

Name _____

Date _____

Point of View

My Meeting with Count Dracula

Directions: What would it be like to have met Count Dracula? Below, you'll find two fictional accounts of an encounter with Dracula, each written by a different character from Bram Stoker's classic 1879 novel. After reading them carefully, it's your turn to write about these encounters, this time from the perspective of Dracula.



From the Diary of Jonathan Harker, adapted from *Dracula*

May 8 I began to fear as I wrote in this book that I was telling too much. But now I am glad that I went into detail, for there is something so strange about this place that I cannot help feeling uneasy. If there were anyone to talk to I could bear it, but there is no one. I have only the Count to speak with. I fear I am myself the only living soul within the place.

I only slept a few hours last night, and feeling that I could not sleep any more, got up. I was just beginning to shave, using a small mirror I had brought with me, when suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder, and heard Count Dracula's voice saying to me, "Good morning."

It amazed me that I had not seen him, since the mirror covered the whole room behind me. I was startled, and thus cut myself slightly, but did not notice it at the moment. Having answered the Count's greeting, I turned to the mirror 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 on top of the other strange things I have seen here, it increased that feeling of uneasiness that I always have when the Count is near.

Then, I noticed the cut. It was bleeding, 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 fury, and he suddenly grabbed at my throat.

I drew away and his hand touched the string of beads around my neck that 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 how you cut yourself," he said. "It is more dangerous that you think in this country." Then seizing the mirror, 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 window with one wrench of his terrible hand, he flung out the mirror, 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 supposed to shave without a mirror.

When I went into the dining room, breakfast was prepared, but I could not find the Count anywhere. It is strange that as yet I have not seen the Count eat or drink. He is 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. The castle is on the very edge of a terrific precipice. A stone falling from the window would fall a thousand feet without touching anything! There are doors everywhere throughout the castle, and all are locked and bolted. In no place save from the windows in the castle walls is there an available exit. The castle is a veritable prison, and I am a prisoner!

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From the Diary of Mina Murray, adapted from *Dracula*

August 11 I am too agitated to sleep, so I may as well write. I have had such an agonizing experience. I awoke in the night 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 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 didn't want to wake her mother, so I threw on some clothes and went to look for her.

I ran downstairs and looked in the sitting room. Not there! 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. The people of the house are careful to lock the door every night, so I feared that Lucy must have gone out. I took a big, heavy shawl and ran out. The clock was striking one as I was in the road, and there was not a soul in sight. I ran along the North Terrace, but could see no sign of her.

There was a bright full moon, with heavy, black clouds, which threw the whole scene into a diorama of light and shade. As the clouds passed I could see the ruins of the abbey, and the church and churchyard became gradually visible. Then, the silver light of the moon struck a half-reclining figure, and it looked almost as if something dark stood behind it.

Whether it was man or beast, I could not tell. I flew down the steps to the bridge, which was the only way to reach the East Cliff. The time and distance seemed endless, and my knees trembled as I toiled up to the abbey. When I got almost to the top I could see the figure, for I was now close enough to distinguish it even through the spells of shadow. There was something, long and black, bending over the white figure. I called in fright, "Lucy! Lucy!" and the long, black figure raised its head, and I saw a white face and red, gleaming eyes.

Lucy did not answer, and I ran to the churchyard. As I entered, the church was between me and her 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 with her head lying over the back of the seat. When I bent over her I could see that she was still asleep. She was breathing in long, heavy gasps, as though striving to get her lungs full. 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, lest she should get some deadly chill from the night air, and fastened it with a big safety pin. But I must have been clumsy in my anxiety and pricked her with it, for when her breathing became quieter, she put her hand to her throat again and moaned. When I had her carefully wrapped up I began very gently to wake her. At first she did not respond, but gradually she became more and more uneasy in her sleep, moaning and sighing occasionally. I wished to get her home at once, so I shook her forcibly, till finally she opened her eyes and awoke.

Even at such a time, when her body must have been chilled with cold, and her mind somewhat appalled at waking in a churchyard at night, she did not lose her grace. She trembled a little and clung to me. When I told her to come with me, she rose without a word.

We got home without meeting a soul. I was filled with anxiety about Lucy, not only for her health, but for her reputation in case the story should get out. When we got in, I tucked her into bed. Before falling asleep she implored me not to say a word to anyone, even her mother, about her sleep-walking adventure. I hesitated at first, but on thinking of the state of her mother's health, and how the knowledge of such a thing would fret her, and to think of how such a story might become distorted 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.

Same day, noon. All goes well. Lucy slept till I woke her and seemed not to have even changed her side. The adventure of the night does not seem to have harmed her. I was sorry to notice that my clumsiness with the safety-pin hurt her, for the skin of her throat was pierced. I must have pinched up a piece of loose skin and have transfixed it, for there are two little red points like pin-pricks, and on her nightdress was a drop of blood.

When I apologised, she laughed and petted me, and said she did not even feel it. Fortunately it cannot leave a scar, as it is so tiny.

