

Bram Stoker (From:) *Dracula* (1897)

(These extracts are from chapters 2-8. The entire book comprises 27 chapters.)

Jonathan Harker, a young solicitor's clerk from England and one of the narrators in the novel, is on his way to Transylvania to conduct business with a client of his employer's: Count Dracula. On his journey through Transylvania, he has had several ill omens: people have made the sign of the Cross when they heard where he was going, he has heard many howling wolves etc. When we meet him in chapter 2 he has just reached Castle Dracula.

Jonathan Harker's Journal

[...]

(From: Chapter 2)

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 gloom¹ the courtyard looked of considerable size, and as several dark ways led from it under great round arches², it perhaps seemed bigger than it really is. I have not yet been able to see it by daylight.

When the caleche³ stopped, the driver jumped down and held out his hand to assist me to alight⁴. Again I could not but notice his prodigious⁵ strength. His hand actually seemed like a steel vice⁶ that could have crushed mine if he had chosen. Then he took my traps⁷, and placed them on the ground beside me as I stood close to a great door, old and studded⁸ with large iron nails, and set in a projecting doorway of massive stone. I could see even in the dim⁹ 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 reins¹⁰. The horses started¹¹ forward, and trap and all disappeared down one of the dark openings.

¹ Gloom: tasmørke

² arch: buegang

³ Caleche: kalechevogn (dvs. den hestevogn, som bringer J.H. til Draculas borg.)

⁴ Alight: stige ud

⁵ prodigious: Ødsel, ”virkeligt stor”

⁶ Steel vice: stålhandske

⁷ traps: kufferter

⁸ Studded with...: beslået med jernpigge

⁹ Dim: svag

¹⁰ Reins: tømmerne

¹¹ Started: gav et sæt

I stood in silence where I was, for I did not know what to do. Of bell or knocker¹² there was no sign. Through these frowning¹³ walls and dark window openings it was not likely that my voice could penetrate¹⁴. 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 embarked¹⁵? Was this a customary¹⁶ incident in the life of a solicitor's clerk¹⁷ sent out to explain the purchase of a London estate to a foreigner? Solicitor's clerk! Mina¹⁸ would not like that. Solicitor, for just before leaving London I got word that my examination was successful, and I am now a full-blown¹⁹ 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 Carpathians²⁰. All I could do now was to be patient, and to wait the coming of morning.

Just as I had come to this conclusion I heard a heavy step approaching behind the great door, and saw through the chinks²¹ the gleam of a coming light. Then there was the sound of rattling chains and the clanking²² of massive bolts drawn back. A key was turned with the loud grating²³ noise of long disuse, and the great door swung back.

Within, stood a tall old man, clean shaven save²⁴ for a long white moustache, and clad in black from head to foot, without a single speck²⁵ of colour about him anywhere. He held in his hand an antique silver lamp, in which the flame burned without a chimney or globe of any kind,

¹² Knocker: dørhammer

¹³ frowning: barske

¹⁴ penetrate: trænge igennem

¹⁵ embarked: givet mig i kast

¹⁶ customary: almindelig

¹⁷ solicitor's clerk: advokatsekretær

¹⁸ Mina: J. H.s forlovede

¹⁹ full-blown: fuldt ud

²⁰ Carpathians: Karpaterne (bjergkæde)

²¹ Chinks: dørsprække

²² Clanking: skramlen

²³ Grating: skurrende

²⁴ Save: med undtagelse af

²⁵ Speck: plet

throwing long quivering²⁶ shadows as it flickered²⁷ in the draught of the open door. The old man motioned me in with his right hand with a courtly²⁸ gesture, saying in excellent English, but with a strange intonation:

"Welcome to my house! Enter freely and of your own free 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 wince²⁹, an effect which was not lessened by the fact that it seemed cold as ice, more like the hand of a dead than a living man. Again he said:

"Welcome to my house! Enter freely. Go safely, and leave something of the happiness you bring!" The strength of the handshake was so much akin³⁰ 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, "Count Dracula?"

He bowed in a courtly way as he replied, "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 bracket³¹ on the wall, and stepping out, took my luggage. He had carried it in before I could forestall³² him. I protested, but he insisted:

"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 winding³³ 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 rejoiced³⁴ to see within a well-lit room in which a table was

²⁶ Quivering: dirrende

²⁷ Flicker: blafre

²⁸ courtly: høflig

²⁹ wince: trække tilbage

³⁰ Akin: lig med

³¹ bracket: hylde/niche

³² forestall: stoppe

³³ winding stair: vindeltrappe

³⁴ I rejoiced: det glædede mig

spread for supper, and on whose mighty hearth³⁵ a great fire of logs, freshly replenished³⁶, flamed and flared.

