico que novas famílias como os Habsburgos e Romanovs jamais poderiam igualar. Os dias guerreiros acabaram; o sangue era precioso demais nestes tempos de paz desonrosa, e as glórias das grandes raças eram apenas uma história que fora contada.

En A essa altura já era quase de manhã, e eles foram para a cama. O escritor observou que seu diário havia começado a se assemelhar às Mil e Uma Noites, já que tudo tinha que parar ao cantar do galo, ou como o fantasma do pai de Hamlet.

En Em 12 de maio, o escritor decidiu começar com fatos nus que pudessem ser verificados por livros e números, em vez de confundi-los com experiências pessoais que dependiam de sua própria observação ou memória. Na noite anterior, quando o Conde saiu de seu quarto, começou a fazer perguntas sobre questões legais e certos tipos de negócios. O escritor passara o dia cansado de estudar e, para manter a mente ocupada, revisou alguns dos tópicos sobre os quais havia sido examinado em Lincoln's Inn. Havia um método nas perguntas do Conde, então o escritor planejou registrá-las em sequência, pois o conhecimento poderia ser útil em algum momento.

En Primeiro, o Conde perguntou se um homem na Inglaterra poderia ter dois ou mais advogados. O escritor respondeu que poderia ter uma

dúzia se quisesse, mas não seria sensato ter mais de um envolvido em uma única transação, já que apenas um poderia atuar por vez e trocar de advogado prejudicaria seus interesses. O Conde pareceu entender completamente e então perguntou se haveria alguma dificuldade prática em ter uma pessoa cuidando dos assuntos bancários e outra cuidando do transporte marítimo, especialmente se fosse necessária ajuda local em um lugar distante da sede do advogado bancário. O escritor pediu que ele explicasse mais detalhadamente para não correr o risco de enganá-lo, então o Conde elaborou.

En O Conde deu uma ilustração. Ele disse que o amigo em comum, Sr. Peter Hawkins, que morava perto da Catedral de Exeter, longe de Londres, havia comprado para o Conde uma propriedade em Londres através dos bons ofícios do escritor. O Conde afirmou francamente que havia escolhido um advogado tão longe de Londres para evitar interesses locais, já que um residente londrino poderia ter seus próprios propósitos a servir. Então ele perguntou se, quando desejasse enviar mercadorias para Newcastle, Durham, Harwich ou Dover, seria mais fácil consigná-las a alguém nesses portos. O escritor respondeu que certamente seria muito fácil, mas explicou que os advogados tinham um sistema de agenciamento, de modo que o trabalho local poderia ser feito localmente mediante instrução de qualquer advogado. Assim, o cliente precisava apenas se colocar nas mãos de um homem, que realizaria seus desejos sem mais problemas.

En Ele sugeriu que deveria ser livre para direcionar suas próprias ações e perguntou se isso estava correto.

En Eu confirmei que isso era comumente feito por empresários, que preferem não ter todos os seus negócios conhecidos por uma única pessoa.

En Ele expressou satisfação e então perguntou sobre os procedimentos para fazer remessas, os formulários necessários e as dificuldades potenciais que poderiam ser evitadas com previsão. Expliquei esses assuntos da melhor forma possível, e ele me pareceu alguém que teria sido um excelente advogado, pois antecipava tudo. Para um homem não familiarizado com o país e aparentemente não envolvido em negócios, seu conhecimento e perspicácia eram notáveis. Depois que ele ficou satisfeito e eu verifiquei tudo nos livros disponíveis, ele se levantou de repente.

En Ele perguntou se eu havia escrito ao Sr. Peter Hawkins ou a qualquer outra pessoa desde minha primeira carta. Respondi com alguma amargura que não, pois ainda não havia encontrado oportunidade de enviar cartas.

En Então ele colocou uma mão pesada no meu ombro e me disse para escrever ao nosso amigo e a qualquer outra pessoa, acrescentando que eu poderia dizer que ficaria com ele por um mês a partir de agora, se isso me agradasse.

En O narrador perguntou ao Conde se ele realmente desejava que permanecesse por um período tão prolongado, sentindo um calafrio de pavor ao pensar nisso.

En O Conde insistiu que queria que o narrador ficasse e não aceitaria uma recusa. Ele lembrou ao narrador que, quando seu empregador concordou em enviar alguém, ficou entendido que apenas as necessidades do Conde seriam consideradas, e ele havia sido generoso. Perguntou se isso não era verdade.

En O narrador sentiu que não tinha escolha a não ser aceitar. Ele tinha que considerar os interesses do Sr. Hawkins, não os seus próprios. Além disso, o comportamento e o olhar do Conde o lembraram de que ele era essencialmente um prisioneiro, sem real liberdade de escolha. O Conde percebeu sua aceitação relutante e a angústia em seu rosto, e imediatamente começou a explorar essa vantagem de sua maneira habitual, calma e inflexível.

En O Conde aconselhou o narrador a escrever apenas sobre negócios em suas cartas, sugerindo que isso agradaria seus amigos saber que ele estava bem e ansioso para voltar para casa. Entregou-lhe três folhas de papel fino e três envelopes. O narrador entendeu, pelo sorriso do Conde e seus dentes caninos afiados, que suas cartas seriam lidas. Portanto, decidiu escrever apenas notas formais para o Conde, mas planejou escrever secretamente para o Sr. Hawkins e para Mina usando estenografia, que o Conde não entenderia. Depois de escrever suas duas cartas, o narrador sentou-se lendo enquanto o Conde escrevia várias notas, consultando livros. Quando o Conde saiu, levando as cartas e seus materiais de escrita, o narrador imediatamente olhou para as cartas, que estavam viradas para baixo sobre a mesa. Ele não

sentiu culpa, acreditando que precisava se proteger de todas as maneiras possíveis.

En As cartas foram endereçadas a vários destinatários: uma para Samuel F. Billington em Whitby, outra para Herr Leutner em Varna, uma terceira para Coutts & Co. em Londres, e a quarta para os banqueiros Herren Klopstock & Billreuth em Budapeste. A segunda e a quarta cartas estavam sem selo. Assim que o narrador estava prestes a examiná-las, ele notou a maçaneta da porta se mexendo. Rapidamente voltou ao seu lugar, recolocando as cartas exatamente como estavam, e retomou a leitura do seu livro. O Conde entrou, segurando outra carta. Ele recolheu as cartas da mesa, carimbou-as cuidadosamente e então se dirigiu ao narrador.

En Ele pediu desculpas, explicando que tinha muito trabalho privado para fazer naquela noite. Expressou esperança de que tudo estivesse satisfatório. Na porta, ele fez uma pausa por um momento e então se virou para falar, mas suas palavras foram cortadas.

En Ele aconselhou e advertiu seriamente seu jovem amigo a nunca adormecer em nenhum lugar do castelo, exceto nos cômodos designados. Disse que o castelo era antigo e cheio de memórias, e que aqueles que dormissem imprudentemente teriam sonhos terríveis. Mandou-o ir diretamente para seu próprio quarto ou para os cômodos atuais se sentisse sono, pois isso seria seguro. Ele encerrou sua advertência com um gesto sinistro de lavar as mãos. O ouvinte entendeu o aviso, mas se perguntou se algum sonho poderia ser pior do que o mistério sombrio que se fechava sobre ele.

En Mais tarde, ele confirmou sua declaração anterior sem qualquer dúvida. Ele não teria medo de dormir em qualquer lugar onde o Conde não estivesse. Colocou o crucifixo sobre sua cama, acreditando que isso manteria seu sono livre de pesadelos, e decidiu deixá-lo ali.

En Depois que o Conde saiu, ele foi para seu quarto. Não ouviu nenhum som, então saiu e subiu as escadas de pedra para olhar para o sul. A vasta vista aberta lhe deu alguma sensação de liberdade, ao contrário do pátio escuro que o fazia sentir-se aprisionado. Ele ansiava por ar fresco. A vida noturna estava afetando seus nervos, fazendo-o sobressaltar-se com sombras e cheio de imaginações horríveis. Ele se sentia justificado em seu medo. A bela paisagem iluminada pela lua o

animou, com a luz suave derretendo as colinas e criando sombras aveludadas. Ao se inclinar, notou movimento no andar de baixo e à esquerda, onde pensava que pudesse ficar o quarto do Conde. A janela era alta e funda, com mainéis de pedra, mas o vidro estava faltando. Ele se escondeu atrás da alvenaria e olhou cuidadosamente para fora.

En Ele viu a cabeça do Conde emergindo de uma janela. Reconheceu-o pelo pescoço, costas, braços e especialmente pelas mãos. A princípio, ficou interessado e divertido, pois um prisioneiro acha pequenas coisas divertidas. Mas seus sentimentos se transformaram em repulsa e terror quando viu o Conde descer pela parede do castelo, de bruços, sobre o terrível abismo. A capa do Conde se espalhava como asas. No início, ele não conseguia acreditar em seus olhos, pensando que poderia ser um truque da luz da lua ou sombra, mas continuou olhando e percebeu que era real. Ele viu os dedos das mãos e dos pés do Conde agarrarem as bordas gastas das pedras, usando cada saliência e irregularidade para descer rapidamente pela parede, como um lagarto.

En O escritor se pergunta que tipo de homem ou criatura é este, que aparece em forma humana. Ele se sente dominado pelo pavor do lugar, preso em um medo terrível sem escapatória, cercado por horrores que não ousa considerar.

En O escritor viu o Conde sair do castelo de uma maneira estranha, parecida com a de um lagarto, movendo-se lateralmente pela parede e desaparecendo em uma abertura. Depois que o Conde partiu, o escritor decidiu explorar mais minuciosamente. Ele tentou todas as portas, que estavam trancadas com fechaduras novas. A porta principal estava trancada e a chave estava faltando, provavelmente no quarto do Conde. Eventualmente, o escritor encontrou uma porta no topo de uma escada que parecia trancada, mas na verdade estava apenas emperrada devido às dobradiças caídas. Ele a forçou e entrou em uma ala do castelo que era mais baixa e à direita dos cômodos que conhecia. Das janelas, ele viu que o castelo foi construído em uma esquina de uma grande rocha, inexpugnável por três lados. Esta parte do castelo tinha móveis mais confortáveis e parecia ter sido usada por senhoras há muito tempo. O luar revelava uma atmosfera empoeirada, mas menos ameaçadora. O escritor sentiu uma estranha calma ali e decidiu escrever em seu diário.

En O escritor reza para preservar sua sanidade, sentindo que a segurança e a certeza dela são coisas do passado. Ele acredita que, enquanto viver ali, sua única esperança é não enlouquecer, se já não estiver louco. Ele acha enlouquecedor pensar que, entre todas as coisas terríveis naquele lugar, o Conde é o menos assustador para ele, e que só pode olhar para o Conde em busca de segurança, mesmo que apenas enquanto for útil. Ele pede a Deus que o deixe ficar calmo, pois a loucura está nesse caminho. Ele começa a entender coisas que o intrigavam, lembrando o que Shakespeare quis dizer quando Hamlet falou...

En O escritor se lembra das palavras de Hamlet sobre precisar de suas tábuas para anotar coisas, sentindo que deve registrar seus pensamentos.

En Sentindo que sua mente pode estar se desfazendo com o choque, o escritor recorre ao seu diário em busca de conforto, esperando que o hábito de registrar com precisão o acalme.

En O estranho aviso do Conde o assustou na época, e o assusta ainda mais agora quando ele pensa sobre isso. Ele sente que o Conde terá um poder terrível sobre ele no futuro, e ele terá medo de questionar qualquer coisa que o Conde diga.

En Depois de escrever em seu diário, ele sentiu sono. Embora se lembrasse do aviso do Conde, escolheu desobedecer, sentindo-se teimoso por causa da sonolência. O luar e a vista aberta ofereciam uma sensação de liberdade, então ele decidiu não voltar para os quartos sombrios. Ele moveu um sofá perto da janela e deitou-se para dormir, ignorando a poeira. Ele acredita que adormeceu, mas o que se seguiu pareceu assustadoramente real, tão real que mesmo pela manhã ele não consegue acreditar que foi apenas um sonho.

En Ele percebeu que não estava sozinho. O quarto não tinha mudado; ele podia ver suas próprias pegadas na poeira. Ao luar, três jovens mulheres estavam diante dele. Pareciam senhoras, mas não projetavam sombras. Duas tinham traços escuros como o Conde, com olhos penetrantes que pareciam quase vermelhos ao luar. A terceira era extremamente clara, com cabelos dourados e olhos azuis pálidos que pareciam familiares, embora ele não se lembrasse de onde a tinha visto. Todas tinham dentes brancos e lábios vermelhos. Ele sentiu uma mistura de desejo e medo; desejava que elas o beijassem, mas também tinha

medo. Ele anota essa verdade relutantemente, esperando que Mina nunca a leia. Elas sussurraram e riram — um som bonito, mas frio. A garota clara balançou a cabeça de forma brincalhona, e as outras a encorajaram. Uma delas começou a falar.

En Uma das mulheres disse à bela que fosse primeiro, dizendo que ela tinha o direito de começar, e as outras a seguiriam. A outra mulher acrescentou algo em concordância.

En A segunda mulher comentou que ele era jovem e forte, e que haveria beijos para todos eles. Ele ficou imóvel, observando com excitação e antecipação. A mulher de cabelos claros se aproximou e se inclinou sobre ele até que ele sentisse sua respiração. Era doce como mel, mas com um cheiro amargo por baixo, como sangue.

En O narrador, com medo de abrir completamente os olhos, observou através dos cílios. A garota ajoelhou-se e inclinou-se sobre ele com uma sensualidade deliberada que ao mesmo tempo o excitava e o repugnava. Ela lambeu os lábios como um animal e, ao arquear o pescoço, ele viu umidade em seus lábios e língua escarlates. Ela baixou a cabeça até que seus lábios passassem da boca e do queixo dele, parecendo prestes a se fixar em sua garganta. Então ela fez uma pausa, e ele ouviu sua língua se mexendo contra os dentes e sentiu sua respiração quente em seu pescoço. Sua pele formigou como se estivesse antecipando uma mão que faria cócegas. Ele sentiu o toque suave e trêmulo dos lábios dela em sua garganta sensível e os pontos duros de dois dentes afiados apenas tocando. Ele fechou os olhos em uma êxtase langorosa e esperou com o coração batendo forte.

En De repente, o narrador sentiu a presença do Conde, envolto em fúria. Ao abrir os olhos involuntariamente, viu a mão forte do Conde agarrar o pescoço esguio da mulher e puxá-la para trás com força gigantesca. Os olhos dela estavam furiosos, os dentes rangendo, as bochechas ardendo. O narrador nunca imaginara tamanha ira, nem mesmo nos demônios. Os olhos do Conde brilhavam com uma luz vermelha como fogo do inferno, seu rosto mortalmente pálido com linhas duras como fios esticados, suas sobranceiras grossas como uma barra pulsante de metal branco-quente. Ele atirou a mulher para longe com um movimento feroz do braço e fez um gesto para as outras, afastando-as com o mesmo gesto imperioso usado com os lobos. Em uma voz baixa, quase sussurrada, que parecia cortar o ar e ecoar pela sala, ele falou.

En Ele exigiu saber como ousavam tocá-lo ou mesmo olhá-lo depois que ele havia proibido. Ele ordenou que voltassem, declarando que este homem lhe pertencia e que teriam que lidar com ele se interferissem. A moça loira, com uma risada de coqueteria obscena, virou-se para responder.

En Ela o acusou de nunca ter amado e de ser incapaz de amar. As outras mulheres se juntaram, e sua risada foi sem alegria, dura e sem alma, fazendo o narrador quase desmaiar; parecia o prazer de demônios. Então o Conde, depois de olhar atentamente para o rosto do narrador, virou-se e disse em um sussurro suave...

En Ele disse que ele também podia amar, e eles podiam perceber pelo passado. Ele prometeu que, quando terminasse com o narrador, eles poderiam beijá-lo à vontade. Então ordenou que eles fossem embora, dizendo que precisava acordar o narrador, pois havia trabalho a ser feito.

En Uma das mulheres perguntou se eles teriam algo para comer naquela noite, apontando para uma sacola no chão que parecia se mover. O homem assentiu. Uma mulher abriu a sacola. O narrador ouviu um som como o de uma criança sendo sufocada. As mulheres se agruparam ao redor, e o narrador ficou horrorizado. Então as mulheres e a sacola desapareceram, parecendo se dissolver na luz da lua e passar pela janela.

En Tomado pelo terror, o narrador perdeu a consciência.

IV

En O diário de Jonathan Harker continuou.

En O narrador acordou em sua própria cama. Se não foi um sonho, o Conde deve tê-lo carregado até lá. Ele notou pequenas pistas: suas roupas estavam dobradas de forma diferente, seu relógio não estava dado corda. Ele geralmente era cuidadoso com essas coisas. Mas poderia ser que sua mente estivesse perturbada. Ele decidiu procurar provas. Ficou feliz que seus bolsos estavam intactos, especialmente o diário, que o Conde certamente teria destruído. Olhando ao redor de seu quarto, que antes estava cheio de medo, agora parecia um santuário, porque aquelas mulheres terríveis esperando para sugar seu sangue eram mais assustadoras.

En Em 18 de maio, o narrador foi examinar o quarto novamente à luz do dia para descobrir a verdade. Ele encontrou a porta no topo da escada fechada e forçada contra o batente, com madeira lascada. A porta estava trancada por dentro, então ele temeu que não fosse um sonho. Ele decidiu agir com base nessa suposição.

En O narrador se sentiu preso. O Conde pediu a ele, de maneira muito educada, que escrevesse três cartas. A primeira diria que seu trabalho estava quase terminado e que ele partiria em breve; a segunda, que ele partiria na manhã seguinte; a terceira, que ele já havia deixado o castelo e chegado a Bistritz. O narrador queria recusar, mas sabia que era perigoso discutir abertamente porque estava completamente sob o poder do Conde. Recusar deixaria o Conde desconfiado e irritado. O Conde sabia que o narrador sabia demais e teria que morrer. A única esperança do narrador era ganhar tempo e esperar uma chance de escapar. Ele viu um olhar de raiva crescente nos olhos do Conde, semelhante a quando ele havia empurrado a bela mulher. O Conde explicou que o correio não era confiável e que escrever agora tranquilizaria seus amigos. Ele prometeu cancelar as cartas posteriores se necessário, com tanta firmeza que se opor a ele causaria nova suspeita. O narrador fingiu concordar e pediu as datas.

En O Conde calculou por um momento e então deu as datas: a primeira carta deveria ser datada de 12 de junho, a segunda de 19 de junho e a terceira de 29 de junho.

En O narrador agora entendia quanto tempo lhe restava de vida. Ele clamou a Deus por ajuda.

En Um grupo de Szgany havia chegado ao castelo e montado acampamento no pátio. O narrador sabia, por suas anotações, que esses eram ciganos, comuns nesta região, mas relacionados a ciganos de todo o mundo. Havia milhares deles na Hungria e na Transilvânia, vivendo quase à margem da lei. Geralmente se associavam a algum nobre ou boiardo e adotavam seu nome. Eram destemidos, não tinham religião além de superstições e falavam sua própria variedade da língua romani.

En O narrador planejou escrever cartas para casa e tentar fazer com que os Szgany as postassem. Ele já havia falado com eles da janela para iniciar um conhecimento. Eles tiraram seus chapéus e fizeram reverências e muitos sinais, mas ele não conseguia entender sua língua ou gestos melhor do que suas palavras faladas.

En A narradora havia terminado as cartas. Uma para Mina estava em taquigrafia, e ela pediu que o Sr. Hawkins repassasse as informações a ela. Para Mina, ela descreveu suas circunstâncias, mas omitiu os detalhes aterrorizantes que ela apenas podia supor, pois revelar seus verdadeiros medos a chocaria e a assustaria até a morte. Se as cartas não chegassem aos seus destinos, o Conde permaneceria ignorante sobre seu segredo e a extensão de seu conhecimento.

En Tendo entregado as cartas ao deixá-las cair pelas barras da janela com uma moeda de ouro, ela gesticulou da melhor forma que pôde para garantir que fossem postadas. O homem que as pegou apertou-as contra o coração, fez uma reverência e as colocou em seu boné. Incapaz de fazer mais, ela voltou furtivamente ao escritório e começou a ler. Como o Conde ainda não havia aparecido, ela registrou esses eventos.

En O Conde entrou no quarto e sentou-se ao lado dela. Em seu tom mais agradável, ele abriu duas cartas enquanto falava.

En O Conde disse a ela que um Szgany lhe trouxera essas cartas, e ele, claro, ficaria encarregado delas. Ele observou que uma era dela para seu amigo Peter Hawkins. No entanto, ao abrir o outro envelope, ele avistou símbolos estranhos; uma expressão sombria cruzou seu rosto e seus olhos brilharam com fúria. Ele declarou que era uma coisa vil, um insulto à amizade e hospitalidade, e notou que não estava assinada.

Calmamente, ele segurou tanto a carta quanto o envelope na chama da lamparina até que fossem completamente consumidos.

En O Conde assegurou a ela que a carta para Hawkins seria enviada, pois pertencia a ela e suas cartas eram sagradas para ele. Ele se desculpou por ter quebrado o selo inadvertidamente e entregou a ela um envelope limpo com uma reverência cortês. Silenciosamente, ela reendereçou a carta e a devolveu a ele. Depois que ele saiu do quarto, ela ouviu a chave girar suavemente. Um minuto depois, ela tentou a porta e a encontrou trancada.

En Uma ou duas horas depois, o Conde entrou silenciosamente no quarto. Sua chegada me acordou, pois eu havia adormecido no sofá. Ele foi cortês e alegre. Notando que eu estava dormindo, ele se dirigiu a mim.

En O Conde observou que eu parecia cansado e me aconselhou a ir para a cama para descansar adequadamente. Ele se desculpou por não poder conversar naquela noite devido a muitas tarefas, mas expressou esperança de que eu dormisse bem. Fui para o meu quarto e, curiosamente, dormi sem sonhos. O narrador observa que o desespero tem seus próprios momentos de calma.

En Na manhã de 31 de maio, ao acordar, planejei pegar papel e envelopes da minha bolsa e mantê-los no bolso, para poder escrever se surgisse uma oportunidade. Mas, mais uma vez, fui surpreendido, um choque.

En Cada pedaço de papel havia desaparecido: minhas anotações e memorandos sobre ferrovias e viagens, minha carta de crédito — de fato, tudo que me ajudaria quando estivesse fora do castelo. Sentei e refleti, então uma ideia me ocorreu, e vasculhei minha mala e o guarda-roupa onde havia guardado minhas roupas.

En O terno que eu havia usado para viajar estava desaparecido, assim como meu sobretudo e cobertor; não encontrei nenhum vestígio deles em lugar algum. Isso parecia ser mais um plano malicioso.

En Na manhã de 17 de junho, o narrador sentou-se na borda da cama, tentando pensar. Ele ouviu o estalar de chicotes e o som dos cascos dos cavalos do lado de fora. Alegremente, ele correu para a janela e viu duas grandes carroças, cada uma puxada por oito cavalos

fortes. Na frente de cada par de cavalos havia um motorista eslovaco, usando um chapéu largo, um cinto cravejado de pregos, uma pele de carneiro suja e botas altas, e carregando um longo bastão. O narrador correu para a porta, esperando descer e juntar-se a eles pelo salão principal, mas ficou chocado ao descobrir que sua porta estava trancada pelo lado de fora.

En O narrador chamou os motoristas da janela. Eles olharam para ele, mas não entenderam; então o líder dos Szgany saiu e disse algo, fazendo-os rir. Depois disso, por mais que o narrador gritasse ou implorasse, eles nem sequer olhavam para ele. As carroças carregavam grandes caixas quadradas com alças de corda grossa, que estavam vazias — os eslovacos as manuseavam facilmente e elas ressoavam quando movidas. Depois de descarregadas e empilhadas em um canto, os Szgany pagaram os eslovacos, que cuspiram no dinheiro para dar sorte e foram preguiçosamente para seus cavalos. Logo o estalar de seus chicotes se desvaneceu ao longe.

En Na noite de 24 de junho, antes do amanhecer, o Conde deixou o narrador cedo e se trancou em seu quarto. Assim que se atreveu, o narrador subiu a escada em espiral e olhou pela janela voltada para o sul, vigiando o Conde porque algo estava acontecendo. Os Szgany estavam alojados em algum lugar do castelo, fazendo algum tipo de trabalho; ele podia ouvir um som abafado distante de enxada e pá. Seja o que fosse, ele sentiu que devia ser o fim de alguma vilania cruel.

En Após menos de meia hora à janela, o narrador viu algo emergindo da janela do Conde. Ele recuou e observou com cuidado, e viu o Conde sair completamente. Para seu choque, o Conde estava usando o mesmo terno de roupas que o narrador havia usado durante a viagem, e pendurada em seu ombro estava a terrível bolsa que o narrador havia visto as mulheres levarem. Não havia dúvida sobre a missão do Conde, e com as próprias roupas do narrador! Esse era o novo esquema maligno do Conde: permitir que outros o vissem, pensando que viam o narrador, para que ele pudesse deixar evidências de que o narrador havia sido visto em cidades postando suas cartas, e para que qualquer maldade que o Conde cometesse fosse atribuída ao narrador.

En O narrador se enfureceu com a ideia de que isso poderia continuar enquanto ele estava trancado, um verdadeiro prisioneiro, sem sequer a proteção da lei que é o direito e o consolo de todo criminoso.

En O narrador decidiu esperar o retorno do Conde e sentou-se resolutamente à janela por muito tempo. Gradualmente, ele notou minúsculos pontos flutuando sob a luz da lua, como poeira fina, girando e se agrupando em aglomerados vagos. Observá-los trouxe uma sensação de paz, e uma calma estranha o dominou. Ele se recostou no vão da janela para se sentir mais confortável, a fim de observar melhor a dança aérea.

En Um uivo baixo e lastimoso de cães vindo do vale abaixo o sobressaltou. O som parecia fazer a poeira flutuante dançar em novas formas. Ele sentiu seus instintos e sua própria alma se esforçando para responder; ele estava se hipnotizando. A poeira dançava mais rápido, os raios de lua tremiam e as partículas se aglomeravam em formas fantasmagóricas escuras. Então, ele de repente acordou totalmente alerta e correu gritando do local. As formas fantasmagóricas, agora se materializando dos raios de lua, eram as três mulheres fantasmagóricas a quem ele estava condenado. Ele fugiu para seu próprio quarto, sentindo-se mais seguro onde não havia luar e uma lâmpada brilhava intensamente.

En Algumas horas depois, ele ouviu movimento no quarto do Conde — um gemido agudo rapidamente abafado — então um silêncio profundo e terrível que o gelou. Com o coração acelerado, ele tentou a porta, mas se viu trancado em sua prisão. Não pôde fazer nada além de sentar e chorar.

En Enquanto estava sentado, ele ouviu o grito agonizante de uma mulher vindo do pátio. Correndo para a janela, abriu-a e espiou através das grades. Uma mulher de cabelos desgrehados estava ali, com as mãos sobre o coração como se estivesse exausta de correr, encostada no portão. Ao ver o rosto dele, ela se lançou para a frente e gritou com uma voz ameaçadora.

En Ela o chamou de monstro e exigiu seu filho.

En Ela caiu de joelhos e, erguendo as mãos, repetiu as mesmas palavras em um tom que me comoveu profundamente. Então, ela arrancava os cabelos, batia no peito e se entregava às expressões mais violentas de emoção extrema. Por fim, ela se lançou para a frente e, embora eu não pudesse vê-la, ouvi o som de suas mãos nuas batendo na porta.

En De algum lugar bem alto, provavelmente na torre, ouvi a voz do Conde chamando em um sussurro áspero e metálico. O uivo dos lobos parecia responder-lhe de todas as direções. Em poucos minutos, uma matilha de lobos fluiu pela ampla entrada para o pátio, como se uma barreira tivesse sido rompida.

En A mulher não emitiu som, e o uivo dos lobos foi breve. Logo eles se afastaram um por um, lambendo os lábios.

En Eu não conseguia sentir pena dela, porque agora entendia o que havia acontecido com seu filho, e ela estava melhor morta.

En Eu me perguntava o que poderia fazer ou como poderia escapar dessa coisa terrível de noite, escuridão e medo.

En O narrador refletiu que uma pessoa não pode realmente apreciar a manhã até ter sofrido durante a noite. Quando o sol nasceu alto o suficiente para tocar o topo do portão em frente à sua janela, aquele ponto parecia tão sagrado quanto a pomba pousando na arca de Noé. Seu medo se dissolveu como uma vestimenta no calor. Ele resolveu agir enquanto ainda sentia a coragem da luz do dia. Lembrou que na noite anterior, uma de suas cartas pré-datadas havia sido enviada, a primeira de uma série que apagaria todos os vestígios de sua existência.

En Ele ordenou a si mesmo que parasse de se preocupar com o passado e se concentrasse na ação.

En Ele observou que todos os seus problemas e medos ocorriam à noite. Nunca tinha visto o Conde durante o dia, o que o levou a questionar se o Conde dormia enquanto os outros estavam acordados, para que pudesse estar acordado enquanto eles dormiam. Ele desejou poder entrar no quarto do Conde, mas a porta estava sempre trancada, sem nenhuma entrada.

En Ele percebeu que talvez houvesse um caminho se tivesse coragem. Já que tinha visto o Conde rastejar para fora de sua própria janela, por que não poderia fazer o mesmo? O plano era desesperado, mas sua situação era ainda mais desesperadora. Decidiu arriscar, pensando que, na pior das hipóteses, morreria, e a morte não era como a de um bezerro; talvez o além ainda o esperasse. Ele rezou pela ajuda de Deus e se despediu de Mina e de seus outros entes queridos, caso falhasse.

En Mais tarde naquele dia, ele relatou que havia feito a tentativa e, com a ajuda de Deus, retornado em segurança ao seu quarto. Determinou-se a registrar cada detalhe. Foi direto para a janela sul, pisou na estreita saliência de pedra que contorna o edifício e removeu as botas. As pedras eram grandes e mal cortadas, com a argamassa erodida pelo tempo. Olhou para baixo uma vez para garantir que a visão da profundidade não o dominaria, depois desviou o olhar. Sabia a direção e a distância até a janela do Conde e seguiu cuidadosamente. Não sentiu tontura, talvez por causa da excitação, e o tempo pareceu absurdamente curto até que ele se viu parado no parapeito da janela. Levantou a janela, entrou de pés primeiro e olhou ao redor. Para sua surpresa e alívio, o quarto estava vazio. Era escassamente mobiliado com itens estranhos e empoeirados, nunca usados, de estilo semelhante ao dos cômodos do sul. Procurou uma chave, mas não a encontrou. Em um canto, descobriu uma grande pilha de moedas de ouro de vários tipos — romanas, britânicas, austríacas, húngaras, gregas e turcas — todas cobertas de poeira, como se estivessem enterradas há muito tempo. Nenhuma tinha menos de trezentos anos. Havia também correntes e ornamentos, alguns com joias, todos velhos e manchados.

En Em um canto da sala, o narrador encontrou uma porta pesada. Como não havia encontrado as chaves que procurava, ele a experimentou. A porta estava aberta e levava a uma passagem de pedra que dava para uma escada circular íngreme e escura. Ele desceu com cuidado, pois a única luz vinha de aberturas estreitas nas grossas paredes de pedra. No fundo, uma passagem escura como um túnel exalava um odor nauseante de terra recém-revolvida. O cheiro ficou mais forte à medida que ele avançava. Finalmente, ele empurrou uma porta pesada que estava entreaberta e entrou em uma capela velha e arruinada que havia sido usada como cemitério. O telhado estava quebrado e havia degraus levando a criptas. O chão havia sido recentemente escavado, e a terra foi colocada em grandes caixas de madeira, provavelmente aquelas trazidas pelos eslovacos. Não havia ninguém por perto. Ele procurou outra saída, mas não encontrou nenhuma. Examinou cada centímetro do chão e até entrou nas criptas, embora isso o assustasse profundamente. Em duas criptas, viu apenas fragmentos de caixões antigos e montes de poeira, mas na terceira cripta fez uma descoberta.

En Em uma das cinquenta caixas grandes, sobre uma pilha de terra recém-cavada, estava o Conde. O narrador não conseguia dizer se ele estava morto ou dormindo, pois seus olhos estavam abertos e vítreos, mas sem o aspecto vidrado da morte, e suas bochechas pálidas ainda tinham um pouco de calor. Seus lábios estavam tão vermelhos como sempre. Não havia movimento, pulso, respiração ou batimento cardíaco. O narrador se inclinou sobre ele, mas não encontrou sinal de vida. O cheiro de terra ainda não havia se dissipado, então o Conde não poderia estar ali há muito tempo. Ao lado da caixa estava sua tampa, perfurada com furos. Pensando que o Conde pudesse ter as chaves consigo, o narrador estendeu a mão, mas ao fazê-lo, viu os olhos mortos. Apesar de sem vida, eles continham um olhar de ódio tão inconsciente que o narrador fugiu. Ele saiu do quarto do Conde pela janela e escalou de volta o muro do castelo. Uma vez em seu quarto, jogou-se na cama, ofegante, e tentou pensar.

En Em 29 de junho, o narrador viu o Conde sair do castelo pela mesma janela, vestindo as roupas do narrador. O Conde desceu pela parede como um lagarto. O narrador desejou ter uma arma ou outra arma para destruí-lo, mas temia que nenhuma arma feita pelo homem afetasse o Conde. Ele não esperou para ver o Conde voltar porque tinha medo das irmãs estranhas. Em vez disso, voltou para a biblioteca e leu até adormecer.

En O narrador foi acordado pelo Conde, que o olhou com uma expressão sombria e então falou.

En O Conde disse ao narrador que eles deveriam se separar no dia seguinte. O narrador retornaria à sua bela Inglaterra, enquanto o Conde tinha trabalho a fazer que poderia impedi-los de se encontrarem novamente. O Conde confirmou que sua carta para casa havia sido enviada e disse que tudo estaria pronto para sua viagem. Pela manhã, os Szgany e alguns eslovacos viriam para seus próprios trabalhos. Depois que eles partissem, a carruagem do Conde levaria o narrador até a Passagem Borgo para encontrar a diligência de Bukovina para Bistritz. O Conde acrescentou que esperava ver o narrador novamente no Castelo Drácula. Desconfiado, o narrador decidiu testar a sinceridade do Conde e perguntou diretamente.

En Ele perguntou por que não podia ir naquela noite.

En O outro respondeu que seu cocheiro e cavalos estavam em uma missão.

En Ele insistiu que caminharia com prazer e desejava partir imediatamente. Seu sorriso era suave, porém diabólico, e o narrador sentiu um truque oculto. Então ele falou.

En Ele então perguntou sobre a bagagem.

En Ele respondeu que não se importava com a bagagem e poderia mandar buscá-la depois.

En O Conde se levantou e me dirigiu a palavra com uma cortesia tão genuína que mal pude acreditar nos meus olhos; parecia totalmente autêntico.

En O Conde comentou que havia um ditado inglês que admirava, um que refletia os valores do seu próprio povo: dar boas-vindas ao hóspede que chega e apressar a partida do que vai. Ele me convidou a acompanhá-lo, garantindo que não seria detido contra a minha vontade, embora estivesse triste com meu súbito desejo de partir. Então, com solene dignidade, ele liderou o caminho escada abaixo, carregando a lamparina. Ele parou abruptamente.

En Ele me ordenou que ouvisse.

En Perto dali, o uivo de muitos lobos surgiu. Parecia começar exatamente quando ele erguia a mão, como uma orquestra respondendo ao seu maestro. Após uma breve pausa, ele prosseguiu com porte solene até a porta, retirou os pesados ferrolhos e correntes, e começou a puxá-la para abrir.

En Para minha grande surpresa, vi que a porta estava destrancada. Olhei ao redor desconfiado, mas não encontrei chave alguma em lugar nenhum.

En À medida que a porta começava a se abrir, o uivo dos lobos lá fora ficou mais alto e mais furioso. Suas mandíbulas vermelhas com dentes rangendo e suas patas com garras rombudas apareceram através da abertura. O narrador percebeu que lutar contra o Conde era inútil naquele momento, com tais aliados sob seu comando. No entanto, a porta continuou a abrir lentamente, e apenas o corpo do Conde bloqueava a fenda. De repente, ocorreu-lhe que este poderia ser o

momento de sua perdição — que ele seria entregue aos lobos, e por sua própria instigação. A ideia era diabolicamente perversa, digna do Conde, e como último recurso ele gritou.

En Ele ordenou que a porta fosse fechada e declarou que esperaria até de manhã, cobrindo o rosto com as mãos para esconder suas lágrimas de amarga decepção. Com um único movimento de seu braço poderoso, o Conde bateu a porta, e os grandes ferrolhos ressoaram e ecoaram pelo salão ao se recolherem no lugar.

En Eles voltaram para a biblioteca em silêncio, e após um minuto ou dois o narrador foi para seu próprio quarto. A última coisa que viu do Conde Drácula foi ele beijando a própria mão, com uma luz vermelha de triunfo nos olhos e um sorriso do qual até Judas no inferno poderia se orgulhar.

En Quando ele estava em seu quarto e prestes a se deitar, pensou ter ouvido sussurros em sua porta. Foi até ela suavemente e escutou. A menos que seus ouvidos o enganassem, ouviu a voz do Conde.

En Ele ouviu o Conde ordenar que algo voltasse ao seu próprio lugar, dizendo que seu tempo ainda não havia chegado. Disse-lhe para esperar e ter paciência, declarando que aquela noite era dele e a noite seguinte seria delas. Houve um riso baixo e doce. Enraivecido, o narrador abriu a porta e viu as três mulheres terríveis lambendo os lábios. Quando ele apareceu, todas se uniram em uma risada horrível e fugiram.

En Ele voltou para seu quarto e se ajoelhou. Percebeu que o fim estava tão próximo, talvez amanhã. Orou ao Senhor por ajuda para si mesmo e para aqueles que amava.

En Na manhã de 30 de junho, ele observou que estas poderiam ser suas últimas anotações no diário. Dormiu até pouco antes do amanhecer e, ao acordar, ajoelhou-se, decidido a estar pronto se a morte chegasse.

En Ele sentiu a sutil mudança no ar que indicava a manhã. O canto do galo o fez sentir-se seguro. Alegrementemente, abriu a porta e correu para o saguão. Vendo que a porta estava destrancada, a fuga parecia possível. Com mãos trêmulas, soltou as correntes e puxou os pesados ferrolhos.

En No entanto, a porta não abria. O desespero o dominou. Ele puxou e sacudiu a porta maciça até ela chacoalhar. Viu que o ferrolho estava no lugar; havia sido trancada depois que ele deixou o Conde.

