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Когда Джонатан Харкер прибыл в мрач-  
ный замок Дракулы в Трансильвании, он и не  
предполагал, что с ним может случиться. Од-  
нако ужасные ночные повадки хозяина замка  
вскоре заставили Харкера опасаться за свою  
жизнь... Это рассказ о битве со злом, которую  
ведут профессор Ван Хелсинг и его молодые  
друзья. Их противник — самый коварный  
вампир в мире.

Текст адаптирован для продолжающих  
изучать английский язык (уровень 3 —  
Intermediate) и сопровождается коммента-  
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**DRACULA**  
**by Bram Stoker**





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

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

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<sup>1</sup> **Jonathan Harker** — Джонатан Харкер

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

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

<sup>4</sup> **Hotel Royale** — отель «Ройяль»

I asked the waiter, and he said it was a national dish. I used German here.

Before my journey, I visited the British Museum, and studied some of the books and maps in the library regarding **Transylvania**<sup>1</sup>. It was impossible to mark the exact locality of the Castle Dracula, as there were no maps of this country; but I found that Bistritz, the town named by **Count Dracula**<sup>2</sup>, was a well-known place.

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

All day long we were watching beautiful views. Sometimes we saw little towns or castles on top of the hills; sometimes we ran by rivers and streams. At every station there were groups of people, sometimes crowds. The strangest figures we saw were **the Slovaks**<sup>3</sup> with their big cowboy hats, great trousers, white linen shirts,

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<sup>1</sup> **Transylvania** — Трансильвания (историческая область на северо-западе Румынии)

<sup>2</sup> **Count Dracula** — граф Дракула

<sup>3</sup> **the Slovaks** — словаки

and enormous heavy leather belts. They looked like real brigands.

We got to Bistritz in the evening. It was a very interesting old place. Earlier, Count Dracula directed me to go to the **Golden Krone Hotel**<sup>1</sup>. An elderly woman in the usual peasant dress smiled, and gave me a letter:

*My Friend, welcome to the **Carpathians**<sup>2</sup>. I am anxiously expecting you. Sleep well tonight. At the **Borgo Pass**<sup>3</sup> my carriage will await you and will bring you to me. I hope that your journey from London has been a happy one, and that you will enjoy your stay on my beautiful land.*

*Your friend,  
Dracula.*

4 May.—My landlord got a letter from the Count to give **the best place on the coach**<sup>4</sup> for me. He and his wife, the old lady who had received me, looked fright-

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<sup>1</sup> **Golden Krone Hotel** — гостиница «Золотая корона»

<sup>2</sup> **Carpathians** — Карпаты

<sup>3</sup> **Borgo Pass** — перевал Борго

<sup>4</sup> **the best place on the coach** — лучшее место в дилижансе

ened. When I asked him if he knew Count Dracula, and could tell me anything of his castle, both he and his wife said that they knew nothing at all, and simply refused to speak further. It was all very mysterious and suspicious.

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

She was very excited, and mixed German with some other language which I did not know at all. When I told her that I must go at once, and that I had important business, she asked again, "Do you know what day it is? It is **the eve of St. George's Day**<sup>1</sup>. Do you not know that tonight, when the clock strikes midnight, **all the evil things in the world**<sup>2</sup> will have full power on the earth? Do you know where you are going, and what you are going to?"

She was in such evident distress that I tried to comfort her, but without effect. Finally she went down on her knees and implored me not to go; at least to wait a

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<sup>1</sup> **the eve of St. George's Day** — канун Св. Георгия

<sup>2</sup> **all the evil things in the world** — вся нечисть этого мира

day or two. It was all very ridiculous but I did not feel comfortable. However, there was business to be done, and I couldn't allow anything to interfere. I thanked her, and said that my duty was imperative, and that I must go. She then rose, dried her eyes, and gave me a little cross from her neck. She put the rosary round my neck, and said, "**For your mother's sake**<sup>1</sup>," and went out of the room. I am writing up this part of the diary while I am waiting for the coach, which is, of course, late; the cross is still round my neck. I think about **Mina**<sup>2</sup>. Here comes the coach!