The Count halted³⁷, putting down my bags, closed the door, and crossing the room, opened another door, which led into a small octagonal³⁸ 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:

"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."

The light and warmth and the Count's courteous welcome seemed to have dissipated³⁹ all my doubts and fears. Having then reached my normal state, I discovered that I was half famished⁴⁰ with hunger. So making a hasty toilet, I went into the other room.

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:

"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."

³⁵ hearth: ildsted

³⁶ replenished: genopfylt

³⁷ halted: stoppede

³⁸ octagonal: ottekantet

³⁹ dissipated: fordrevet

⁴⁰ famished: død af sult

I handed to him the sealed letter which Mr. Hawkins had entrusted⁴¹ to me. He opened it and read it gravely⁴². Then, with a charming smile, he handed it to me to read. One passage of it, at least, gave me a thrill⁴³ of pleasure.

"I must regret that an attack of gout⁴⁴, from which malady⁴⁵ 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 sufficient⁴⁶ 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 faithful⁴⁷ disposition⁴⁸. He is discreet and silent, and has grown into manhood in my service. He shall be ready to attend⁴⁹ on you when you will during his stay, and shall take your instructions in all matters."

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 degrees⁵⁰ all I had experienced.

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 marked⁵¹ physiognomy⁵².

⁴¹ entrusted: betroet

⁴² gravely: alvorligt

⁴³ thrill: gysen

⁴⁴ gout: gigt

⁴⁵ malady: sygdom

⁴⁶ sufficient: passende

⁴⁷ faithful: loyal

⁴⁸ disposition: karakter (måde at være på)

⁴⁹ attend: tjene

⁵⁰ by degrees: gradvist

⁵¹ marked: bemærkelsesværdig

⁵² physiognomy: fysiognomi (udseende)

His face was a strong, a very strong, aquiline⁵³, with high bridge⁵⁴ of the thin nose and peculiarly⁵⁵ arched nostrils, with lofty domed⁵⁶ forehead, and hair growing scantily⁵⁷ round the temples but profusely⁵⁸ 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 fixed⁵⁹ and rather cruel-looking, with peculiarly sharp white teeth. These protruded⁶⁰ over the lips, whose remarkable ruddiness⁶¹ showed astonishing⁶² vitality⁶³ 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 pallor⁶⁴.

Hitherto⁶⁵ 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 coarse⁶⁶, broad, with squat⁶⁷ 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 shudder⁶⁸. It may have been that his breath was rank⁶⁹, but a horrible feeling of nausea⁷⁰ came over me, which, do what I would, I could not conceal.

⁵³ aquiline: ørneagtig

⁵⁴ bridge of the nose: næseryg

⁵⁵ peculiarly: besynderligt

⁵⁶ lofty domed forehead: høj pande

⁵⁷ scantily: spredt

⁵⁸ profusely: voldsomt, overdådigt

⁵⁹ fixed: ”hård” (f.eks. med sammenknebne læber)

⁶⁰ protruded: stak frem over

⁶¹ ruddiness: rødhed

⁶² astonishing: forundrende

⁶³ vitality: vitalitet, livskraft

⁶⁴ pallor: blegghed

⁶⁵ hitherto: indtil videre

⁶⁶ coarse: grove

⁶⁷ squat: små, korte

⁶⁸ shudder: gysen

⁶⁹ rank: ildelugtende

⁷⁰ nausea: kvalme

The Count, evidently noticing it, drew back. And with a grim⁷¹ sort of smile, which showed more than he had yet done his protruberant⁷² 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 gleamed⁷³, and he said:

"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, "Ah, sir, you dwellers in the city⁷⁴ cannot enter into the feelings of the hunter." Then he rose and said:

"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.

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!

[...]

(From: Chapter 2)

8 May.--I began to fear as I wrote in this book that I was getting too diffuse⁷⁵. 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 uneasy⁷⁶. 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 me⁷⁷, but would⁷⁸ that that were all! If there were any one to talk to I could bear it, but there is no one. I have only the Count to

⁷¹ grim: barskt

⁷² protruberant: fremtrædende

⁷³ gleamed: lyste op

⁷⁴ dwellers of the city: byboere

⁷⁵ diffuse: uklar

⁷⁶ uneasy: ubehageligt til mode

⁷⁷ telling on me: tærer på mig

⁷⁸ would: jeg ville ønske

speak with, and he--I fear I am myself the only living soul within the place. Let me be prosaic⁷⁹ so far as facts can be. It will help me to bear up⁸⁰, 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.