En Então, uma necessidade desesperada de obter a chave o impulsionou, independentemente do risco. Ele decidiu escalar a parede novamente para chegar ao quarto do Conde. A morte, pensou, poderia ser o resultado preferível. Sem hesitar, correu para a janela leste, desceu pela parede e entrou no quarto do Conde. Estava vazio, como esperado. Não encontrou nenhuma chave, mas o monte de ouro ainda estava lá. Ele passou pela porta do canto, desceu a escada em espiral e seguiu pela passagem escura até a antiga capela. Sabia exatamente onde encontrar o monstro que procurava.

En O narrador encontrou a grande caixa ainda encostada na parede; a tampa não estava presa, mas os pregos estavam prontos. Ele levantou a tampa e viu o Conde, que parecia parcialmente rejuvenescido: seu cabelo e bigode haviam escurecido, suas bochechas estavam mais cheias e sua pele tinha um tom avermelhado. Havia sangue fresco em seus lábios, e suas pálpebras estavam inchadas. A criatura parecia empanturrada de sangue como uma sanguessuga. O narrador estremeceu, mas teve que procurar a chave. Ele apalpou todo o corpo, mas não encontrou nada. Então viu um sorriso zombeteiro que o enlouqueceu. Pensou no Conde indo para Londres para criar mais monstros. Num acesso de raiva, ele pegou uma pá e golpeou o rosto, mas a cabeça do Conde virou, e a pá desviou, fazendo um corte profundo na testa. A pá caiu e a tampa se fechou, escondendo o rosto horrendo.

En O narrador considerou seu próximo movimento, mas sua mente estava em turbilhão. Ele ouviu uma canção cigana se aproximando, junto com o som de rodas e chicotes — os Szgany e os Eslovacos estavam chegando. Ele correu para o quarto do Conde, planejando escapar quando a porta se abrisse. Ouviu a chave girar na fechadura principal e a porta pesada se abrir. Então muitos passos ecoaram pelo corredor. Tentou voltar para a cripta para encontrar outra saída, mas uma súbita rajada de vento bateu a porta da escada em espiral. Quando tentou abri-la, descobriu que estava firmemente trancada. Ele era novamente um prisioneiro, e a armadilha parecia se fechar ao seu redor.

En O narrador ouviu o pisar de muitos pés no corredor abaixo, e o baque de caixas pesadas sendo colocadas — provavelmente as caixas cheias de terra. Então veio o som de marteladas, enquanto a caixa era

pregada. Depois disso, os passos pesados se moveram novamente pelo salão, seguidos por muitos outros.

En A porta foi fechada, e as correntes chacoalharam. Ele ouviu a chave girar na fechadura e depois ser retirada. Outra porta se abriu e fechou, com o som de fechaduras e ferrolhos sendo trancados.

En Ele ouviu no pátio e descendo o caminho rochoso o som de rodas pesadas rolando, chicotes estalando e o coro dos Szwany se distanciando.

En O orador expressou sua repulsa por ter sido deixado sozinho no castelo com aquelas mulheres terríveis. Ele as contrastou com Mina, a quem considerava uma mulher de verdade, e descreveu as outras como demônios do abismo.

En Ele resolveu não ficar sozinho com elas. Em vez disso, planejou escalar a muralha do castelo mais alto do que havia tentado antes, e levaria um pouco de ouro caso precisasse depois. Esperava encontrar uma saída daquele lugar terrível.

En Ele ansiava por fugir para casa no trem mais rápido, para escapar deste lugar e terra amaldiçoados, onde acreditava que o diabo e seus seguidores ainda andavam entre os vivos.

En Ele refletiu que a misericórdia de Deus era preferível à dos monstros, e observou que o penhasco era íngreme e alto. No fundo, um homem poderia dormir como um homem. Despediu-se de todos, especialmente de Mina.

V

En O texto era uma carta escrita pela Srta. Mina Murray para a Srta. Lucy Westenra.

En A carta é datada de 9 de maio.

En Mina se dirige a Lucy como sua querida amiga.

En Mina pede desculpas pelo longo silêncio, explicando que seu trabalho como professora assistente tem sido avassalador. Ela anseia por estar com Lucy à beira-mar, onde possam conversar livremente e sonhar juntas. Ela tem estudado taquigrafia diligentemente para ajudar Jonathan após o casamento, e também pratica datilografia para poder transcrever suas anotações. Jonathan mantém um diário estenográfico de suas viagens, e eles às vezes trocam cartas em taquigrafia. Mina planeja manter um diário pessoal quando estiver com Lucy, não para publicação, mas como um exercício. Ela espera desenvolver habilidades como as de jornalistas mulheres: entrevistar, descrever cenas e lembrar conversas. Ela recebeu recentemente uma breve nota de Jonathan, que está bem e retornará da Transilvânia em cerca de uma semana. Ela aguarda ansiosamente suas notícias e se pergunta se ela e Jonathan algum dia viajarão juntos. O sino das dez horas toca, e ela se despede.

En A carta é assinada com amor por Mina.

En Mina pede que Lucy compartilhe todas as notícias, pois ela não escreve há muito tempo. Ela menciona ouvir rumores, especialmente sobre um homem alto, bonito e de cabelos cacheados.

En A narrativa continua com uma carta de Lucy Westenra endereçada a Mina Murray.

En A carta é datada de quarta-feira e enviada de 17, Chatham Street.

En Lucy abre sua carta com uma saudação calorosa à sua querida amiga Mina.

En Lucy conta a Mina que escreveu duas vezes desde que se separaram, e que a última carta de Mina foi apenas a segunda. Ela tem pouco a relatar: a cidade está agradável, e elas visitam galerias e andam a cavalo no parque. Ela menciona o Sr. Holmwood, que se dá bem com sua mãe. Ela também descreve um médico apresentado pelo Sr.

Holmwood—bonito, rico e inteligente, com apenas vinte e nove anos e responsável por um grande asilo. Esse médico visita frequentemente e parece determinado, porém calmo. Ele tenta ler os pensamentos das pessoas olhando diretamente para elas, mas Lucy acredita que é difícil demais para ele. Ele a chama de um curioso estudo psicológico. Lucy admite que se importa pouco com moda. Então ela confessa que o ama, embora ele não tenha dito que a ama. Ela cora enquanto escreve e se sente aliviada por compartilhar isso. Ela pede a Mina que responda com seus pensamentos e que reze por sua felicidade.

En A carta termina com a assinatura de Lucy.

En Lucy adicionou um pós-escrito lembrando Mina de que a informação era confidencial, e desejou-lhe boa noite mais uma vez.

En A carta foi simplesmente assinada com a inicial L.

En A seguir está uma carta escrita por Lucy Westenra para sua amiga Mina Murray.

En A carta foi datada de 24 de maio.

En Lucy começou a carta com uma saudação afetuosa para sua querida Mina.

En A escritora expressou repetida gratidão pela doce carta de Mina, observando como era reconfortante compartilhar seus sentimentos e receber a simpatia de Mina.

En A escritora disse a Mina que ela estava quase com vinte anos e havia recebido três propostas de casamento no mesmo dia, o que foi avassalador. Ela sentiu pena de dois dos homens e estava muito feliz, mas pediu que Mina mantivesse segredo das outras garotas que poderiam ficar com ciúmes. Ela contaria ao seu noivo Jonathan e esperava que Mina contasse a Arthur. A primeira proposta veio do Dr. John Seward, que estava aparentemente calmo, mas muito nervoso. Ele brincou com um lanceta e declarou seu amor, mas parou quando ela chorou. Ele perguntou se ela poderia amá-lo um dia ou se já amava outra pessoa. Ela admitiu que havia alguém, então ele pegou suas mãos, desejou-lhe felicidade e ofereceu sua amizade. Ela se sentiu de coração partido por ele, apesar de sua própria felicidade.

En A escritora observou que era noite.

En Depois que Arthur saiu, a escritora se sentiu melhor e continuou sua carta. Ela disse que a segunda proposta veio após o almoço do Sr. Quincey P. Morris, um americano do Texas que parecia jovem e aventureiro apesar de suas muitas viagens. Ela refletiu sobre como as mulheres podem se casar por proteção e observou que o Sr. Morris era bem-educado e educado, mas usava gírias americanas porque a divertia. Ele sentou-se ao lado dela, parecendo alegre, mas nervoso, pegou sua mão e falou gentilmente.

En O Sr. Morris, usando sua característica gíria americana, perguntou a Lucy se ela concordaria em se juntar a ele em casamento e enfrentar a vida juntos como um casal.

En Lucy observou que o Sr. Morris parecia tão bem-humorado e alegre que recusá-lo parecia menos difícil do que tinha sido com o Dr. Seward. Ela respondeu levemente que não sabia nada sobre atrelagem e que ainda não estava domada para o arreio. O Sr. Morris então disse que havia falado de forma leve e esperava que ela o perdoasse se ele tivesse cometido um erro em uma ocasião tão grave e importante para ele. Ele parecia sério ao dizer isso, e Lucy não pôde deixar de se sentir séria também, embora também sentisse uma espécie de exultação por ser o segundo pedido de casamento em um dia. Antes que ela pudesse falar, ele começou uma torrente de declarações de amor, colocando seu coração e alma aos pés dela. Ele era tão sincero que Lucy percebeu que não podia mais pensar que um homem que era alegre às vezes devia ser sempre brincalhão e nunca sério. Ela supôs que ele viu algo no rosto dela que o fez parar, pois ele parou de repente e falou com um fervor viril pelo qual ela poderia tê-lo amado se fosse livre.

En O Sr. Morris disse a Lucy que sabia que ela era uma garota de coração honesto, e que não estaria falando com ela daquela forma se não acreditasse que ela era pura de corpo e alma. Ele pediu que ela lhe dissesse, como um bom amigo para outro, se havia mais alguém de quem ela gostasse. Se houvesse, ele prometeu que nunca mais a incomodaria, mas seria um amigo muito fiel se ela permitisse.

En Lucy se perguntava por que os homens eram tão nobres enquanto as mulheres mal eram dignas deles. Ela sentiu que quase havia zombado desse cavalheiro de grande coração e verdadeiro. Ela caiu em prantos e se sentiu muito mal. Ela desejava que uma garota pudesse se casar com três homens, ou com quantos a quisessem, e evitar todo esse

problema, mas sabia que isso era heresia. Embora estivesse chorando, ela olhou nos olhos corajosos do Sr. Morris e disse a ele diretamente.

En Lucy disse ao Sr. Morris que havia alguém que ela amava, embora ele ainda não tivesse dito que a amava. Ela sentiu que era certo falar tão francamente, pois uma luz iluminou seu rosto. Ele estendeu ambas as mãos e as segurou — ela achou que colocou as mãos nas dele — e falou de forma cordial.

En O Sr. Morris a chamou de sua garota corajosa e disse que era melhor chegar atrasado por uma chance de conquistá-la do que chegar na hora para qualquer outra garota no mundo. Ele disse a ela para não chorar e que, se fosse por ele, ele era um osso duro de roer e aguentava de pé. Ele acrescentou que, se o outro sujeito não conhecia sua felicidade, seria melhor encontrá-la logo ou teria que lidar com ele. Ele disse que a honestidade e a coragem dela o haviam tornado um amigo, o que era mais raro do que um amante e mais altruísta. Ele mencionou que teria uma caminhada bastante solitária pela frente e pediu um beijo para afastar a escuridão. Ele lembrou a ela que o outro bom sujeito — que devia ser bom e fino, ou ela não poderia amá-lo — ainda não havia falado. Lúcia foi conquistada por suas palavras corajosas, doces e nobres para um rival, especialmente porque ele parecia tão triste. Ela se inclinou e o beijou. Ele se levantou com as duas mãos dela nas suas, olhou para o rosto corado dela e falou.

En O homem disse à menina que, porque ela segurou a mão dele e o beijou, eles certamente seriam amigos. Ele agradeceu por sua honestidade e se despediu. Apertou a mão dela firmemente, pegou o chapéu e saiu da sala sem olhar para trás, sem demonstrar emoção. Lucy chorou como um bebê. Ela se perguntou por que um homem tão bom tinha que ser infeliz quando havia tantas garotas que o adorariam. Ela admitiu que o amaria se fosse livre, mas não desejava ser livre. O evento a perturbou profundamente, e ela não pôde escrever sobre felicidade imediatamente. Decidiu adiar contar sobre o número três até que tudo pudesse ser feliz.

En Lucy assinou a carta com seu fecho afetuoso, declarando-se sempre sua amada Lucy.

En Em um pós-escrito, Lucy mencionou que não precisava explicar o número três; tudo havia sido um borrão confuso. Ela lembrou que, desde

o momento em que ele entrou no quarto até que a segurou nos braços e a beijou, pareceu apenas um instante. Ela se sentiu muito feliz e indigna de tanta alegria. Resolveu mostrar gratidão a Deus por lhe enviar um amante, um marido e um amigo tão especiais.

En A carta terminou com um simples adeus.

En Esta seção vem do diário do Dr. Seward.

En Este registro foi preservado em um fonógrafo.

En Em 25 de maio, o narrador não tinha apetite e não conseguia descansar, então escreveu em seu diário. Depois de ser rejeitado no dia anterior, sentiu-se vazio e desmotivado. Acreditando que o trabalho era o único remédio, foi até os pacientes. Escolheu um paciente particularmente fascinante e incomum, e sentiu que estava se aproximando de entender o segredo do homem.

En Ele questionou o paciente mais minuciosamente do que antes, com o objetivo de entender completamente sua delusão. Em retrospecto, percebeu que sua abordagem havia sido um tanto cruel; ele parecia determinado a manter o paciente focado em sua loucura, algo que normalmente evitava como se fosse uma armadilha mortal.

En Ele refletiu sobre quando poderia não evitar tal armadilha. Tudo em Roma tem seu preço; o inferno também pode ser comprado. Se houver algum significado mais profundo por trás desse instinto, seria valioso rastreá-lo mais tarde. Então ele decidiu iniciar esse estudo cuidadoso.

En R. M. Renfield, 59 anos, de temperamento sanguíneo, grande força física e excitabilidade mórbida. Ele experimenta períodos de melancolia que terminam em alguma ideia fixa que o narrador não consegue identificar. O narrador suspeita que o temperamento sanguíneo combinado com influências perturbadoras pode levar a um colapso mental. Renfield pode ser perigoso, especialmente se se tornar altruísta. Homens egoístas são cautelosos, mas essa cautela protege tanto seus inimigos quanto a si mesmos. Quando o eu é o ponto fixo, as forças centrípeta e centrífuga se equilibram; quando o dever ou uma causa é o ponto fixo, a força centrífuga domina, e apenas o acidente pode equilibrá-la.

En Quincey P. Morris escreve uma carta para Arthur Holmwood.

En A carta é datada de vinte e cinco de maio.

En Ele começa a carta com uma saudação calorosa ao seu amigo Art.

En Quincey lembra Arthur de suas aventuras passadas juntos, como contar histórias ao redor de fogueiras, cuidar dos ferimentos um do outro e fazer brindes em praias distantes. Ele convida Arthur para sua fogueira na noite seguinte, sabendo que Arthur está livre porque uma certa senhora está ocupada com um jantar. Jack Seward, seu velho amigo, também estará presente. Tanto Quincey quanto Jack desejam compartilhar seus sentimentos com vinho e fazer um brinde sincero ao homem mais feliz do mundo, que conquistou um coração verdadeiramente nobre e digno. Eles prometem uma recepção calorosa e uma saudação sincera, mas o levarão para casa se ele beber demais em homenagem a um certo par de olhos. Ele insiste para que Arthur venha.

En Ele se despede, declarando-se para sempre amigo fiel de Arthur.

En Arthur Holmwood enviou um telegrama para Quincey P. Morris.

En O telegrama estava datado de 26 de maio.

En Arthur declarou que sempre se juntaria a eles e que trazia notícias que os surpreenderiam.

En Ele assinou a mensagem como Art.

VI

En A anotação do diário de Mina Murray começa.

En Em 24 de julho, Lucy encontrou o narrador na estação de Whitby, parecendo mais bonita do que nunca. Eles dirigiram até a casa na Crescent onde ela tinha quartos. O cenário é adorável: o rio Esk corre por um vale profundo que se alarga perto do porto, atravessado por um grande viaduto com pilares altos que fazem a vista parecer mais distante. O vale é íngreme e verdejante; das terras altas de cada lado, olha-se através dele, a menos que se esteja perto o suficiente para ver abaixo. A cidade antiga no lado oposto tem telhados vermelhos empilhados desordenadamente, como fotos de Nuremberg. Acima da cidade está a ruína da Abadia de Whitby, saqueada pelos dinamarqueses, famosa como o cenário de Marmion onde uma garota foi emparedada. É uma ruína nobre, imensa, cheia de detalhes belos e românticos; a lenda diz que uma dama branca aparece em uma janela. Entre a abadia e a cidade fica a igreja paroquial, cercada por um grande cemitério cheio de lápides. Para o narrador, este é o melhor lugar em Whitby, situado sobre a cidade com vista total do porto e da baía até o promontório chamado Kettlewell que se estende para o mar. O chão desce tão abruptamente sobre o porto que parte do barranco caiu, destruindo algumas sepulturas. Em um lugar, a cantaria de sepulturas se projeta sobre o caminho arenoso bem abaixo. Há caminhos com bancos pelo adro, onde as pessoas se sentam o dia todo admirando a vista e a brisa. O narrador planeja sentar-se ali com frequência para trabalhar, e está escrevendo agora com um livro no colo, ouvindo três velhos conversando por perto.

Front Matter

Pt/En

Português

Para meu querido amigo Hommy-Beg.

Original English

To My Dear Friend Hommy-Beg

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Pt/En

Português

A ordem destes papéis ficará clara à medida que forem lidos. Todo material desnecessário foi removido para que a história, embora possa parecer conflitar com o que as gerações posteriores possam acreditar, possa se apresentar como um fato simples. Em todo o texto, nenhuma afirmação do passado é incluída que possa ser afetada por memória falha, porque cada registro selecionado foi escrito na época por aqueles que testemunharam os eventos e os compreenderam dentro dos limites de seu próprio conhecimento.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Drácula

Original English

Dracula

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I

Pt/En

Português

Diário de Jonathan Harker.

Original English

Jonathan Harker's Journal.

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Pt/En

Português

O diário foi mantido em taquigrafia.

Original English

(Kept in shorthand.)

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Pt/En

Português

Em 1º de maio, o narrador saiu de Munique às 20h35 e chegou a Viena no início da manhã seguinte, embora o trem estivesse uma hora atrasado. Do trem, ele vislumbrou Budapeste e sentiu que estava deixando o Ocidente e entrando no Oriente, atravessando o Danúbio por uma ponte esplêndida para uma região moldada pelo domínio turco.

Original English

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. Budapest 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.

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Pt/En

Português

O trem partiu no horário e chegou a Klausenburgh após o anoitecer. O narrador ficou no Hotel Royale e comeu um prato de frango apimentado chamado paprika hendl, que lhe deu sede. Ele o mencionou como um prato nacional encontrado em todos os Cárpatos. Seu alemão limitado mostrou-se muito útil.

Original English

We left in pretty good time, and came after nightfall to Klausenburgh. Here I stopped for the night at the Hotel 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.

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Pt/En

Português

Antes de sair de Londres, o narrador pesquisara a Transilvânia no Museu Britânico, acreditando que o conhecimento do país seria útil ao lidar com o Conde Drácula. Ele soube que a região mencionada ficava nos Cárpatos orientais, perto de três fronteiras. Não conseguiu encontrar a localização exata do Castelo de Drácula em nenhum mapa, mas Bistritz, a cidade postal, era bem conhecida. Ele planejava registrar suas anotações para Mina.

Original English

Having had 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 nobleman 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.

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Pt/En

Português

A Transilvânia tinha quatro nacionalidades distintas: saxões e valáquios no sul, magiares no oeste e szeklers no leste e norte. O narrador se dirigia aos szeklers, que alegavam ser descendentes de Átila e dos hunos. Ele leu que os Cárpatos eram um ponto de encontro de superstições, tornando sua estadia potencialmente fascinante.

Original English

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.)

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Pt/En

Português

O narrador dormiu mal devido a sonhos estranhos, um cão uivando e sede causada pelo paprika apimentado. Ele dormiu profundamente perto da manhã, mas foi acordado por batidas. Seu café da manhã incluiu mais paprika, mamaliga (mingau de milho) e impletata (berinjela recheada). Ele correu para a estação, mas o trem atrasou mais de uma hora, levando-o a concluir que os trens se tornam menos pontuais à medida que se viaja para o leste.

Original English

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 eggplant 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?

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Pt/En

Português

O dia parecia passar devagar enquanto viajavam por um campo rico em todo tipo de beleza. Às vezes vislumbravam pequenas cidades ou castelos empoleirados em colinas íngremes, como ilustrações em manuscritos antigos; outras vezes, corriam ao lado de rios e riachos cujas margens largas e pedregosas sugeriam que estavam sujeitos a grandes inundações. É preciso um fluxo forte e abundante para limpar as bordas externas de um rio. Em cada estação, grupos de pessoas se reuniam, às vezes em multidões, vestindo todos os tipos de roupas. Alguns se assemelhavam a camponeses de sua terra ou aos que vira na França e na Alemanha, com jaquetas curtas, chapéus redondos e calças caseiras; mas outros eram muito pitorescos. As mulheres pareciam bonitas à distância, embora menos de perto, e eram bastante desajeitadas na cintura. Todas usavam mangas brancas cheias de algum tipo, e a maioria tinha cintos grandes com muitas tiras de tecido esvoaçantes, como fantasias de balé, mas com anáguas por baixo. As figuras mais estranhas eram os eslovacos, que pareciam mais bárbaros que os outros, com seus grandes chapéus de caubói, calças largas e sujas de branco, camisas de linho branco e cintos de couro enormes e pesados com quase trinta centímetros de largura, cravejados de pregos de latão. Usavam botas altas com as calças enfiadas dentro, e tinham cabelos longos e pretos e bigodes pretos e grossos. Eram muito pitorescos, mas não pareciam atraentes. Num palco, seriam imediatamente tomados por uma antiga banda de salteadores orientais. No entanto, foi-lhe dito que eram bastante inofensivos e um tanto carentes de autoconfiança natural.

Original English

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 homemade 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 there were petticoats under them. The strangest figures we saw were the Slovaks, who were 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.

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Pt/En

Português

Foi no crepúsculo escurecido que chegaram a Bistritz, um lugar antigo muito interessante. Por estar praticamente na fronteira – pois o Passo Borgo leva dela para a Bucovina –, tivera uma existência muito tempestuosa, e certamente mostrava marcas disso. Cinquenta anos antes, ocorrera uma série de grandes incêndios, causando terríveis estragos em cinco ocasiões separadas. No início do século XVII, sofrera um cerco de três semanas e perdera 13.000 pessoas, com as baixas da guerra propriamente dita sendo auxiliadas pela fome e pela doença.

Original English

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.

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Pt/En

Português

O Conde Drácula o havia instruído a ir ao Hotel Golden Krone, que ele descobriu, para sua grande alegria, ser completamente antiquado, pois queria ver tudo o que pudesse dos costumes do país. Ele era evidentemente esperado, pois quando se aproximou da porta encontrou uma idosa de aparência alegre vestida com o traje camponês habitual – uma roupa de baixo branca com um longo avental duplo, na frente e atrás, de tecido colorido ajustado quase demasiado justo para a modéstia. Quando ele se aproximou, ela fez uma reverência e perguntou se ele era o cavalheiro inglês. Ele confirmou que era Jonathan Harker. Ela sorriu e deu algum recado a um homem idoso de camisa branca de mangas compridas, que a seguiu até a porta. Ele foi, mas imediatamente voltou com uma carta.

Original English

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 shirtsleeves, who had followed her to the door. He went, but immediately returned with a letter:□—

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Pt/En

Português

A carta era de seu amigo, dando-lhe as boas-vindas aos Cárpatos e dizendo que o esperava ansiosamente. Aconselhou-o a dormir bem naquela noite. No dia seguinte, às três, a diligência partiria para a Bucovina; um lugar nela estava reservado para ele. No Passo Borgo, sua carruagem o aguardaria e o levaria para sua casa. Confiava que a viagem de Jonathan de Londres tinha sido feliz e que ele desfrutaria de sua estadia em sua bela terra.

Original English

“My Friend. □—Welcome to the Carpathians. I am anxiously expecting you. Sleep well tonight. 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.

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Pt/En

Português

A carta foi assinada simplesmente com o nome de seu amigo, Drácula.

Original English

“Your friend, “Dracula.”

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Pt/En

Português

Descobri que meu senhorio havia recebido uma carta do Conde Drácula, instruindo-o a garantir o melhor assento na carruagem para mim. No entanto, quando pedi detalhes, ele se mostrou evasivo e fingiu não entender meu alemão, o que era obviamente falso, pois ele havia me entendido perfeitamente antes. Ele e sua esposa, a senhora idosa que me recebeu, trocaram olhares assustados. Ele murmurou que o dinheiro havia sido enviado em uma carta e que isso era tudo que sabia. Quando perguntei se conhecia o Conde Drácula ou podia descrever seu castelo, ambos se benzeram, disseram não saber de nada e se recusaram a falar mais. Estava quase na hora de eu partir, então não pude questionar mais ninguém. Toda a situação parecia muito misteriosa e perturbadora.

Original English

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.

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Pt/En

Português

Pouco antes da minha partida, a senhora idosa veio ao meu quarto e falou de forma muito agitada.

Original English

Just before I was leaving, the old lady came up to my room and said in a very hysterical way:

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Pt/En

Português

Ela perguntou se eu realmente precisava ir, parecendo extremamente perturbada. Estava tão confusa que misturou seu alemão com outra língua que eu não conhecia. Só consegui acompanhá-la fazendo muitas perguntas. Quando lhe disse que tinha que partir imediatamente para negócios importantes, ela perguntou novamente.

Original English

“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:

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Pt/En

Português

Ela então perguntou se eu sabia que dia era. Respondi que era quatro de maio. Ela balançou a cabeça e repetiu a pergunta.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Ela reconheceu que sabia que era quatro de maio, mas insistiu em saber se eu realmente entendia que dia era. Quando admiti que não entendia, ela continuou falando.

Original English

“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:

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Pt/En

Português

Era a véspera do Dia de São Jorge, e uma senhora idosa me avisou que à meia-noite todas as coisas más teriam pleno poder. Ela perguntou se eu sabia para onde estava indo e o que enfrentaria. Ela estava profundamente angustiada e, embora eu tentasse confortá-la, ela se ajoelhou e implorou que eu não fosse, ou pelo menos esperasse um ou dois dias. Achei isso ridículo, porém perturbador. No entanto, meu negócio era urgente, então eu disse firmemente que tinha que ir. Ela então enxugou os olhos, tirou um crucifixo do pescoço e o ofereceu a mim. Como um inglês anglicano, eu considerava tais objetos um tanto idolátricos, mas recusar uma senhora bem-intencionada em tal estado teria sido indelicado. Ela percebeu minha hesitação, colocou o rosário em volta do meu

pescoço, dizendo que era por causa da minha mãe, e saiu. Estou escrevendo isso enquanto espero a carruagem atrasada; o crucifixo ainda está comigo. Seja pelo medo dela, pelas tradições fantasmagóricas locais ou pelo próprio crucifixo, sinto-me menos tranquilo que o normal. Se este diário chegar a Mina antes de mim, que transmita meu adeus. A carruagem chegou.

Original English

“It is the eve of St. George’s Day. Do you not know that tonight, 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 a day or two before starting. It was all very ridiculous but I did not feel comfortable. However, there was business to be done, and I could allow nothing to interfere with it. I therefore tried to raise her up, and said, as gravely as I could, that I thanked her, but my duty was imperative, and that I must go. She then rose and dried her eyes, and taking a crucifix from her neck offered it to me. I did not know what to do, for, as an English Churchman, I have been taught to regard such things as in some measure idolatrous, and yet it seemed so ungracious to refuse an old lady meaning so well and in such a state of mind. She saw, I suppose, the doubt in my face, for she put the rosary round my neck, and said, “For your mother’s sake,” and went out of the room. I am writing up this part of the diary whilst I am waiting for the coach, which is, of course, late; and the crucifix is still round my neck. Whether it is the old lady’s fear, or the many ghostly traditions of this place, or the crucifix itself, I do not know, but I am not feeling nearly as easy in my mind as usual. If this book should ever reach Mina before I do, let it bring my goodbye. Here comes the coach!

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Pt/En

Português

5 de maio. O Castelo. A manhã cinzenta passou e o sol está alto sobre um horizonte distante e recortado, onde grandes e pequenas características se misturam. Não estou sonolento e, como não serei chamado até que acorde, estou escrevendo até o sono chegar. Há muitos detalhes estranhos para registrar e, para evitar a suspeita de que bebi demais antes de deixar Bistritz, descreverei meu jantar exatamente. Comi o que chamavam de 'bife de ladrão' — pedaços de bacon, cebola e carne bovina temperados com pimenta vermelha, enfiados em palitos e assados no

fogo, no estilo simples da carne de gato de Londres. O vinho era Golden Mediasch, que dá uma sensação curiosa na língua, não desagradável. Tomei apenas alguns copos e nada mais.

Original English

5 May. The Castle. □—The grey of the morning has passed, and the sun is high over the distant horizon, which seems jagged, whether with trees or hills I know not, for it is so far off that big things and little are mixed. I am not sleepy, and, as I am not to be called till I awake, naturally I write till sleep comes. There are many odd things to put down, and, lest who reads them may fancy that I dined too well before I left Bistritz, let me put down my dinner exactly. I dined on what they called “robber steak” □—bits of bacon, onion, and beef, seasoned with red pepper, and strung on sticks and roasted over the fire, in the simple style of the London cat’s meat! The wine was Golden Mediasch, which produces a queer sting on the tongue, which is, however, not disagreeable. I had only a couple of glasses of this, and nothing else.

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Pt/En

Português

Quando entrei na diligência, o cocheiro ainda estava conversando com a hospedeira. Eles claramente estavam falando de mim, pois me olhavam com frequência, e algumas pessoas sentadas no banco do lado de fora — chamado de 'porta-voz' — vieram ouvir e então me olharam com pena. Ouvi muitas palavras estranhas repetidas, refletindo a mistura de nacionalidades da multidão, então peguei calmamente meu dicionário políglota e as consultei. Os significados não eram tranquilizadores: entre eles estavam 'Ordog' (Satã), 'pokol' (inferno), 'stregoica' (bruxa), 'vrolok' e 'vlkoslak' — palavras eslovaca e sérvia para lobisomem ou vampiro. Preciso perguntar ao Conde sobre essas superstições.

Original English

When I got on the coach the driver had not taken his seat, and I saw him talking with the landlady. They were evidently talking of me, for every now and then they looked at me, and some of the people who were sitting on the bench outside the door □—which they call by a name meaning “word-bearer” □—came and listened, and then looked at me, most of them pityingly. I could hear a lot of words often repeated, queer words, for there were many nationalities in the crowd; so I quietly got my polyglot dictionary from my bag and looked them out. I must say they were not cheering to me,

for amongst them were “Ordog” —Satan, “pokol” —hell, “stregoica” —witch, “vrolok” and “vlkoslak” —both of which mean the same thing, one being Slovak and the other Serbian for something that is either werewolf or vampire. (Mem., I must ask the Count about these superstitions)

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Pt/En

Português

Ao partimos, a multidão na porta da estalagem, agora consideravelmente maior, fez o sinal da cruz e apontou dois dedos para mim. Com dificuldade, convenci um companheiro de viagem a explicar: a princípio ele recusou, mas ao saber que eu era inglês, disse que era um encanto contra o mau-olhado. Isso não foi agradável para alguém que iniciava uma viagem para um lugar desconhecido a fim de encontrar um homem desconhecido. No entanto, todos pareciam tão bondosos, tristes e compreensivos que fiquei comovido. Nunca esquecerei a última visão do pátio da estalagem com sua multidão de figuras pitorescas fazendo o sinal da cruz, emolduradas pelo arco e pela rica folhagem de loendros e laranjeiras em vasos verdes. Então nosso cocheiro, com calças largas de linho cobrindo o assento da boléia, estalou seu chicote sobre seus quatro pequenos cavalos, e partimos.

Original English

When we started, the crowd round the inn door, which had by this time swelled to a considerable size, all made the sign of the cross and pointed two fingers towards me. With some difficulty I got a fellow-passenger to tell me what they meant; he would not answer at first, but on learning that I was English, he explained that it was a charm or guard against the evil eye. This was not very pleasant for me, just starting for an unknown place to meet an unknown man; but everyone seemed so kindhearted, and so sorrowful, and so sympathetic that I could not but be touched. I shall never forget the last glimpse which I had of the innyard and its crowd of picturesque figures, all crossing themselves, as they stood round the wide archway, with its background of rich foliage of oleander and orange trees in green tubs clustered in the centre of the yard. Then our driver, whose wide linen drawers covered the whole front of the box-seat —“gotza” they call them —cracked his big whip over his four small horses, which ran abreast, and we set off on our journey.

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Pt/En**Português**

Logo esqueci meus medos fantasmagóricos em meio à bela paisagem enquanto dirigíamos, embora se tivesse entendido as línguas que meus companheiros de viagem falavam, talvez não os tivesse afastado tão facilmente. Diante de nós se estendia uma terra verde e inclinada, com florestas e bosques, pontuada por colinas íngremes coroadas por árvores ou casas de fazenda. Em toda parte havia uma profusão desconcertante de flores de frutas — maçã, ameixa, pera, cereja — e a grama sob as árvores estava salpicada de pétalas caídas. A estrada serpenteava pelas colinas do 'Mittel Land', desaparecendo em curvas gramadas ou atrás de pinheiros esparsos que desciam pelas encostas como línguas de fogo. Embora a estrada fosse acidentada, parecíamos voar sobre ela com uma pressa febril. Não entendia a pressa na época, mas o motorista estava determinado a chegar a Borgo Prund sem demora. Disseram-me que a estrada é excelente no verão, mas ainda não havia sido reparada após as neves do inverno. Isso difere da maioria das estradas dos Cárpatos, por causa de uma tradição antiga: os Hospodares não as reparavam, para que os turcos não pensassem que estavam se preparando para trazer tropas estrangeiras e apressar a guerra sempre iminente.

Original English

I soon lost sight and recollection of ghostly fears in the beauty of the scene as we drove along, although had I known the language, or rather languages, which my fellow-passengers were speaking, I might not have been able to throw them off so easily. Before us lay a green sloping land full of forests and woods, with here and there steep hills, crowned with clumps of trees or with farmhouses, the blank gable end to the road. There was everywhere a bewildering mass of fruit blossom—apple, plum, pear, cherry; and as we drove by I could see the green grass under the trees spangled with the fallen petals. In and out amongst these green hills of what they call here the “Mittel Land” ran the road, losing itself as it swept round the grassy curve, or was shut out by the straggling ends of pine woods, which here and there ran down the hillsides like tongues of flame. The road was rugged, but still we seemed to fly over it with a feverish haste. I could not understand then what the haste meant, but the driver was evidently bent on losing no time in reaching Borgo Prund. I was told that this road is in summertime excellent, but that it had not yet been put in order after the winter snows. In this respect it is different from the general run of roads in the Carpathians, for it is an old tradition that they are not to

be kept in too good order. Of old the Hospadars would not repair them, lest the Turk should think that they were preparing to bring in foreign troops, and so hasten the war which was always really at loading point.

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Português

Além das colinas verdes e ondulantes da Mittel Land, grandes florestas subiam em direção às altas encostas dos Cárpatos. Elas se erguiam de ambos os lados, com o sol da tarde incidindo plenamente sobre elas, revelando as cores gloriosas da cordilheira: azul profundo e roxo nas sombras, verde e marrom onde a grama encontrava a rocha, e picos e penhascos recortados sem fim que se perdiam na distância, onde cumes nevados se erguiam imponentes. Aqui e ali, profundas fendas nas montanhas revelavam, à medida que o sol começava a se pôr, o brilho branco da água em queda. Um dos meus companheiros tocou meu braço enquanto contornávamos uma colina e víamos um imponente pico coberto de neve que parecia, enquanto seguíamos nosso caminho sinuoso, estar bem à nossa frente.

Original English

Beyond the green swelling hills of the Mittel Land rose mighty slopes of forest up to the lofty steeps of the Carpathians themselves. Right and left of us they towered, with the afternoon sun falling full upon them and bringing out all the glorious colours of this beautiful range, deep blue and purple in the shadows of the peaks, green and brown where grass and rock mingled, and an endless perspective of jagged rock and pointed crags, till these were themselves lost in the distance, where the snowy peaks rose grandly. Here and there seemed mighty rifts in the mountains, through which, as the sun began to sink, we saw now and again the white gleam of falling water. One of my companions touched my arm as we swept round the base of a hill and opened up the lofty, snow-covered peak of a mountain, which seemed, as we wound on our serpentine way, to be right before us: □—

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Pt/En**Português**

Um dos companheiros apontou para o pico da montanha e exclamou uma frase que significava o assento de Deus, e então se benzeu reverentemente.

Original English

“Look! Isten szek!” □ — “God’s seat!” □ — and he crossed himself reverently.

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Pt/En**Português**

Conforme continuávamos nosso caminho interminável e o sol se punha atrás de nós, as sombras da noite se espalhavam. O topo da montanha nevada ainda retinha o brilho do pôr do sol, brilhando com um rosa delicado. Passávamos por tchecos e eslovacos em trajes coloridos, mas notei que o bócio era dolorosamente comum. Muitas cruzes apareciam à beira da estrada, e meus companheiros se benziam ao passar. Às vezes, um camponês se ajoelhava diante de um santuário, tão absorto em devoção que não se virava. Muitas coisas eram novas para mim, como medas de feno nas árvores e belas bétulas-chorosas com caules prateados. Passávamos por leiter-wagons, as carroças comuns dos camponeses com vértebras de serpente, carregando grupos de camponeses voltando para casa com peles de carneiro. Ao cair da noite, esfriou muito, e o crepúsculo fundiu as árvores em uma névoa escura. Em vales profundos, abetos escuros se destacavam contra a neve tardia. Às vezes, a estrada cortava florestas de pinheiros que pareciam se fechar sobre nós, suas massas cinzentas criando um efeito estranho e solene. As colinas eram tão íngremes que os cavalos só andavam devagar. Eu queria descer e andar, mas o motorista recusou, dizendo que os cães eram muito ferozes e que eu poderia ter o suficiente desses assuntos antes de dormir. Ele só parou brevemente para acender seus lampiões.