5 May. The castle.—When I got on the coach the driver had not taken his seat. He was talking with the landlady. They were evidently talking of me, for they looked at me the entire time, and some of the people who were sitting on the bench outside the door came and listened, and then looked at me. I could hear a lot of words often repeated, queer words, for there were many nationalities

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<sup>1</sup> **For your mother's sake** — Ради вашей матери

<sup>2</sup> **Mina** — Мина



in the crowd. I quietly got my dictionary from my bag. These words were not funny to me, for amongst them were “Ordog” — Satan, “pokol” — hell, “stregoica” — witch, “vrolok” and “vlkoslak” — both of which mean the same, **werewolf**<sup>1</sup> or vampire (I must ask the Count about these superstitions).

When we started, the crowd round the inn door made the sign of the cross and pointed two fingers towards me. I asked **a fellow passenger**<sup>2</sup> to tell me what they meant; he explained that it was a charm against the evil eye.

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

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

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<sup>1</sup> **werewolf** — оборотень

<sup>2</sup> **a fellow passenger** — попутчик

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

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

"Give me the Herr's luggage," said the driver and took my bags. Then I descended from the side of the coach, as the carriage was close. The driver helped me with a hand which caught my arm in **a grip of steel**<sup>1</sup>; his strength was prodigious. Without a word he shook his reins, the horses turned, and we ran into the darkness of the Pass.

The driver said in excellent German, "The night is chill, **mein Herr**<sup>2</sup>, there is

<sup>1</sup> **a grip of steel** — стальная хватка

<sup>2</sup> **mein Herr** — мой господин (нем.)

a flask of **slivovitz**<sup>1</sup> (the plum brandy of the country) underneath the seat.”

The carriage went straight along, then we made a complete turn and went along another straight road. I felt suspense. Then a dog began to howl somewhere in a farmhouse far down the road — a long wailing, **as if from fear**<sup>2</sup>. Another dog took the sound, and then another and another, till a wild howling began.

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

Suddenly, I saw a faint blue flame. The driver saw it at the same moment; he jumped to the ground and disappeared into the darkness. I did not know what to do, as the howling of the wolves grew closer;

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<sup>1</sup> **slivovitz** — сливовица

<sup>2</sup> **as if from fear** — как будто от страха

but while I wondered the driver suddenly appeared again, and without a word took his seat. There appeared a strange optical effect: when he stood between me and the flame he did not obstruct it, for I could see the flame through him. It was like a sort of awful nightmare. I decided that my eyes deceived me.

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

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

Same day, later.—In the gloom the courtyard looked considerable. Several dark ways led from it under great round arches. It perhaps seemed bigger than it really is. I have not seen it **by daylight**<sup>1</sup>.

When the carriage stopped, the driver jumped down and assisted me. Again I noticed his prodigious strength. His hand

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<sup>1</sup> **by daylight** — при дневном свете

actually seemed like **a steel vice**<sup>1</sup> that could crush mine. I stood close to a great old door. As I stood, the driver jumped again into his seat and went away.

I stood in silence where I was, for I did not know what to do. There was no sign of a bell or a knocker. The time I waited seemed endless. What sort of place had I come to, and among what kind of people? I was **a solicitor's clerk**<sup>2</sup>, here to explain the purchase of a London estate to a foreigner. Solicitor's clerk! No, no, no. Just before leaving London I passed my examination successfully; and I am now a solicitor!

I heard a heavy step behind the great door. Then it opened. Within, stood a tall old man, with a long white moustache. He was dressed in black **from head to foot**<sup>3</sup>. He held in his hand an antique silver lamp. The old man made a courtly bow and said in excellent English, but with a strange intonation.

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<sup>1</sup> **a steel vice** — стальные тиски

<sup>2</sup> **a solicitor's clerk** — помощник стряпчего

<sup>3</sup> **from head to foot** — с головы до ног

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Count stopped, put down my bags, closed the door, and crossed the room.