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 glass⁸¹ 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 started⁸², 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 salutation⁸³, 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 trickling⁸⁴ 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 blazed⁸⁵ 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 beads⁸⁶ 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.

"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

⁷⁹ prosaic: prosaisk (dvs. direkte)

⁸⁰ bear up: holde ud

⁸¹ shaving glass: barberingsspejl

⁸² started: fik et chok

⁸³ salutation: hilsen

⁸⁴ trickling: løb

⁸⁵ blazed: lyste op

⁸⁶ string of beads: perlekrans

has done the mischief⁸⁷. It is a foul bauble of man's vanity⁸⁸. Away with it!" And opening the window with one wrench⁸⁹ 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-case⁹⁰ or the bottom of the shaving pot, which is fortunately of metal.

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 peculiar⁹¹ 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 terrific⁹² precipice⁹³. 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 rift⁹⁴ where there is a chasm. Here and there are silver threads where the rivers wind⁹⁵ in deep gorges⁹⁶ through the forests.

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. The castle is a veritable⁹⁷ prison, and I am a prisoner!

[...]

⁸⁷ mischief: ulykke

⁸⁸ it is...vanity: "det er et grimt, overfladisk udtryk for menneskets forfængelighed"

⁸⁹ Wrench: drejning, vrid

⁹⁰ watch-case: urkapsel

⁹¹ peculiar: besynderlig

⁹² terrific: enorm

⁹³ precipice: klippeafgrund

⁹⁴ rift: sprække

⁹⁵ wind: snor sig

⁹⁶ gorge: kløft

⁹⁷ veritable: sandt

The count has warned Jonathan that certain parts of the castle are restricted. He cannot enter them; it is forbidden. Jonathan has continued to explore the castle, however, and has entered one of the forbidden passages.

(From: Chapter 3)

I suppose I must have fallen asleep. I hope so, but I fear, for all that followed was startlingly⁹⁸ 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.

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 brilliant⁹⁹ moonlight, my own footsteps marked where I had disturbed the long accumulation¹⁰⁰ 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, 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, piercing¹⁰¹ 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 masses of golden hair and eyes like pale sapphires¹⁰². I seemed somehow to know her face, and to know it in connection with some dreamy fear, but I could not recollect¹⁰³ at the moment how or where. All three had brilliant white teeth that shone like pearls against the ruby¹⁰⁴ of their voluptuous¹⁰⁵ 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 wicked¹⁰⁶, 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, tingling¹⁰⁷ sweetness of waterglasses when

⁹⁸ startlingly: skræmmende

⁹⁹ brilliant: klare

¹⁰⁰ accumulation: ansamling

¹⁰¹ piercing: gennemtrængende

¹⁰² sapphire: safir (ædelsten)

¹⁰³ recollect: huske

¹⁰⁴ ruby: rubinrød farve

¹⁰⁵ voluptuous: fyldige, vellystige, sensuelle

¹⁰⁶ wicked: frækt, dristigt, "ulovligt"

¹⁰⁷ tingling: dirrende

played on by a cunning¹⁰⁸ hand. The fair girl shook her head coquettishly¹⁰⁹, and the other two urged¹¹⁰ her on.

One said, "Go on! You are first, and we shall follow. Yours' is the right to begin."

The other added, "He is young and strong. There are kisses for us all."

I lay quiet, looking out from under my eyelashes in an agony¹¹¹ of delightful¹¹² anticipation¹¹³. The fair girl advanced¹¹⁴ 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 offensiveness¹¹⁵, as one smells in blood.

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 gloating¹¹⁶. There was a deliberate¹¹⁷ voluptuousness¹¹⁸ which was both thrilling¹¹⁹ and repulsive¹²⁰, and as she arched¹²¹ her neck she actually licked her lips like an animal, till I could see in the moonlight the moisture¹²² shining on the scarlet¹²³ lips and on the red tongue as it lapped¹²⁴ the white sharp teeth. Lower and lower went her head as the lips went below the range¹²⁵ of my mouth and chin and seemed to

¹⁰⁸ cunning: dygtig

¹⁰⁹ Coquettishly: koket

¹¹⁰ urged her on: æggede hende videre (dvs. opfordrede hende indtrængende til at fortsætte)