Original English

As we wound on our endless way, and the sun sank lower and lower behind us, the shadows of the evening began to creep round us. This was emphasised by the fact that the snowy mountaintop still held the sunset, and seemed to glow out with a delicate cool pink. Here and there we passed Cszeks and Slovaks, all in picturesque attire, but I noticed that goitre was painfully prevalent. By the roadside were many crosses, and as

we swept by, my companions all crossed themselves. Here and there was a peasant man or woman kneeling before a shrine, who did not even turn round as we approached, but seemed in the self-surrender of devotion to have neither eyes nor ears for the outer world. There were many things new to me: for instance, hayricks in the trees, and here and there very beautiful masses of weeping birch, their white stems shining like silver through the delicate green of the leaves. Now and again we passed a leiter-wagon—the ordinary peasant's cart—with its long, snakelike vertebra, calculated to suit the inequalities of the road. On this were sure to be seated quite a group of homecoming peasants, the Cszeks with their white, and the Slovaks with their coloured, sheepskins, the latter carrying lance-fashion their long staves, with axe at end. As the evening fell it began to get very cold, and the growing twilight seemed to merge into one dark mistiness the gloom of the trees, oak, beech, and pine, though in the valleys which ran deep between the spurs of the hills, as we ascended through the Pass, the dark firs stood out here and there against the background of late-lying snow. Sometimes, as the road was cut through the pine woods that seemed in the darkness to be closing down upon us, great masses of greyness, which here and there bestrewed the trees, produced a peculiarly weird and solemn effect, which carried on the thoughts and grim fancies engendered earlier in the evening, when the falling sunset threw into strange relief the ghostlike clouds which amongst the Carpathians seem to wind ceaselessly through the valleys. Sometimes the hills were so steep that, despite our driver's haste, the horses could only go slowly. I wished to get down and walk up them, as we do at home, but the driver would not hear of it. "No, no," he said; "you must not walk here; the dogs are too fierce"; and then he added, with what he evidently meant for grim pleasantry—for he looked round to catch the approving smile of the rest—"and you may have enough of such matters before you go to sleep." The only stop he would make was a moment's pause to light his lamps.

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Pt/En

Português

Quando escureceu, os passageiros ficaram animados e insistiram para que o motorista fosse mais rápido. Ele chicoteou os cavalos sem piedade e gritou encorajamento. Através da escuridão, vi uma mancha de luz cinzenta à frente, como uma fenda nas colinas. A excitação dos passageiros aumentou; a carruagem louca balançava em suas molas de

couro, oscilando como um barco em um mar tempestuoso. A estrada nivelou-se, e parecíamos voar. As montanhas se fecharam sobre nós ao entrarmos no Passo Borgo. Vários passageiros me ofereceram presentes com uma seriedade que não podia ser recusada, cada um dado com uma bênção e o sinal protetor da cruz. O motorista inclinou-se para a frente, e os passageiros perscrutaram a escuridão. Algo emocionante estava acontecendo, mas ninguém explicou. Finalmente, vimos o Passo se abrindo para o leste. Nuvens escuras rolavam sobre nossas cabeças, e o ar parecia pesado com trovões. Procurei a carruagem que me levaria ao Conde, mas tudo estava escuro, exceto nossas próprias lanternas. A estrada arenosa estava branca diante de nós, mas não havia veículo. Os passageiros suspiraram de alegria, zombando da minha decepção. O motorista olhou para o relógio e disse algo baixinho, depois falou comigo em um alemão ruim.

Original English

When it grew dark there seemed to be some excitement amongst the passengers, and they kept speaking to him, one after the other, as though urging him to further speed. He lashed the horses unmercifully with his long whip, and with wild cries of encouragement urged them on to further exertions. Then through the darkness I could see a sort of patch of grey light ahead of us, as though there were a cleft in the hills. The excitement of the passengers grew greater; the crazy coach rocked on its great leather springs, and swayed like a boat tossed on a stormy sea. I had to hold on. The road grew more level, and we appeared to fly along. Then the mountains seemed to come nearer to us on each side and to frown down upon us; we were entering on the Borgo Pass. One by one several of the passengers offered me gifts, which they pressed upon me with an earnestness which would take no denial; these were certainly of an odd and varied kind, but each was given in simple good faith, with a kindly word, and a blessing, and that strange mixture of fear-meaning movements which I had seen outside the hotel at Bistritz—the sign of the cross and the guard against the evil eye. Then, as we flew along, the driver leaned forward, and on each side the passengers, craning over the edge of the coach, peered eagerly into the darkness. It was evident that something very exciting was either happening or expected, but though I asked each passenger, no one would give me the slightest explanation. This state of excitement kept on for some little time; and at last we saw before us the Pass opening out on the eastern side. There were dark, rolling clouds overhead, and in the air the heavy, oppressive sense of thunder. It seemed as though the mountain range had separated two atmospheres, and that now we had got into the thunderous one. I was now myself looking out for

the conveyance which was to take me to the Count. Each moment I expected to see the glare of lamps through the blackness; but all was dark. The only light was the flickering rays of our own lamps, in which the steam from our hard-driven horses rose in a white cloud. We could see now the sandy road lying white before us, but there was on it no sign of a vehicle. The passengers drew back with a sigh of gladness, which seemed to mock my own disappointment. I was already thinking what I had best do, when the driver, looking at his watch, said to the others something which I could hardly hear, it was spoken so quietly and in so low a tone; I thought it was "An hour less than the time." Then turning to me, he said in German worse than my own: □—

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Pt/En

Português

O cocheiro me disse que não havia carruagem; que eu não era esperado, afinal, e teria que ir até Bukovina e retornar no dia seguinte ou no outro. Enquanto ele falava, os cavalos começaram a relinchar, bufar e se empinar descontroladamente, de modo que o cocheiro teve que segurá-los. Entre gritos dos camponeses e todos se benzendo, uma calesa com quatro cavalos chegou atrás de nós, nos ultrapassou e parou ao lado da carruagem. À luz das nossas lanternas, vi que os cavalos eram negros como carvão e esplêndidos. O condutor era um homem alto, com uma longa barba castanha e um grande chapéu preto que parecia esconder o rosto. Só pude ver o brilho de olhos muito vivos, que pareciam vermelhos à luz das lanternas, quando ele se virou. Ele falou com o nosso cocheiro.

Original English

"There is no carriage here. The Herr is not expected after all. He will now come on to Bukovina, and return tomorrow or the next day; better the next day." Whilst he was speaking the horses began to neigh and snort and plunge wildly, so that the driver had to hold them up. Then, amongst a chorus of screams from the peasants and a universal crossing of themselves, a calèche, with four horses, drove up behind us, overtook us, and drew up beside the coach. I could see from the flash of our lamps, as the rays fell on them, that the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. They were driven by a tall man, with a long brown beard and a great black hat, which seemed to hide his face from us. I could only see the gleam of a pair of very bright eyes, which seemed red in the lamplight, as he turned to us. He said to the driver: □—

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Pt/En

Português

O homem gaguejou que seu amigo estava cedo naquela noite.

Original English

“You are early tonight, my friend.” The man stammered in reply: □—

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Pt/En

Português

O estranho respondeu que o cavalheiro inglês estava com pressa.

Original English

“The English Herr was in a hurry,” to which the stranger replied: □—

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Pt/En

Português

O motorista sugeriu que o passageiro queria que o inglês fosse para Bukovina, gabando-se de que não poderia ser enganado porque sabia demais e seus cavalos eram rápidos. Enquanto falava, sorriu, revelando uma boca dura com lábios muito vermelhos e dentes tão brancos quanto marfim. Um dos outros passageiros sussurrou para outro um verso do poema de Burger.

Original English

“That is why, I suppose, you wished him to go on to Bukovina. You cannot deceive me, my friend; I know too much, and my horses are swift.” As he spoke he smiled, and the lamplight fell on a hard-looking mouth, with very red lips and sharp-looking teeth, as white as ivory. One of my companions whispered to another the line from Burger’s “Lenore”: □—

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Pt/En

Português

A frase significava que os mortos viajam rápido.

Original English

“Denn die Todten reiten schnell” □— (“For the dead travel fast.”)

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Pt/En

Português

O estranho motorista claramente ouviu as palavras, pois ergueu os olhos com um sorriso brilhante. O passageiro virou o rosto e benzeu-se. O motorista pediu a bagagem e rapidamente a colocou na carruagem. Ele ajudou o narrador a descer com um aperto de aço, mostrando uma força prodigiosa. Sem uma palavra, sacudiu as rédeas, os cavalos viraram, e eles seguiram para a escuridão do desfiladeiro. Olhando para trás, o narrador viu, à luz das lanternas, o vapor dos cavalos e seus antigos companheiros se benzendo. O motorista estalou o chicote e eles partiram para Bucovina. Enquanto desapareciam na escuridão, o narrador sentiu um calafrio estranho e solidão, mas o motorista colocou uma capa sobre seus ombros e um cobertor sobre seus joelhos, e falou em um excelente alemão.

Original English

The strange driver evidently heard the words, for he looked up with a gleaming smile. The passenger turned his face away, at the same time putting out his two fingers and crossing himself. “Give me the Herr’s luggage,” said the driver; and with exceeding alacrity my bags were handed out and put in the calèche. Then I descended from the side of the coach, as the calèche was close alongside, the driver helping me with a hand which caught my arm in a grip of steel; his strength must have been prodigious. Without a word he shook his reins, the horses turned, and we swept into the darkness of the Pass. As I looked back I saw the steam from the horses of the coach by the light of the lamps, and projected against it the figures of my late companions crossing themselves. Then the driver cracked his whip and called to his horses, and off they swept on their way to Bukovina. As they sank into the darkness I felt a strange chill, and a lonely feeling came over me; but a cloak was thrown over my shoulders, and a rug across my knees, and the driver said in excellent German: □—

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Pt/En**Português**

O motorista informou ao passageiro que a noite estava fria e ofereceu-lhe aguardente de ameixa. O passageiro recusou, mas sentiu-se confortado por saber que estava ali. Ele se sentiu inquieto e assustado, desejando ter escolhido uma rota diferente. A carruagem seguia rapidamente, mas parecia estar dando voltas. Ele verificou o relógio e viu que era quase meia-noite, o que o chocou, pois a superstição em torno dessa hora aumentou sua ansiedade. Ele esperou com uma sensação de enjoo.

Original English

“The night is chill, mein Herr, and my master the Count bade me take all care of you. There is a flask of slivovitz (the plum brandy of the country) underneath the seat, if you should require it.” I did not take any, but it was a comfort to know it was there all the same. I felt a little strangely, and not a little frightened. I think had there been any alternative I should have taken it, instead of prosecuting that unknown night journey. The carriage went at a hard pace straight along, then we made a complete turn and went along another straight road. It seemed to me that we were simply going over and over the same ground again; and so I took note of some salient point, and found that this was so. I would have liked to have asked the driver what this all meant, but I really feared to do so, for I thought that, placed as I was, any protest would have had no effect in case there had been an intention to delay. By-and-by, however, as I was curious to know how time was passing, I struck a match, and by its flame looked at my watch; it was within a few minutes of midnight. This gave me a sort of shock, for I suppose the general superstition about midnight was increased by my recent experiences. I waited with a sick feeling of suspense.

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Pt/En**Português**

Um cão uivou de uma fazenda distante, logo acompanhado por outros, criando um coro selvagem. Os cavalos ficaram agitados, mas o motorista os acalmou. Então lobos uivaram das montanhas, o que assustou tanto o passageiro quanto os cavalos, que empinaram loucamente. O motorista usou grande força para controlá-los. Depois de um tempo, os ouvidos do passageiro se acostumaram e os cavalos se acalmaram. O motorista sussurrou para eles como um domador de cavalos, e eles se tornaram

manejáveis novamente, embora ainda tremessem. Ele então partiu rapidamente por uma estrada estreita à direita.

Original English

Then a dog began to howl somewhere in a farmhouse far down the road—a long, agonised wailing, as if from fear. The sound was taken up by another dog, and then another and another, till, borne on the wind which now sighed softly through the Pass, a wild howling began, which seemed to come from all over the country, as far as the imagination could grasp it through the gloom of the night. At the first howl the horses began to strain and rear, but the driver spoke to them soothingly, and they quieted down, but shivered and sweated as though after a runaway from sudden fright. Then, far off in the distance, from the mountains on each side of us began a louder and a sharper howling—that of wolves—which affected both the horses and myself in the same way—for I was minded to jump from the calèche and run, whilst they reared again and plunged madly, so that the driver had to use all his great strength to keep them from bolting. In a few minutes, however, my own ears got accustomed to the sound, and the horses so far became quiet that the driver was able to descend and to stand before them. He petted and soothed them, and whispered something in their ears, as I have heard of horse-tamers doing, and with extraordinary effect, for under his caresses they became quite manageable again, though they still trembled. The driver again took his seat, and shaking his reins, started off at a great pace. This time, after going to the far side of the Pass, he suddenly turned down a narrow roadway which ran sharply to the right.

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Pt/En

Português

Logo a carruagem foi cercada por árvores que se arqueavam sobre a estrada como um túnel, e grandes rochas se erguiam de ambos os lados. O vento gemia e assobiava, os galhos se chocavam. Esfriou ainda mais, e uma neve pulverulenta começou a cair, cobrindo tudo de branco. O uivo dos cães ficou mais fraco, mas os lobos pareciam mais próximos. O passageiro ficou terrivelmente assustado; os cavalos compartilhavam seu medo. O motorista, no entanto, permaneceu calmo, virando a cabeça mas não vendo nada na escuridão.

Original English

Soon we were hemmed in with trees, which in places arched right over the roadway till we passed as through a tunnel; and again great frowning rocks guarded us boldly on either side. Though we were in shelter, we could hear the rising wind, for it moaned and whistled through the rocks, and the branches of the trees crashed together as we swept along. It grew colder and colder still, and fine, powdery snow began to fall, so that soon we and all around us were covered with a white blanket. The keen wind still carried the howling of the dogs, though this grew fainter as we went on our way. The baying of the wolves sounded nearer and nearer, as though they were closing round on us from every side. I grew dreadfully afraid, and the horses shared my fear. The driver, however, was not in the least disturbed; he kept turning his head to left and right, but I could not see anything through the darkness.

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Pt/En

Português

De repente, uma chama azul fraca apareceu à esquerda. O motorista parou, pulou no chão e desapareceu na escuridão. O passageiro não sabia o que fazer, especialmente porque os lobos soavam mais próximos. Mas o motorista logo voltou e eles continuaram. O passageiro pode ter adormecido, sonhando com o incidente se repetindo infinitamente. Uma vez, a chama estava perto da estrada, e o passageiro observou o motorista pegar pedras e arrumá-las. Um efeito óptico estranho ocorreu: quando o motorista ficou entre o passageiro e a chama, a chama permaneceu visível, o que surpreendeu o passageiro. Ele pensou que seus olhos o enganavam. Então as chamas azuis cessaram, e eles seguiram rapidamente através da escuridão, com lobos uivando ao redor.

Original English

Suddenly, away on our left, I saw a faint flickering blue flame. The driver saw it at the same moment; he at once checked the horses, and, jumping to the ground, disappeared into the darkness. I did not know what to do, the less as the howling of the wolves grew closer; but while I wondered the driver suddenly appeared again, and without a word took his seat, and we resumed our journey. I think I must have fallen asleep and kept dreaming of the incident, for it seemed to be repeated endlessly, and now looking back, it is like a sort of awful nightmare. Once the flame appeared so near the road, that even in the darkness around us I could watch the driver's motions. He went rapidly to where the blue flame arose□—it must have been very faint, for it did not seem to illumine the place around it at

all□—and gathering a few stones, formed them into some device. Once there appeared a strange optical effect: when he stood between me and the flame he did not obstruct it, for I could see its ghostly flicker all the same. This startled me, but as the effect was only momentary, I took it that my eyes deceived me straining through the darkness. Then for a time there were no blue flames, and we sped onwards through the gloom, with the howling of the wolves around us, as though they were following in a moving circle.

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Pt/En

Português

Por fim, o motorista foi mais longe do que antes. Durante sua ausência, os cavalos tremeram pior e relincharam de medo. O uivo dos lobos tinha cessado. A lua apareceu atrás de uma rocha irregular, revelando um círculo de lobos com dentes brancos, línguas vermelhas e pelo desgrenhado. Eles eram mais terríveis em seu silêncio sombrio do que quando uivavam. O passageiro se sentiu paralisado de medo, compreendendo o verdadeiro horror da situação quando confrontado com tais criaturas.

Original English

At last there came a time when the driver went further afield than he had yet gone, and during his absence, the horses began to tremble worse than ever and to snort and scream with fright. I could not see any cause for it, for the howling of the wolves had ceased altogether; but just then the moon, sailing through the black clouds, appeared behind the jagged crest of a beetling, pine-clad rock, and by its light I saw around us a ring of wolves, with white teeth and lolling red tongues, with long, sinewy limbs and shaggy hair. They were a hundred times more terrible in the grim silence which held them than even when they howled. For myself, I felt a sort of paralysis of fear. It is only when a man feels himself face to face with such horrors that he can understand their true import.

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Pt/En**Português**

De repente, os lobos começaram a uivar como se o luar os tivesse afetado de forma estranha. Os cavalos ficaram agitados, pulando e olhando em volta desamparadamente, mas estavam presos pelo círculo de lobos. O narrador chamou o cocheiro, esperando romper o anel. Ele gritou e bateu na lateral da carruagem para assustar os lobos de um lado. De alguma forma, o cocheiro apareceu, falando em tom de comando. Ele moveu seus longos braços como se estivesse empurrando uma barreira invisível, e os lobos recuaram lentamente. Naquele momento, uma nuvem pesada cobriu a lua, mergulhando-os na escuridão novamente.

Original English

All at once the wolves began to howl as though the moonlight had had some peculiar effect on them. The horses jumped about and reared, and looked helplessly round with eyes that rolled in a way painful to see; but the living ring of terror encompassed them on every side; and they had perforce to remain within it. I called to the coachman to come, for it seemed to me that our only chance was to try to break out through the ring and to aid his approach. I shouted and beat the side of the calèche, hoping by the noise to scare the wolves from that side, so as to give him a chance of reaching the trap. How he came there, I know not, but I heard his voice raised in a tone of imperious command, and looking towards the sound, saw him stand in the roadway. As he swept his long arms, as though brushing aside some impalpable obstacle, the wolves fell back and back further still. Just then a heavy cloud passed across the face of the moon, so that we were again in darkness.

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Pt/En**Português**

Quando o narrador pôde ver novamente, o cocheiro estava subindo de volta na carruagem, e os lobos haviam desaparecido. A estranheza do evento encheu-o de pavor, e ele não ousou falar nem se mover. Eles continuaram a viagem em meio à escuridão quase total, pois as nuvens escondiam a lua. A maior parte do caminho era subida, com descidas ocasionais. De repente, ele percebeu que o cocheiro estava parando os cavalos no pátio de um vasto castelo em ruínas. Janelas negras e altas não mostravam luz, e as ameias quebradas formavam uma linha irregular contra o céu iluminado pela lua.

Original English

When I could see again the driver was climbing into the calèche, and the wolves had disappeared. This was all so strange and uncanny that a dreadful fear came upon me, and I was afraid to speak or move. The time seemed interminable as we swept on our way, now in almost complete darkness, for the rolling clouds obscured the moon. We kept on ascending, with occasional periods of quick descent, but in the main always ascending. Suddenly, I became conscious of the fact that the driver was in the act of pulling up the horses in the courtyard of a vast ruined castle, from whose tall black windows came no ray of light, and whose broken battlements showed a jagged line against the moonlit sky.

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II

Pt/En

Português

O que se segue é uma continuação do diário de Jonathan Harker.

Original English

Jonathan Harker's Journal□—continued

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Pt/En

Português

Ele deve ter estado dormindo, pois caso contrário certamente teria notado a aproximação de um lugar tão extraordinário. Na luz fraca, o pátio parecia bastante grande, e com várias passagens escuras saindo de sob imensos arcos redondos, talvez parecesse maior do que realmente era. Ele ainda não o tinha visto à luz do dia.

Original English

5 May.□—I must have been asleep, for certainly if I had been fully awake I must have noticed the approach of such a remarkable place. In the gloom the courtyard looked of considerable size, and as several dark ways led from it under great round arches, it perhaps seemed bigger than it really is. I have not yet been able to see it by daylight.

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Pt/En**Português**

Quando a carruagem parou, o cocheiro saltou e estendeu a mão para ajudá-lo a descer. O narrador não pôde deixar de notar a força imensa do cocheiro; sua mão parecia um torno de aço que poderia esmagar a sua, se quisesse. O cocheiro então pegou sua bagagem e a colocou no chão perto de uma grande porta antiga, cravejada de grandes pregos de ferro e encaixada em uma entrada de pedra saliente. Mesmo na luz fraca, ele pôde ver que a pedra era fortemente esculpida, embora a escultura estivesse desgastada pelo tempo e pelo clima. O cocheiro subiu de volta ao seu assento, sacudiu as rédeas, e os cavalos avançaram, levando a carruagem para dentro de uma das aberturas escuras.

Original English

When the calèche stopped, the driver jumped down and held out his hand to assist me to alight. Again I could not but notice his prodigious strength. His hand actually seemed like a steel vice that could have crushed mine if he had chosen. Then he took out my traps, and placed them on the ground beside me as I stood close to a great door, old and studded with large iron nails, and set in a projecting doorway of massive stone. I could see even in the dim light that the stone was massively carved, but that the carving had been much worn by time and weather. As I stood, the driver jumped again into his seat and shook the reins; the horses started forward, and trap and all disappeared down one of the dark openings.

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Pt/En**Português**

Ele ficou em silêncio, sem saber o que fazer, pois não havia campainha ou aldrava, e as paredes grossas e as janelas escuras tornavam improvável que sua voz fosse ouvida. A espera parecia interminável, e dúvidas e medos se acumulavam. Ele se perguntou em que tipo de lugar havia chegado e que espécie de aventura sombria havia iniciado. Seria isso normal para um funcionário de um escritório de advocacia enviado para explicar a compra de uma propriedade londrina a um estrangeiro? Então ele lembrou que, pouco antes de deixar Londres, soube que havia passado no exame e agora era um advogado plenamente qualificado. Ele esfregou os olhos e beliscou a si mesmo para ter certeza de que estava acordado; tudo parecia um pesadelo. Mas ele estava realmente acordado, sozinho

nos Cárpatos. Tudo o que podia fazer era ter paciência e esperar pela manhã.

Original English

I stood in silence where I was, for I did not know what to do. Of bell or knocker there was no sign; through these frowning walls and dark window openings it was not likely that my voice could penetrate. The time I waited seemed endless, and I felt doubts and fears crowding upon me. What sort of place had I come to, and among what kind of people? What sort of grim adventure was it on which I had embarked? Was this a customary incident in the life of a solicitor's clerk sent out to explain the purchase of a London estate to a foreigner? Solicitor's clerk! Mina would not like that. Solicitor——for just before leaving London I got word that my examination was successful; and I am now a full-blown solicitor! I began to rub my eyes and pinch myself to see if I were awake. It all seemed like a horrible nightmare to me, and I expected that I should suddenly awake, and find myself at home, with the dawn struggling in through the windows, as I had now and again felt in the morning after a day of overwork. But my flesh answered the pinching test, and my eyes were not to be deceived. I was indeed awake and among the Carpathians. All I could do now was to be patient, and to wait the coming of the morning.

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Pt/En

Português

Assim que chegou a essa conclusão, ouviu passos pesados se aproximando por trás da grande porta e, através das frestas, viu o brilho de uma luz se aproximando. Então veio o som de correntes chacoalhando e o barulho de enormes ferrolhos sendo recuados. Uma chave girou com o alto rangido de longo desuso, e a grande porta se abriu.

Original English

Just as I had come to this conclusion I heard a heavy step approaching behind the great door, and saw through the chinks the gleam of a coming light. Then there was the sound of rattling chains and the clanking of massive bolts drawn back. A key was turned with the loud grating noise of long disuse, and the great door swung back.

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Pt/En**Português**

Dentro estava um velho alto, barbeado, exceto por um longo bigode branco, vestido inteiramente de preto, sem nenhum toque de cor. Ele segurava uma antiga lamparina de prata cuja chama queimava sem chaminé ou globo, projetando sombras longas e trêmulas na corrente de ar da porta aberta. Com um gesto cortês da mão direita, ele o convidou para entrar, falando em um inglês excelente, mas com uma entonação estranha.

Original English

Within, stood a tall old man, clean shaven save for a long white moustache, and clad in black from head to foot, without a single speck of colour about him anywhere. He held in his hand an antique silver lamp, in which the flame burned without chimney or globe of any kind, throwing long quivering shadows as it flickered in the draught of the open door. The old man motioned me in with his right hand with a courtly gesture, saying in excellent English, but with a strange intonation:□—

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Pt/En**Português**

Ele o recebeu em sua casa, dizendo-lhe que entrasse livremente e por vontade própria. O velho não se moveu para encontrá-lo, mas ficou imóvel como uma estátua, como se tivesse sido congelado pelo próprio gesto. No entanto, assim que o visitante cruzou a soleira, o homem avançou impulsivamente e apertou sua mão com tanta força que o fez estremecer, e sua mão estava tão fria quanto gelo — mais parecida com a mão de um morto do que de um vivo. Então ele falou novamente.

Original English

“Welcome to my house! Enter freely and of your own will!” He made no motion of stepping to meet me, but stood like a statue, as though his gesture of welcome had fixed him into stone. The instant, however, that I had stepped over the threshold, he moved impulsively forward, and holding out his hand grasped mine with a strength which made me wince, an effect which was not lessened by the fact that it seemed as cold as ice□—more like the hand of a dead than a living man. Again he said:□—

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Pt/En

Português

Ele repetiu as boas-vindas, acrescentando que o visitante deveria vir livremente, ir em segurança e deixar algo da felicidade que trouxe. A força do aperto de mão o lembrou tanto a do motorista, cujo rosto ele não tinha visto, que por um momento ele se perguntou se estava falando com a mesma pessoa. Para confirmar, ele fez uma pergunta.

Original English

“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, that for a moment I doubted if it were not the same person to whom I was speaking; so to make sure, I said interrogatively: □—

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Pt/En

Português

Harker perguntou se ele era o Conde Drácula. O Conde curvou-se educadamente e respondeu afirmativamente.

Original English

“Count Dracula?” He bowed in a courtly way as he replied: □—

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Pt/En

Português

Apresentando-se como Drácula, ele recebeu Harker e o incentivou a entrar, notando o ar frio da noite e a necessidade de Harker de comida e descanso. Enquanto falava, colocou a lamparina num suporte de parede, depois saiu para pegar a bagagem de Harker. Antes que Harker pudesse impedi-lo, ele já a havia carregado para dentro. Harker protestou, mas Drácula insistiu.

Original English

“I am Dracula; and I bid you welcome, Mr. Harker, to my house. Come in; the night air is chill, and you must need to eat and rest.” As he was speaking, he put the lamp on a bracket on the wall, and stepping out, took my luggage; he had carried it in before I could forestall him. I protested but

he insisted: □—

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Pt/En

Português

Drácula recusou-se a deixar Harker carregar sua própria bagagem, insistindo como anfitrião que cuidaria do conforto de seu hóspede. Carregou as malas por um corredor, subiu uma escada em espiral e percorreu outro corredor de chão de pedra onde seus passos ecoavam. No final, abriu uma porta pesada, revelando um cômodo bem iluminado com uma mesa posta para o jantar e uma grande fogueira crepitando na lareira.

Original English

“Nay, sir, you are my guest. It is late, and my people are not available. Let me see to your comfort myself.” He insisted on carrying my traps along the passage, and then up a great winding stair, and along another great passage, on whose stone floor our steps rang heavily. At the end of this he threw open a heavy door, and I rejoiced to see within a well-lit room in which a table was spread for supper, and on whose mighty hearth a great fire of logs, freshly replenished, flamed and flared.

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Pt/En

Português

O Conde parou, baixou as malas e fechou a porta atrás deles. Atravessando o cômodo, abriu outra porta para um pequeno cômodo octogonal iluminado apenas por uma única lâmparina, sem janelas visíveis. Através dele, abriu uma terceira porta e fez um gesto para Harker entrar. Era um grande quarto bem iluminado, aquecido por outra fogueira de lenha que havia sido recentemente reavivada, rugindo pela chaminé. O Conde deixou a bagagem dentro e se retirou, dizendo antes de fechar a porta:

Original English

The Count halted, putting down my bags, closed the door, and crossing the room, opened another door, which led into a small octagonal room lit by a single lamp, and seemingly without a window of any sort. Passing through this, he opened another door, and motioned me to enter. It was a welcome sight; for here was a great bedroom well lighted and warmed with another log fire □—also added to but lately, for the top logs were fresh □—which

sent a hollow roar up the wide chimney. The Count himself left my luggage inside and withdrew, saying, before he closed the door: □—

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Pt/En

Português

Ele disse a Harker que, após a viagem, ele precisaria se refrescar e esperava que tudo o que precisasse estivesse disponível. Quando Harker estivesse pronto, deveria ir para o outro cômodo, onde o jantar estaria esperando.

Original English

“You will need, after your journey, to refresh yourself by making your toilet. I trust you will find all you wish. When you are ready, come into the other room, where you will find your supper prepared.”

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Pt/En

Português

O calor do ambiente e a recepção educada do Conde me fizeram esquecer meus medos anteriores. Sentindo-me normal novamente, percebi que estava extremamente faminto, então lavei-me e troquei de roupa rapidamente antes de entrar na outra sala.

Original English

The light and warmth and the Count's courteous welcome seemed to have dissipated all my doubts and fears. Having then reached my normal state, I discovered that I was half famished with hunger; so making a hasty toilet, I went into the other room.

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Pt/En

Português

A ceia já estava posta. Meu anfitrião, apoiado na alvenaria perto da grande lareira, gesticulou graciosamente em direção à mesa e falou.

Original English

I found supper already laid out. My host, who stood on one side of the great fireplace, leaning against the stonework, made a graceful wave of his hand to the table, and said:—

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Pt/En

Português

Ele me convidou para me sentar e comer como eu quisesse, mas pediu que o desculpasse por não se juntar a mim, explicando que já havia jantado e não tomava ceia.

Original English

“I pray you, be seated and sup how you please. You will, I trust, excuse me that I do not join you; but I have dined already, and I do not sup.”

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Pt/En

Português

Entreguei a ele a carta selada que o Sr. Hawkins me dera. Ele a abriu, leu-a seriamente, depois com um sorriso encantador passou-a para mim ler. Pelo menos uma passagem me deu uma agradável emoção.

Original English

I handed to him the sealed letter which Mr. Hawkins had entrusted to me. He opened it and read it gravely; then, with a charming smile, he handed it to me to read. One passage of it, at least, gave me a thrill of pleasure.

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Pt/En

Português

O Conde expressou pesar que um ataque de gota, da qual sofria constantemente, o impedia de viajar por algum tempo. No entanto, ele disse que poderia enviar um substituto em quem confiava plenamente: um jovem, cheio de energia e talento, muito leal e discreto, que havia crescido em seu serviço e estaria pronto para seguir minhas instruções durante sua estadia.

Original English

“I must regret that an attack of gout, from which malady I am a constant sufferer, forbids absolutely any travelling on my part for some time to come; but I am happy to say I can send a sufficient substitute, one in whom I have every possible confidence. He is a young man, full of energy and talent in his own way, and of a very faithful disposition. He is discreet and silent, and has grown into manhood in my service. He shall be ready to attend on you when you will during his stay, and shall take your instructions in all matters.”

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Pt/En

Português

O Conde descobriu um prato, e eu imediatamente comecei a comer um delicioso frango assado. Junto com queijo, uma salada e dois copos de vinho Tokay antigo, essa foi minha ceia. Enquanto eu comia, o Conde me questionou extensivamente sobre minha viagem, e aos poucos contei tudo que havia experimentado.

Original English

The Count himself came forward and took off the cover of a dish, and I fell to at once on an excellent roast chicken. This, with some cheese and a salad and a bottle of old Tokay, of which I had two glasses, was my supper. During the time I was eating it the Count asked me many questions as to my journey, and I told him by degrees all I had experienced.

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Pt/En

Português

Após o jantar, a convite do meu anfitrião, puxei uma cadeira perto do fogo e acendi um charuto que ele me ofereceu, desculpando-se por ele mesmo não fumar. Agora eu podia observá-lo de perto e notei que suas feições eram muito marcantes.

Original English

By this time I had finished my supper, and by my host's desire had drawn up a chair by the fire and begun to smoke a cigar which he offered me, at the same time excusing himself that he did not smoke. I had now an opportunity of observing him, and found him of a very marked physiognomy.

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Pt/En

Português

Seu rosto era fortemente aquilino, com um nariz fino de ponte alta e narinas excepcionalmente arqueadas. Sua testa era alta e abobadada, com cabelos esparsos nas têmporas, mas grossos em outros lugares. Suas sobrancelhas eram muito espessas e quase se encontravam sobre o nariz. Sob seu bigode pesado, sua boca parecia fixa e bastante cruel, com dentes brancos e afiados que se projetavam sobre seus lábios notavelmente vermelhos — um sinal de vitalidade surpreendente para sua idade. Suas orelhas eram pálidas e nitidamente pontudas no topo; seu queixo era largo e forte, suas bochechas firmes embora finas. No geral, ele tinha uma palidez extraordinária.

Original English

His face was a strong □—a very strong □—aquiline, with high bridge of the thin nose and peculiarly arched nostrils; with lofty domed forehead, and hair growing scantily round the temples but profusely elsewhere. His eyebrows were very massive, almost meeting over the nose, and with bushy hair that seemed to curl in its own profusion. The mouth, so far as I could see it under the heavy moustache, was fixed and rather cruel-looking, with peculiarly sharp white teeth; these protruded over the lips, whose remarkable ruddiness showed astonishing vitality in a man of his years. For the rest, his ears were pale, and at the tops extremely pointed; the chin was broad and strong, and the cheeks firm though thin. The general effect was one of extraordinary pallor.

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Pt/En

Português

Antes eu só tinha visto o dorso das mãos dele, que pareciam bastante brancas e delicadas, mas agora, de perto, vi que eram grossas, com dedos largos e atarracados. Estranhamente, havia pelos no centro da palma, e suas unhas eram longas, finas e cortadas em ponta afiada. Quando o Conde se inclinou sobre mim e suas mãos me tocaram, não consegui reprimir um calafrio. Talvez seu hálito fosse fétido, mas uma náusea horrível me dominou, que não pude esconder. O Conde percebeu, recuou e, com um sorriso sinistro que mostrava seus dentes protuberantes, sentou-se novamente do seu lado da lareira. Ficamos ambos em silêncio

por um tempo. Olhando em direção à janela, vi o primeiro clarão fraco do amanhecer. Tudo estava estranhamente quieto, mas então ouvi o uivo de muitos lobos vindo do vale abaixo. Os olhos do Conde brilharam, e ele falou.

Original English

Hitherto I had noticed the backs of his hands as they lay on his knees in the firelight, and they had seemed rather white and fine; but seeing them now close to me, I could not but notice that 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, and cut to a sharp point. As the Count leaned over me and his hands touched me, I could not repress a shudder. It may have been that his breath was rank, but a horrible feeling of nausea came over me, which, do what I would, I could not conceal. The Count, evidently noticing it, drew back; and with a grim sort of smile, which showed more than he had yet done his protuberant teeth, sat himself down again on his own side of the fireplace. We were both silent for a while; and as I looked towards the window I saw the first dim streak of the coming dawn. There seemed a strange stillness over everything; but as I listened I heard as if from down below in the valley the howling of many wolves. The Count's eyes gleamed, and he said:—

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Pt/En

Português

Ele disse para escutá-los — os filhos da noite — e perguntou que música eles fazem. Vendo alguma expressão no meu rosto que ele achou estranha, ele acrescentou mais.

Original English

“Listen to them—the children of the night. What music they make!” Seeing, I suppose, some expression in my face strange to him, he added:—

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Pt/En

Português

Ele comentou que os moradores da cidade não conseguiam entender os sentimentos de um caçador. Então ele se levantou e continuou falando.

Original English

“Ah, sir, you dwellers in the city cannot enter into the feelings of the hunter.”
Then he rose and said: □—

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Pt/En

Português

Ele disse que o hóspede devia estar cansado, que o quarto estava pronto e que o hóspede poderia dormir até tarde no dia seguinte. Acrescentou que estaria ausente até a tarde e desejou ao hóspede boa sorte. Com uma reverência educada, abriu a porta para o quarto octogonal, e o hóspede entrou no quarto.

Original English

“But you must be tired. Your bedroom is all ready, and tomorrow you shall sleep as late as you will. I have to be away till the afternoon; so sleep well and dream well!” With a courteous bow, he opened for me himself the door to the octagonal room, and I entered my bedroom. □ □...

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Pt/En

Português

O escritor sentiu-se sobrecarregado de maravilhas, cheio de dúvida e medo, pensando coisas estranhas que não ousava admitir nem para si mesmo. Ele orou pela proteção de Deus, por causa de seus entes queridos.

Original English

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

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Pt/En**Português**

Era de manhã cedo no dia 7 de maio. O escritor tinha descansado bem e dormido até tarde, acordando naturalmente. Depois de se vestir, foi à sala de jantar e encontrou um café da manhã frio com café mantido quente na lareira. Um cartão estava sobre a mesa.

Original English

7 May. □—It is again early morning, but I have rested and enjoyed the last twenty-four hours. I slept till late in the day, and awoke of my own accord. When I had dressed myself I went into the room where we had supped, and found a cold breakfast laid out, with coffee kept hot by the pot being placed on the hearth. There was a card on the table, on which was written: □—

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Pt/En**Português**

O bilhete dizia que o Conde estaria ausente e que não esperasse. O escritor comeu uma refeição farta. Depois, procurou uma campainha para chamar os criados, mas não encontrou nenhuma. Notou a estranha falta de itens comuns apesar da grande riqueza. A louça era de ouro, os tecidos eram centenários e caros, mas não havia espelhos em lugar nenhum. Teve que usar seu próprio espelho de barbear. Não vira criados e ouvira apenas lobos. Após a refeição, por volta das cinco ou seis, quis algo para ler, mas não encontrou livros nem materiais de escrita. Abriu outra porta e encontrou uma biblioteca. A porta oposta estava trancada.

Original English

“I have to be absent for a while. Do not wait for me. □—D.” I set to and enjoyed a hearty meal. When I had done, I looked for a bell, so that I might let the servants know I had finished; but I could not find one. There are certainly odd deficiencies in the house, considering the extraordinary evidences of wealth which are round me. The table service is of gold, and so beautifully wrought that it must be of immense value. The curtains and upholstery of the chairs and sofas and the hangings of my bed are of the costliest and most beautiful fabrics, and must have been of fabulous value when they were made, for they are centuries old, though in excellent order. I saw something like them in Hampton Court, but there they were worn and frayed and moth-eaten. But still in none of the rooms is there a mirror.

There is not even a toilet glass on my table, and I had to get 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, for I did not like to go about the castle until I had asked the Count's permission. There was absolutely nothing in the room, book, newspaper, or even writing materials; so I opened another door in the room and found a sort of library. The door opposite mine I tried, but found it locked.

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Pt/En

Português

Na biblioteca, o narrador ficou encantado ao encontrar uma grande coleção de livros, revistas e jornais ingleses. Os livros cobriam muitos assuntos relacionados à Inglaterra, como história, geografia e direito. Havia também livros de referência, incluindo o London Directory e o Whitaker's Almanac, e ver a Law List lhe trouxe uma alegria particular.