¹¹¹ agony: smerte

¹¹² delightful: vidunderlig

¹¹³ anticipation: forventning

¹¹⁴ advanced: bevægede sig fremad

¹¹⁵ offensiveness: frastødende kvalitet

¹¹⁶ gloating: triumfere

¹¹⁷ deliberate: bevidst

¹¹⁸ voluptuousness: vellystighed

¹¹⁹ thrilling: ophidsende

¹²⁰ repulsive: frastødende

¹²¹ arched: bøjede

¹²² moisture: fugt

¹²³ scarlet: højrøde

¹²⁴ lapped: slikkede

¹²⁵ range: rækkevidde

fasten¹²⁶ on my throat. Then she paused, and I could hear the churning¹²⁷ sound of her tongue as it licked her teeth and lips, and I could feel the hot breath on my neck. Then the skin of my throat began to tingle¹²⁸ 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 dents¹²⁹ of two sharp teeth, just touching and pausing there. I closed my eyes in languorous¹³⁰ ecstasy and waited, waited with beating heart.

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 lapped¹³¹ in a storm of fury. As my eyes opened involuntarily I saw his strong hand grasp the slender¹³² neck of the fair woman and with giant's power draw it back, the blue eyes transformed with fury, the white teeth champing¹³³ with rage, and the fair cheeks blazing red with passion¹³⁴. But the Count! Never did I imagine such wrath and fury, even to the demons of the pit¹³⁵. His eyes were positively¹³⁶ blazing. The red light in them was lurid¹³⁷, as if the flames of hell fire 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 heaving¹³⁸ bar of whitehot¹³⁹ 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 imperious¹⁴⁰ 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 in the room he said:

¹²⁶ fasten: fastgøre sig

¹²⁷ churning: malende (dvs. hun slikker i cirkler, rundt og rundt)

¹²⁸ tingle: sitre

¹²⁹ dents: mærker

¹³⁰ langourous: smægtende, trykkende, sløv

¹³¹ lapped: indhyllet i

¹³² slender: slanke

¹³³ champing with rage: tænderskærende af raseri

¹³⁴ passion: ophidselse

¹³⁵ the pit: Helvede

¹³⁶ positively: endog

¹³⁷ lurid: glødende

¹³⁸ Heaving: pulserende

¹³⁹ Whitehot: hvidglødende

¹⁴⁰ Imperious: myndig

"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 meddle¹⁴¹ with him, or you'll have to deal with me."

The fair girl, with a laugh of ribald¹⁴² coquetry, turned to answer him. "You yourself never loved. You never love!" On this the other women joined, and such a mirthless¹⁴³, hard, soulless laughter rang through the room that it almost made me faint to hear. It seemed like the pleasure of fiends¹⁴⁴.

Then the Count turned, after looking at my face attentively, and said in a soft whisper, "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."

"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 wail¹⁴⁵, as of a half smothered¹⁴⁶ child. The women closed round, whilst I was aghast¹⁴⁷ 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.

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

[...]

¹⁴¹ Meddle: blande sig

¹⁴² Ribald: sjofel

¹⁴³ Mirthless: glædesløs

¹⁴⁴ Fiends: djævla

¹⁴⁵ wail: klagen

¹⁴⁶ smothered: kvalt

¹⁴⁷ aghast: forfærdet

Mina is Jonathan's fiancé. She has stayed in England when Jonathan left for Transylvania. She is writing about her friend Lucy.

Mina Murray's Journal.

(From: Chapter 8)

11 August.--Diary again. No sleep now, so I may as well write. I am too agitated¹⁴⁸ to sleep. We have had such an adventure, such an agonizing¹⁴⁹ experience. I fell asleep as soon as I had closed my diary. . . Suddenly I became broad awake, and sat up, with a horrible sense of fear upon me, and of some feeling of emptiness around me. The room was dark, so I could not see Lucy's bed. I stole across¹⁵⁰ and felt for her. The bed was empty. I lit a match and found that she was not in the room. The door was shut, but not locked, as I had left it. I feared to wake her mother, who has been more than usually ill lately, so threw on some clothes and got ready to look for her. As I was leaving the room it struck me that the clothes she wore might give me some clue to her dreaming intention. Dressing-gown¹⁵¹ would mean house, dress outside. Dressing-gown and dress were both in their places. "Thank God," I said to myself, "she cannot be far, as she is only in her nightdress."