Original English

In the library I found, to my great delight, a vast number of English books, whole shelves full of them, and bound volumes of magazines and newspapers. A table in the centre was littered with English magazines and newspapers, though none of them were of very recent date. The books were of the most varied kind—history, geography, politics, political economy, botany, geology, law—all relating to England and English life and customs and manners. There were even such books of reference as the London Directory, the “Red” and “Blue” books, Whitaker's Almanac, the Army and Navy Lists, and—it somehow gladdened my heart to see it—the Law List.

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Pt/En

Português

Enquanto o narrador examinava os livros, o Conde entrou no cômodo. Ele cumprimentou o narrador calorosamente e expressou esperança de que ele tivesse descansado bem.

Original English

Whilst I was looking at the books, the door opened, and the Count entered. He saluted me in a hearty way, and hoped that I had had a good night's rest. Then he went on:—

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Pt/En

Português

O Conde expressou prazer por o narrador ter encontrado a biblioteca, dizendo que havia muito de interessante ali. Ele observou que os livros haviam sido seus companheiros, ensinando-lhe sobre a Inglaterra ao longo de muitos anos. Ele ansiava por experimentar as ruas movimentadas de Londres e compartilhar de sua vida e energia, mas admitiu que só conhecia a língua inglesa pelos livros e precisava da ajuda do narrador para falá-la fluentemente.

Original English

"I am glad you found your way in here, for I am sure there is much that will interest you. These companions"—and he laid his hand on some of the books—"have been good friends to me, and for some years past, ever since I had the idea of going to London, have given me many, many hours of pleasure. Through them I have come to know your great England; and to know her is to love her. I long to go through the crowded streets of your mighty London, to be in the midst of the whirl and rush of humanity, to share its life, its change, its death, and all that makes it what it is. But alas! as yet I only know your tongue through books. To you, my friend, I look that I know it to speak."

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Pt/En

Português

O narrador disse ao Conde que ele falava inglês perfeitamente. O Conde reconheceu isso com uma reverência educada.

Original English

"But, Count," I said, "you know and speak English thoroughly!" He bowed gravely.

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Pt/En

Português

O Conde agradeceu ao narrador pelo elogio lisonjeiro, mas disse que ainda tinha muito caminho pela frente. Ele afirmou conhecer a gramática e o vocabulário, mas se sentia incapaz de colocá-los em palavras faladas.

Original English

“I thank you, my friend, for your all too-flattering estimate, but yet I fear that I am but a little way on the road I would travel. True, I know the grammar and the words, but yet I know not how to speak them.”

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Pt/En

Português

Eu concordei e elogiei seu excelente discurso.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Ele explicou que em Londres seria reconhecido como estrangeiro, o que não queria. Na Transilvânia, ele era um nobre e um mestre, mas um estrangeiro em terra estranha é insignificante. Preferia passar despercebido para que ninguém notasse sua presença. Tendo sido mestre por tanto tempo, desejava permanecer no controle, ou pelo menos não ser controlado pelos outros. Observou que o visitante viera como agente de Peter Hawkins para discutir a nova propriedade em Londres. Convidou-o a ficar e ajudá-lo a aprender a pronúncia inglesa, pedindo para ser corrigido mesmo em pequenos erros. Pediu desculpas por ter estado ausente por tanto tempo naquele dia devido a assuntos importantes.

Original English

“Not so,” he answered. “Well, I know that, did I move and speak in your London, none there are who would not know me for a stranger. That is not enough for me. Here I am noble; I am boyar; the common people know me, and I am master. But a stranger in a strange land, he is no one; men know him not—and to know not is to care not for. I am content if I am like the

rest, so that no man stops if he see me, or pause in his speaking if he hear my words, 'Ha, ha! a stranger!' I have been so long master that I would be master still□—or at least that none other should be master of me. You come to me not alone as agent of my friend Peter Hawkins, of Exeter, to tell me all about my new estate in London. You shall, I trust, rest here with me awhile, so that by our talking I may learn the English intonation; and I would that you tell me when I make error, even of the smallest, in my speaking. I am sorry that I had to be away so long today; but you will, I know, forgive one who has so many important affairs in hand."

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Pt/En

Português

Eu prontamente expressei minha disposição e perguntei se poderia entrar naquele quarto sempre que desejasse. Ele deu sua permissão, dizendo sim, certamente.

Original English

Of course I said all I could about being willing, and asked if I might come into that room when I chose. He answered: "Yes, certainly," and added:□—

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Pt/En

Português

Ele me disse que eu poderia explorar o castelo livremente, exceto pelos quartos trancados, que ele supôs que eu não gostaria de entrar. Disse que havia razões para tudo, e se eu visse as coisas pela perspectiva dele, talvez entendesse melhor. Eu concordei, e ele continuou falando.

Original English

"You may go anywhere you wish in the castle, except where the doors are locked, where of course you will not wish to go. There is reason that all things are as they are, and did you see with my eyes and know with my knowledge, you would perhaps better understand." I said I was sure of this, and then he went on:□—

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Pt/En

Português

Ele me lembrou que estávamos na Transilvânia, que era diferente da Inglaterra. Os costumes deles não eram os meus, e eu encontraria muitas coisas estranhas. Ele acrescentou que, pelo que eu já havia lhe contado, eu tinha alguma ideia das ocorrências estranhas que poderiam acontecer.

Original English

"We are in Transylvania; and Transylvania is not England. Our ways are not your ways, and there shall be to you many strange things. Nay, from what you have told me of your experiences already, you know something of what strange things there may be."

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Pt/En

Português

Isso gerou muita conversa. Como ele claramente queria falar, mesmo que apenas por falar, fiz-lhe muitas perguntas sobre coisas que já tinham acontecido comigo ou que eu tinha notado. Às vezes ele evitava o assunto ou mudava de conversa fingindo não entender, mas geralmente respondia a maioria das coisas com muita franqueza. Com o passar do tempo e eu me tornando mais ousado, perguntei-lhe sobre alguns dos estranhos acontecimentos da noite anterior, como por que o cocheiro foi aos lugares onde vira as chamas azuis. Ele então me explicou que era crença comum que, em uma certa noite do ano — na noite anterior, de fato, quando se acredita que todos os espíritos malignos têm rédea solta —, uma chama azul aparece sobre qualquer lugar onde um tesouro tenha sido escondido. "Não pode haver dúvida", continuou ele, "de que tesouros foram escondidos na região por onde você veio ontem à noite, pois foi disputada por séculos entre valáquios, saxões e turcos. Ora, dificilmente há um palmo de terra em toda esta região que não tenha sido enriquecido pelo sangue de homens, patriotas ou invasores. Nos velhos tempos houve épocas agitadas, quando austríacos e húngaros vinham em hordas, e os patriotas saíam para enfrentá-los — homens e mulheres, idosos e crianças também — e esperavam por eles nas rochas acima dos desfiladeiros, para que pudessem destruí-los com suas avalanches artificiais. Quando o invasor era vitorioso, encontrava pouco, porque tudo o que havia estava escondido no solo amigo."

Original English

This led to much conversation; and as it was evident that he wanted to talk, if only for talking's sake, I asked him many questions regarding things that had already happened to me or come within my notice. Sometimes he sheered off the subject, or turned the conversation by pretending not to understand; but generally he answered all I asked most frankly. Then as time went on, and I had got somewhat bolder, I asked him of some of the strange things of the preceding night, as, for instance, why the coachman went to the places where he had seen the blue flames. He then explained to me that it was commonly believed that on a certain night of the year—last night, in fact, when all evil spirits are supposed to have unchecked sway—a blue flame is seen over any place where treasure has been concealed. "That treasure has been hidden," he went on, "in the region through which you came last night, there can be but little doubt; for it was the ground fought over for centuries by the Wallachian, the Saxon, and the Turk. Why, there is hardly a foot of soil in all this region that has not been enriched by the blood of men, patriots or invaders. In old days there were stirring times, when the Austrian and the Hungarian came up in hordes, and the patriots went out to meet them—men and women, the aged and the children too—and waited their coming on the rocks above the passes, that they might sweep destruction on them with their artificial avalanches. When the invader was triumphant he found but little, for whatever there was had been sheltered in the friendly soil."

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Pt/En

Português

"Mas como", disse eu, "pode ter permanecido tanto tempo despercebido, quando há um sinal certo para ele, se os homens se dessem ao trabalho de olhar?" O conde sorriu e, enquanto seus lábios se retraíam sobre as gengivas, seus longos e afiados dentes caninos apareceram estranhamente. Ele respondeu.

Original English

"But how," said I, "can it have remained so long undiscovered, when there is a sure index to it if men will but take the trouble to look?" The Count smiled, and as his lips ran back over his gums, the long, sharp, canine teeth showed out strangely; he answered:—

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Pt/En

Português

"Porque seu camponês é, no fundo, um covarde e um tolo! Essas chamas aparecem apenas em uma noite, e nessa noite nenhum homem desta terra, se puder evitar, sai de casa. E, meu caro senhor, mesmo que saísse, não saberia o que fazer. Ora, até mesmo o camponês que você mencionou, que marcou o local da chama, não saberia onde procurar à luz do dia pelo seu próprio trabalho. Até você, ousado dizer, não seria capaz de encontrar esses lugares novamente."

Original English

"Because your peasant is at heart a coward and a fool! Those flames only appear on one night; and on that night no man of this land will, if he can help it, stir without his doors. And, dear sir, even if he did he would not know what to do. Why, even the peasant that you tell me of who marked the place of the flame would not know where to look in daylight even for his own work. Even you would not, I dare be sworn, be able to find these places again?"

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Pt/En

Português

"Você tem razão", eu disse. "Não sei mais do que os mortos onde procurá-los." Então passamos para outros assuntos.

Original English

"There you are right," I said. "I know no more than the dead where even to look for them." Then we drifted into other matters.

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Pt/En

Português

"Venha", disse ele finalmente, "conte-me sobre Londres e sobre a casa que você conseguiu para mim." Pedindo desculpas por minha negligência, fui ao meu quarto pegar os papéis na minha mala. Enquanto os organizava, ouvi um barulho de louça e prata no quarto ao lado e, ao passar, notei que a mesa havia sido limpa e o lampião aceso, pois já era noite escura. As lâmpadas também estavam acesas no escritório ou biblioteca, e encontrei o Conde deitado no sofá, lendo, de todas as coisas,

um Guia Bradshaw inglês. Quando entrei, ele limpou os livros e papéis da mesa, e com ele examinei plantas, escrituras e cifras de todos os tipos. Ele se interessava por tudo e me fez uma infinidade de perguntas sobre o lugar e seus arredores. Ele claramente havia estudado antecipadamente tudo o que pôde sobre o bairro, pois evidentemente sabia muito mais do que eu. Quando comentei isso, ele respondeu.

Original English

“Come,” he said at last, “tell me of London and of the house which you have procured for me.” With an apology for my remissness, I went into my own room to get the papers from my bag. Whilst I was placing them in order I heard a rattling of china and silver in the next room, and as I passed through, noticed that the table had been cleared and the lamp lit, for it was by this time deep into the dark. The lamps were also lit in the study or library, and I found the Count lying on the sofa, reading, of all things in the world, an English Bradshaw’s Guide. When I came in he cleared the books and papers from the table; and with him I went into plans and deeds and figures of all sorts. He was interested in everything, and asked me a myriad questions about the place and its surroundings. He clearly had studied beforehand all he could get on the subject of the neighbourhood, for he evidently at the end knew very much more than I did. When I remarked this, he answered: □—

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Pt/En

Português

O falante argumentou que era necessário para ele ir. Ele explicou que estaria sozinho lá, sem a ajuda de seu amigo Jonathan Harker. Jonathan estaria longe, em Exeter, trabalhando em documentos legais com o amigo em comum, Peter Hawkins.

Original English

“Well, but, my friend, is it not needful that I should? When I go there I shall be all alone, and my friend Harker Jonathan □—nay, pardon me, I fall into my country’s habit of putting your patronymic first □—my friend Jonathan Harker will not be by my side to correct and aid me. He will be in Exeter, miles away, probably working at papers of the law with my other friend, Peter Hawkins. So!”

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Pt/En

Português

Eles discutiram os detalhes da compra da propriedade em Purfleet. Depois que o falante forneceu os fatos e obteve a assinatura nos documentos, ele preparou uma carta para enviar ao Sr. Hawkins. A outra pessoa então perguntou como ele havia encontrado uma propriedade tão adequada. O falante leu suas anotações, que ele registrou aqui.

Original English

We went thoroughly into the business of the purchase of the estate at Purfleet. When I had told him the facts and got his signature to the necessary papers, and had written a letter with them ready to post to Mr. Hawkins, he began to ask me how I had come across so suitable a place. I read to him the notes which I had made at the time, and which I inscribe here: □—

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Pt/En

Português

Em uma estrada lateral em Purfleet, o falante encontrou uma propriedade que parecia ideal. Uma placa desbotada indicava que estava à venda. A propriedade era cercada por um muro alto feito de pedras antigas e pesadas que não eram mantidas há muitos anos. Os portões, feitos de carvalho antigo e ferro, estavam fechados e muito enferrujados.

Original English

“At Purfleet, on a byroad, I came across just such a place as seemed to be required, and where was displayed a dilapidated notice that the place was for sale. It is surrounded by a high wall, of ancient structure, built of heavy stones, and has not been repaired for a large number of years. The closed gates are of heavy old oak and iron, all eaten with rust.

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Pt/En**Português**

A propriedade, chamada Carfax (provavelmente uma corruptela de Quatre Face, que significa quatro faces), tinha uma casa de quatro lados alinhada com os pontos cardeais. Abrangia cerca de vinte acres, cercada por um muro de pedra sólida. Muitas árvores tornavam partes do terreno sombrias. Havia um lago profundo e escuro, alimentado por nascentes, com água clara que fluía para um riacho. A casa era muito grande, com partes que datavam da época medieval; uma seção tinha paredes de pedra imensamente grossas, poucas janelas altas e pesadas barras de ferro, assemelhando-se a uma torre de castelo perto de uma capela antiga. O falante não pôde entrar na capela por não ter a chave da casa, mas tirou fotografias de vários ângulos. A casa havia sido ampliada de forma desordenada, cobrindo uma grande área. As casas próximas eram poucas; uma casa grande havia sido recentemente convertida em um manicômio particular, embora não fosse visível do terreno.

Original English

“The estate is called Carfax, no doubt a corruption of the old Quatre Face, as the house is four-sided, agreeing with the cardinal points of the compass. It contains in all some twenty acres, quite surrounded by the solid stone wall above mentioned. There are many trees on it, which make it in places gloomy, and there is a deep, dark-looking pond or small lake, evidently fed by some springs, as the water is clear and flows away in a fair-sized stream. The house is very large and of all periods back, I should say, to medieval times, for one part is of stone immensely thick, with only a few windows high up and heavily barred with iron. It looks like part of a keep, and is close to an old chapel or church. I could not enter it, as I had not the key of the door leading to it from the house, but I have taken with my kodak views of it from various points. The house has been added to, but in a very stragglng way, and I can only guess at the amount of ground it covers, which must be very great. There are but few houses close at hand, one being a very large house only recently added to and formed into a private lunatic asylum. It is not, however, visible from the grounds.”

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Pt/En

Português

Depois que o falante terminou, o outro homem respondeu.

Original English

When I had finished, he said:—

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Pt/En

Português

O Conde expressou seu prazer que o castelo fosse antigo e grande, pois ele próprio vinha de uma família antiga e não suportaria viver em uma casa nova. Ele acreditava que um lar não poderia ser feito confortável rapidamente e observou quantos poucos dias compõem um século. Ele também ficou feliz que houvesse uma capela antiga, explicando que os nobres da Transilvânia não queriam que seus ossos jazessem entre pessoas comuns. Ele disse que não buscava alegria nem os prazeres brilhantes do sol e das águas cintilantes que encantam os jovens, pois já não era jovem e seu coração, após anos de luto pelos mortos, não estava sintonizado com a alegria. Ele acrescentou que as paredes de seu castelo estavam quebradas, as sombras eram muitas e o vento soprava frio através das ameias e janelas rachadas. Ele amava a sombra e a penumbra, e desejava ficar sozinho com seus pensamentos. No entanto, suas palavras e expressão não pareciam combinar, ou talvez a feição de seu rosto fizesse seu sorriso parecer maligno e saturnino.

Original English

"I am glad that it is old and big. I myself am of an old family, and to live in a new house would kill me. A house cannot be made habitable in a day; and, after all, how few days go to make up a century. I rejoice also that there is a chapel of old times. We Transylvanian nobles love not to think that our bones may lie amongst the common dead. I seek not gaiety nor mirth, not the bright voluptuousness of much sunshine and sparkling waters which please the young and gay. I am no longer young; and my heart, through weary years of mourning over the dead, is not attuned to mirth. Moreover, the walls of my castle are broken; the shadows are many, and the wind breathes cold through the broken battlements and casements. I love the shade and the shadow, and would be alone with my thoughts when I may." Somehow his words and his look did not seem to accord, or else it was that his cast of face made his smile look malignant and saturnine.

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Pt/En

Português

Após um breve período, o Conde se desculpou e saiu, pedindo ao narrador que organizasse seus papéis. Enquanto o Conde estava ausente, o narrador começou a examinar alguns livros ao seu redor. Um era um atlas que se abria naturalmente em um mapa da Inglaterra, como se tivesse sido usado com frequência. Olhando de perto, ele notou pequenos círculos marcados em certos lugares. Um estava perto de Londres, no lado leste, claramente onde a nova propriedade do Conde estava localizada; os outros dois eram em Exeter e Whitby, na costa de Yorkshire.

Original English

Presently, with an excuse, he left me, asking me to put all my papers together. He was some little time away, and I began to look at some of the books around me. One was an atlas, which I found opened naturally at England, as if that map had been much used. On looking at it I found in certain places little rings marked, and on examining these I noticed that one was near London on the east side, manifestly where his new estate was situated; the other two were Exeter, and Whitby on the Yorkshire coast.

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Pt/En

Português

O Conde voltou após quase uma hora. Ele comentou que o narrador ainda estava com seus livros, o que era bom, mas disse que ele não deveria trabalhar o tempo todo. Informou que sua ceia estava pronta e, pegando seu braço, levou-o para a sala ao lado, onde uma excelente ceia o aguardava. O Conde novamente se desculpou, dizendo que havia jantado fora enquanto estava ausente, mas sentou-se com ele e conversou enquanto ele comia. Após a ceia, o narrador fumou como na noite anterior, e o Conde ficou, conversando e fazendo perguntas sobre todos os assuntos concebíveis por horas. O narrador sentiu que já era muito tarde, mas não disse nada, pois se sentia obrigado a atender aos desejos de seu anfitrião. Ele não estava com sono, tendo sido fortalecido pelo longo sono do dia anterior, mas não pôde deixar de sentir o frio que vem ao amanhecer, muito parecido com a virada da maré. Diz-se que aqueles próximos da morte geralmente morrem na mudança da aurora ou na virada da maré; qualquer um que, cansado e preso ao seu posto, tenha

experimentado essa mudança na atmosfera pode muito bem acreditar nisso. De repente, ouviram um galo cantar com uma estridência sobrenatural através do ar claro da manhã. O Conde Drácula saltou de pé e falou.

Original English

It was the better part of an hour when the Count returned. "Aha!" he said; "still at your books? Good! But you must not work always. Come; I am informed that 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 out on his being away from home. But he sat as on the previous night, and chatted whilst I ate. After supper I smoked, as on the last evening, and the Count stayed with me, chatting and asking questions on every conceivable subject, hour after hour. I felt that it was getting very late indeed, but I did not say anything, for I felt under obligation to meet my host's wishes in every way. I was not sleepy, as the long sleep yesterday had fortified me; but I could not help experiencing that chill which comes over one at the coming of the dawn, which is like, in its way, the turn of the tide. They say that people who are near death die generally at the change to the dawn or at the turn of the tide; anyone who has when tired, and tied as it were to his post, experienced this change in the atmosphere can well believe it. All at once we heard the crow of a cock coming up with preternatural shrillness through the clear morning air; Count Dracula, jumping to his feet, said: □—

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Pt/En

Português

O Conde exclamou que a manhã havia chegado novamente e se repreendeu por ter deixado o narrador ficar acordado por tanto tempo. Pediu-lhe que tornasse sua conversa sobre sua querida nova Inglaterra menos interessante, para que não esquecesse como o tempo voa. Com uma reverência cortês, ele saiu rapidamente.

Original English

"Why, there is the morning again! How remiss I am to let you stay up so long. You must make your conversation regarding my dear new country of England less interesting, so that I may not forget how time flies by us," and, with a courtly bow, he quickly left me.

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Pt/En

Português

O narrador foi para seu próprio quarto e fechou as cortinas, mas havia pouco para ver. Sua janela dava para o pátio; tudo que ele podia ver era o cinza quente do céu que se iluminava. Então ele puxou as cortinas novamente e escreveu sobre este dia.

Original English

I went into my own room and drew the curtains, but there was little to notice; my window opened into the courtyard, all I could see was the warm grey of quickening sky. So I pulled the curtains again, and have written of this day.

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Pt/En

Português

O escritor se preocupou por ter sido muito detalhista em seu diário, mas agora se sentia aliviado porque a estranheza do castelo o deixava inquieto. Ele desejava poder ir embora ou nunca ter vindo. Ele se perguntava se sua programação noturna não natural estava afetando-o, mas suspeitava que havia mais nisso. Ele não tinha ninguém com quem conversar, exceto o Conde, e temia ser a única pessoa viva ali. Ele resolveu se ater aos fatos para não se perder na imaginação.

Original English

8 May. □—I began to fear as I wrote in this book that I was getting too diffuse; but now I am glad that I went into detail from the first, for there is something so strange about this place and all in it that I cannot but feel uneasy. I wish I were safe out of it, or that I had never come. It may be that this strange night-existence is telling on me; but would that that were all! If there were anyone to talk to I could bear it, but there is no one. I have only the Count to speak with, and he! □—I fear I am myself the only living soul within the place. Let me be prosaic so far as facts can be; it will help me to bear up, and imagination must not run riot with me. If it does I am lost. Let me say at once how I stand □—or seem to.

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Pt/En**Português**

Após apenas algumas horas de sono, o escritor se levantou e começou a fazer a barba diante de um espelho pendurado perto da janela. De repente, o Conde tocou seu ombro e o cumprimentou. Sobressaltado, o escritor se cortou levemente. Ele ficou surpreso por não ter visto o Conde se aproximar, já que o espelho mostrava todo o cômodo atrás dele. Quando olhou novamente, o Conde estava perto, mas não havia reflexo dele no espelho. O quarto estava visível, mas o Conde não. Isso aumentou sua inquietação. Ele notou que o corte estava sangrando e largou a navalha. Quando o Conde viu o sangue, seus olhos brilharam com fúria e ele agarrou a garganta do escritor. O escritor recuou, e a mão do Conde tocou o crucifixo em seu pescoço. A fúria do Conde desapareceu instantaneamente.

Original English

I only slept a few hours when I went to bed, and feeling that I could not sleep any more, got up. I had hung my shaving glass by the window, and was just beginning to shave. Suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder, and heard the Count's voice saying to me, "Good morning." I started, for it amazed me that I had not seen him, since the reflection of the glass covered the whole room behind me. In starting I had cut myself slightly, but did not notice it at the moment. Having answered the Count's salutation, I turned to the glass again to see how I had been mistaken. This time there could be 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. This was startling, and, coming on the top of so many strange things, was beginning to increase that vague feeling of uneasiness which I always have when the Count is near; but at the instant I saw that the cut had bled a little, and the blood was trickling over my chin. I laid down the razor, turning as I did so half round to look for some sticking plaster. When the Count saw my face, his eyes blazed with a sort of demoniac fury, and he suddenly made a grab at my throat. I drew away, and his hand touched the string of beads which held the crucifix. It made an instant change in him, for the fury passed so quickly that I could hardly believe that it was ever there.

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Pt/En

Português

O Conde avisou o escritor para ter cuidado, dizendo que se cortar era mais perigoso do que ele pensava naquele país. Ele agarrou o espelho, chamou-o de objeto inútil de vaidade e o jogou pela janela com grande força, estilhaçando-o nas pedras abaixo. Ele saiu sem dizer mais nada. O escritor ficou irritado porque agora não tinha como se barbear, exceto talvez usando a tampa do relógio ou a caneca de barbear de metal.

Original English

“Take care,” he said, “take care how you cut yourself. It is more dangerous than you think in this country.” Then seizing the shaving glass, he went on: “And this is the wretched thing that has done the mischief. It is a foul bauble of man’s vanity. Away with it!” and opening the heavy window with one wrench of his terrible hand, he flung out the glass, which was shattered into a thousand pieces on the stones of the courtyard far below. Then he withdrew without a word. It is very annoying, for I do not see how I am to shave, unless in my watch-case or the bottom of the shaving-pot, which is fortunately of metal.

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Pt/En

Português

Quando o escritor foi à sala de jantar, o café da manhã estava pronto, mas o Conde não estava em lugar nenhum. Ele comeu sozinho, notando que nunca tinha visto o Conde comer ou beber. Ele pensou que o Conde devia ser um homem peculiar. Após o café, ele explorou o castelo e encontrou um cômodo com uma vista magnífica para o sul. O castelo ficava na beira de um precipício aterrorizante; uma pedra jogada da janela cairia mil pés. Lá embaixo havia um mar de copas de árvores verdes com desfiladeiros profundos e rios prateados serpenteando pelos desfiladeiros.

Original English

When I went into the dining-room, breakfast was prepared; but I could not find the Count anywhere. So I breakfasted alone. It is strange that as yet I have not seen the Count eat or drink. He must be a very peculiar man! After breakfast I did a little exploring in the castle. I went out on the stairs, and found a room looking towards the South. The view was magnificent, and from where I stood there was every opportunity of seeing it. The castle is on the very edge of a terrible precipice. A stone falling from the window

would fall a thousand feet without touching anything! As far as the eye can reach is a sea of green tree tops, with occasionally a deep rift where there is a chasm. Here and there are silver threads where the rivers wind in deep gorges through the forests.

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Pt/En

Português

Mas o escritor não estava com disposição para apreciar a beleza. Depois de ver a vista, ele continuou explorando. Em todos os lugares havia portas, e todas estavam trancadas e emperradas. As únicas saídas possíveis eram as janelas nas muralhas do castelo.

Original English

But I am not in heart to describe beauty, for when I had seen the view I explored further; doors, doors, doors everywhere, and all locked and bolted. In no place save from the windows in the castle walls is there an available exit.

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Pt/En

Português

O castelo é como uma prisão real, e o falante se sente completamente preso lá dentro.

Original English

The castle is a veritable prison, and I am a prisoner!

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III

Pt/En

Português

Esta é uma continuação do diário de Jonathan Harker.

Original English

Jonathan Harker's Journal□—continued

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Pt/En

Português

Quando o narrador percebeu que era um prisioneiro, um pânico intenso o dominou. Ele correu para cima e para baixo pelas escadas, tentando todas as portas e olhando por todas as janelas, mas logo se sentiu completamente indefeso. Olhando para trás, ele acha que deve ter enlouquecido temporariamente, agindo como um rato numa armadilha. Assim que aceitou sua impotência, sentou-se calmamente e começou a considerar o que fazer. Ele ainda está pensando e não chegou a um plano definido. Tem certeza de que é inútil compartilhar suas ideias com o Conde, que sabe que ele está preso e apenas o enganaria. Seu único plano é manter seu conhecimento e medos para si mesmo e permanecer vigilante. Ele sabe que ou está sendo enganado por seus próprios medos ou está em perigo grave; se for o último, precisará de toda a sua inteligência para sobreviver.

Original English

When I found that I was a prisoner a sort of wild feeling came over me. I rushed up and down the stairs, trying every door and peering out of every window I could find; but after a little the conviction of my helplessness overpowered all other feelings. When I look back after a few hours I think I must have been mad for the time, for I behaved much as a rat does in a trap. When, however, the conviction had come to me that I was helpless I sat down quietly—as quietly as I have ever done anything in my life—and began to think over what was best to be done. I am thinking still, and as yet have come to no definite conclusion. Of one thing only am I certain; that it is no use making my ideas known to the Count. He knows well that I am imprisoned; and as he has done it himself, and has doubtless his own motives for it, he would only deceive me if I trusted him fully with the facts. So far as I can see, my only plan will be to keep my knowledge and my fears to myself, and my eyes open. I am, I know, either being deceived, like a baby, by my own fears, or else I am in desperate straits; and if the latter be so, I need, and shall need, all my brains to get through.

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Pt/En**Português**

Logo após chegar a essa conclusão, o narrador ouviu a grande porta abaixo se fechar, indicando o retorno do Conde. O Conde não veio diretamente à biblioteca, então o narrador foi cautelosamente ao seu quarto e encontrou o Conde arrumando a cama. Isso era estranho, mas confirmou sua suspeita de que não havia empregados. Mais tarde, observando por uma fresta na porta, ele viu o Conde pondo a mesa na sala de jantar, o que o convenceu completamente. Se o Conde realiza todas essas tarefas domésticas ele mesmo, não deve haver mais ninguém. Isso o assustou, porque se não há mais ninguém no castelo, o Conde deve ter sido o cocheiro que o trouxe até ali. Esse foi um pensamento terrível: se assim fosse, o que significava que o Conde conseguia controlar os lobos simplesmente levantando a mão em silêncio? Por que as pessoas em Bistritz e na carruagem pareciam tão amedrontadas por ele? Qual era o significado dos presentes do crucifixo, alho, rosa silvestre e freixo da montanha? Ele abençoou a boa mulher que pendurou o crucifixo em seu pescoço, pois isso lhe trazia conforto e força sempre que o tocava. Ele achou estranho que algo que lhe haviam ensinado a considerar desfavorável e idólatra pudesse ajudá-lo na solidão e nos problemas. Ele se perguntou se havia poder no próprio objeto ou se era um auxílio tangível que transmitia memórias de simpatia e conforto. Ele resolveu examinar essa questão quando possível. Enquanto isso, ele deve aprender tudo o que puder sobre o Conde Drácula para entender sua situação. Ele esperava conduzir a conversa naquela noite para fazer o Conde falar sobre si mesmo, mas precisava ter muito cuidado para não despertar suspeitas.

Original English

I had hardly come to this conclusion when I heard the great door below shut, and knew that the Count had returned. He did not come at once into the library, so I went cautiously to my own room and found him making the bed. This was odd, but only confirmed what I had all along thought— that there were no servants in the house. When later I saw him through the chink of the hinges of the door laying the table in the dining-room, I was assured of it; for if he does himself all these menial offices, surely it is proof that there is no one else to do them. This gave me a fright, for if there is no one else in the castle, it must have been the Count himself who was the driver of the coach that brought me here. This is a terrible thought; for if so, what does it mean that he could control the wolves, as he did, by only holding up his hand in silence. How was it that all the people at Bistritz and

on the coach had some terrible fear for me? What meant the giving of the crucifix, of the garlic, of the wild rose, of the mountain ash? Bless that good, good woman who hung the crucifix round my neck! for it is a comfort and a strength to me whenever I touch it. It is odd that a thing which I have been taught to regard with disfavour and as idolatrous should in a time of loneliness and trouble be of help. Is it that there is something in the essence of the thing itself, or that it is a medium, a tangible help, in conveying memories of sympathy and comfort? Some time, if it may be, I must examine this matter and try to make up my mind about it. In the meantime I must find out all I can about Count Dracula, as it may help me to understand. Tonight he may talk of himself, if I turn the conversation that way. I must be very careful, however, not to awake his suspicion.

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Pt/En

Português

À meia-noite, o narrador teve uma longa conversa com o Conde. Ele fez algumas perguntas sobre a história da Transilvânia, e o Conde ficou muito entusiasmado. Ao falar de eventos e pessoas, especialmente batalhas, o Conde falava como se tivesse estado presente em todas elas. Ele explicou depois que, para um nobre, o orgulho de sua casa e de seu nome é seu próprio orgulho; a glória deles é sua glória, o destino deles é seu destino. Sempre que falava de sua casa, usava a palavra "nós", quase como um rei. O narrador desejou poder registrar exatamente tudo o que o Conde disse, pois era fascinante e parecia conter toda a história do país. O Conde ficou animado enquanto falava, andando pela sala, puxando seu grande bigode branco e apertando qualquer coisa em que pusesse as mãos como se fosse esmagá-la. Uma coisa que o Conde disse, que o narrador registrou o mais fielmente possível, contava a história de sua raça.

Original English

Midnight. □—I have had a long talk with the Count. I asked him a few questions on Transylvania history, and he warmed up to the subject wonderfully. In his speaking of things and people, and especially of battles, he spoke as if he had been present at them all. This he afterwards explained by saying that to a boyar the pride of his house and name is his own pride, that their glory is his glory, that their fate is his fate. Whenever he spoke of his house he always said "we," and spoke almost in the plural, like a king speaking. I wish I could put down all he said exactly as he said it, for to me it was most fascinating. It seemed to have in it a whole history of the country. He grew excited as he spoke, and walked about the room

pulling his great white moustache and grasping anything on which he laid his hands as though he would crush it by main strength. One thing he said which I shall put down as nearly as I can; for it tells in its way the story of his race: □—

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Pt/En

Português

O orador declarou que os székelys tinham toda razão de se orgulhar, pois seu sangue continha a herança de muitas raças corajosas que lutaram ferozmente pelo domínio. Ele traçou suas origens até a tribo úgrica, que trouxe da Islândia o espírito guerreiro dado por Thor e Odin, um espírito que seus berserkers desencadearam nas costas da Europa, Ásia e África, levando as pessoas a acreditar que lobisomens haviam chegado. Quando os székelys chegaram à sua terra, encontraram os hunos, cuja fúria destrutiva varreu a terra como uma chama viva, a ponto de os povos agonizantes pensarem que as veias dos hunos continham o sangue de bruxas antigas que haviam se acasalado com demônios. Ele descartou tais noções como tolas, argumentando que nenhum demônio ou bruxa poderia igualar Átila, cujo sangue ele afirmava correr em suas próprias veias. Ele perguntou retoricamente se era de admirar que fossem uma raça conquistadora e orgulhosa, expulsando magiares, lombardos, ávaros, búlgaros e turcos quando invadem. Ele observou que, quando Árpád e suas legiões varreram a Hungria, encontraram os székelys já na fronteira, completando ali a Honfoglalás. À medida que a inundaç o h ngara se movia para o leste, os magiares vitoriosos reivindicaram os székelys como parentes, e por s culos os székelys guardaram a fronteira da Turquia, entendendo que um inimigo nunca dorme. Ele se gabou de que os székelys estavam entre os primeiros a responder   espada sangrenta e afluir ao estandarte do rei. Ele recordou a grande vergonha de sua na o em Cassova, quando as bandeiras da Val quia e da Hungria ca ram sob o Crescente, e foi um de sua pr pria ra a que, como voivoda, cruzou o Dan bio e derrotou o turco em seu pr prio territ rio — um verdadeiro Dr cula. Ele lamentou que o irm o indigno de Dr cula tivesse vendido o povo aos turcos ap s sua queda. Ele falou de outro Dr cula que repetidamente liderou for as para a Turquia, voltando v rias vezes apesar de ser repellido, mesmo quando teve que vir sozinho de um campo sangrento, acreditando que s  ele poderia triunfar. Os cr ticos diziam que Dr cula pensava apenas em si mesmo, mas o orador argumentou que os camponeses s o in teis sem um l der, e a guerra n o pode ter sucesso

sem uma mente e um coração para conduzi-la. Após a batalha de Mohács, quando se livraram do jugo húngaro, aqueles de sangue Drácula estavam entre os líderes, pois seu espírito não toleraria ser livre. O orador concluiu que os székelys — e os Drácula como seu sangue vital, cérebros e espadas — podiam se orgulhar de um histórico que novas famílias como os Habsburgos e Romanovs jamais poderiam igualar. Os dias guerreiros acabaram; o sangue era precioso demais nestes tempos de paz desonrosa, e as glórias das grandes raças eram apenas uma história que fora contada.

Original English

“We Szekelys have a right to be proud, for in our veins flows the blood of many brave races who fought as the lion fights, for lordship. Here, in the whirlpool of European races, the Ugric tribe bore down from Iceland the fighting spirit which Thor and Wodin gave them, which their Berserkers displayed to such fell intent on the seaboard of Europe, ay, and of Asia and Africa too, till the peoples thought that the werewolves themselves had come. Here, too, when they came, they found the Huns, whose warlike fury had swept the earth like a living flame, till the dying peoples held that in their veins ran the blood of those old witches, who, expelled from Scythia had mated with the devils in the desert. Fools, fools! What devil or what witch was ever so great as Attila, whose blood is in these veins?” He held up his arms. “Is it a wonder that we were a conquering race; that we were proud; that when the Magyar, the Lombard, the Avar, the Bulgar, or the Turk poured his thousands on our frontiers, we drove them back? Is it strange that when Arpad and his legions swept through the Hungarian fatherland he found us here when he reached the frontier; that the Honfoglalás was completed there? And when the Hungarian flood swept eastward, the Szekelys were claimed as kindred by the victorious Magyars, and to us for centuries was trusted the guarding of the frontier of Turkey-land; ay, and more than that, endless duty of the frontier guard, for, as the Turks say, ‘water sleeps, and enemy is sleepless.’ Who more gladly than we throughout the Four Nations received the ‘bloody sword,’ or at its warlike call flocked quicker to the standard of the King? When was redeemed that great shame of my nation, the shame of Cassova, when the flags of the Wallach and the Magyar went down beneath the Crescent? Who was it but one of my own race who as Voivode crossed the Danube and beat the Turk on his own ground? This was a Dracula indeed! Woe was it that his own unworthy brother, when he had fallen, sold his people to the Turk and brought the shame of slavery on them! Was it not this Dracula, indeed, who inspired that other of his race who in a later age again and again brought his forces over the great river into Turkey-land;

who, when he was beaten back, came again, and again, and again, though he had to come alone from the bloody field where his troops were being slaughtered, since he knew that he alone could ultimately triumph! They said that he thought only of himself. Bah! what good are peasants without a leader? Where ends the war without a brain and heart to conduct it? Again, when, after the battle of Mohács, we threw off the Hungarian yoke, we of the Dracula blood were amongst their leaders, for our spirit would not brook that we were not free. Ah, young sir, the Szekelys——and the Dracula as their heart's blood, their brains, and their swords——can boast a record that mushroom growths like the Hapsburgs and the Romanovs can never reach. The warlike days are over. Blood is too precious a thing in these days of dishonourable peace; and the glories of the great races are as a tale that is told."

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Pt/En

Português

A essa altura já era quase de manhã, e eles foram para a cama. O escritor observou que seu diário havia começado a se assemelhar às Mil e Uma Noites, já que tudo tinha que parar ao cantar do galo, ou como o fantasma do pai de Hamlet.