I ran downstairs and looked in the sitting room¹⁵². Not there! Then I looked in all the other rooms of the house, with an ever-growing fear chilling my heart. Finally, I came to the hall door and found it open. It was not wide open, but the catch¹⁵³ of the lock had not caught. The people of the house are careful to lock the door every night, so I feared that Lucy must have gone out as she was. There was no time to think of what might happen. A vague over-mastering fear obscured all details.

I took a big, heavy shawl and ran out. The clock was striking one as I was in the Crescent, and there was not a soul in sight. I ran along the North Terrace, but could see no sign of the white

¹⁴⁸ Agitated: urolig, ophidset

¹⁴⁹ agonizing: pinefuld

¹⁵⁰ stole across: "listede mig hen"

¹⁵¹ Dressing-gown: morgenkåbe

¹⁵² Sitting room: opholdsstue

¹⁵³ Catch: krog

figure which I expected. At the edge of the West Cliff above the pier¹⁵⁴ I looked across the harbour to the East Cliff, in the hope or fear, I don't know which, of seeing Lucy in our favorite seat¹⁵⁵.

There was a bright full moon, with heavy black, driving clouds, which threw the whole scene into a fleeting¹⁵⁶ diorama¹⁵⁷ of light and shade as they sailed across. For a moment or two I could see nothing, as the shadow of a cloud obscured St. Mary's Church and all around it. Then as the cloud passed I could see the ruins of the abbey coming into view, and as the edge of a narrow band of light as sharp as a sword-cut moved along, the church and churchyard became gradually visible. Whatever my expectation was, it was not disappointed, for there, on our favorite seat, the silver light of the moon struck a half-reclining¹⁵⁸ figure, snowy white. The coming of the cloud was too quick for me to see much, for shadow shut down on light almost immediately, but it seemed to me as though something dark stood behind the seat where the white figure shone, and bent over it. What it was, whether man or beast, I could not tell.

I did not wait to catch another glance¹⁵⁹, but flew down the steep¹⁶⁰ steps to the pier and along by the fish-market to the bridge, which was the only way to reach the East Cliff. The town seemed as dead, for not a soul did I see. I rejoiced¹⁶¹ that it was so, for I wanted no witness of poor Lucy's condition. The time and distance seemed endless, and my knees trembled and my breath came laboured¹⁶² as I toiled up the endless steps to the abbey. I must have gone fast, and yet it seemed to me as if my feet were weighted¹⁶³ with lead, and as though every joint in my body were rusty.

¹⁵⁴ pier: bådebro, anløbsbro

¹⁵⁵ Seat: (her:) plads

¹⁵⁶ fleeting: flygtigt

¹⁵⁷ diorama: diorama (dvs. En tredimensional model af et stykke virkelighed. Bruges eks. i undervisning.)

¹⁵⁸ half-reclining: halvt liggende

¹⁵⁹ glance: glimt

¹⁶⁰ steep: stejl

¹⁶¹ rejoiced: glædede mig

¹⁶² laboured: (her:) stødvis

¹⁶³ weighted: tynget

When I got almost to the top I could see the seat and the white figure, for I was now close enough to distinguish it even through the spells¹⁶⁴ of shadow. There was undoubtedly something, long and black, bending over the half-reclining white figure. I called in fright, "Lucy! Lucy!" and something raised a head, and from where I was I could see a white face and red, gleaming eyes.

Lucy did not answer, and I ran on to the entrance of the churchyard. As I entered, the church was between me and the seat, and for a minute or so I lost sight of her. When I came in view again the cloud had passed, and the moonlight struck so brilliantly that I could see Lucy half reclining with her head lying over the back of the seat. She was quite alone, and there was not a sign of any living thing about.

When I bent over her I could see that she was still asleep. Her lips were parted¹⁶⁵, and she was breathing, not softly as usual with her, but in long, heavy gasps, as though striving to get her lungs full at every breath. As I came close, she put up her hand in her sleep and pulled the collar of her nightdress close around her, as though she felt the cold. I flung the warm shawl over her, and drew the edges tight around her neck, for I dreaded lest¹⁶⁶ she should get some deadly chill from the night air, unclad as she was. I feared to wake her all at once, so, in order to have my hands free to help her, I fastened the shawl at her throat with a big safety pin. But I must have been clumsy in my anxiety¹⁶⁷ and pinched or pricked her with it, for by-and-by, when her breathing became quieter, she put her hand to her throat again and moaned. When I had her carefully wrapped up I put my shoes on her feet, and then began very gently to wake her.