Original English

It was by this time close on morning, and we went to bed. (Mem., this diary seems horribly like the beginning of the "Arabian Nights," for everything has to break off at cockcrow——or like the ghost of Hamlet's father.)

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Pt/En

Português

Em 12 de maio, o escritor decidiu começar com fatos nus que pudessem ser verificados por livros e números, em vez de confundi-los com experiências pessoais que dependiam de sua própria observação ou memória. Na noite anterior, quando o Conde saiu de seu quarto, começou a fazer perguntas sobre questões legais e certos tipos de negócios. O escritor passara o dia cansado de estudar e, para manter a mente ocupada, revisou alguns dos tópicos sobre os quais havia sido examinado em Lincoln's Inn. Havia um método nas perguntas do Conde, então o escritor planejou registrá-las em sequência, pois o conhecimento poderia

ser útil em algum momento.

Original English

12 May. □—Let me begin with facts □—bare, meagre facts, verified by books and figures, and of which there can be no doubt. I must not confuse them with experiences which will have to rest on my own observation, or my memory of them. Last evening when the Count came from his room he began by asking me questions on legal matters and on the doing of certain kinds of business. I had spent the day wearily over books, and, simply to keep my mind occupied, went over some of the matters I had been examined in at Lincoln's Inn. There was a certain method in the Count's inquiries, so I shall try to put them down in sequence; the knowledge may somehow or some time be useful to me.

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Pt/En

Português

Primeiro, o Conde perguntou se um homem na Inglaterra poderia ter dois ou mais advogados. O escritor respondeu que poderia ter uma dúzia se quisesse, mas não seria sensato ter mais de um envolvido em uma única transação, já que apenas um poderia atuar por vez e trocar de advogado prejudicaria seus interesses. O Conde pareceu entender completamente e então perguntou se haveria alguma dificuldade prática em ter uma pessoa cuidando dos assuntos bancários e outra cuidando do transporte marítimo, especialmente se fosse necessária ajuda local em um lugar distante da sede do advogado bancário. O escritor pediu que ele explicasse mais detalhadamente para não correr o risco de enganá-lo, então o Conde elaborou.

Original English

First, he asked if a man in England might have two solicitors or more. I told him he might have a dozen if he wished, but that it would not be wise to have more than one solicitor engaged in one transaction, as only one could act at a time, and that to change would be certain to militate against his interest. He seemed thoroughly to understand, and went on to ask if there would be any practical difficulty in having one man to attend, say, to banking, and another to look after shipping, in case local help were needed in a place far from the home of the banking solicitor. I asked him to explain more fully, so that I might not by any chance mislead him, so he said: □—

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Pt/En**Português**

O Conde deu uma ilustração. Ele disse que o amigo em comum, Sr. Peter Hawkins, que morava perto da Catedral de Exeter, longe de Londres, havia comprado para o Conde uma propriedade em Londres através dos bons ofícios do escritor. O Conde afirmou francamente que havia escolhido um advogado tão longe de Londres para evitar interesses locais, já que um residente londrino poderia ter seus próprios propósitos a servir. Então ele perguntou se, quando desejasse enviar mercadorias para Newcastle, Durham, Harwich ou Dover, seria mais fácil consigná-las a alguém nesses portos. O escritor respondeu que certamente seria muito fácil, mas explicou que os advogados tinham um sistema de agenciamento, de modo que o trabalho local poderia ser feito localmente mediante instrução de qualquer advogado. Assim, o cliente precisava apenas se colocar nas mãos de um homem, que realizaria seus desejos sem mais problemas.

Original English

"I shall illustrate. Your friend and mine, Mr. Peter Hawkins, from under the shadow of your beautiful cathedral at Exeter, which is far from London, buys for me through your good self my place at London. Good! Now here let me say frankly, lest you should think it strange that I have sought the services of one so far off from London instead of someone resident there, that my motive was that no local interest might be served save my wish only; and as one of London residence might, perhaps, have some purpose of himself or friend to serve, I went thus afield to seek my agent, whose labours should be only to my interest. Now, suppose I, who have much of affairs, wish to ship goods, say, to Newcastle, or Durham, or Harwich, or Dover, might it not be that it could with more ease be done by consigning to one in these ports?" I answered that certainly it would be most easy, but that we solicitors had a system of agency one for the other, so that local work could be done locally on instruction from any solicitor, so that the client, simply placing himself in the hands of one man, could have his wishes carried out by him without further trouble.

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Pt/En

Português

Ele sugeriu que deveria ser livre para direcionar suas próprias ações e perguntou se isso estava correto.

Original English

“But,” said he, “I could be at liberty to direct myself. Is it not so?”

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Pt/En

Português

Eu confirmei que isso era comumente feito por empresários, que preferem não ter todos os seus negócios conhecidos por uma única pessoa.

Original English

“Of course,” I replied; and “such is often done by men of business, who do not like the whole of their affairs to be known by any one person.”

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Pt/En

Português

Ele expressou satisfação e então perguntou sobre os procedimentos para fazer remessas, os formulários necessários e as dificuldades potenciais que poderiam ser evitadas com previsão. Expliquei esses assuntos da melhor forma possível, e ele me pareceu alguém que teria sido um excelente advogado, pois antecipava tudo. Para um homem não familiarizado com o país e aparentemente não envolvido em negócios, seu conhecimento e perspicácia eram notáveis. Depois que ele ficou satisfeito e eu verifiquei tudo nos livros disponíveis, ele se levantou de repente.

Original English

“Good!” he said, and then went on to ask about the means of making consignments and the forms to be gone through, and of all sorts of difficulties which might arise, but by forethought could be guarded against. I explained all these things to him to the best of my ability, and he certainly left me under the impression that he would have made a wonderful solicitor, for there was nothing that he did not think of or foresee. For a man who was never in the country, and who did not evidently do much in the way of business, his knowledge and acumen were wonderful. When he had

satisfied himself on these points of which he had spoken, and I had verified all as well as I could by the books available, he suddenly stood up and said: □—

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Pt/En

Português

Ele perguntou se eu havia escrito ao Sr. Peter Hawkins ou a qualquer outra pessoa desde minha primeira carta. Respondi com alguma amargura que não, pois ainda não havia encontrado oportunidade de enviar cartas.

Original English

“Have you written since your first letter to our friend Mr. Peter Hawkins, or to any other?” It was with some bitterness in my heart that I answered that I had not, that as yet I had not seen any opportunity of sending letters to anybody.

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Pt/En

Português

Então ele colocou uma mão pesada no meu ombro e me disse para escrever ao nosso amigo e a qualquer outra pessoa, acrescentando que eu poderia dizer que ficaria com ele por um mês a partir de agora, se isso me agradasse.

Original English

“Then write now, my young friend,” he said, laying a heavy hand on my shoulder: “write to our friend and to any other; and say, if it will please you, that you shall stay with me until a month from now.”

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Pt/En

Português

O narrador perguntou ao Conde se ele realmente desejava que permanecesse por um período tão prolongado, sentindo um calafrio de pavor ao pensar nisso.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

O Conde insistiu que queria que o narrador ficasse e não aceitaria uma recusa. Ele lembrou ao narrador que, quando seu empregador concordou em enviar alguém, ficou entendido que apenas as necessidades do Conde seriam consideradas, e ele havia sido generoso. Perguntou se isso não era verdade.

Original English

“I desire it much; nay, I will take no refusal. When your master, employer, what you will, engaged that someone should come on his behalf, it was understood that my needs only were to be consulted. I have not stinted. Is it not so?”

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Pt/En

Português

O narrador sentiu que não tinha escolha a não ser aceitar. Ele tinha que considerar os interesses do Sr. Hawkins, não os seus próprios. Além disso, o comportamento e o olhar do Conde o lembraram de que ele era essencialmente um prisioneiro, sem real liberdade de escolha. O Conde percebeu sua aceitação relutante e a angústia em seu rosto, e imediatamente começou a explorar essa vantagem de sua maneira habitual, calma e inflexível.

Original English

What could I do but bow acceptance? It was Mr. Hawkins's interest, not mine, and I had to think of him, not myself; and besides, while Count Dracula was speaking, there was that in his eyes and in his bearing which made me remember that I was a prisoner, and that if I wished it I could have no choice. The Count saw his victory in my bow, and his mastery in the trouble of my face, for he began at once to use them, but in his own smooth, resistless way: □—

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Pt/En**Português**

O Conde aconselhou o narrador a escrever apenas sobre negócios em suas cartas, sugerindo que isso agradaria seus amigos saber que ele estava bem e ansioso para voltar para casa. Entregou-lhe três folhas de papel fino e três envelopes. O narrador entendeu, pelo sorriso do Conde e seus dentes caninos afiados, que suas cartas seriam lidas. Portanto, decidiu escrever apenas notas formais para o Conde, mas planejou escrever secretamente para o Sr. Hawkins e para Mina usando estenografia, que o Conde não entenderia. Depois de escrever suas duas cartas, o narrador sentou-se lendo enquanto o Conde escrevia várias notas, consultando livros. Quando o Conde saiu, levando as cartas e seus materiais de escrita, o narrador imediatamente olhou para as cartas, que estavam viradas para baixo sobre a mesa. Ele não sentiu culpa, acreditando que precisava se proteger de todas as maneiras possíveis.

Original English

"I pray you, my good young friend, that you will not discourse of things other than business in your letters. It will doubtless please your friends to know that you are well, and that you look forward to getting home to them. Is it not so?" As he spoke he handed me three sheets of notepaper and three envelopes. They were all of the thinnest foreign post, and looking at them, then at him, and noticing his quiet smile, with the sharp, canine teeth lying over the red underlip, I understood as well as if he had spoken that I should be careful what I wrote, for he would be able to read it. So I determined to write only formal notes now, but to write fully to Mr. Hawkins in secret, and also to Mina, for to her I could write in shorthand, which would puzzle the Count, if he did see it. When I had written my two letters I sat quiet, reading a book whilst the Count wrote several notes, referring as he wrote them to some books on his table. Then he took up my two and placed them with his own, and put by his writing materials, after which, the instant the door had closed behind him, I leaned over and looked at the letters, which were face down on the table. I felt no compunction in doing so, for under the circumstances I felt that I should protect myself in every way I could.

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Pt/En**Português**

As cartas foram endereçadas a vários destinatários: uma para Samuel F. Billington em Whitby, outra para Herr Leutner em Varna, uma terceira para Coutts & Co. em Londres, e a quarta para os banqueiros Herren Klopstock & Billreuth em Budapeste. A segunda e a quarta cartas estavam sem selo. Assim que o narrador estava prestes a examiná-las, ele notou a maçaneta da porta se mexendo. Rapidamente voltou ao seu lugar, recolocando as cartas exatamente como estavam, e retomou a leitura do seu livro. O Conde entrou, segurando outra carta. Ele recolheu as cartas da mesa, carimbou-as cuidadosamente e então se dirigiu ao narrador.

Original English

One of the letters was directed to Samuel F. Billington, No. 7, The Crescent, Whitby, another to Herr Leutner, Varna; the third was to Coutts & Co., London, and the fourth to Herren Klopstock & Billreuth, bankers, Budapest. The second and fourth were unsealed. I was just about to look at them when I saw the door-handle move. I sank back in my seat, having just had time to replace the letters as they had been and to resume my book before the Count, holding still another letter in his hand, entered the room. He took up the letters on the table and stamped them carefully, and then turning to me, said: □—

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Pt/En**Português**

Ele pediu desculpas, explicando que tinha muito trabalho privado para fazer naquela noite. Expressou esperança de que tudo estivesse satisfatório. Na porta, ele fez uma pausa por um momento e então se virou para falar, mas suas palavras foram cortadas.

Original English

“I trust you will forgive me, but I have much work to do in private this evening. You will, I hope, find all things as you wish.” At the door he turned, and after a moment’s pause said: □—

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Pt/En**Português**

Ele aconselhou e advertiu seriamente seu jovem amigo a nunca adormecer em nenhum lugar do castelo, exceto nos cômodos designados. Disse que o castelo era antigo e cheio de memórias, e que aqueles que dormissem imprudentemente teriam sonhos terríveis. Mandou-o ir diretamente para seu próprio quarto ou para os cômodos atuais se sentisse sono, pois isso seria seguro. Ele encerrou sua advertência com um gesto sinistro de lavar as mãos. O ouvinte entendeu o aviso, mas se perguntou se algum sonho poderia ser pior do que o mistério sombrio que se fechava sobre ele.

Original English

"Let me advise you, my dear young friend—nay, let me warn you with all seriousness, that should you leave these rooms you will not by any chance 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 warned! Should sleep now or ever overcome you, or be like to do, then haste to your own chamber or to these rooms, for your rest will then be safe. But if you be not careful in this respect, then"—He finished his speech in a gruesome way, for he motioned with his hands as if he were washing them. I quite understood; my only doubt was as to whether any dream could be more terrible than the unnatural, horrible net of gloom and mystery which seemed closing around me.

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Pt/En**Português**

Mais tarde, ele confirmou sua declaração anterior sem qualquer dúvida. Ele não teria medo de dormir em qualquer lugar onde o Conde não estivesse. Colocou o crucifixo sobre sua cama, acreditando que isso manteria seu sono livre de pesadelos, e decidiu deixá-lo ali.

Original English

Later.—I endorse the last words written, but this time there is no doubt in question. I shall not fear to sleep in any place where he is not. I have placed the crucifix over the head of my bed—I imagine that my rest is thus freer from dreams; and there it shall remain.

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Pt/En**Português**

Depois que o Conde saiu, ele foi para seu quarto. Não ouviu nenhum som, então saiu e subiu as escadas de pedra para olhar para o sul. A vasta vista aberta lhe deu alguma sensação de liberdade, ao contrário do pátio escuro que o fazia sentir-se aprisionado. Ele ansiava por ar fresco. A vida noturna estava afetando seus nervos, fazendo-o sobressaltar-se com sombras e cheio de imaginações horríveis. Ele se sentia justificado em seu medo. A bela paisagem iluminada pela lua o animou, com a luz suave derretendo as colinas e criando sombras aveludadas. Ao se inclinar, notou movimento no andar de baixo e à esquerda, onde pensava que pudesse ficar o quarto do Conde. A janela era alta e funda, com mainéis de pedra, mas o vidro estava faltando. Ele se escondeu atrás da alvenaria e olhou cuidadosamente para fora.

Original English

When he left me I went to my room. After a little while, not hearing any sound, I came out and went up the stone stair to where I could look out towards the South. There was some sense of freedom in the vast expanse, inaccessible though it was to me, as compared with the narrow darkness of the courtyard. Looking out on this, I felt that I was indeed in prison, and I seemed to want a breath of fresh air, though it were of the night. I am beginning to feel this nocturnal existence tell on me. It is destroying my nerve. I start at my own shadow, and am full of all sorts of horrible imaginings. God knows that there is ground for my terrible fear in this accursed place! I looked out over the beautiful expanse, bathed in soft yellow moonlight till it was almost as light as day. In the soft light the distant hills became melted, and the shadows in the valleys and gorges of velvety blackness. The mere beauty seemed to cheer me; there was peace and comfort in every breath I drew. As I leaned from the window my eye was caught by something moving a storey below me, and somewhat to my left, where I imagined, from the order of the rooms, that the windows of the Count's own room would look out. The window at which I stood was tall and deep, stone-mullioned, and though weatherworn, was still complete; but it was evidently many a day since the case had been there. I drew back behind the stonework, and looked carefully out.

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Pt/En

Português

Ele viu a cabeça do Conde emergindo de uma janela. Reconheceu-o pelo pescoço, costas, braços e especialmente pelas mãos. A princípio, ficou interessado e divertido, pois um prisioneiro acha pequenas coisas divertidas. Mas seus sentimentos se transformaram em repulsa e terror quando viu o Conde descer pela parede do castelo, de bruços, sobre o terrível abismo. A capa do Conde se espalhava como asas. No início, ele não conseguia acreditar em seus olhos, pensando que poderia ser um truque da luz da lua ou sombra, mas continuou olhando e percebeu que era real. Ele viu os dedos das mãos e dos pés do Conde agarrarem as bordas gastas das pedras, usando cada saliência e irregularidade para descer rapidamente pela parede, como um lagarto.

Original English

What I saw was the Count's head 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. In any case I could not mistake the hands which I had had so many opportunities of studying. I was at first interested and somewhat amused, for it is wonderful how small a matter will interest and amuse a man when he is a prisoner. But my very feelings changed to repulsion and terror when I saw the whole man slowly emerge from the window and begin to crawl down the castle wall over that dreadful abyss, face down with his cloak 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, and it could be no delusion. I saw the fingers and toes grasp the corners of the stones, worn clear of the mortar by the stress of years, and by thus using every projection and inequality move downwards with considerable speed, just as a lizard moves along a wall.

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Pt/En

Português

O escritor se pergunta que tipo de homem ou criatura é este, que aparece em forma humana. Ele se sente dominado pelo pavor do lugar, preso em um medo terrível sem escapatória, cercado por horrores que não ousa considerar.

Original English

What manner of man is this, or what manner of creature is it in the semblance of man? I feel the dread of this horrible place overpowering me; I am in fear□—in awful fear□—and there is no escape for me; I am encompassed about with terrors that I dare not think of.□ □...

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O escritor viu o Conde sair do castelo de uma maneira estranha, parecida com a de um lagarto, movendo-se lateralmente pela parede e desaparecendo em uma abertura. Depois que o Conde partiu, o escritor decidiu explorar mais minuciosamente. Ele tentou todas as portas, que estavam trancadas com fechaduras novas. A porta principal estava trancada e a chave estava faltando, provavelmente no quarto do Conde. Eventualmente, o escritor encontrou uma porta no topo de uma escada que parecia trancada, mas na verdade estava apenas emperrada devido às dobradiças caídas. Ele a forçou e entrou em uma ala do castelo que era mais baixa e à direita dos cômodos que conhecia. Das janelas, ele viu que o castelo foi construído em uma esquina de uma grande rocha, inexpugnável por três lados. Esta parte do castelo tinha móveis mais confortáveis e parecia ter sido usada por senhoras há muito tempo. O luar revelava uma atmosfera empoeirada, mas menos ameaçadora. O escritor sentiu uma estranha calma ali e decidiu escrever em seu diário.

Original English

15 May.□—Once more have I seen the Count go out in his lizard fashion. He moved downwards in a sidelong way, some hundred feet down, and a good deal to the left. He vanished into some hole or window. When his head had disappeared, I leaned out to try and see more, but without avail□—the distance was too great to allow a proper angle of sight. I knew he had left the castle now, and thought to use the opportunity to explore more than I had dared to do as yet. I went back to the room, and taking a lamp, tried all the doors. They were all locked, as I had expected, and the locks were comparatively new; but I went down the stone stairs to the hall where I had entered originally. I found I could pull back the bolts easily enough and unhook the great chains; but the door was locked, and the key was gone! That key must be in the Count's room; I must watch should his door be unlocked, so that I may get it and escape. 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 with

age and moth-eaten. At last, however, I found one door at the top of the stairway which, though it seemed to be locked, gave a little under pressure. I tried it harder, and found that it was not really locked, but that the resistance came from the fact that the hinges had fallen somewhat, and the heavy door rested on the floor. Here was an opportunity which I might not have again, so I exerted myself, and with many efforts forced it back so that I could enter. I was now in a wing of the castle further to the right than the rooms I knew and a storey lower down. From the windows I could see that the suite of rooms lay along to the south of the castle, the windows of the end room looking out both west and south. On the latter side, as well as to the former, there was a great precipice. The castle was built on the corner of a great rock, so that on three sides it was quite impregnable, and great windows were placed here where sling, or bow, or culverin could not reach, and consequently light and comfort, impossible to a position which had to be guarded, were secured. To the west was a great valley, and then, rising far away, great jagged mountain fastnesses, rising peak on peak, the sheer rock studded with mountain ash and thorn, whose roots clung in cracks and crevices and crannies of the stone. This was evidently the portion of the castle occupied by the ladies in bygone days, for the furniture had more air of comfort than any I had seen. The windows were curtainless, and the yellow moonlight, flooding in through the diamond panes, enabled one to see even colours, whilst it softened the wealth of dust which lay over all and disguised in some measure the ravages of time and the moth. My lamp seemed to be of little effect in the brilliant moonlight, but I was glad to have it with me, for there was a dread loneliness in the place which chilled my heart and made my nerves tremble. Still, it was better than living alone in the rooms which I had come to hate from the presence of the Count, and after trying a little to school my nerves, I found a soft quietude come over me. Here I am, sitting at a little oak table where in old times possibly some fair lady sat to pen, with much thought and many blushes, her ill-spelt love-letter, and writing in my diary in shorthand all that has happened since I closed it last. It is nineteenth century up-to-date with a vengeance. And yet, unless my senses deceive me, the old centuries had, and have, powers of their own which mere "modernity" cannot kill.

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Pt/En

Português

O escritor reza para preservar sua sanidade, sentindo que a segurança e a certeza dela são coisas do passado. Ele acredita que, enquanto viver ali, sua única esperança é não enlouquecer, se já não estiver louco. Ele acha enlouquecedor pensar que, entre todas as coisas terríveis naquele lugar, o Conde é o menos assustador para ele, e que só pode olhar para o Conde em busca de segurança, mesmo que apenas enquanto for útil. Ele pede a Deus que o deixe ficar calmo, pois a loucura está nesse caminho. Ele começa a entender coisas que o intrigavam, lembrando o que Shakespeare quis dizer quando Hamlet falou...

Original English

Later: the Morning of 16 May. □—God preserve my sanity, for to this I am reduced. Safety and the assurance of safety are things of the past. Whilst I live on here there is but one thing to hope for, that I may not go mad, if, indeed, I be not mad already. If I be sane, then surely it is maddening to think that of all the foul things that lurk in this hateful place the Count is the least dreadful to me; that to him alone I can look for safety, even though this be only whilst I can serve his purpose. Great God! merciful God! Let me be calm, for out of that way lies madness indeed. I begin to get new lights on certain things which have puzzled me. Up to now I never quite knew what Shakespeare meant when he made Hamlet say: □—

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Pt/En

Português

O escritor se lembra das palavras de Hamlet sobre precisar de suas tábuas para anotar coisas, sentindo que deve registrar seus pensamentos.

Original English

“My tablets! quick, my tablets! 'Tis meet that I put it down,” etc.,

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Pt/En

Português

Sentindo que sua mente pode estar se desfazendo com o choque, o escritor recorre ao seu diário em busca de conforto, esperando que o hábito de registrar com precisão o acalme.

Original English

for now, feeling as though my own brain were unhinged or as if the shock had come which must end in its undoing, I turn to my diary for repose. The habit of entering accurately must help to soothe me.

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Pt/En

Português

O estranho aviso do Conde o assustou na época, e o assusta ainda mais agora quando ele pensa sobre isso. Ele sente que o Conde terá um poder terrível sobre ele no futuro, e ele terá medo de questionar qualquer coisa que o Conde diga.

Original English

The Count's mysterious warning frightened me at the time; it frightens me more now when I think of it, for in future he has a fearful hold upon me. I shall fear to doubt what he may say!

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Pt/En

Português

Depois de escrever em seu diário, ele sentiu sono. Embora se lembrasse do aviso do Conde, escolheu desobedecer, sentindo-se teimoso por causa da sonolência. O luar e a vista aberta ofereciam uma sensação de liberdade, então ele decidiu não voltar para os quartos sombrios. Ele moveu um sofá perto da janela e deitou-se para dormir, ignorando a poeira. Ele acredita que adormeceu, mas o que se seguiu pareceu assustadoramente real, tão real que mesmo pela manhã ele não conseguiu acreditar que foi apenas um sonho.

Original English

When I had written in my diary and had fortunately replaced the book and pen in my pocket I felt sleepy. The Count's warning came into my mind, but

I took a pleasure in disobeying it. The sense of sleep was upon me, and with it the obstinacy which sleep brings as outrider. The soft moonlight soothed, and the wide expanse without gave a sense of freedom which refreshed me. I determined not to return tonight to the gloom-haunted rooms, but to sleep here, where, of old, ladies had sat and sung and lived sweet lives whilst their gentle breasts were sad for their menfolk away in the midst of remorseless wars. I drew a great couch out of its place near the corner, so that as I lay, I could look at the lovely view to east and south, and unthinking of and uncaring for the dust, composed myself for sleep. I suppose I must have fallen asleep; I hope so, but I fear, for all that followed was startlingly real—so real that now sitting here in the broad, full sunlight of the morning, I cannot in the least believe that it was all sleep.

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Pt/En

Português

Ele percebeu que não estava sozinho. O quarto não tinha mudado; ele podia ver suas próprias pegadas na poeira. Ao luar, três jovens mulheres estavam diante dele. Pareciam senhoras, mas não projetavam sombras. Duas tinham traços escuros como o Conde, com olhos penetrantes que pareciam quase vermelhos ao luar. A terceira era extremamente clara, com cabelos dourados e olhos azuis pálidos que pareciam familiares, embora ele não se lembrasse de onde a tinha visto. Todas tinham dentes brancos e lábios vermelhos. Ele sentiu uma mistura de desejo e medo; desejava que elas o beijassem, mas também tinha medo. Ele anota essa verdade relutantemente, esperando que Mina nunca a leia. Elas sussurraram e riram — um som bonito, mas frio. A garota clara balançou a cabeça de forma brincalhona, e as outras a encorajaram. Uma delas começou a falar.

Original English

I was not alone. The room was the same, unchanged in any way since I came into it; I could see along the floor, in the brilliant moonlight, my own footsteps marked where I had disturbed the long accumulation of dust. In the moonlight opposite me were three young women, ladies by their dress and manner. I thought at the time that I must be dreaming when I saw them, for, 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 that seemed to be almost red when contrasted with the pale yellow moon. The other was fair, as fair as

can be, with great wavy masses of golden hair and eyes like pale sapphires. I seemed somehow to know her face, and to know it in connection with some dreamy fear, but I could not recollect at the moment how or where. All three had brilliant white teeth that shone like pearls against the ruby of their voluptuous lips. There was something about them that made me uneasy, some longing and at the same time some deadly fear. I felt in my heart a wicked, burning desire that they would kiss me with those red lips. It is not good to note this down, lest some day it should meet Mina's eyes and cause her pain; but it is the truth. They whispered together, and then they all three laughed—such a silvery, musical laugh, but as hard as though the sound never could have come through the softness of human lips. It was like the intolerable, tingling sweetness of water-glasses when played on by a cunning hand. The fair girl shook her head coquettishly, and the other two urged her on. One said:—

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Pt/En

Português

Uma das mulheres disse à bela que fosse primeiro, dizendo que ela tinha o direito de começar, e as outras a seguiriam. A outra mulher acrescentou algo em concordância.

Original English

“Go on! You are first, and we shall follow; yours is the right to begin.” The other added:—

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Pt/En

Português

A segunda mulher comentou que ele era jovem e forte, e que haveria beijos para todos eles. Ele ficou imóvel, observando com excitação e antecipação. A mulher de cabelos claros se aproximou e se inclinou sobre ele até que ele sentisse sua respiração. Era doce como mel, mas com um cheiro amargo por baixo, como sangue.

Original English

“He is young and strong; there are kisses for us all.” I lay quiet, looking out under my eyelashes in an agony of delightful anticipation. The fair girl advanced and bent over me till I could feel the movement of her breath upon me. Sweet it was in one sense, honey-sweet, and sent the same

tingling through the nerves as her voice, but with a bitter underlying the sweet, a bitter offensiveness, as one smells in blood.

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Pt/En

Português

O narrador, com medo de abrir completamente os olhos, observou através dos cílios. A garota ajoelhou-se e inclinou-se sobre ele com uma sensualidade deliberada que ao mesmo tempo o excitava e o repugnava. Ela lambeu os lábios como um animal e, ao arquear o pescoço, ele viu umidade em seus lábios e língua escarlates. Ela baixou a cabeça até que seus lábios passassem da boca e do queixo dele, parecendo prestes a se fixar em sua garganta. Então ela fez uma pausa, e ele ouviu sua língua se mexendo contra os dentes e sentiu sua respiração quente em seu pescoço. Sua pele formigou como se estivesse antecipando uma mão que faria cócegas. Ele sentiu o toque suave e trêmulo dos lábios dela em sua garganta sensível e os pontos duros de dois dentes afiados apenas tocando. Ele fechou os olhos em uma êxtase langorosa e esperou com o coração batendo forte.

Original English

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. There was a deliberate voluptuousness which was both thrilling and repulsive, and as she arched her neck she actually licked her lips like an animal, till I could see in the moonlight the moisture shining on the scarlet lips and on the red tongue as it lapped the white sharp teeth. Lower and lower went her head as the lips went below the range of my mouth and chin and seemed about to fasten on my throat. Then she paused, and I could hear the churning sound of her tongue as it licked her teeth and lips, and could feel the hot breath on my neck. Then the skin of my throat began to tingle as one's flesh does when the hand that is to tickle it approaches nearer□—nearer. I could feel the soft, shivering touch of the lips on the super-sensitive skin of my throat, and the hard dents of two sharp teeth, just touching and pausing there. I closed my eyes in a languorous ecstasy and waited□—waited with beating heart.

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Pt/En**Português**

De repente, o narrador sentiu a presença do Conde, envolto em fúria. Ao abrir os olhos involuntariamente, viu a mão forte do Conde agarrar o pescoço esguio da mulher e puxá-la para trás com força gigantesca. Os olhos dela estavam furiosos, os dentes rangendo, as bochechas ardendo. O narrador nunca imaginara tamanha ira, nem mesmo nos demônios. Os olhos do Conde brilhavam com uma luz vermelha como fogo do inferno, seu rosto mortalmente pálido com linhas duras como fios esticados, suas sobrancelhas grossas como uma barra pulsante de metal branco-quente. Ele atirou a mulher para longe com um movimento feroz do braço e fez um gesto para as outras, afastando-as com o mesmo gesto imperioso usado com os lobos. Em uma voz baixa, quase sussurrada, que parecia cortar o ar e ecoar pela sala, ele falou.

Original English

But at that instant, another sensation swept through me as quick as lightning. I was conscious of the presence of the Count, and of his being as if lapped in a storm of fury. As my eyes opened involuntarily I saw his strong hand grasp the slender neck of the fair woman and with giant's power draw it back, the blue eyes transformed with fury, the white teeth champing with rage, and the fair cheeks blazing red with passion. But the Count! Never did I imagine such wrath and fury, even to the demons of the pit. His eyes were positively blazing. The red light in them was lurid, as if the flames of hellfire blazed behind them. His face was deathly pale, and the lines of it were hard like drawn wires; the thick eyebrows that met over the nose now seemed like a heaving bar of white-hot metal. With a fierce sweep of his arm, he hurled the woman from him, and then motioned to the others, as though he were beating them back; it was the same imperious gesture that I had seen used to the wolves. In a voice which, though low and almost in a whisper seemed to cut through the air and then ring round the room he said: □—

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Pt/En

Português

Ele exigiu saber como ousavam tocá-lo ou mesmo olhá-lo depois que ele havia proibido. Ele ordenou que voltassem, declarando que este homem lhe pertencia e que teriam que lidar com ele se interferissem. A moça loira, com uma risada de coqueteria obscena, virou-se para responder.

Original English

“How dare you touch him, any of you? How dare you cast eyes on him when I had forbidden it? Back, I tell you all! This man belongs to me! Beware how you meddle with him, or you’ll have to deal with me.” The fair girl, with a laugh of ribald coquetry, turned to answer him: □—

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Pt/En

Português

Ela o acusou de nunca ter amado e de ser incapaz de amar. As outras mulheres se juntaram, e sua risada foi sem alegria, dura e sem alma, fazendo o narrador quase desmaiar; parecia o prazer de demônios. Então o Conde, depois de olhar atentamente para o rosto do narrador, virou-se e disse em um sussurro suave...

Original English

“You yourself never loved; you never love!” On this the other women joined, and such a mirthless, hard, soulless laughter rang through the room that it almost made me faint to hear; it seemed like the pleasure of fiends. Then the Count turned, after looking at my face attentively, and said in a soft whisper: □—

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Pt/En

Português

Ele disse que ele também podia amar, e eles podiam perceber pelo passado. Ele prometeu que, quando terminasse com o narrador, eles poderiam beijá-lo à vontade. Então ordenou que eles fossem embora, dizendo que precisava acordar o narrador, pois havia trabalho a ser feito.

Original English

“Yes, I too can love; you yourselves can tell it from the past. Is it not so? Well, now I promise you that when I am done with him you shall kiss him at your will. Now go! go! I must awaken him, for there is work to be done.”

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Pt/En

Português

Uma das mulheres perguntou se eles teriam algo para comer naquela noite, apontando para uma sacola no chão que parecia se mover. O homem assentiu. Uma mulher abriu a sacola. O narrador ouviu um som como o de uma criança sendo sufocada. As mulheres se agruparam ao redor, e o narrador ficou horrorizado. Então as mulheres e a sacola desapareceram, parecendo se dissolver na luz da lua e passar pela janela.

Original English

“Are we to have nothing tonight?” said one of them, with a low laugh, as she pointed to the bag which he had thrown upon the floor, and which moved as though there were some living thing within it. 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 half-smothered child. The women closed round, whilst I was aghast with horror; but as I looked they disappeared, and with them the dreadful bag. There was no door near them, and they could not have passed me without my noticing. They simply seemed to fade into the rays of the moonlight and pass out through the window, for I could see outside the dim, shadowy forms for a moment before they entirely faded away.

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Pt/En

Português

Tomado pelo terror, o narrador perdeu a consciência.

Original English

Then the horror overcame me, and I sank down unconscious.

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IV

Pt/En

Português

O diário de Jonathan Harker continuou.

Original English

Jonathan Harker's Journal□—continued

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Pt/En

Português

O narrador acordou em sua própria cama. Se não foi um sonho, o Conde deve tê-lo carregado até lá. Ele notou pequenas pistas: suas roupas estavam dobradas de forma diferente, seu relógio não estava dado corda. Ele geralmente era cuidadoso com essas coisas. Mas poderia ser que sua mente estivesse perturbada. Ele decidiu procurar provas. Ficou feliz que seus bolsos estavam intactos, especialmente o diário, que o Conde certamente teria destruído. Olhando ao redor de seu quarto, que antes estava cheio de medo, agora parecia um santuário, porque aquelas mulheres terríveis esperando para sugar seu sangue eram mais assustadoras.

Original English

I awoke in my own bed. If it be that I had not dreamt, the Count must have carried me here. I tried to satisfy myself on the subject, but could not arrive at any unquestionable result. To be sure, there were certain small evidences, such as that my clothes were folded and laid by in a manner which was not my habit. My watch was still unwound, and I am rigorously accustomed to wind it the last thing before going to bed, and many such details. But these things are no proof, for they may have been evidences that my mind was not as usual, and, from some cause or another, I had certainly been much upset. I must watch for proof. Of one thing I am glad: if it was that the Count carried me here and undressed me, he must have been hurried in his task, for my pockets are intact. I am sure this diary would have been a mystery to him which he would not have brooked. He would have taken or destroyed it. As I look round this room, although it has been to me so full of fear, it is now a sort of sanctuary, for nothing can be more dreadful than those awful women, who were□—who are□—waiting to suck my blood.

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Pt/En**Português**

Em 18 de maio, o narrador foi examinar o quarto novamente à luz do dia para descobrir a verdade. Ele encontrou a porta no topo da escada fechada e forçada contra o batente, com madeira lascada. A porta estava trancada por dentro, então ele temeu que não fosse um sonho. Ele decidiu agir com base nessa suposição.

Original English

18 May. □—I have been 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 I found it closed. It had been so forcibly driven against the jamb that part of the woodwork was splintered. I could see that the bolt of the lock had not been shot, but the door is fastened from the inside. I fear it was no dream, and must act on this surmise.

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Pt/En**Português**

O narrador se sentiu preso. O Conde pediu a ele, de maneira muito educada, que escrevesse três cartas. A primeira diria que seu trabalho estava quase terminado e que ele partiria em breve; a segunda, que ele partiria na manhã seguinte; a terceira, que ele já havia deixado o castelo e chegado a Bistritz. O narrador queria recusar, mas sabia que era perigoso discutir abertamente porque estava completamente sob o poder do Conde. Recusar deixaria o Conde desconfiado e irritado. O Conde sabia que o narrador sabia demais e teria que morrer. A única esperança do narrador era ganhar tempo e esperar uma chance de escapar. Ele viu um olhar de raiva crescente nos olhos do Conde, semelhante a quando ele havia empurrado a bela mulher. O Conde explicou que o correio não era confiável e que escrever agora tranquilizaria seus amigos. Ele prometeu cancelar as cartas posteriores se necessário, com tanta firmeza que se opor a ele causaria nova suspeita. O narrador fingiu concordar e pediu as datas.

Original English

19 May. □—I am surely in the toils. Last night the Count asked me in the suavest tones 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 from the time of the letter, and the third

that I had left the castle and arrived at Bistritz. I would fain have rebelled, but felt that in the present state of things it would be madness to quarrel openly with the Count whilst I am so absolutely in his power; and to refuse would be 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. Something may occur which will give me a chance to escape. I saw in his eyes something of that gathering wrath which was manifest when he hurled that fair woman from him. He explained to me that posts were few and uncertain, and that my writing now would ensure ease of mind to my friends; and he assured me with so much impressiveness that he would countermand the later letters, which would be held over at Bistritz until due time in case chance would admit of my prolonging my stay, that to oppose him would have been to create new suspicion. I therefore pretended to fall in with his views, and asked him what dates I should put on the letters. He calculated a minute, and then said: □—

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Pt/En

Português

O Conde calculou por um momento e então deu as datas: a primeira carta deveria ser datada de 12 de junho, a segunda de 19 de junho e a terceira de 29 de junho.

Original English

“The first should be June 12, the second June 19, and the third June 29.”

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Pt/En

Português

O narrador agora entendia quanto tempo lhe restava de vida. Ele clamou a Deus por ajuda.

Original English

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

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Pt/En**Português**

Um grupo de Szgany havia chegado ao castelo e montado acampamento no pátio. O narrador sabia, por suas anotações, que esses eram ciganos, comuns nesta região, mas relacionados a ciganos de todo o mundo. Havia milhares deles na Hungria e na Transilvânia, vivendo quase à margem da lei. Geralmente se associavam a algum nobre ou boiardo e adotavam seu nome. Eram destemidos, não tinham religião além de superstições e falavam sua própria variedade da língua romani.

Original English

28 May. □—There is a chance of escape, or at any rate of being able to send word home. A band of Szgany have come to the castle, and are encamped in the courtyard. These Szgany are gipsies; I have notes of them in my book. They are peculiar to this part of the world, though allied to the ordinary gipsies all the world over. There are thousands of them in Hungary and Transylvania, who are almost outside all law. They attach themselves as a rule to some great noble or boyar, and call themselves by his name. They are fearless and without religion, save superstition, and they talk only their own varieties of the Romany tongue.

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Pt/En**Português**

O narrador planejou escrever cartas para casa e tentar fazer com que os Szgany as postassem. Ele já havia falado com eles da janela para iniciar um conhecimento. Eles tiraram seus chapéus e fizeram reverências e muitos sinais, mas ele não conseguia entender sua língua ou gestos melhor do que suas palavras faladas.

Original English

I shall write some letters home, and shall try to get them to have them posted. I have already spoken them through my window to begin acquaintanceship. They took their hats off and made obeisance and many signs, which, however, I could not understand any more than I could their spoken language. □ □...

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Pt/En

Português

A narradora havia terminado as cartas. Uma para Mina estava em taquigrafia, e ela pediu que o Sr. Hawkins repassasse as informações a ela. Para Mina, ela descreveu suas circunstâncias, mas omitiu os detalhes aterrorizantes que ela apenas podia supor, pois revelar seus verdadeiros medos a chocaria e a assustaria até a morte. Se as cartas não chegassem aos seus destinos, o Conde permaneceria ignorante sobre seu segredo e a extensão de seu conhecimento.

Original English

I have written the letters. Mina's is in shorthand, and I simply ask Mr. Hawkins to communicate with her. To her I have explained my situation, but without the horrors which I may only surmise. It would shock and frighten her to death were I to expose my heart to her. Should the letters not carry, then the Count shall not yet know my secret or the extent of my knowledge. □ □...

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Pt/En

Português

Tendo entregado as cartas ao deixá-las cair pelas barras da janela com uma moeda de ouro, ela gesticulou da melhor forma que pôde para garantir que fossem postadas. O homem que as pegou apertou-as contra o coração, fez uma reverência e as colocou em seu boné. Incapaz de fazer mais, ela voltou furtivamente ao escritório e começou a ler. Como o Conde ainda não havia aparecido, ela registrou esses eventos.

Original English

I have given the letters; I threw them through the bars of my window with a gold piece, and made what signs I could to have them posted. The man who took them pressed them to his heart and bowed, and then put them in his cap. I could do no more. I stole back to the study, and began to read. As the Count did not come in, I have written here. □ □...

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Pt/En

Português

O Conde entrou no quarto e sentou-se ao lado dela. Em seu tom mais agradável, ele abriu duas cartas enquanto falava.

Original English

The Count has come. He sat down beside me, and said in his smoothest voice as he opened two letters: □—

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Pt/En

Português

O Conde disse a ela que um Szigany lhe trouxera essas cartas, e ele, claro, ficaria encarregado delas. Ele observou que uma era dela para seu amigo Peter Hawkins. No entanto, ao abrir o outro envelope, ele avistou símbolos estranhos; uma expressão sombria cruzou seu rosto e seus olhos brilharam com fúria. Ele declarou que era uma coisa vil, um insulto à amizade e hospitalidade, e notou que não estava assinada. Calmamente, ele segurou tanto a carta quanto o envelope na chama da lamparina até que fossem completamente consumidos.

Original English

“The Szigany has given me these, of which, though I know not whence they come, I shall, of course, take care. See!” □—he must have looked at it □—“one is from you, and to my friend Peter Hawkins; the other” □—here he caught sight of the strange symbols as he opened the envelope, and the dark look came into his face, and his eyes blazed wickedly □—“the other is a vile thing, an outrage upon friendship and hospitality! It is not signed. Well! so it cannot matter to us.” And he calmly held letter and envelope in the flame of the lamp till they were consumed. Then he went on: □—

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Pt/En

Português

O Conde assegurou a ela que a carta para Hawkins seria enviada, pois pertencia a ela e suas cartas eram sagradas para ele. Ele se desculpou por ter quebrado o selo inadvertidamente e entregou a ela um envelope limpo com uma reverência cortês. Silenciosamente, ela reendereçou a carta e a devolveu a ele. Depois que ele saiu do quarto, ela ouviu a chave

girar suavemente. Um minuto depois, ela tentou a porta e a encontrou trancada.

Original English

“The letter to Hawkins□—that I shall, of course, send on, since it is yours. Your letters are sacred to me. Your pardon, my friend, that unknowingly I did break the seal. Will you not cover it again?” He held out the letter to me, and with a courteous bow handed me a clean envelope. I could only redirect it and hand it to him in silence. When he went out of the room I could hear the key turn softly. A minute later I went over and tried it, and the door was locked.

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Pt/En

Português

Uma ou duas horas depois, o Conde entrou silenciosamente no quarto. Sua chegada me acordou, pois eu havia adormecido no sofá. Ele foi cortês e alegre. Notando que eu estava dormindo, ele se dirigiu a mim.

Original English

When, an hour or two after, the Count came quietly into the room, his coming awakened me, for I had gone to sleep on the sofa. He was very courteous and very cheery in his manner, and seeing that I had been sleeping, he said:□—

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Pt/En

Português

O Conde observou que eu parecia cansado e me aconselhou a ir para a cama para descansar adequadamente. Ele se desculpou por não poder conversar naquela noite devido a muitas tarefas, mas expressou esperança de que eu dormisse bem. Fui para o meu quarto e, curiosamente, dormi sem sonhos. O narrador observa que o desespero tem seus próprios momentos de calma.

Original English

“So, my friend, you are tired? Get to bed. There is the surest rest. I may not have the pleasure to talk tonight, since there are many labours to me; but you will sleep, I pray.” I passed to my room and went to bed, and, strange to say, slept without dreaming. Despair has its own calms.

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Pt/En

Português

Na manhã de 31 de maio, ao acordar, planejei pegar papel e envelopes da minha bolsa e mantê-los no bolso, para poder escrever se surgisse uma oportunidade. Mas, mais uma vez, fui surpreendido, um choque.

Original English

31 May. □—This morning when I woke I thought I would provide myself with some paper and envelopes from my bag and keep them in my pocket, so that I might write in case I should get an opportunity, but again a surprise, again a shock!

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Pt/En

Português

Cada pedaço de papel havia desaparecido: minhas anotações e memorandos sobre ferrovias e viagens, minha carta de crédito — de fato, tudo que me ajudaria quando estivesse fora do castelo. Sentei e refleti, então uma ideia me ocorreu, e vasculhei minha mala e o guarda-roupa onde havia guardado minhas roupas.

Original English

Every scrap of paper was gone, and with it all my notes, my memoranda, relating to railways and travel, my letter of credit, in fact all that might be useful to me were I once outside the castle. I sat and pondered awhile, and then some thought occurred to me, and I made search of my portmanteau and in the wardrobe where I had placed my clothes.

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Pt/En

Português

O terno que eu havia usado para viajar estava desaparecido, assim como meu sobretudo e cobertor; não encontrei nenhum vestígio deles em lugar algum. Isso parecia ser mais um plano malicioso.

Original English

The suit in which I had travelled was gone, and also my overcoat and rug; I could find no trace of them anywhere. This looked like some new scheme of villainy. □ □...

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Pt/En

Português

Na manhã de 17 de junho, o narrador sentou-se na borda da cama, tentando pensar. Ele ouviu o estalar de chicotes e o som dos cascos dos cavalos do lado de fora. Alegremente, ele correu para a janela e viu duas grandes carroças, cada uma puxada por oito cavalos fortes. Na frente de cada par de cavalos havia um motorista eslovaco, usando um chapéu largo, um cinto cravejado de pregos, uma pele de carneiro suja e botas altas, e carregando um longo bastão. O narrador correu para a porta, esperando descer e juntar-se a eles pelo salão principal, mas ficou chocado ao descobrir que sua porta estava trancada pelo lado de fora.

Original English

17 June. □—This morning, as I was sitting on the edge of my bed cudgelling my brains, I heard without a cracking of whips and pounding and scraping of horses' feet up the rocky path beyond the courtyard. With joy I hurried to the window, and saw drive into the yard two great leiter-wagons, each drawn by eight sturdy horses, and at the head of each pair a Slovak, with his wide hat, great nail-studded belt, dirty sheepskin, and high boots. They had also their long staves in hand. I ran to the door, intending to descend and try and join them through the main hall, as I thought that way might be opened for them. Again a shock: my door was fastened on the outside.

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Pt/En

Português

O narrador chamou os motoristas da janela. Eles olharam para ele, mas não entenderam; então o líder dos Szgany saiu e disse algo, fazendo-os rir. Depois disso, por mais que o narrador gritasse ou implorasse, eles nem sequer olhavam para ele. As carroças carregavam grandes caixas quadradas com alças de corda grossa, que estavam vazias — os eslovacos as manuseavam facilmente e elas ressoavam quando movidas. Depois de descarregadas e empilhadas em um canto, os Szgany pagaram

os eslovacos, que cuspiram no dinheiro para dar sorte e foram preguiçosamente para seus cavalos. Logo o estalar de seus chicotes se desvaneceu ao longe.

Original English

Then I ran to the window and cried to them. They looked up at me stupidly and pointed, but just then the “hetman” of the Szgany came out, and seeing them pointing to my window, said something, at which they laughed. Henceforth no effort of mine, no piteous cry or agonised entreaty, would make them even look at me. They resolutely turned away. The leiter-wagons contained great, square boxes, with handles of thick rope; these were evidently empty by the ease with which the Slovaks handled them, and by their resonance as they were roughly moved. When they were all unloaded and packed in a great heap in one corner of the yard, the Slovaks were given some money by the Szgany, and spitting on it for luck, lazily went each to his horse’s head. Shortly afterwards, I heard the cracking of their whips die away in the distance.

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Pt/En

Português

Na noite de 24 de junho, antes do amanhecer, o Conde deixou o narrador cedo e se trancou em seu quarto. Assim que se atreveu, o narrador subiu a escada em espiral e olhou pela janela voltada para o sul, vigiando o Conde porque algo estava acontecendo. Os Szgany estavam alojados em algum lugar do castelo, fazendo algum tipo de trabalho; ele podia ouvir um som abafado distante de enxada e pá. Seja o que fosse, ele sentiu que devia ser o fim de alguma vilania cruel.

Original English

24 June, before morning. □—Last night the Count left me early, and locked himself into his own room. As soon as I dared I ran up the winding stair, and looked out of the window, which opened south. I thought I would watch for the Count, for there is something going on. The Szgany are quartered somewhere in the castle and are doing work of some kind. I know it, for now and then I hear a faraway muffled sound as of mattock and spade, and, whatever it is, it must be the end of some ruthless villainy.

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Pt/En

Português

Após menos de meia hora à janela, o narrador viu algo emergindo da janela do Conde. Ele recuou e observou com cuidado, e viu o Conde sair completamente. Para seu choque, o Conde estava usando o mesmo terno de roupas que o narrador havia usado durante a viagem, e pendurada em seu ombro estava a terrível bolsa que o narrador havia visto as mulheres levarem. Não havia dúvida sobre a missão do Conde, e com as próprias roupas do narrador! Esse era o novo esquema maligno do Conde: permitir que outros o vissem, pensando que viam o narrador, para que ele pudesse deixar evidências de que o narrador havia sido visto em cidades postando suas cartas, e para que qualquer maldade que o Conde cometesse fosse atribuída ao narrador.

Original English

I had been at the window somewhat less than half an hour, when I saw something coming out of the Count's window. I drew back and watched carefully, and saw the whole man emerge. It was a new shock to me to find that he had on the suit of clothes which I had worn whilst travelling here, and slung over his shoulder the terrible bag which I had seen the women take away. There could be no doubt as to his quest, and in my garb, too! This, then, is his new scheme of evil: that he will allow others to see me, as they think, so that he may both leave evidence that I have been seen in the towns or villages posting my own letters, and that any wickedness which he may do shall by the local people be attributed to me.

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Pt/En

Português

O narrador se enfureceu com a ideia de que isso poderia continuar enquanto ele estava trancado, um verdadeiro prisioneiro, sem sequer a proteção da lei que é o direito e o consolo de todo criminoso.

Original English

It makes me rage to think that this can go on, and whilst I am shut up here, a veritable prisoner, but without that protection of the law which is even a criminal's right and consolation.

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Pt/En

Português

O narrador decidiu esperar o retorno do Conde e sentou-se resolutamente à janela por muito tempo. Gradualmente, ele notou minúsculos pontos flutuando sob a luz da lua, como poeira fina, girando e se agrupando em aglomerados vagos. Observá-los trouxe uma sensação de paz, e uma calma estranha o dominou. Ele se recostou no vão da janela para se sentir mais confortável, a fim de observar melhor a dança aérea.

Original English

I thought I would watch for the Count's return, and for a long time sat doggedly at the window. Then I began to notice that there were some quaint little specks floating in the rays of the moonlight. They were like the tiniest grains of dust, and they whirled round and gathered in clusters in a nebulous sort of way. I watched them with a sense of soothing, and a sort of calm stole over me. I leaned back in the embrasure in a more comfortable position, so that I could enjoy more fully the aerial gambolling.

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Pt/En

Português

Um uivo baixo e lastimoso de cães vindo do vale abaixo o sobressaltou. O som parecia fazer a poeira flutuante dançar em novas formas. Ele sentiu seus instintos e sua própria alma se esforçando para responder; ele estava se hipnotizando. A poeira dançava mais rápido, os raios de lua tremiam e as partículas se aglomeravam em formas fantasmagóricas escuras. Então, ele de repente acordou totalmente alerta e correu gritando do local. As formas fantasmagóricas, agora se materializando dos raios de lua, eram as três mulheres fantasmagóricas a quem ele estava condenado. Ele fugiu para seu próprio quarto, sentindo-se mais seguro onde não havia luar e uma lâmpada brilhava intensamente.

Original English

Something made me start up, a low, piteous howling of dogs somewhere far below in the valley, which was hidden from my sight. Louder it seemed to ring in my ears, and the floating motes of dust to take new shapes to the sound as they danced in the moonlight. I felt myself struggling to awake to some call of my instincts; nay, my very soul was struggling, and my half-remembered sensibilities were striving to answer the call. I was becoming hypnotised! Quicker and quicker danced the dust; the

moonbeams seemed to quiver as they went by me into the mass of gloom beyond. More and more they gathered till they seemed to take dim phantom shapes. And then I started, broad awake and in full possession of my senses, and ran screaming from the place. The phantom shapes, which were becoming gradually materialised from the moonbeams, were those of the three ghostly women to whom I was doomed. I fled, and felt somewhat safer in my own room, where there was no moonlight and where the lamp was burning brightly.

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Pt/En

Português

Algumas horas depois, ele ouviu movimento no quarto do Conde — um gemido agudo rapidamente abafado — então um silêncio profundo e terrível que o gelou. Com o coração acelerado, ele tentou a porta, mas se viu trancado em sua prisão. Não pôde fazer nada além de sentar e chorar.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Enquanto estava sentado, ele ouviu o grito agonizante de uma mulher vindo do pátio. Correndo para a janela, abriu-a e espiou através das grades. Uma mulher de cabelos desgrenhados estava ali, com as mãos sobre o coração como se estivesse exausta de correr, encostada no portão. Ao ver o rosto dele, ela se lançou para a frente e gritou com uma voz ameaçadora.

Original English

As I sat I heard a sound in the courtyard without — the agonised cry of a woman. I rushed to the window, and throwing it up, peered out between the bars. There, indeed, was a woman with dishevelled hair, holding her hands over her heart as one distressed with running. She was leaning against a corner of the gateway. When she saw my face at the window she threw

herself forward, and shouted in a voice laden with menace: □—

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Pt/En

Português

Ela o chamou de monstro e exigiu seu filho.

Original English

“Monster, give me my child!”

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Pt/En

Português

Ela caiu de joelhos e, erguendo as mãos, repetiu as mesmas palavras em um tom que me comoveu profundamente. Então, ela arrancava os cabelos, batia no peito e se entregava às expressões mais violentas de emoção extrema. Por fim, ela se lançou para a frente e, embora eu não pudesse vê-la, ouvi o som de suas mãos nuas batendo na porta.

Original English

She threw herself on her knees, and raising up her hands, cried the same words in tones which wrung my heart. Then she tore her hair and beat her breast, and abandoned herself to all the violences of extravagant emotion. Finally, she threw herself forward, and, though I could not see her, I could hear the beating of her naked hands against the door.

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Pt/En

Português

De algum lugar bem alto, provavelmente na torre, ouvi a voz do Conde chamando em um sussurro áspero e metálico. O uivo dos lobos parecia responder-lhe de todas as direções. Em poucos minutos, uma matilha de lobos fluiu pela ampla entrada para o pátio, como se uma barreira tivesse sido rompida.

Original English

Somewhere high overhead, probably on the tower, I heard the voice of the Count calling in his harsh, metallic whisper. His call seemed to be

answered from far and wide by the howling of wolves. Before many minutes had passed a pack of them poured, like a pent-up dam when liberated, through the wide entrance into the courtyard.

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Pt/En

Português

A mulher não emitiu som, e o uivo dos lobos foi breve. Logo eles se afastaram um por um, lambendo os lábios.

Original English

There was no cry from the woman, and the howling of the wolves was but short. Before long they streamed away singly, licking their lips.

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Pt/En

Português

Eu não conseguia sentir pena dela, porque agora entendia o que havia acontecido com seu filho, e ela estava melhor morta.

Original English

I could not pity her, for I knew now what had become of her child, and she was better dead.

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Pt/En

Português

Eu me perguntava o que poderia fazer ou como poderia escapar dessa coisa terrível de noite, escuridão e medo.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

O narrador refletiu que uma pessoa não pode realmente apreciar a manhã até ter sofrido durante a noite. Quando o sol nasceu alto o suficiente para tocar o topo do portão em frente à sua janela, aquele ponto parecia tão sagrado quanto a pomba pousando na arca de Noé. Seu medo se dissolveu como uma vestimenta no calor. Ele resolveu agir enquanto ainda sentia a coragem da luz do dia. Lembrou que na noite anterior, uma de suas cartas pré-datadas havia sido enviada, a primeira de uma série que apagaria todos os vestígios de sua existência.

Original English

25 June, morning. □—No man knows till he has suffered from the night how sweet and how dear to his heart and eye the morning can be. When the sun grew so high this morning that it struck the top of the great gateway opposite my window, the high spot which it touched seemed to me as if the dove from the ark had lighted there. My fear fell from me as if it had been a vaporous garment which dissolved in the warmth. I must take action of some sort whilst the courage of the day is upon me. Last night one of my postdated letters went to post, the first of that fatal series which is to blot out the very traces of my existence from the earth.

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Pt/En

Português

Ele ordenou a si mesmo que parasse de se preocupar com o passado e se concentrasse na ação.

Original English

Let me not think of it. Action!

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Pt/En

Português

Ele observou que todos os seus problemas e medos ocorriam à noite. Nunca tinha visto o Conde durante o dia, o que o levou a questionar se o Conde dormia enquanto os outros estavam acordados, para que pudesse estar acordado enquanto eles dormiam. Ele desejou poder entrar no quarto do Conde, mas a porta estava sempre trancada, sem nenhuma

entrada.

Original English

It has always been at nighttime that I have been molested or threatened, or in some way in danger or in fear. I have not yet seen the Count in the daylight. Can it be that he sleeps when others wake, that he may be awake whilst they sleep? If I could only get into his room! But there is no possible way. The door is always locked, no way for me.

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Pt/En

Português

Ele percebeu que talvez houvesse um caminho se tivesse coragem. Já que tinha visto o Conde rastejar para fora de sua própria janela, por que não poderia fazer o mesmo? O plano era desesperado, mas sua situação era ainda mais desesperadora. Decidiu arriscar, pensando que, na pior das hipóteses, morreria, e a morte não era como a de um bezerro; talvez o além ainda o esperasse. Ele rezou pela ajuda de Deus e se despediu de Mina e de seus outros entes queridos, caso falhasse.

Original English

Yes, there is a way, if one dares to take it. Where his body has gone why may not another body go? I have seen him myself crawl from his window. Why should not I imitate him, and go in by his window? The chances are desperate, but my need is more desperate still. I shall risk it. At the worst it can only be death; and a man's death is not a calf's, and the dreaded Hereafter may still be open to me. 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!

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Pt/En

Português

Mais tarde naquele dia, ele relatou que havia feito a tentativa e, com a ajuda de Deus, retornado em segurança ao seu quarto. Determinou-se a registrar cada detalhe. Foi direto para a janela sul, pisou na estreita saliência de pedra que contorna o edifício e removeu as botas. As pedras eram grandes e mal cortadas, com a argamassa erodida pelo tempo. Olhou para baixo uma vez para garantir que a visão da profundidade não o dominaria, depois desviou o olhar. Sabia a direção e a distância até a

janela do Conde e seguiu cuidadosamente. Não sentiu tontura, talvez por causa da excitação, e o tempo pareceu absurdamente curto até que ele se viu parado no parapeito da janela. Levantou a janela, entrou de pés primeiro e olhou ao redor. Para sua surpresa e alívio, o quarto estava vazio. Era escassamente mobiliado com itens estranhos e empoeirados, nunca usados, de estilo semelhante ao dos cômodos do sul. Procurou uma chave, mas não a encontrou. Em um canto, descobriu uma grande pilha de moedas de ouro de vários tipos — romanas, britânicas, austríacas, húngaras, gregas e turcas — todas cobertas de poeira, como se estivessem enterradas há muito tempo. Nenhuma tinha menos de trezentos anos. Havia também correntes e ornamentos, alguns com joias, todos velhos e manchados.

Original English

Same day, later. □—I have made the effort, and God, helping me, have come safely back to this room. I must put down every detail in order. I went whilst my courage was fresh straight to the window on the south side, and at once got outside on the narrow ledge of stone which runs around the building on this side. The stones are big and roughly cut, and the mortar has by process of time been washed away between them. I took off my boots, and ventured out on the desperate way. I looked down once, so as to make sure that a sudden glimpse of the awful depth would not overcome me, but after that kept my eyes away from it. I knew pretty well the direction and distance of the Count's window, and made for it as well as I could, having regard to the opportunities available. I did not feel dizzy □—I suppose I was too excited □—and the time seemed ridiculously short till I found myself standing on the windowsill and trying to raise up the sash. I was filled with agitation, however, when I bent down and slid feet foremost in through the window. Then I looked around for the Count, but, with surprise and gladness, made a discovery. The room was empty! It was barely furnished with odd things, which seemed to have never been used; the furniture was something the same style as that in the south rooms, and 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, as though it had lain long in the ground. None of it that I noticed was less than three hundred years old. There were also chains and ornaments, some jewelled, but all of them old and stained.

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Pt/En**Português**

Em um canto da sala, o narrador encontrou uma porta pesada. Como não havia encontrado as chaves que procurava, ele a experimentou. A porta estava aberta e levava a uma passagem de pedra que dava para uma escada circular íngreme e escura. Ele desceu com cuidado, pois a única luz vinha de aberturas estreitas nas grossas paredes de pedra. No fundo, uma passagem escura como um túnel exalava um odor nauseante de terra recém-revolvida. O cheiro ficou mais forte à medida que ele avançava. Finalmente, ele empurrou uma porta pesada que estava entreaberta e entrou em uma capela velha e arruinada que havia sido usada como cemitério. O telhado estava quebrado e havia degraus levando a criptas. O chão havia sido recentemente escavado, e a terra foi colocada em grandes caixas de madeira, provavelmente aquelas trazidas pelos eslovacos. Não havia ninguém por perto. Ele procurou outra saída, mas não encontrou nenhuma. Examinou cada centímetro do chão e até entrou nas criptas, embora isso o assustasse profundamente. Em duas criptas, viu apenas fragmentos de caixões antigos e montes de poeira, mas na terceira cripta fez uma descoberta.

Original English

At one corner of the room was a heavy door. I tried it, for, since I could not find the key of the room or the key of the outer door, which was the main object of my search, I must make further examination, or all my efforts would be in vain. It was open, and led through a stone passage to a circular stairway, which went steeply down. I descended, minding carefully where I went, for the stairs were dark, being only lit by loopholes in the heavy masonry. At the bottom there was a dark, tunnel-like passage, through which came a deathly, sickly odour, the odour of old earth newly turned. As I went through the passage the smell grew closer and heavier. At last I pulled open a heavy door which stood ajar, and found myself in an old, ruined chapel, which had evidently been used as a graveyard. The roof was broken, and in two places were steps leading to vaults, but the ground had recently been dug over, and the earth placed in great wooden boxes, manifestly those which had been brought by the Slovaks. There was nobody about, and I made search for any further outlet, but there was none. Then I went over every inch of the ground, so as not to lose a chance. I went down even into the vaults, where the dim light struggled, although to do so was a dread to my very soul. Into two of these I went, but saw nothing except fragments of old coffins and piles of dust; in the third, however, I made a discovery.

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Pt/En

Português

Em uma das cinquenta caixas grandes, sobre uma pilha de terra recém-cavada, estava o Conde. O narrador não conseguia dizer se ele estava morto ou dormindo, pois seus olhos estavam abertos e vítreos, mas sem o aspecto vidrado da morte, e suas bochechas pálidas ainda tinham um pouco de calor. Seus lábios estavam tão vermelhos como sempre. Não havia movimento, pulso, respiração ou batimento cardíaco. O narrador se inclinou sobre ele, mas não encontrou sinal de vida. O cheiro de terra ainda não havia se dissipado, então o Conde não poderia estar ali há muito tempo. Ao lado da caixa estava sua tampa, perfurada com furos. Pensando que o Conde pudesse ter as chaves consigo, o narrador estendeu a mão, mas ao fazê-lo, viu os olhos mortos. Apesar de sem vida, eles continham um olhar de ódio tão inconsciente que o narrador fugiu. Ele saiu do quarto do Conde pela janela e escalou de volta o muro do castelo. Uma vez em seu quarto, jogou-se na cama, ofegante, e tentou pensar.

Original English

There, in one of the great boxes, of which there were fifty in all, on a pile of newly dug earth, lay the Count! He was either dead or asleep, I could not say which——for the eyes were open and stony, but without the glassiness of death——and the cheeks had the warmth of life through all their pallor; the lips were as red as ever. But there was no sign of movement, no pulse, no breath, no beating of the heart. I bent over him, and tried to find any sign of life, but in vain. He could not have lain there long, for the earthy smell would have passed away in a few hours. By the side of the box was its cover, pierced with holes here and there. I thought he might have the keys on him, but when I went to search I saw the dead eyes, and in them, dead though they were, such a look of hate, though unconscious of me or my presence, that I fled from the place, and leaving the Count's room by the window, crawled again up the castle wall. Regaining my room, I threw myself panting upon the bed and tried to think. ...

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Pt/En

Português

Em 29 de junho, o narrador viu o Conde sair do castelo pela mesma janela, vestindo as roupas do narrador. O Conde desceu pela parede como um lagarto. O narrador desejou ter uma arma ou outra arma para destruí-lo, mas temia que nenhuma arma feita pelo homem afetasse o Conde. Ele não esperou para ver o Conde voltar porque tinha medo das irmãs estranhas. Em vez disso, voltou para a biblioteca e leu até adormecer.

Original English

29 June. □—Today is the date of my last letter, and the Count has taken steps to prove that it was genuine, for again I saw him leave the castle by the same window, and in my clothes. As he went down the wall, lizard fashion, I wished I had a gun or some lethal weapon, that I might destroy him; but I fear that no weapon wrought alone by man's hand would have any effect on him. I dared not wait to see him return, for I feared to see those weird sisters. I came back to the library, and read there till I fell asleep.

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Pt/En

Português

O narrador foi acordado pelo Conde, que o olhou com uma expressão sombria e então falou.

Original English

I was awakened by the Count, who looked at me as grimly as a man can look as he said: □—

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Pt/En

Português

O Conde disse ao narrador que eles deveriam se separar no dia seguinte. O narrador retornaria à sua bela Inglaterra, enquanto o Conde tinha trabalho a fazer que poderia impedi-los de se encontrarem novamente. O Conde confirmou que sua carta para casa havia sido enviada e disse que tudo estaria pronto para sua viagem. Pela manhã, os Szgany e alguns eslovacos viriam para seus próprios trabalhos. Depois que eles partissem,

a carruagem do Conde levaria o narrador até a Passagem Borgo para encontrar a diligência de Bukovina para Bistritz. O Conde acrescentou que esperava ver o narrador novamente no Castelo Drácula. Desconfiado, o narrador decidiu testar a sinceridade do Conde e perguntou diretamente.

Original English

“Tomorrow, my friend, we must part. You return to your beautiful England, I to some work which may have such an end that we may never meet. Your letter home has been despatched; tomorrow I shall not be here, but all shall be ready for your journey. In the morning come the Szgany, who have some labours of their own here, and also come some Slovaks. When they have gone, my carriage shall come for you, and shall bear you to the Borgo Pass to meet the diligence from Bukovina to Bistritz. But I am in hopes that I shall see more of you at Castle Dracula.” I suspected him, and determined to test his sincerity. Sincerity! It seems like a profanation of the word to write it in connection with such a monster, so asked him point-blank: □—

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Pt/En

Português

Ele perguntou por que não podia ir naquela noite.

Original English

“Why may I not go tonight?”

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Pt/En

Português

O outro respondeu que seu cocheiro e cavalos estavam em uma missão.

Original English

“Because, dear sir, my coachman and horses are away on a mission.”

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Pt/En

Português

Ele insistiu que caminharia com prazer e desejava partir imediatamente. Seu sorriso era suave, porém diabólico, e o narrador sentiu um truque oculto. Então ele falou.

Original English

“But I would walk with pleasure. I want to get away at once.” He smiled, such a soft, smooth, diabolical smile that I knew there was some trick behind his smoothness. He said: □—

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Pt/En

Português

Ele então perguntou sobre a bagagem.

Original English

“And your baggage?”

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Pt/En

Português

Ele respondeu que não se importava com a bagagem e poderia mandar buscá-la depois.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

O Conde se levantou e me dirigiu a palavra com uma cortesia tão genuína que mal pude acreditar nos meus olhos; parecia totalmente autêntico.

Original English

The Count stood up, and said, with a sweet courtesy which made me rub my eyes, it seemed so real: □—

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Pt/En

Português

O Conde comentou que havia um ditado inglês que admirava, um que refletia os valores do seu próprio povo: dar boas-vindas ao hóspede que chega e apressar a partida do que vai. Ele me convidou a acompanhá-lo, garantindo que não seria detido contra a minha vontade, embora estivesse triste com meu súbito desejo de partir. Então, com solene dignidade, ele liderou o caminho escada abaixo, carregando a lamparina. Ele parou abruptamente.

Original English

“You English have a saying which is close to my heart, for its spirit is that which rules our boyars: ‘Welcome the coming; speed the parting guest.’ Come with me, my dear young friend. Not an hour shall you wait in my house against your will, though sad am I at your going, and that you so suddenly desire it. Come!” With a stately gravity, he, with the lamp, preceded me down the stairs and along the hall. Suddenly he stopped.

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Pt/En

Português

Ele me ordenou que ouvisse.

Original English

“Hark!”

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Pt/En

Português

Perto dali, o uivo de muitos lobos surgiu. Parecia começar exatamente quando ele erguia a mão, como uma orquestra respondendo ao seu maestro. Após uma breve pausa, ele prosseguiu com porte solene até a porta, retirou os pesados ferrolhos e correntes, e começou a puxá-la para abrir.

Original English

Close at hand came the howling of many wolves. It was almost as if the sound sprang up at the rising of his hand, just as the music of a great

orchestra seems to leap under the bâton of the conductor. After a pause of a moment, he proceeded, in his stately way, to the door, drew back the ponderous bolts, unhooked the heavy chains, and began to draw it open.

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Pt/En

Português

Para minha grande surpresa, vi que a porta estava destrancada. Olhei ao redor desconfiado, mas não encontrei chave alguma em lugar nenhum.

Original English

To my intense astonishment I saw that it was unlocked. Suspiciously, I looked all round, but could see no key of any kind.

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Pt/En

Português

À medida que a porta começava a se abrir, o uivo dos lobos lá fora ficou mais alto e mais furioso. Suas mandíbulas vermelhas com dentes rangendo e suas patas com garras rombudas apareceram através da abertura. O narrador percebeu que lutar contra o Conde era inútil naquele momento, com tais aliados sob seu comando. No entanto, a porta continuou a abrir lentamente, e apenas o corpo do Conde bloqueava a fenda. De repente, ocorreu-lhe que este poderia ser o momento de sua perdição — que ele seria entregue aos lobos, e por sua própria instigação. A ideia era diabolicamente perversa, digna do Conde, e como último recurso ele gritou.

Original English

As the door began to open, the howling of the wolves without grew louder and angrier; their red jaws, with champing teeth, and their blunt-clawed feet as they leaped, 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 at his command, I could do nothing. But still the door continued slowly to open, and only the Count's body stood in the gap. Suddenly it struck me that this might be the moment and means of my doom; I was to be given to the wolves, and at my own instigation. There was a diabolical wickedness in the idea great enough for the Count, and as a last chance I cried out: □—

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Pt/En

Português

Ele ordenou que a porta fosse fechada e declarou que esperaria até de manhã, cobrindo o rosto com as mãos para esconder suas lágrimas de amarga decepção. Com um único movimento de seu braço poderoso, o Conde bateu a porta, e os grandes ferrolhos ressoaram e ecoaram pelo salão ao se recolherem no lugar.

Original English

“Shut the door; I shall wait till morning!” and covered my face with my hands to hide my tears of bitter disappointment. With one sweep of his powerful arm, the Count threw the door shut, and the great bolts clanged and echoed through the hall as they shot back into their places.

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Pt/En

Português

Eles voltaram para a biblioteca em silêncio, e após um minuto ou dois o narrador foi para seu próprio quarto. A última coisa que viu do Conde Drácula foi ele beijando a própria mão, com uma luz vermelha de triunfo nos olhos e um sorriso do qual até Judas no inferno poderia se orgulhar.

Original English

In silence we returned to the library, and after a minute or two I went to my own room. The last I saw of Count Dracula was his kissing his hand to me; with a red light of triumph in his eyes, and with a smile that Judas in hell might be proud of.

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Pt/En

Português

Quando ele estava em seu quarto e prestes a se deitar, pensou ter ouvido sussurros em sua porta. Foi até ela suavemente e escutou. A menos que seus ouvidos o enganassem, ouviu a voz do Conde.

Original English

When I was in my room and about to lie down, I thought I heard a whispering at my door. I went to it softly and listened. Unless my ears deceived me, I heard the voice of the Count:□—

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Pt/En

Português

Ele ouviu o Conde ordenar que algo voltasse ao seu próprio lugar, dizendo que seu tempo ainda não havia chegado. Disse-lhe para esperar e ter paciência, declarando que aquela noite era dele e a noite seguinte seria delas. Houve um riso baixo e doce. Enraivecido, o narrador abriu a porta e viu as três mulheres terríveis lambendo os lábios. Quando ele apareceu, todas se uniram em uma risada horrível e fugiram.

Original English

“Back, back, to your own place! Your time is not yet come. Wait! Have patience! Tonight is mine. Tomorrow night is yours!” There was a low, sweet ripple of laughter, and in a rage I threw open the door, and saw without the three terrible women licking their lips. As I appeared they all joined in a horrible laugh, and ran away.

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Pt/En

Português

Ele voltou para seu quarto e se ajoelhou. Percebeu que o fim estava tão próximo, talvez amanhã. Orou ao Senhor por ajuda para si mesmo e para aqueles que amava.

Original English

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

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Pt/En

Português

Na manhã de 30 de junho, ele observou que estas poderiam ser suas últimas anotações no diário. Dormiu até pouco antes do amanhecer e, ao acordar, ajoelhou-se, decidido a estar pronto se a morte chegasse.

Original English

30 June, morning. □—These may be the last words I ever write in this diary. I slept till just before the dawn, and when I woke threw myself on my knees, for I determined that if Death came he should find me ready.

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Pt/En

Português

Ele sentiu a sutil mudança no ar que indicava a manhã. O canto do galo o fez sentir-se seguro. Alegrementemente, abriu a porta e correu para o saguão. Vendo que a porta estava destrancada, a fuga parecia possível. Com mãos trêmulas, soltou as correntes e puxou os pesados ferrolhos.

Original English

At last I felt that subtle change in the air, and knew that the morning had come. Then came the welcome cockcrow, and I felt that I was safe. With a glad heart, I opened my door and ran down to the hall. I had seen that the door was unlocked, and now escape was before me. With hands that trembled with eagerness, I unhooked the chains and drew back the massive bolts.

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Pt/En

Português

No entanto, a porta não abria. O desespero o dominou. Ele puxou e sacudiu a porta maciça até ela chacoalhar. Viu que o ferrolho estava no lugar; havia sido trancada depois que ele deixou o Conde.

Original English

But the door would not move. Despair seized me. I pulled, and pulled, at the door, and shook it till, massive as it was, it rattled in its casement. I could see the bolt shot. It had been locked after I left the Count.

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Pt/En**Português**

Então, uma necessidade desesperada de obter a chave o impulsionou, independentemente do risco. Ele decidiu escalar a parede novamente para chegar ao quarto do Conde. A morte, pensou, poderia ser o resultado preferível. Sem hesitar, correu para a janela leste, desceu pela parede e entrou no quarto do Conde. Estava vazio, como esperado. Não encontrou nenhuma chave, mas o monte de ouro ainda estava lá. Ele passou pela porta do canto, desceu a escada em espiral e seguiu pela passagem escura até a antiga capela. Sabia exatamente onde encontrar o monstro que procurava.

Original English

Then a wild desire took me to obtain that key at any risk, and I determined then and there to scale the wall again and gain the Count's room. He might kill me, but death now seemed the happier choice of evils. Without a pause I rushed up to the east window, and scrambled down the wall, as before, into 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 remained. 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 I sought.

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Pt/En**Português**

O narrador encontrou a grande caixa ainda encostada na parede; a tampa não estava presa, mas os pregos estavam prontos. Ele levantou a tampa e viu o Conde, que parecia parcialmente rejuvenescido: seu cabelo e bigode haviam escurecido, suas bochechas estavam mais cheias e sua pele tinha um tom avermelhado. Havia sangue fresco em seus lábios, e suas pálpebras estavam inchadas. A criatura parecia empanturrada de sangue como uma sanguessuga. O narrador estremeceu, mas teve que procurar a chave. Ele apalpou todo o corpo, mas não encontrou nada. Então viu um sorriso zombeteiro que o enlouqueceu. Pensou no Conde indo para Londres para criar mais monstros. Num acesso de raiva, ele pegou uma pá e golpeou o rosto, mas a cabeça do Conde virou, e a pá desviou, fazendo um corte profundo na testa. A pá caiu e a tampa se fechou, escondendo o rosto horrendo.