At first she did not respond, but gradually she became more and more uneasy¹⁶⁸ in her sleep, moaning and sighing occasionally. At last, as time was passing fast, and for many other reasons, I wished to get her home at once, I shook her forcibly¹⁶⁹, till finally she opened her

¹⁶⁴ spell: (her:) lag el. lign.

¹⁶⁵ Parted: adskilte

¹⁶⁶ lest: (her:) at

¹⁶⁷ anxiety: bekymring

¹⁶⁸ uneasy: urolig

¹⁶⁹ forcibly: kraftigt

eyes and awoke. She did not seem surprised to see me, as, of course, she did not realize all at once where she was.

Lucy always wakes prettily, and even at such a time, when her body must have been chilled with cold, and her mind somewhat appalled¹⁷⁰ at waking unclad in a churchyard at night, she did not lose her grace¹⁷¹. She trembled a little, and clung to me. When I told her to come at once with me home, she rose without a word, with the obedience¹⁷² of a child. As we passed along, the gravel hurt my feet, and Lucy noticed me wince¹⁷³. She stopped and wanted to insist upon my taking my shoes, but I would not. However, when we got to the pathway outside the churchyard, where there was a puddle of water, remaining from the storm, I daubed¹⁷⁴ my feet with mud, using each foot in turn on the other, so that as we went home, no one, in case we should meet any one, should notice my bare feet.

Fortune favoured us¹⁷⁵, and we got home without meeting a soul. Once we saw a man, who seemed not quite sober, passing along a street in front of us. But we hid in a door till he had disappeared up an opening such as there are here, steep little closes¹⁷⁶, or `wynds¹⁷⁷, as they call them in Scotland. My heart beat so loud all the time sometimes I thought I should faint. I was filled with anxiety about Lucy, not only for her health, lest¹⁷⁸ she should suffer from the exposure¹⁷⁹, but for her reputation in case the story should get wind¹⁸⁰. When we got in, and had washed our feet, and had said a prayer of thankfulness together, I tucked¹⁸¹ her into bed. Before falling asleep she asked, even implored¹⁸², me not to say a word to any one, even her mother, about her sleep-walking adventure.

¹⁷⁰ appalled: forfærdet

¹⁷¹ grace: ynde, yndefuldhed

¹⁷² obedience: lydighed

¹⁷³ wince: fare sammen

¹⁷⁴ daubed: indsmurte

¹⁷⁵ fortune favoured us: lykken tilsmilede os

¹⁷⁶ close: indhegning

¹⁷⁷ wynd: stræde, smøge

¹⁷⁸ lest: for at

¹⁷⁹ suffer from exposure: lide (dø) af kulden

¹⁸⁰ get wind: få medvind (dvs. blive udbredt, ”sladret”)

¹⁸¹ tucked: puttede

¹⁸² implored: bad indtrængende, tiggede

I hesitated¹⁸³ at first, to promise, but on thinking of the state of her mother's health, and how the knowledge of such a thing would fret¹⁸⁴ her, and think too, of how such a story might become distorted¹⁸⁵, nay, infallibly¹⁸⁶ would, in case it should leak out, I thought it wiser to do so. I hope I did right. I have locked the door, and the key is tied to my wrist, so perhaps I shall not be again disturbed. Lucy is sleeping soundly. The reflex¹⁸⁷ of the dawn is high and far over the sea. . .

Same day, noon.--All goes well. Lucy slept till I woke her and seemed not to have even changed her side¹⁸⁸. The adventure of the night does not seem to have harmed her, on the contrary, it has benefited her, for she looks better this morning than she has done for weeks. I was sorry to notice that my clumsiness with the safety-pin hurt her. Indeed, it might have been serious, for the skin of her throat was pierced¹⁸⁹. I must have pinched up a piece of loose skin and have transfixed¹⁹⁰ it, for there are two little red points like pin-pricks, and on the band¹⁹¹ of her nightdress was a drop of blood. When I apologised and was concerned about it, she laughed and petted¹⁹² me, and said she did not even feel it. Fortunately it cannot leave a scar, as it is so tiny.

[...]

¹⁸³ hesitated: tøvede

¹⁸⁴ fret: bekymre

¹⁸⁵ distorted: fordrejet

¹⁸⁶ infallibly: uden tvivl

¹⁸⁷ reflex: genskin

¹⁸⁸ change side: vende sig

¹⁸⁹ pierced: gennemboret

¹⁹⁰ transfixed: stukket hul

¹⁹¹ band: linning

¹⁹² petted: aede