Original English

The great box was in the same place, close against the wall, but the lid was laid on it, not fastened down, but with the nails ready in their places to be hammered home. I knew I must reach the body for the key, so I raised the lid, and laid it back against the wall; and then I saw something which filled my very soul with horror. There lay the Count, but looking as if his youth had been half renewed, for the white hair and moustache were changed to dark iron-grey; the cheeks were fuller, and the white skin seemed ruby-red underneath; the mouth was redder than ever, for on the lips were gouts of fresh blood, which trickled from the corners of the mouth and ran over the chin and neck. Even the deep, burning eyes seemed set amongst swollen flesh, for the lids and pouches underneath were bloated. It seemed as if the whole awful creature were simply gorged with blood. He lay like a filthy leech, exhausted with his repletion. I shuddered as I bent over to touch him, and every sense in me revolted at the contact; but I had to search, or I was lost. The coming night might see my own body a banquet in a similar way to those horrid three. I felt all over the body, but no sign could I find of the key. Then I stopped and looked at the Count. There was a mocking smile on the bloated face which seemed to drive me mad. This was the being I was helping to transfer to London, where, perhaps, for centuries to come he might, amongst its teeming millions, satiate his lust for blood, and create a new and ever-widening circle of semi-demons to batten on the helpless. The very thought drove me mad. A terrible desire came upon me to rid the world of such a monster. There was no lethal weapon at hand, but I seized a shovel which the workmen had been using to fill the cases, and lifting it high, struck, with the edge downward, at the hateful face. But as I did so the head turned, and the eyes fell full upon me, with all their blaze of basilisk horror. The sight seemed to paralyse me, and the shovel turned in my hand and glanced from the face, merely making a deep gash above the forehead. The shovel fell from my hand across the box, and as I pulled it away the flange of the blade caught the edge of the lid which fell over again, and hid the horrid thing from my sight. The last glimpse I had was of the bloated face, bloodstained and fixed with a grin of malice which would have held its own in the nethermost hell.

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Pt/En**Português**

O narrador considerou seu próximo movimento, mas sua mente estava em turbilhão. Ele ouviu uma canção cigana se aproximando, junto com o som de rodas e chicotes — os Szgany e os Eslovacos estavam chegando. Ele correu para o quarto do Conde, planejando escapar quando a porta se abrisse. Ouviu a chave girar na fechadura principal e a porta pesada se abrir. Então muitos passos ecoaram pelo corredor. Tentou voltar para a cripta para encontrar outra saída, mas uma súbita rajada de vento bateu a porta da escada em espiral. Quando tentou abri-la, descobriu que estava firmemente trancada. Ele era novamente um prisioneiro, e a armadilha parecia se fechar ao seu redor.

Original English

I thought and thought what should be my next move, but my brain seemed on fire, and I waited with a despairing feeling growing over me. As I waited I heard in the distance a gipsy song sung by merry voices coming closer, and through their song the rolling of heavy wheels and the cracking of whips; the Szgany and the Slovaks of whom the Count had spoken were coming. With a last look around and at the box which contained the vile body, I ran from the place and gained the Count's room, determined to rush out at the moment the door should be opened. With strained ears, I listened, and heard downstairs the grinding of the key in the great lock and the falling back of the heavy door. There must have been some other means of entry, or someone had a key for one of the locked doors. Then there came the sound of many feet tramping and dying away in some passage which sent up a clanging echo. I turned to run down again towards the vault, where I might find the new entrance; but at the moment there seemed to come a violent puff of wind, and the door to the winding stair blew to with a shock that set the dust from the lintels flying. When I ran to push it open, I found that it was hopelessly fast. I was again a prisoner, and the net of doom was closing round me more closely.

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Pt/En

Português

O narrador ouviu o pisar de muitos pés no corredor abaixo, e o baque de caixas pesadas sendo colocadas — provavelmente as caixas cheias de terra. Então veio o som de marteladas, enquanto a caixa era pregada. Depois disso, os passos pesados se moveram novamente pelo salão, seguidos por muitos outros.

Original English

As I write there is in the passage below a sound of many tramping feet and the crash of weights being set down heavily, doubtless the boxes, with their freight of earth. There is a sound of hammering; it is the box being nailed down. Now I can hear the heavy feet tramping again along the hall, with many other idle feet coming behind them.

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Pt/En

Português

A porta foi fechada, e as correntes chacoalharam. Ele ouviu a chave girar na fechadura e depois ser retirada. Outra porta se abriu e fechou, com o som de fechaduras e ferrolhos sendo trancados.

Original English

The door is shut, and the chains rattle; there is a grinding of the key in the lock; I can hear the key withdraw: then another door opens and shuts; I hear the creaking of lock and bolt.

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Pt/En

Português

Ele ouviu no pátio e descendo o caminho rochoso o som de rodas pesadas rolando, chicotes estalando e o coro dos Szgany se distanciando.

Original English

Hark! in the courtyard and down the rocky way the roll of heavy wheels, the crack of whips, and the chorus of the Szgany as they pass into the distance.

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Pt/En

Português

O orador expressou sua repulsa por ter sido deixado sozinho no castelo com aquelas mulheres terríveis. Ele as contrastou com Mina, a quem considerava uma mulher de verdade, e descreveu as outras como demônios do abismo.

Original English

I am alone in the castle with those awful women. Faugh! Mina is a woman, and there is nought in common. They are devils of the Pit!

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Pt/En

Português

Ele resolveu não ficar sozinho com elas. Em vez disso, planejou escalar a muralha do castelo mais alto do que havia tentado antes, e levaria um pouco de ouro caso precisasse depois. Esperava encontrar uma saída daquele lugar terrível.

Original English

I shall not remain alone with them; I shall try to scale the castle wall farther than I have yet attempted. I shall take some of the gold with me, lest I want it later. I may find a way from this dreadful place.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ele ansiava por fugir para casa no trem mais rápido, para escapar deste lugar e terra amaldiçoados, onde acreditava que o diabo e seus seguidores ainda andavam entre os vivos.

Original English

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!

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Pt/En

Português

Ele refletiu que a misericórdia de Deus era preferível à dos monstros, e observou que o penhasco era íngreme e alto. No fundo, um homem poderia dormir como um homem. Despediu-se de todos, especialmente de Mina.

Original English

At least God's mercy is better than that of these monsters, and the precipice is steep and high. At its foot a man may sleep—as a man. Goodbye, all! Mina!

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V

Pt/En

Português

O texto era uma carta escrita pela Srta. Mina Murray para a Srta. Lucy Westenra.

Original English

Letter from Miss Mina Murray to Miss Lucy Westenra.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A carta é datada de 9 de maio.

Original English

"9 May.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Mina se dirige a Lucy como sua querida amiga.

Original English

“My dearest Lucy—

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Mina pede desculpas pelo longo silêncio, explicando que seu trabalho como professora assistente tem sido avassalador. Ela anseia por estar com Lucy à beira-mar, onde possam conversar livremente e sonhar juntas. Ela tem estudado taquigrafia diligentemente para ajudar Jonathan após o casamento, e também pratica datilografia para poder transcrever suas anotações. Jonathan mantém um diário estenográfico de suas viagens, e eles às vezes trocam cartas em taquigrafia. Mina planeja manter um diário pessoal quando estiver com Lucy, não para publicação, mas como um exercício. Ela espera desenvolver habilidades como as de jornalistas mulheres: entrevistar, descrever cenas e lembrar conversas. Ela recebeu recentemente uma breve nota de Jonathan, que está bem e retornará da Transilvânia em cerca de uma semana. Ela aguarda ansiosamente suas notícias e se pergunta se ela e Jonathan algum dia viajarão juntos. O sino das dez horas toca, e ela se despede.

Original English

“Forgive my long delay in writing, but I have been simply overwhelmed with work. The life of an assistant schoolmistress is sometimes trying. I am longing to be with you, and by the sea, where we can talk together freely and build our castles in the air. I have been working very hard lately, because I want to keep up with Jonathan’s studies, and I have been practising shorthand very assiduously. When we are married I shall be able to be useful to Jonathan, and if I can stenograph well enough I can take down what he wants to say in this way and write it out for him on the typewriter, at which also I am practising very hard. He 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 don’t mean one of those two-pages-to-the-week-with-Sunday-squeezed-in-a-corner diaries, but a sort of journal which I can write in whenever I feel inclined. I do not suppose

there will be much of interest to other people; but it is not intended for them. I may show it to Jonathan some day if there is in it anything worth sharing, but it is really an exercise book. I shall try to do what I see lady journalists do: interviewing and writing descriptions and trying to remember conversations. I am told that, with a little practice, one can remember all that goes on or that one hears said during a day. However, we shall see. I will tell you of my little plans when we meet. I have just had a few hurried lines from Jonathan from Transylvania. He is well, and will be returning in about a week. I am longing to hear all his news. It must be so nice to see strange countries. I wonder if we□—I mean Jonathan and I□—shall ever see them together. There is the ten o'clock bell ringing. Goodbye.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A carta é assinada com amor por Mina.

Original English

“Your loving “Mina.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Mina pede que Lucy compartilhe todas as notícias, pois ela não escreve há muito tempo. Ela menciona ouvir rumores, especialmente sobre um homem alto, bonito e de cabelos cacheados.

Original English

“Tell me all the news when you write. You have not told me anything for a long time. I hear rumours, and especially of a tall, handsome, curly-haired man????”

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A narrativa continua com uma carta de Lucy Westenra endereçada a Mina Murray.

Original English

Letter, Lucy Westenra to Mina Murray.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A carta é datada de quarta-feira e enviada de 17, Chatham Street.

Original English

“17, Chatham Street, “Wednesday.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lucy abre sua carta com uma saudação calorosa à sua querida amiga Mina.

Original English

“My dearest Mina□—

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lucy conta a Mina que escreveu duas vezes desde que se separaram, e que a última carta de Mina foi apenas a segunda. Ela tem pouco a relatar: a cidade está agradável, e elas visitam galerias e andam a cavalo no parque. Ela menciona o Sr. Holmwood, que se dá bem com sua mãe. Ela também descreve um médico apresentado pelo Sr. Holmwood—bonito, rico e inteligente, com apenas vinte e nove anos e responsável por um grande asilo. Esse médico visita frequentemente e parece determinado, porém calmo. Ele tenta ler os pensamentos das pessoas olhando diretamente para elas, mas Lucy acredita que é difícil demais para ele. Ele a chama de um curioso estudo psicológico. Lucy admite que se importa

pouco com moda. Então ela confessa que o ama, embora ele não tenha dito que a ama. Ela cora enquanto escreve e se sente aliviada por compartilhar isso. Ela pede a Mina que responda com seus pensamentos e que reze por sua felicidade.

Original English

"I must say you tax me very unfairly with being a bad correspondent. I wrote to you twice since we parted, and your last letter was only your second. Besides, I have nothing to tell you. There is really nothing to interest you. Town is very pleasant just now, and we go a good deal to picture-galleries and for walks and rides in the park. As to the tall, curly-haired man, I suppose it was the one who was with me at the last Pop. Someone has evidently been telling tales. That was Mr. Holmwood. He often comes to see us, and he and mamma get on very well together; they have so many things to talk about in common. We met some time ago a man that would just do for you, if you were not already engaged to Jonathan. He is an excellent parti, being handsome, well off, and of good birth. He is a doctor and really clever. Just fancy! He is only nine-and-twenty, and he has an immense lunatic asylum all under his own care. Mr. Holmwood introduced him to me, and he called here to see us, and often comes now. I think he is one of the most resolute men I ever saw, and yet the most calm. He seems absolutely imperturbable. I can fancy what a wonderful power he must have over his patients. He has a curious habit of looking one straight in the face, as if trying to read one's thoughts. He tries this on very much with me, but I flatter myself he has got a tough nut to crack. I know that from my glass. Do you ever try to read your own face? I do, and I can tell you it is not a bad study, and gives you more trouble than you can well fancy if you have never tried it. He says that I afford him a curious psychological study, and I humbly think I do. I do not, as you know, take sufficient interest in dress to be able to describe the new fashions. Dress is a bore. That is slang again, but never mind; Arthur says that every day. There, it is all out. 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; and now, though I have spoken, I would like to speak more. Oh, Mina, couldn't you guess? I love him. I am blushing as I write, for although I think he loves me, he has not told me so in words. But oh, Mina, I love him; I love him; I love him! There, that does me good. I wish I were with you, dear, sitting by the fire undressing, as we used to sit; and I would try to tell you what I feel. I do not know how I am writing this even to you. I am afraid to stop, or I should tear up the letter, and I don't want to stop, for I do so want to tell you all. Let me hear from you at once, and tell me all that you think about it. Mina, I must stop. Good night. Bless

me in your prayers; and, Mina, pray for my happiness.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A carta termina com a assinatura de Lucy.

Original English

“Lucy.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lucy adicionou um pós-escrito lembrando Mina de que a informação era confidencial, e desejou-lhe boa noite mais uma vez.

Original English

“P.S. □—I need not tell you this is a secret. Good night again.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A carta foi simplesmente assinada com a inicial L.

Original English

“L.”

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A seguir está uma carta escrita por Lucy Westenra para sua amiga Mina Murray.

Original English

Letter, Lucy Westenra to Mina Murray.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A carta foi datada de 24 de maio.

Original English

“24 May.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lucy começou a carta com uma saudação afetuosa para sua querida Mina.

Original English

“My dearest Mina—

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A escritora expressou repetida gratidão pela doce carta de Mina, observando como era reconfortante compartilhar seus sentimentos e receber a simpatia de Mina.

Original English

“Thanks, and thanks, and thanks again for your sweet letter. It was so nice to be able to tell you and to have your sympathy.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A escritora disse a Mina que ela estava quase com vinte anos e havia recebido três propostas de casamento no mesmo dia, o que foi avassalador. Ela sentiu pena de dois dos homens e estava muito feliz, mas pediu que Mina mantivesse segredo das outras garotas que poderiam ficar com ciúmes. Ela contaria ao seu noivo Jonathan e esperava que Mina contasse a Arthur. A primeira proposta veio do Dr. John Seward, que estava aparentemente calmo, mas muito nervoso. Ele brincou com um lanceta e declarou seu amor, mas parou quando ela chorou. Ele perguntou se ela poderia amá-lo um dia ou se já amava outra pessoa. Ela admitiu

que havia alguém, então ele pegou suas mãos, desejou-lhe felicidade e ofereceu sua amizade. Ela se sentiu de coração partido por ele, apesar de sua própria felicidade.

Original English

“My dear, it never rains but it pours. How true the old proverbs are. Here am I, who shall be twenty in September, and yet I never had a proposal till today, not a real proposal, and today I have had three. Just fancy! 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! But, for goodness' sake, don't tell any of the girls, or they would be getting all sorts of extravagant ideas and imagining themselves injured and slighted if in their very first day at home they did not get six at least. Some girls are so vain! You and I, Mina dear, who are engaged and are going to settle down soon soberly into old married women, can despise vanity. Well, I must tell you about the three, but you must keep it a secret, dear, from everyone, except, of course, Jonathan. You will tell him, because I would, if I were in your place, certainly tell Arthur. A woman ought to tell her husband everything—don't you think so, dear?—and I must be fair. Men like women, certainly their wives, to be quite as fair as they are; and women, I am afraid, are not always quite as fair as they should be. Well, my dear, number One came just before lunch. I told you of him, Dr. John Seward, the lunatic-asylum man, with the strong jaw and the good forehead. He was very cool outwardly, but was nervous all the same. He had evidently been schooling himself as to all sorts of little things, and remembered them; but he almost managed to sit down on his silk hat, which men don't generally do when they are cool, and then when he wanted to appear at ease he kept playing with a lancet in a way that made me nearly scream. He spoke to me, Mina, very straightforwardly. He told me how dear I was to him, though he had known me so little, and what his life would be with me to help and cheer him. He was going to tell me how unhappy he would be if I did not care for him, but when he saw me cry he said that he was a brute and would not add to my present trouble. Then he broke off and asked if I could love him in time; and when I shook my head his hands trembled, and then with some hesitation he asked me if I cared already for anyone else. He put it very nicely, saying that he did not want to wring my confidence from me, but only to know, because if a woman's heart was free a man might have hope. And then, Mina, I felt a sort of duty to tell him that there was someone. I only told him that much, and then he stood up, and he looked very strong and very grave as he took both my hands in his and said he hoped I would be happy, and that if I ever wanted a friend I must count him one of my

best. Oh, Mina dear, I can't help crying: and you must excuse this letter being all blotted. Being proposed to is all very nice and all that sort of thing, but it isn't at all a happy thing when you have to see a poor fellow, whom you know loves you honestly, going away and looking all brokenhearted, and to know that, no matter what he may say at the moment, you are passing quite out of his life. My dear, I must stop here at present, I feel so miserable, though I am so happy.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A escritora observou que era noite.

Original English

“Evening.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Depois que Arthur saiu, a escritora se sentiu melhor e continuou sua carta. Ela disse que a segunda proposta veio após o almoço do Sr. Quincey P. Morris, um americano do Texas que parecia jovem e aventureiro apesar de suas muitas viagens. Ela refletiu sobre como as mulheres podem se casar por proteção e observou que o Sr. Morris era bem-educado e educado, mas usava gírias americanas porque a divertia. Ele sentou-se ao lado dela, parecendo alegre, mas nervoso, pegou sua mão e falou gentilmente.

Original English

“Arthur has just gone, and I feel in better spirits than when I left off, so I can go on telling you about the day. Well, my dear, number Two came after lunch. He is such a nice fellow, an American from Texas, and he looks so young and so fresh that it seems almost impossible that he has been to so many places and has had such adventures. I sympathise with poor Desdemona when she had such a dangerous stream poured in her ear, even by a black man. I suppose that we women are such cowards that we think a man will save us from fears, and we marry him. I know now what I would do if I were a man and wanted to make a girl love me. No, I don't, for there was Mr. Morris telling us his stories, and Arthur never told any, and yet—My dear, I am somewhat previous. Mr. Quincey P. Morris found me alone. It seems that a man always does find a girl alone. No, he doesn't, for

Arthur tried twice to make a chance, and I helping him all I could; I am not ashamed to say it now. I must tell you beforehand that Mr. Morris doesn't always speak slang— that is to say, he never does so to strangers or before them, for he is really well educated and has exquisite manners— but he found out that it amused me to hear him talk American slang, and whenever I was present, and there was no one to be shocked, he said such funny things. I am afraid, my dear, he has to invent it all, for it fits exactly into whatever else he has to say. But this is a way slang has. I do not know myself if I shall ever speak slang; I do not know if Arthur likes it, as I have never heard him use any as yet. Well, Mr. Morris sat down beside me and looked as happy and jolly as he could, but I could see all the same that he was very nervous. He took my hand in his, and said ever so sweetly:—

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Morris, usando sua característica gíria americana, perguntou a Lucy se ela concordaria em se juntar a ele em casamento e enfrentar a vida juntos como um casal.

Original English

“ ‘Miss Lucy, I know I ain't good enough to regulate the fixin's of your little shoes, but I guess if you wait till you find a man that is you will go join them seven young women with the lamps when you quit. Won't you just hitch up alongside of me and let us go down the long road together, driving in double harness?’

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Pt/En

Português

Lucy observou que o Sr. Morris parecia tão bem-humorado e alegre que recusá-lo parecia menos difícil do que tinha sido com o Dr. Seward. Ela respondeu levemente que não sabia nada sobre atrelagem e que ainda não estava domada para o arreo. O Sr. Morris então disse que havia falado de forma leve e esperava que ela o perdoasse se ele tivesse cometido um erro em uma ocasião tão grave e importante para ele. Ele parecia sério ao dizer isso, e Lucy não pôde deixar de se sentir séria também, embora também sentisse uma espécie de exultação por ser o

segundo pedido de casamento em um dia. Antes que ela pudesse falar, ele começou uma torrente de declarações de amor, colocando seu coração e alma aos pés dela. Ele era tão sincero que Lucy percebeu que não podia mais pensar que um homem que era alegre às vezes devia ser sempre brincalhão e nunca sério. Ela supôs que ele viu algo no rosto dela que o fez parar, pois ele parou de repente e falou com um fervor viril pelo qual ela poderia tê-lo amado se fosse livre.

Original English

“Well, he did look so good-humoured and so jolly that it didn’t seem half so hard to refuse him as it did poor Dr. Seward; so I said, as lightly as I could, that I did not know anything of hitching, and that I wasn’t broken to harness at all yet. Then he said that he had spoken in a light manner, and he hoped that if he had made a mistake in doing so on so grave, so momentous, an occasion for him, I would forgive him. He really did look serious when he was saying it, and I couldn’t help feeling a bit serious too— I know, Mina, you will think me a horrid flirt—though I couldn’t help feeling a sort of exultation that he was number two in one day. And then, my dear, before I could say a word he began pouring out a perfect torrent of lovemaking, laying his very heart and soul at my feet. He looked so earnest over it that I shall never again think that a man must be playful always, and never earnest, because he is merry at times. I suppose he saw something in my face which checked him, for he suddenly stopped, and said with a sort of manly fervour that I could have loved him for if I had been free:—

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O Sr. Morris disse a Lucy que sabia que ela era uma garota de coração honesto, e que não estaria falando com ela daquela forma se não acreditasse que ela era pura de corpo e alma. Ele pediu que ela lhe dissesse, como um bom amigo para outro, se havia mais alguém de quem ela gostasse. Se houvesse, ele prometeu que nunca mais a incomodaria, mas seria um amigo muito fiel se ela permitisse.

Original English

“ ‘Lucy, you are an honest-hearted girl, I know. I should not be here speaking to you as I am now if I did not believe you clean grit, right through to the very depths of your soul. Tell me, like one good fellow to another, is there anyone else that you care for? And if there is I’ll never trouble you a hair’s breadth again, but will be, if you will let me, a very faithful friend.’

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Lucy se perguntava por que os homens eram tão nobres enquanto as mulheres mal eram dignas deles. Ela sentiu que quase havia zombado desse cavalheiro de grande coração e verdadeiro. Ela caiu em prantos e se sentiu muito mal. Ela desejava que uma garota pudesse se casar com três homens, ou com quantos a quisessem, e evitar todo esse problema, mas sabia que isso era heresia. Embora estivesse chorando, ela olhou nos olhos corajosos do Sr. Morris e disse a ele diretamente.

Original English

“My dear Mina, why are men so noble when we women are so little worthy of them? Here was I almost making fun of this greathearted, true gentleman. I burst into tears□—I am afraid, my dear, you will think this a very sloppy letter in more ways than one□—and I really felt very badly. Why can’t they let a girl marry three men, or as many as want her, and save all this trouble? But this is heresy, and I must not say it. I am glad to say that, though I was crying, I was able to look into Mr. Morris’s brave eyes, and I told him out straight:□—

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Pt/En

Português

Lucy disse ao Sr. Morris que havia alguém que ela amava, embora ele ainda não tivesse dito que a amava. Ela sentiu que era certo falar tão francamente, pois uma luz iluminou seu rosto. Ele estendeu ambas as mãos e as segurou — ela achou que colocou as mãos nas dele — e falou de forma cordial.

Original English

“ ‘Yes, there is someone I love, though he has not told me yet that he even loves me.’ I was right to speak to him so frankly, for quite a light came into his face, and he put out both his hands and took mine□—I think I put them into his□—and said in a hearty way:□—

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Pt/En**Português**

O Sr. Morris a chamou de sua garota corajosa e disse que era melhor chegar atrasado por uma chance de conquistá-la do que chegar na hora para qualquer outra garota no mundo. Ele disse a ela para não chorar e que, se fosse por ele, ele era um osso duro de roer e aguentava de pé. Ele acrescentou que, se o outro sujeito não conhecia sua felicidade, seria melhor encontrá-la logo ou teria que lidar com ele. Ele disse que a honestidade e a coragem dela o haviam tornado um amigo, o que era mais raro do que um amante e mais altruísta. Ele mencionou que teria uma caminhada bastante solitária pela frente e pediu um beijo para afastar a escuridão. Ele lembrou a ela que o outro bom sujeito — que devia ser bom e fino, ou ela não poderia amá-lo — ainda não havia falado. Lúcia foi conquistada por suas palavras corajosas, doces e nobres para um rival, especialmente porque ele parecia tão triste. Ela se inclinou e o beijou. Ele se levantou com as duas mãos dela nas suas, olhou para o rosto corado dela e falou.

Original English

“ ‘That’s my brave girl. It’s better worth being late for a chance of winning you than being in time for any other girl in the world. Don’t cry, my dear. If it’s for me, I’m a hard nut to crack; and I take it standing up. If that other fellow doesn’t know his happiness, well, he’d better look for it soon, or he’ll have to deal with me. Little girl, your honesty and pluck have made me a friend, and that’s rarer than a lover; it’s more unselfish anyhow. My dear, I’m going to have a pretty lonely walk between this and Kingdom Come. Won’t you give me one kiss? It’ll be something to keep off the darkness now and then. You can, you know, if you like, for that other good fellow□—he must be a good fellow, my dear, and a fine fellow, or you could not love him□—hasn’t spoken yet.’ That quite won me, Mina, for it was brave and sweet of him, and noble, too, to a rival□—wasn’t it?□—and he so sad; so I leant over and kissed him. He stood up with my two hands in his, and as he looked down into my face□—I am afraid I was blushing very much□—he said:□—

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O homem disse à menina que, porque ela segurou a mão dele e o beijou, eles certamente seriam amigos. Ele agradeceu por sua honestidade e se despediu. Apertou a mão dela firmemente, pegou o chapéu e saiu da sala sem olhar para trás, sem demonstrar emoção. Lucy chorou como um bebê. Ela se perguntou por que um homem tão bom tinha que ser infeliz quando havia tantas garotas que o adorariam. Ela admitiu que o amaria se fosse livre, mas não desejava ser livre. O evento a perturbou profundamente, e ela não pôde escrever sobre felicidade imediatamente. Decidiu adiar contar sobre o número três até que tudo pudesse ser feliz.

Original English

“ ‘Little girl, I hold your hand, and you’ve kissed me, and if these things don’t make us friends nothing ever will. Thank you for your sweet honesty to me, and goodbye.’ He wrung my hand, and taking up his hat, went straight out of the room without looking back, without a tear or a quiver or a pause; and I am crying like a baby. Oh, why must a man like that be made unhappy when there are lots of girls about who would worship the very ground he trod on? I know I would if I were free—only I don’t want to be free. My dear, this quite upset me, and I feel I cannot write of happiness just at once, after telling you of it; and I don’t wish to tell of the number three until it can be all happy.

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Pt/En

Português

Lucy assinou a carta com seu fecho afetuoso, declarando-se sempre sua amada Lucy.

Original English

“Ever your loving “Lucy.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Em um pós-escrito, Lucy mencionou que não precisava explicar o número três; tudo havia sido um borrão confuso. Ela lembrou que, desde o momento em que ele entrou no quarto até que a segurou nos braços e a beijou, pareceu apenas um instante. Ela se sentiu muito feliz e indigna de tanta alegria. Resolveu mostrar gratidão a Deus por lhe enviar um amante, um marido e um amigo tão especiais.

Original English

“P.S.—Oh, about number Three—I needn’t tell you of number Three, need I? Besides, it was all so confused; it seemed only a moment from his coming into the room till both his arms were round me, and he was kissing me. I am very, very happy, and I don’t know what I have done to deserve it. I must only try in the future to show that I am not ungrateful to God for all His goodness to me in sending to me such a lover, such a husband, and such a friend.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A carta terminou com um simples adeus.

Original English

“Goodbye.”

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Esta seção vem do diário do Dr. Seward.

Original English

Dr. Seward’s Diary.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Este registro foi preservado em um fonógrafo.

Original English

(Kept in phonograph.)

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Em 25 de maio, o narrador não tinha apetite e não conseguia descansar, então escreveu em seu diário. Depois de ser rejeitado no dia anterior, sentiu-se vazio e desmotivado. Acreditando que o trabalho era o único remédio, foi até os pacientes. Escolheu um paciente particularmente fascinante e incomum, e sentiu que estava se aproximando de entender o segredo do homem.

Original English

25 May. ☐—Ebb tide in appetite today. Cannot eat, cannot rest, so diary instead. Since my rebuff of yesterday I have a sort of empty feeling; nothing in the world seems of sufficient importance to be worth the doing. ☐ ☐... As I knew that the only cure for this sort of thing was work, I went down amongst the patients. I picked out one who has afforded me a study of much interest. He is so quaint that I am determined to understand him as well as I can. Today I seemed to get nearer than ever before to the heart of his mystery.

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Pt/En

Português

Ele questionou o paciente mais minuciosamente do que antes, com o objetivo de entender completamente sua delusão. Em retrospecto, percebeu que sua abordagem havia sido um tanto cruel; ele parecia determinado a manter o paciente focado em sua loucura, algo que normalmente evitava como se fosse uma armadilha mortal.

Original English

I questioned him more fully than I had ever done, with a view to making myself master of the facts of his hallucination. In my manner of doing it

there was, I now see, something of cruelty. I seemed to wish to keep him to the point of his madness□—a thing which I avoid with the patients as I would the mouth of hell.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ele refletiu sobre quando poderia não evitar tal armadilha. Tudo em Roma tem seu preço; o inferno também pode ser comprado. Se houver algum significado mais profundo por trás desse instinto, seria valioso rastreá-lo mais tarde. Então ele decidiu iniciar esse estudo cuidadoso.

Original English

(Mem., under what circumstances would I not avoid the pit of hell?) Omnia Romae venalia sunt. Hell has its price! verb. sap. If there be anything behind this instinct it will be valuable to trace it afterwards accurately, so I had better commence to do so, therefore□—

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

R. M. Renfield, 59 anos, de temperamento sanguíneo, grande força física e excitabilidade mórbida. Ele experimenta períodos de melancolia que terminam em alguma ideia fixa que o narrador não consegue identificar. O narrador suspeita que o temperamento sanguíneo combinado com influências perturbadoras pode levar a um colapso mental. Renfield pode ser perigoso, especialmente se se tornar altruísta. Homens egoístas são cautelosos, mas essa cautela protege tanto seus inimigos quanto a si mesmos. Quando o eu é o ponto fixo, as forças centrípeta e centrífuga se equilibram; quando o dever ou uma causa é o ponto fixo, a força centrífuga domina, e apenas o acidente pode equilibrá-la.

Original English

R. M. Renfield, ætat 59.□—Sanguine temperament; great physical strength; morbidly excitable; periods of gloom, ending in some fixed idea which I cannot make out. I presume that the sanguine temperament itself and the disturbing influence end in a mentally-accomplished finish; a possibly dangerous man, probably dangerous if unselfish. In selfish men caution is as secure an armour for their foes as for themselves. What I think of on this point is, when self is the fixed point the centripetal force is

balanced with the centrifugal; when duty, a cause, etc., is the fixed point, the latter force is paramount, and only accident or a series of accidents can balance it.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Quincey P. Morris escreve uma carta para Arthur Holmwood.

Original English

Letter, Quincey P. Morris to Hon. Arthur Holmwood.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

A carta é datada de vinte e cinco de maio.

Original English

“25 May.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ele começa a carta com uma saudação calorosa ao seu amigo Art.

Original English

“My dear Art—

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Quincey lembra Arthur de suas aventuras passadas juntos, como contar histórias ao redor de fogueiras, cuidar dos ferimentos um do outro e fazer brindes em praias distantes. Ele convida Arthur para sua fogueira na noite seguinte, sabendo que Arthur está livre porque uma certa senhora está ocupada com um jantar. Jack Seward, seu velho amigo, também estará presente. Tanto Quincey quanto Jack desejam compartilhar seus

sentimentos com vinho e fazer um brinde sincero ao homem mais feliz do mundo, que conquistou um coração verdadeiramente nobre e digno. Eles prometem uma recepção calorosa e uma saudação sincera, mas o levarão para casa se ele beber demais em homenagem a um certo par de olhos. Ele insiste para que Arthur venha.

Original English

“We’ve told yarns by the campfire in the prairies; and dressed one another’s wounds after trying a landing at the Marquesas; and drunk healths on the shore of Titicaca. There are more yarns to be told, and other wounds to be healed, and another health to be drunk. Won’t you let this be at my campfire tomorrow night? I have no hesitation in asking you, as I know a certain lady is engaged to a certain dinner-party, and that you are free. There will only be one other, our old pal at the Korea, Jack Seward. He’s coming, too, and we both want to mingle our weeps over the wine-cup, and to drink a health with all our hearts to the happiest man in all the wide world, who has won the noblest heart that God has made and the best worth winning. We promise you a hearty welcome, and a loving greeting, and a health as true as your own right hand. We shall both swear to leave you at home if you drink too deep to a certain pair of eyes. Come!

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ele se despede, declarando-se para sempre amigo fiel de Arthur.

Original English

“Yours, as ever and always, “Quincey P. Morris.”

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Arthur Holmwood enviou um telegrama para Quincey P. Morris.

Original English

Telegram from Arthur Holmwood to Quincey P. Morris.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

O telegrama estava datado de 26 de maio.

Original English

“26 May.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Arthur declarou que sempre se juntaria a eles e que trazia notícias que os surpreenderiam.

Original English

“Count me in every time. I bear messages which will make both your ears tingle.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En

Português

Ele assinou a mensagem como Art.

Original English

“Art.”

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

VI

Pt/En

Português

A anotação do diário de Mina Murray começa.

Original English

Mina Murray's Journal.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Pt/En**Português**

Em 24 de julho, Lucy encontrou o narrador na estação de Whitby, parecendo mais bonita do que nunca. Eles dirigiram até a casa na Crescent onde ela tinha quartos. O cenário é adorável: o rio Esk corre por um vale profundo que se alarga perto do porto, atravessado por um grande viaduto com pilares altos que fazem a vista parecer mais distante. O vale é íngreme e verdejante; das terras altas de cada lado, olha-se através dele, a menos que se esteja perto o suficiente para ver abaixo. A cidade antiga no lado oposto tem telhados vermelhos empilhados desordenadamente, como fotos de Nuremberg. Acima da cidade está a ruína da Abadia de Whitby, saqueada pelos dinamarqueses, famosa como o cenário de Marmion onde uma garota foi emparedada. É uma ruína nobre, imensa, cheia de detalhes belos e românticos; a lenda diz que uma dama branca aparece em uma janela. Entre a abadia e a cidade fica a igreja paroquial, cercada por um grande cemitério cheio de lápides. Para o narrador, este é o melhor lugar em Whitby, situado sobre a cidade com vista total do porto e da baía até o promontório chamado Kettlewell que se estende para o mar. O chão desce tão abruptamente sobre o porto que parte do barranco caiu, destruindo algumas sepulturas. Em um lugar, a cantaria de sepulturas se projeta sobre o caminho arenoso bem abaixo. Há caminhos com bancos pelo adro, onde as pessoas se sentam o dia todo admirando a vista e a brisa. O narrador planeja sentar-se ali com frequência para trabalhar, e está escrevendo agora com um livro no colo, ouvindo três velhos conversando por perto.

Original English

24 July. Whitby. □—Lucy met me at the station, looking sweeter and lovelier than ever, and we drove up to the house at the Crescent in which they have rooms. This is a lovely place. The little river, the Esk, runs through a deep valley, which broadens out as it comes near the harbour. A great viaduct runs across, with high piers, through which the view seems somehow further away than it really is. The valley is beautifully green, and it is so steep that when you are on the high land on either side you look right across it, unless you are near enough to see down. The houses of the old town □—the side away from us □—are all red-roofed, and seem piled up one over the other anyhow, like the pictures we see of Nuremberg. Right over the town is the ruin of Whitby Abbey, which was sacked by the Danes, and which is the scene of part of Marmion, where the girl was built up in the wall. It is a most noble ruin, of immense size, and full of beautiful and romantic bits; there is a legend that a white lady is seen in one of the

windows. Between it and the town there is another church, the parish one, round which is a big graveyard, all full of tombstones. This is to my mind the nicest spot in Whitby, for it lies right over the town, and has a full view of the harbour and all up the bay to where the headland called Kettleless stretches out into the sea. It descends so steeply over the harbour that part of the bank has fallen away, and some of the graves have been destroyed. In one place part of the stonework of the graves stretches out over the sandy pathway far below. There are walks, with seats beside them, through the churchyard; and people go and sit there all day long looking at the beautiful view and enjoying the breeze. I shall come and sit here very often myself and work. Indeed, I am writing now, with my book on my knee, and listening to the talk of three old men who are sitting beside me. They seem to do nothing all day but sit up here and talk.

[BACK TO READING](#) [BACK TO ORIGINAL](#)

Glossary: New Words

Words introduced by the simplified reading that do not occur in the complete original English text. Each entry shows up to five real sentences from this book; every return link opens that exact sentence in the simplified version.

accent 'æk.sɛnt (1 occurrence)

Português: sotaque

Simple English: The way someone pronounces words, showing where they come from.

Example: *Her accent was not as good as in practice.*

Uses in this book:

1. He spoke in very good English, but with a strange accent. [Back to B1](#)

ancestors 'ænsəstərz (2 occurrences)

Português: ancestrais

Simple English: Family members from the past.

Example: *We get traits from our ancestors.*

Uses in this book:

1. The speaker explained that the Szekely people were proud of their brave ancestors and their history of fighting. [Back to B1](#)
2. He mentioned that their ancestors fought against many groups like the Huns and Turks and were known for their warlike spirit. [Back to B1](#)

anymore ,ɛni'mɔ:r (7 occurrences)

Português: mais

Simple English: No longer; not now.

Example: *I don't live there anymore.*

Uses in this book:

1. He said he did not want fun or bright, sunny places, as he was not young anymore and had been sad for a long time. [Back to B1](#)
2. He said that people are happy to see the bride-maids waiting for the bride, but when the bride arrives, the people who are looking at her are too happy to notice the maidens anymore.

3. The narrator was surprised and asked if he was not going to keep flies anymore.
4. Suddenly, Arthur could not speak anymore.
5. They asked her not to ask questions anymore, and that they would tell her everything later.

apologized ə'pɒlə,dʒaɪzd (14 occurrences)

Português: pediu desculpas

Simple English: Said sorry for a mistake.

Example: *He apologized for being late.*

Uses in this book:

1. He offered me a cigar, and he apologized for not smoking himself. [Back to B1](#)
2. He apologized for being busy that day with important matters. [Back to B1](#)
3. I apologized for not mentioning it sooner and went to my room for the papers. [Back to B1](#)
4. The Count said that morning had arrived and apologized for letting the narrator stay up so late. [Back to B1](#)
5. He apologized for accidentally opening it and offered a new envelope. [Back to B1](#)

apologizes ə'pɒlədʒaɪzɪz (2 occurrences)

Português: pede desculpas

Simple English: says sorry for something

Example: *The writer apologizes for not writing sooner.*

Uses in this book:

1. The writer apologizes for not writing sooner, explaining she has been very busy as a schoolmistress. [Back to B1](#)
2. Professor Van Helsing apologizes for writing but shares sad news about Miss Lucy Westenra's death.

basic /'beɪsɪk/ (2 occurrences)

Português: Basic; base; fundamentais

Simple English: Forming the necessary foundation on which other things build.

Example: *Understanding basic math is essential for solving more complex problems later.*

Uses in this book:

1. He found his basic German language skills very useful. [Back to B1](#)
2. He put the wolf in a cage with enough meat to be like the fatted calf, satisfying the basic need for food.

behavior bɪ'heɪvjər (3 occurrences)

Português: comportamento

Simple English: the way someone acts

Example: *His violent behavior made others afraid.*

Uses in this book:

1. They decided it would be useful to carefully study any hidden reasons behind the patient's behavior, so they decided to start doing that. [Back to B1](#)
2. The attendant noticed his strange behavior.
3. Dr. Seward thought Renfield's behavior looked like religious madness and that he might start believing he was God.

behaviour bɪ'heɪvjər (8 occurrences)

Português: comportamento

Simple English: The way someone acts.

Example: *His behaviour was very kind.*

Uses in this book:

1. He also remembered that he was like a prisoner and had no real choice, especially when he saw the Count's look and behaviour. [Back to B1](#)
2. The narrator did not say anything but told the keeper to watch Renfield for any strange behaviour during the day.
3. Lucy was also upset by the dog's behaviour.
4. When he saw me, he said sorry for his bad behaviour and asked humbly to go back to his room and get his notebook.

5. When Van Helsing became serious again, he explained his strange behaviour in a logical, strong, and mysterious way.

benefit /'benɪfɪt/ (2 occurrences)

Português: benefício; beneficiar; vantagem

Simple English: To gain something good from an action or situation.

Example: *Joining a sports club can significantly benefit your health and fitness.*

Uses in this book:

1. It was for Mr. Hawkins's benefit, not his own. [Back to B1](#)
2. He said it was strange that a serious word spoken for her benefit seemed odd because it was an order to someone he was proud to obey.

blocking 'blɒkɪŋ (1 occurrence)

Português: bloqueando

Simple English: stopping the way

Example: *The ape was blocking his way to escape.*

Uses in this book:

1. The door continued to open slowly, with only the Count's body blocking the gap. [Back to B1](#)

blur blɜːr (1 occurrence)

Português: borrão

Simple English: something you cannot see clearly because it moves fast

Example: *He looked like a fast-moving blur.*

Uses in this book:

1. She said she did not need to explain it because it was all a blur. [Back to B1](#)

Border /'bɔːrdə/ (1 occurrence)

Português: fronteira; beira; borda

Simple English: Line separating two countries, states, or provinces.

Example: *They crossed the border into Canada without any problems at the checkpoint.*

Uses in this book:

1. They arrived in Bistritz, an old town near the border, as it was getting dark. [Back to B1](#)

breakdown *'breɪkdaʊn* (1 occurrence)

Português: colapso

Simple English: a mental or physical failure

Example: *He might have a mental breakdown.*

Uses in this book:

1. The writer believes that his cheerful nature and disturbing influences might lead to a mental breakdown. [Back to B1](#)

bump *bʌmp* (1 occurrence)

Português: protuberância

Simple English: a small raised area on a surface

Example: *He used every small bump to climb down the wall.*

Uses in this book:

1. Using every small bump and rough spot, the Count moved down the wall very quickly, like a lizard. [Back to B1](#)

businessmen *'bɪznɪsmən* (1 occurrence)

Português: homens de negócios

Simple English: Men who work in trade or companies.

Example: *The businessmen planned a new company.*

Uses in this book:

1. I also explained that businessmen often prefer to keep their business private and not let one person know everything. [Back to B1](#)

clamp *klæmp* (1 occurrence)

Português: abraço forte

Simple English: a strong grip or hold

Example: *His hand felt like a strong clamp.*

Uses in this book:

1. The narrator noticed the driver's great strength; his hand felt like a strong clamp. [Back to B1](#)

collect *kə'lekt* (3 occurrences)

Português: coleccionar

Simple English: to bring things together in one place

Example: *They collect leaves in the park.*

Uses in this book:

1. The Count left for a while and asked the narrator to collect his papers. [Back to B1](#)
2. After a moment to collect her thoughts, she began to speak.
3. The man who came to collect it had the correct papers.

colourful *'kʌlərfʌl* (8 occurrences)

Português: coloridos

Simple English: Having many bright or different colors.

Example: *His spear and shield were colourful.*

Uses in this book:

1. Some looked like farmers from home, but others wore colourful clothes. [Back to B1](#)
2. She wore a white undershirt and a long, colourful apron that was quite tight. [Back to B1](#)
3. They passed people from local groups, the Cszeks and Slovaks, who wore colourful clothes. [Back to B1](#)
4. It was a beautiful autumn day with colourful leaves on the trees.
5. Her face became a little more colourful, and she breathed regularly as if sleeping healthily.

continuation *kɒntɪnju'eɪʃən* (5 occurrences)

Português: continuação

Simple English: something that follows or continues

Example: *This is a continuation of the journal.*

Uses in this book:

1. This is a continuation of Jonathan Harker's journal. [Back to B1](#)
2. This is a continuation of Jonathan Harker's journal. [Back to B1](#)
3. This is a continuation of Dr. Seward's diary.

4. This is a continuation of Dr. Seward's diary.
5. This is a continuation of Mina Harker's journal.

countryside *'kʌntrisaɪd* (1 occurrence)

Português: campo

Simple English: land outside cities and towns

Example: *The path through the countryside is shorter.*

Uses in this book:

1. The journey passed through a very beautiful countryside. [Back to B1](#)

damaged *'dæmɪdʒd* (3 occurrences)

Português: danificado

Simple English: broken or harmed

Example: *The damaged car needs repairs.*

Uses in this book:

1. He found the door at the top of the stairs closed and damaged, with part of the wood broken. [Back to B1](#)
2. Lucy's throat was bare, showing two small wounds that looked white and damaged.
3. He asked for his lips to be wet with brandy again, saying he had something important to say before he died, or before his damaged brain stopped working.

distinctive *dɪ'stɪŋktɪv* (1 occurrence)

Português: distintivo

Simple English: clearly different and easy to recognize

Example: *His face was very distinctive.*

Uses in this book:

1. Now I had a chance to look at him closely and saw that his face was very distinctive. [Back to B1](#)

doorbell /ˈdɔːr,bɛl/ (1 occurrence)

Português: campainha

Simple English: A bell that rings to show someone is at the door.

Example: *The doorbell rang loudly during the storm.*

Uses in this book:

1. There was no doorbell or knocker. [Back to B1](#)

energetic ,ɛnəˈdʒɛtɪk/ (4 occurrences)

Português: cheio de energia

Simple English: Having a lot of energy and activity.

Example: *She is very energetic and loves to play sports.*

Uses in this book:

1. He described this person as a young, energetic, and talented man who was very loyal and discreet. [Back to B1](#)
2. Lucy was more energetic but otherwise well.
3. He was now very determined, strong, and energetic.
4. She answered that she saw "darkness and the swirling of water." After she woke up, she seemed very happy and energetic.

enthusiastic /ɪnˌθjuːziˈæstɪk/ (2 occurrences)

Português: entusiasmado; empolgada

Simple English: Showing great excitement and eagerness about something.

Example: *He is very enthusiastic about learning new languages this year.*

Uses in this book:

1. He asked questions about Transylvania's history, and the Count became very enthusiastic. [Back to B1](#)
2. At this place, Mina became very enthusiastic.

event *ɪ'vent* (13 occurrences)

Português: acontecimento

Simple English: Something important or unusual that happens.

Example: *Even this hard event could not make him suffer more.*

Uses in this book:

1. The passenger felt like he was dreaming about this event many times. [Back to B1](#)
2. This strange event made the narrator feel very scared, and he was afraid to speak or move. [Back to B1](#)
3. Everyone in town was talking about this unusual event.
4. On July 29th, another bad event happened.
5. He wanted to know the facts, then hear the man's opinion on what caused the event and how he thought it would finish.

exam *ɪg'zæm* (1 occurrence)

Português: prova

Simple English: A test to check knowledge or skills.

Example: *The students did well in the mid-year exam.*

Uses in this book:

1. He remembered that he had recently passed his exam and was now a full solicitor. [Back to B1](#)

expensive *ɪk'spensɪv* (1 occurrence)

Português: caro

Simple English: Costing a lot of money.

Example: *That is an expensive suit.*

Uses in this book:

1. The writer noted that the house had great wealth, with expensive gold dishes and beautiful, old fabrics on the furniture and bed. [Back to B1](#)

famous *'feɪməs* (3 occurrences)

Português: famoso

Simple English: Known by many people.

Example: *Paris is a famous city.*

Uses in this book:

1. It is a large and impressive ruin, famous from a poem called Marmion. [Back to B1](#)
2. He says he is almost a hundred years old and was a sailor when a famous battle, Waterloo, took place.
3. He used this chance to tell her that his old teacher, Van Helsing, a famous doctor, would come to stay with him.

financial */fə'nænʃəl/* (1 occurrence)

Português: financeira

Simple English: Related to money, banking, or economic management.

Example: *She is studying financial management at university to become an accountant.*

Uses in this book:

1. He cleared the table, and we looked at plans, deeds, and financial papers. [Back to B1](#)

fingernails *'fɪŋgəneɪlz* (1 occurrence)

Português: unhas

Simple English: the hard parts at the end of fingers

Example: *Her fingernails were painted.*

Uses in this book:

1. His fingernails were long, thin, and sharp. [Back to B1](#)

fir *fɜːr* (1 occurrence)

Português: abeto

Simple English: A type of tall, green tree.

Example: *Dark fir trees stood out against the snow.*

Uses in this book:

1. In the valleys, dark fir trees stood out against snow. [Back to B1](#)

footprints *'fʊtprɪnts* (2 occurrences)

Português: pegadas

Simple English: Marks left by feet on the ground.

Example: *The footprints in the sand showed where she had walked.*

Uses in this book:

1. The room was the same, and I could see my footprints in the dust. [Back to B1](#)
2. The floor seemed to have inches of dust, except where there were recent footprints.

forgiveness *fər'gɪvɪnɪs* (7 occurrences)

Português: perdão

Simple English: The act of stopping feeling angry or blaming someone.

Example: *He asked for forgiveness softly.*

Uses in this book:

1. The man asked for forgiveness because he had a lot of private work to do that evening. [Back to B1](#)
2. He asked for forgiveness if he had been rude or wrong at the time the Professor remembered.
3. He again asks for her forgiveness, saying he read her letters to Lucy and knows she is a good person and that her husband is suffering.
4. The speaker asked for forgiveness.
5. He asked Arthur not to be too sad and said he would not ask for forgiveness until then.

frozen */'frouzən/* (1 occurrence)

Português: congelado; gelado; congelou

Simple English: Turned solid due to cold temperatures in environment.

Example: *The lake is frozen, so we can go ice skating this weekend.*

Uses in this book:

1. The passenger felt frozen with fear, realizing how terrible such a situation was. [Back to B1](#)

goodnight *ɡʊdˈnaɪt* (2 occurrences)

Português: boa noite

Simple English: Words used when going to sleep.

Example: *She said goodnight and went to bed.*

Uses in this book:

1. Lucy must stop writing now and says goodnight. [Back to B1](#)
2. She said goodnight to Arthur.

hello *həˈləʊ* (1 occurrence)

Português: olá

Simple English: a greeting when meeting someone

Example: *She said hello to the warrior.*

Uses in this book:

1. Lucy begins her letter by saying hello to her dear friend Mina. [Back to B1](#)

hooked *ˈhʊkt* (2 occurrences)

Português: curvado

Simple English: Bent in a curved shape like a hook.

Example: *She has a hooked nose, which makes her face very unique.*

Uses in this book:

1. His face had a strong, hooked nose with high nostrils. [Back to B1](#)
2. A tall, thin man with a hooked nose and a pointed beard was nearby.

idol *ˈaɪdəl* (1 occurrence)

Português: ídolo

Simple English: A person or thing that is greatly admired or worshipped.

Example: *Many fans consider her their music idol.*

Uses in this book:

1. As an English Churchman, I thought it was like idol worship. [Back to B1](#)

ignore /ɪg'nɔ:r/ (1 occurrence)

Português: ignorar

Simple English: To intentionally pay no attention to someone or something.

Example: *It's not polite to ignore someone when they are speaking to you.*

Uses in this book:

1. I remembered the Count's warning, but I decided to ignore it. [Back to B1](#)

ignored ɪg'nɔ:rd (3 occurrences)

Português: ignorado

Simple English: did not pay attention to someone or something

Example: *The boys ignored him and kept preparing the fire.*

Uses in this book:

1. After that, the drivers ignored the narrator. [Back to B1](#)
2. We even ignored things we saw happening.
3. They tried to ask him about their earlier talk, but he ignored them.

impressive ɪm'preɪsɪv (1 occurrence)

Português: impressionante

Simple English: making a strong positive feeling

Example: *The ape people think impressive things are male.*

Uses in this book:

1. It is a large and impressive ruin, famous from a poem called Marmion. [Back to B1](#)

inhabitants ɪn'hæbɪtənts (1 occurrence)

Português: habitantes

Simple English: People or animals who live in a place.

Example: *The inhabitants of the village are very friendly.*

Uses in this book:

1. The writer feels uneasy about the strange place and its inhabitants. [Back to B1](#)

innkeeper *'ɪnk.pi:kər* (1 occurrence)

Português: estalajadeiro

Simple English: A person who owns or manages an inn or small hotel.

Example: *The innkeeper welcomed the travelers warmly.*

Uses in this book:

1. I saw him talking to the innkeeper. [Back to B1](#)

insulted *ɪn'sʌltɪd* (1 occurrence)

Português: insultado

Simple English: Said or did something to hurt someone's feelings.

Example: *They insulted him after the argument.*

Uses in this book:

1. He became angry, calling it a bad thing that insulted friendship and hospitality. [Back to B1](#)

invisible *ɪn'vɪzəbl* (1 occurrence)

Português: invisível

Simple English: Cannot be seen.

Example: *He tried to become invisible by hiding behind the tree.*

Uses in this book:

1. Once, the driver seemed to be invisible when he stood in front of the light, which startled the passenger. [Back to B1](#)

invite *ɪn'vaɪt* (2 occurrences)

Português: convidar

Simple English: To ask someone to come or join.

Example: *Anne invited Diana for tea.*

Uses in this book:

1. The old man used his right hand to invite me inside with a polite movement. [Back to B1](#)
2. He would invite two other people they did not know yet.

invited *in'vaɪtɪd* (13 occurrences)

Português: convidou

Simple English: asked someone to come or join

Example: *He invited Tarzan to go with them.*

Uses in this book:

1. Going through that room, he opened a third door and invited Mr. Harker to enter. [Back to B1](#)
2. The Count invited me to sit down and eat. [Back to B1](#)
3. He invited the visitor to stay for a while so he could learn the English way of speaking and asked the visitor to correct him if he made mistakes. [Back to B1](#)
4. He invited the narrator to come with him, saying he would not be kept waiting if he wanted to leave. [Back to B1](#)
5. He then asked her to sit still and invited Dr. John to help him decorate the room with garlic from Haarlem, which was grown by his friend Vanderpool.

invites *in'vaɪts* (2 occurrences)

Português: convida

Simple English: Asks someone to come somewhere or do something.

Example: *She invites her friends to her birthday party.*

Uses in this book:

1. He invites Arthur to his campfire tomorrow night. [Back to B1](#)
2. He cannot enter a place unless someone inside invites him.

jewellery *'dʒu:əlri* (1 occurrence)

Português: joias

Simple English: Decorative items like rings or necklaces worn for beauty

Example: *She wore beautiful jewellery to the party.*

Uses in this book:

1. He also saw old, stained chains and jewellery. [Back to B1](#)

located /lou'keɪtɪd/ (1 occurrence)

Português: localizado

Simple English: Found in a particular place.

Example: *They asked where he was located.*

Uses in this book:

1. The castle was located on the edge of a very high cliff. [Back to B1](#)

location /lou'keɪʃən/ (6 occurrences)

Português: localização; posição; lugar

Simple English: Geographic position of a person, place, or object.

Example: *The location of the new restaurant is very convenient for everyone.*

Uses in this book:

1. It was hard to find the exact location of Castle Dracula on maps, but Bistritz, the town mentioned, was a known place. [Back to B1](#)
2. The Count seemed to understand and then asked if it would be difficult to have one person handle banking and another handle shipping, especially if local help was needed far away from the bank's location. [Back to B1](#)
3. The Professor knew the way and walked without hesitation, but the narrator was confused about their location.
4. Bloxam explained that he had moved nine large boxes from a house in Piccadilly to another location using a hired horse and cart.
5. The criminal thought he was safe and that no one could know his location because he had stopped accessing the other person's mind.

loyal /'lɔɪəl/ (2 occurrences)

Português: leal

Simple English: always supporting and being faithful to someone

Example: *She is loyal to her friends and helps them.*

Uses in this book:

1. He described this person as a young, energetic, and talented man who was very loyal and discreet. [Back to B1](#)
2. Then, they all knelt down together, holding hands, and promised to be loyal to each other.

messy *'mes.i* (4 occurrences)

Português: bagunçado

Simple English: Not clean or tidy.

Example: *Her desk is always messy.*

Uses in this book:

1. The house has been added to over time in a messy way, making it very large. [Back to B1](#)
2. A woman with messy hair was leaning against the gateway. [Back to B1](#)
3. Inside was a small, dirty piece of paper with a message written in a messy handwriting using a carpenter's pencil.
4. They were on the large dining-room table in a messy but organized way.

mix *mi:ks* (8 occurrences)

Português: mistura

Simple English: A combination of different things.

Example: *The cake is made from a mix of ingredients.*

Uses in this book:

1. I felt uneasy, a mix of longing and fear. [Back to B1](#)
2. She also felt a mix of sweet and bitter feelings.
3. He decided not to take sleeping medicine that night, because he had thought of Lucy and did not want to mix her memory with the medicine.
4. His strange thoughts and actions were a surprising mix.
5. Mina knew he was still confused about time and might mix up months or years.

narrator *'nærətər* (687 occurrences)

Português: narrador

Simple English: The person who tells a story.

Example: *The narrator was busy looking for strange things.*

Forms in this book: narrator, narrator's

Uses in this book:

1. The narrator left Munich on May 1st and arrived in Vienna the next morning. [Back to B1](#)

2. The narrator stayed at the Hotel Royale and ate a spicy chicken dish called "paprika hendl." He learned it was a national dish and could be found near the Carpathian Mountains. [Back to B1](#)
3. Before the trip, the narrator studied Transylvania in London. [Back to B1](#)
4. The narrator is going to the Szekelys, who believe they are descendants of Attila and the Huns. [Back to B1](#)
5. The narrator did not sleep well due to strange dreams and a dog howling. [Back to B1](#)

nearby ,nɪər'baɪ (14 occurrences)

Português: próximo

Simple English: close in distance

Example: *He climbed a nearby tree for safety.*

Uses in this book:

1. There are few houses nearby. [Back to B1](#)
2. The writer plans to sit here often to work and is doing so now, listening to three old men talking nearby. [Back to B1](#)
3. No one was on the pier at that time because people nearby were in bed or on the hills.
4. Mina thought Lucy must be nearby since she was only in her nightdress.
5. He asked John to book a room for him at the Great Eastern Hotel so he could be nearby.

neatly 'ni:tli (1 occurrence)

Português: ordenadamente

Simple English: In a clean and tidy way

Example: *She wrote her notes neatly in the notebook.*

Uses in this book:

1. He noticed small signs, like his clothes being neatly folded and his watch not being wound, which were not his usual habits. [Back to B1](#)

necklace *'neklɪz* (1 occurrence)

Português: colar

Simple English: A piece of jewelry worn around the neck.

Example: *She wore a beautiful diamond necklace.*

Uses in this book:

1. The writer moved away, and the Count's hand touched a necklace with a crucifix. [Back to B1](#)

onto *'antu* (21 occurrences)

Português: em cima de

Simple English: moving to a higher position on something

Example: *The cat jumped onto the table.*

Uses in this book:

1. His window looked out onto the courtyard, and he could only see the grey sky as morning began. [Back to B1](#)
2. He went to the window on the south side and climbed onto a narrow stone ledge outside. [Back to B1](#)
3. He called them all lies and imagined a chaotic scene on Judgment Day when people would try to bring their tombstones with them to prove they were good, even if they had been in the sea and could not hold onto them.
4. The sea quickly became very rough, with huge waves crashing onto the shore and cliffs.
5. Waves broke over the piers, splashing water onto the lighthouse lights.

overall */,oʊvər'ɔ:l/* (1 occurrence)

Português: global; geral; total

Simple English: Including all parts; considering everything as a whole.

Example: *Overall, the project was successful despite some initial challenges.*

Uses in this book:

1. Overall, he looked unusually pale. [Back to B1](#)

overlooks ˌoʊvərˈluks (1 occurrence)

Português: tem vista para

Simple English: To have a view from above of something

Example: *The hotel overlooks the beach.*

Uses in this book:

1. The writer thinks this is the best place in Whitby because it overlooks the town and has a great view of the harbour and the sea. [Back to B1](#)

panicked ˈpænikt (1 occurrence)

Português: entrou em pânico

Simple English: suddenly became very afraid

Example: *He panicked when he saw the fire.*

Uses in this book:

1. When the speaker realized he was a prisoner, he felt panicked and ran around trying doors and windows. [Back to B1](#)

paperwork ˈpeɪpərwɜːrk (2 occurrences)

Português: documentação

Simple English: Official documents that you need to complete.

Example: *He asked about sending goods and the necessary paperwork.*

Uses in this book:

1. He was pleased and asked about sending goods, the necessary paperwork, and possible problems. [Back to B1](#)

2. I easily completed the necessary paperwork and arranged for the local undertaker to visit in the evening to measure for a coffin and make other plans.

plants plænts (1 occurrence)

Português: plantas

Simple English: living things like trees and flowers

Example: *The garden has many different plants.*

Uses in this book:

1. I will always remember the last sight of the inn yard and the people making the sign of the cross as they stood by the entrance, with plants behind them. [Back to B1](#)

Poem /pouəm/ (2 occurrences)

Português: poema; poesia

Simple English: Written work arranged in lines to convey emotion, style, or rhythm.

Example: *She wrote a beautiful poem about love and nature last summer.*

Uses in this book:

1. One of the passengers whispered a line from a poem to another. [Back to B1](#)
2. It is a large and impressive ruin, famous from a poem called Marmion. [Back to B1](#)

polite pə'laɪt (15 occurrences)

Português: educado

Simple English: showing good manners

Example: *She is always polite to strangers.*

Uses in this book:

1. The old man used his right hand to invite me inside with a polite movement. [Back to B1](#)
2. With a polite bow, he opened the door to the octagonal room, and the guest entered their bedroom. [Back to B1](#)
3. Then, with a polite bow, the Count quickly left. [Back to B1](#)
4. He was very polite and cheerful. [Back to B1](#)
5. She noted that Mr. Morris was well-educated and polite but sometimes used American slang because he knew it amused her. [Back to B1](#)

postscript 'poustskript (4 occurrences)

Português: pós-escrito

Simple English: extra note added after a letter is finished

Example: *In a postscript, she asked if her nose was the right place to wear her engagement ring.*

Uses in this book:

1. Lucy added a postscript about "number Three". [Back to B1](#)
2. Sister Agatha adds a postscript because her patient is asleep.

3. Lucy adds a postscript saying her mother sends her love and seems to be feeling better.
4. In another postscript, Lucy mentions that she and Arthur are planning to get married on September 28th.

prefer *prɪ'fɜr* (2 occurrences)

Português: preferir

Simple English: To like one thing more than another.

Example: *I prefer tea to coffee.*

Uses in this book:

1. I also explained that businessmen often prefer to keep their business private and not let one person know everything. [Back to B1](#)
2. So, the narrator suggested that the friend might prefer a cat instead of a kitten.

preferred *prɪ'fɜ:rd* (3 occurrences)

Português: preferiu

Simple English: Liked one thing more than another.

Example: *She preferred tea over coffee.*

Uses in this book:

1. He mentioned his castle walls were broken, and it was shadowy and cold, which he preferred. [Back to B1](#)
2. He said he preferred hitting them before feeding them, but he waited until after they had eaten and drunk before trying to scratch their ears.
3. He did not like pale people; he preferred those with blood.

protruding *prə'tru:diŋ* (1 occurrence)

Português: protuberante

Simple English: Sticking out from a surface.

Example: *He smiled showing his protruding teeth.*

Uses in this book:

1. The Count saw this, moved back, and smiled in a way that showed his protruding teeth even more. [Back to B1](#)

proven *'pru:vən* (4 occurrences)

Português: comprovado

Simple English: Shown to be true or correct.

Example: *The scientist has proven the new theory.*

Uses in this book:

1. On May 12th, the writer decided to start with clear facts that could be proven, not personal experiences. [Back to B1](#)
2. He explained that faith means believing in things that are not proven.
3. Much of what we believe is proven by our own bad experiences.
4. Later, their worries were proven wrong.

punctual *'pʌŋktʃuəl* (1 occurrence)

Português: pontual

Simple English: Being on time.

Example: *Trains are less punctual the further east you go.*

Uses in this book:

1. For breakfast, he had more spicy food and a maize porridge called "mamaliga," and stuffed eggplant called "impletata." He had to rush to the station for his train, which left much later than scheduled, making him think that trains are less punctual the further east you go. [Back to B1](#)

researched *rɪ'sɜ:rtʃt* (1 occurrence)

Português: pesquisou

Simple English: looked for information carefully

Example: *She researched the history before writing the book.*

Uses in this book:

1. He had clearly researched the neighbourhood beforehand and knew more about it than I did. [Back to B1](#)

reserved *rɪ'zɜːrvd* (1 occurrence)

Português: reservado

Simple English: kept for a special person or purpose

Example: *I reserved a table at the restaurant.*

Uses in this book:

1. The next day, a coach would leave for Bukovina at three o'clock, and a seat was reserved for him. [Back to B1](#)

reviewed *rɪ'vjuːd* (1 occurrence)

Português: revise

Simple English: studied again to remember or check

Example: *He reviewed his notes before the test.*

Uses in this book:

1. The writer had spent the day studying and had reviewed some of the legal topics he had learned. [Back to B1](#)

rooster *'ruːstər* (2 occurrences)

Português: galo

Simple English: a male chicken that makes a loud noise

Example: *The rooster crowed early in the morning.*

Uses in this book:

1. Suddenly, they heard a rooster crow loudly in the morning air. [Back to B1](#)
2. The writer felt the morning had arrived and heard the sound of a rooster, which made them feel safe. [Back to B1](#)

rulers *'ruːlərz* (1 occurrence)

Português: governantes

Simple English: People who have power to control a country or group.

Example: *The rulers had great wealth and power.*

Uses in this book:

1. In the past, rulers did not repair them, fearing that the enemy might think they were preparing to bring in foreign soldiers and start a war. [Back to B1](#)

scary *'skɛri* (7 occurrences)

Português: assustador

Simple English: Causing fear or fright.

Example: *A scary panther's cry came from the jungle.*

Uses in this book:

1. He felt safe in his room, which had been scary before, because the women who wanted to harm him were more frightening. [Back to B1](#)
2. In Hampstead, some strange things were happening that reminded people of past scary events.
3. The place was not as scary as the night before, especially with the sunlight.
4. The tombs looked very white and scary, the trees seemed to represent death, and the sounds of nature felt ominous.
5. He had worried about her being involved in this scary situation.

scenery *'si:nəri* (1 occurrence)

Português: paisagem

Simple English: the natural land or view around you

Example: *We enjoyed the beautiful scenery on the trip.*

Uses in this book:

1. As we drove, I soon forgot my fears because the scenery was beautiful. [Back to B1](#)

scheduled *'skedʒ.u:ld* (1 occurrence)

Português: agendado

Simple English: Planned to happen at a certain time.

Example: *The meeting is scheduled for next Monday.*

Uses in this book:

1. For breakfast, he had more spicy food and a maize porridge called "mamaliga," and stuffed eggplant called "impletata." He had to rush to the station for his train, which left much later than scheduled, making him think that trains are less punctual the further east you go. [Back to B1](#)

sincere /sɪnˈsɪər/ (3 occurrences)

Português: sincero

Simple English: Genuine honest and expressing true feelings or beliefs openly.

Example: *His sincere apology made her feel much better after the argument.*

Uses in this book:

1. They promise Arthur a warm welcome and a sincere toast, but they will make sure he stops drinking if he has had too much for the sake of a certain pair of eyes. [Back to B1](#)
2. The man was so sincere and kind that the narrator felt emotional.
3. However, Seward admitted Renfield did seem sincere.

Sleepiness 'sli:pinəs (2 occurrences)

Português: sonolência

Simple English: feeling very tired and wanting to sleep

Example: *Sleepiness made him yawn during the class.*

Uses in this book:

1. Sleepiness made me stubborn. [Back to B1](#)
2. It felt like a very long time before her eyelids started to show sleepiness.

spicy 'spaɪsi (3 occurrences)

Português: picante

Simple English: Food with strong and hot flavors.

Example: *I like to eat spicy chicken.*

Uses in this book:

1. The narrator stayed at the Hotel Royale and ate a spicy chicken dish called "paprika hendl." He learned it was a national dish and could be found near the Carpathian Mountains. [Back to B1](#)
2. He also felt thirsty, possibly from the spicy food he ate. [Back to B1](#)
3. For breakfast, he had more spicy food and a maize porridge called "mamaliga," and stuffed eggplant called "impletata." He had to rush to the station for his train, which left much later than scheduled, making him think that trains are less punctual the further east you go. [Back to B1](#)

spooky 'spuki (1 occurrence)

Português: assustador

Simple English: strange and scary in a way that is not natural

Example: *Gub-Gub said it was spooky.*

Uses in this book:

1. The dark pine woods looked strange and made the narrator think of earlier, spooky thoughts from the sunset. [Back to B1](#)

staircase 'steərkeɪs (1 occurrence)

Português: escadaria

Simple English: A set of stairs inside a building.

Example: *They walked up the winding staircase.*

Uses in this book:

1. He insisted on carrying the bags along a passage and up a large, winding staircase. [Back to B1](#)

stubborn 'stʌbərn (3 occurrences)

Português: teimoso

Simple English: Not willing to change your ideas or attitude.

Example: *He is stubborn and never says sorry.*

Uses in this book:

1. Sleepiness made me stubborn. [Back to B1](#)
2. This old friend seemed to be the leader and was very stubborn, not admitting he was wrong and arguing with everyone.
3. When I answered him, I felt my stubborn and argumentative nature becoming strong.

suitcase 'su:tkeɪs (2 occurrences)

Português: mala

Simple English: A box to carry clothes when traveling.

Example: *She put her clothes in the suitcase.*

Uses in this book:

1. Then, I had an idea and searched my suitcase and the wardrobe where my clothes were. [Back to B1](#)

2. Lucy would keep her main suitcase in London until she asked for it.

Szekely 'sɛkɪli (1 occurrence)

Português: Szekely

Simple English: A group of people from Hungary, known for their history and bravery.

Example: *The Szekely people are proud of their ancestors.*

Uses in this book:

1. The speaker explained that the Szekely people were proud of their brave ancestors and their history of fighting. [Back to B1](#)

text tɛkst (5 occurrences)

Português: texto

Simple English: a written message or piece of writing

Example: *The text said someone was more wonderful than the warriors.*

Uses in this book:

1. The text mentions that despair can sometimes bring a sense of calm. [Back to B1](#)
2. The text ended with the word "Goodbye". [Back to B1](#)
3. This note explains that the following text was copied from Mina Murray's diary.
4. This text was written by a special reporter.
5. The text is dated October 29 and written on a train from Varna to Galatz.

thunderstorm 'θʌndə, stɔ:rm (1 occurrence)

Português: tempestade com trovão

Simple English: A storm with thunder, lightning, and heavy rain.

Example: *The sky was dark before the thunderstorm.*

Uses in this book:

1. Dark clouds were overhead, and the air felt heavy, like before a thunderstorm. [Back to B1](#)

toast *toust* (1 occurrence)

Português: brinde

Simple English: A short speech or drink to honor someone or something.

Example: *They had a toast to Flora before talking.*

Uses in this book:

1. They promise Arthur a warm welcome and a sincere toast, but they will make sure he stops drinking if he has had too much for the sake of a certain pair of eyes. [Back to B1](#)

toe *tou* (1 occurrence)

Português: dedo do pé

Simple English: One of the five parts at the end of your foot.

Example: *He wore black clothes from head to toe.*

Uses in this book:

1. He wore black clothes from head to toe, with no other colours. [Back to B1](#)

traditional *trə'dɪʃənəl* (1 occurrence)

Português: tradicional

Simple English: followed old customs or ways

Example: *They used traditional weapons like spears.*

Uses in this book:

1. An older woman, dressed in traditional clothes, greeted him. [Back to B1](#)

tricky *'trɪki* (1 occurrence)

Português: complicado

Simple English: Difficult to do or understand.

Example: *This problem is tricky to solve.*

Uses in this book:

1. His smile seemed tricky, and the narrator felt there was a hidden plan. [Back to B1](#)

uncovered ʌnˈkʌvəd (1 occurrence)

Português: descoberto

Simple English: not covered or closed

Example: *The bright light came from the uncovered window.*

Uses in this book:

1. The Count uncovered a dish, and I started eating an excellent roast chicken.

[Back to B1](#)

undershirt ˈʌndərʃɜːrt (1 occurrence)

Português: camiseta de baixo

Simple English: A piece of clothing worn under a shirt.

Example: *He wore a white undershirt under his shirt.*

Uses in this book:

1. She wore a white undershirt and a long, colourful apron that was quite tight.

[Back to B1](#)

unease ʌnˈiːz (1 occurrence)

Português: inquietação

Simple English: A feeling of worry or discomfort.

Example: *She felt unease when she heard the strange noise.*

Uses in this book:

1. This was very strange and increased the writer's unease. [Back to B1](#)

unfair ʌnˈfeɪr (4 occurrences)

Português: injusto

Simple English: not honest or equal

Example: *The trial was unfair to him.*

Uses in this book:

1. Lucy tells Mina that she thinks Mina is unfair about her writing. [Back to B1](#)

2. They complained that it was unfair for people to put broken bottles on top of walls, as this was the result.

3. Mina felt it was unfair that Jonathan, who had a good and strong nature, was so hurt.

4. Morris believed Renfield had a serious reason for his actions and felt it was unfair he did not get a chance.

unmotivated *ʌn'moʊtɪ,veɪtɪd* (1 occurrence)

Português: desmotivado

Simple English: Not having the desire or energy to do something.

Example: *After the failure, he felt unmotivated to continue.*

Uses in this book:

1. After being rejected the day before, they felt empty and unmotivated. [Back to B1](#)

unpleasant *ʌn'plezənt* (7 occurrences)

Português: desagradável

Simple English: Causing discomfort or dislike.

Example: *The smell was very unpleasant.*

Uses in this book:

1. It smelled sweet like honey, but there was also a bitter, unpleasant smell underneath, like blood. [Back to B1](#)
2. She moved in a way that was both exciting and unpleasant. [Back to B1](#)
3. Their laughter was hard and unpleasant, and it made the narrator feel weak. [Back to B1](#)
4. The room had many beautiful white flowers, making death look less unpleasant.
5. His face looked unkind and unpleasant.

unsafe *ʌn'seɪf* (1 occurrence)

Português: perigoso

Simple English: not safe; having danger

Example: *Their leader went with them to smoke, leaving his tent empty and unsafe.*

Uses in this book:

1. They feel unsafe and think that the Count is the least frightening thing in the castle. [Back to B1](#)

unwell ʌnˈweɪl (9 occurrences)

Português: doente

Simple English: not feeling healthy

Example: *She felt unwell and stayed home.*

Uses in this book:

1. On May 25th, the writer felt unwell and had no appetite. [Back to B1](#)
2. His father was unwell, so he would be coming soon.
3. It seemed like the captain might have become mentally unwell during the journey.
4. He called for the mate, who came up looking very unwell and scared.
5. Lucy's mother, Mrs. Westenra, was also unwell with a heart condition, and it was important not to upset her.

unwilling ʌnˈwiɪlɪŋ (1 occurrence)

Português: relutante

Simple English: Not wanting to do something

Example: *She was unwilling to leave the party early.*

Uses in this book:

1. When I asked for more information, the landlord seemed unwilling to talk. [Back to B1](#)

uphill ˈʌpˌhɪl (1 occurrence)

Português: subida

Simple English: Going up a slope or hill.

Example: *It was logical to go downhill rather than uphill.*

Uses in this book:

1. They were mostly going uphill. [Back to B1](#)

urge /ɜ:rdʒ/ (1 occurrence)

Português: exortar; instar; impulso

Simple English: To strongly recommend or encourage someone to take action.

Example: *I urge you to apply for that scholarship before the deadline.*

Uses in this book:

1. The narrator felt a strong urge to wake up, as if their instincts or soul were calling. [Back to B1](#)

urges ɜ:rdʒɪz (1 occurrence)

Português: insiste

Simple English: Tells someone strongly to do something.

Example: *She urges him to study harder.*

Uses in this book:

1. Quincey urges him to come. [Back to B1](#)

visitor 'vɪzɪtər (3 occurrences)

Português: visitante

Simple English: Someone who goes to see a place or person

Example: *The visitor stayed at the hotel for two nights.*

Uses in this book:

1. He mentioned that the visitor was there to tell him about his new estate in London, sent by his friend Peter Hawkins. [Back to B1](#)

2. He invited the visitor to stay for a while so he could learn the English way of speaking and asked the visitor to correct him if he made mistakes. [Back to B1](#)

wash wɒʃ (2 occurrences)

Português: lavar

Simple English: to clean something with water

Example: *They were given water to wash themselves.*

Uses in this book:

1. He said that after the journey, Mr. Harker would need to wash and get ready. [Back to B1](#)

2. He suggested they wash, dress, and eat breakfast, as they had time until sunset and the Count was not on land with them.

waterfalls *'wɔ:təfɔ:lz* (2 occurrences)

Português: cachoeiras

Simple English: Places where water falls down from a height.

Example: *We visited many beautiful waterfalls in the park.*

Uses in this book:

1. Sometimes, deep cuts in the mountains showed white waterfalls as the sun began to set. [Back to B1](#)
2. The land had high cliffs and waterfalls, looking like nature was celebrating.

woken *'woukən* (5 occurrences)

Português: acordados

Simple English: past participle of wake; to be caused to stop sleeping

Example: *She was woken by the loud noise.*

Uses in this book:

1. He slept soundly towards morning and was woken by knocking. [Back to B1](#)
2. Suddenly, the narrator was woken by the sound of dogs howling far away. [Back to B1](#)
3. I feel much stronger now, like I have woken up from a bad dream into a beautiful morning.
4. He was woken by Mina, who sat up in bed looking scared.
5. Then, looking at me with wide-open eyes, as if she had just woken up, she simply said that she could not.

writer *'raɪtər* (6 occurrences)

Português: escritor

Simple English: A person who writes books or articles.

Example: *The writer finished his new novel last month.*

Uses in this book:

1. This was very strange and increased the writer's unease. [Back to B1](#)
2. When the Count saw the blood on his face, he became very angry and tried to grab the writer's throat. [Back to B1](#)

3. If the letters did not reach their destination, the Count would not learn the writer's secret or how much she knew. [Back to B1](#)
4. The writer's thought was interrupted because he saw a red mark on his forehead in the mirror.
5. They planned to meet in the writer's study soon to decide what to do.