



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 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 the standpoints and within the range of knowledge of those who made them.



JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL

(Originally kept in shorthand)

30 April. Munich - When we began our journey the sun was shining brightly.

Before we left, Herr Delbruck came to the carriage and spoke with the coachman.

"Be back before nightfall. There is a storm on its way. You know what night it is."



When we had cleared the town, I signalled for the driver to stop and said "Tell me, Johann, what is tonight?"

He crossed himself, as he answered laconically "Walpurgis Nacht."

I saw a road that looked but little used and which seemed to dip through a little winding valley.

It looked so inviting that I told Johann I would like him to drive that way.

BITTE HERR HARKER WE-WE *CANNOT* GO THAT WAY...IT...IT IS WALPURGIS NACHT!

"Where does the road lead?" I asked. Again he crossed himself and mumbled a prayer before answering.



He told a confused tale of corpses restless in their graves.

Of sounds heard beneath the earth, long dead bodies found rosy with life, their mouths sticky with blood.



Apparently those who were left fled to where the dead really were dead and not "something else..."

He was evidently afraid to speak the last words.



GO HOME JOHANN!
WALPURGIS NACHT
DOES NOT CONCERN
ENGLISHMEN.

"I shall return alone, the walk will do me good" I told him.



I pitied the poor fellow, he was so in earnest. All the same, I could not help feeling rather amused at such nonsense.

With a despairing gesture, Johann turned his horses towards Munich.

He went slowly along the road for a while, and then there came over the crest of the hill a man tall and thin.



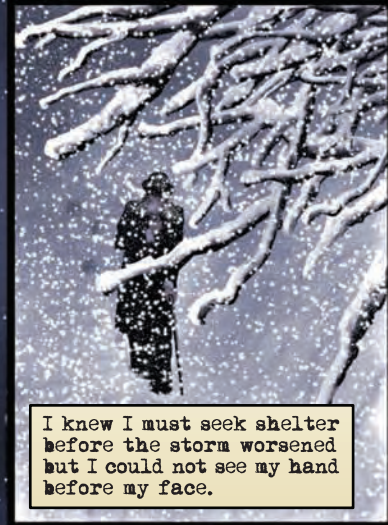
I watched them out of sight, then looked for the stranger but found that he too was gone.



Walking, I took little heed of time. It was only when it began to snow that I thought of how I might find my way home.



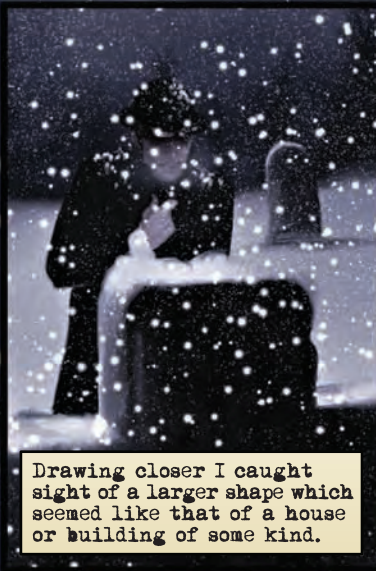
Soon the snow was falling so thickly and whirling around me in such rapid eddies that I could hardly keep my eyes open.



I knew I must seek shelter before the storm worsened but I could not see my hand before my face.



Presently, I perceived several low shapes ahead of me in the distance.



Drawing closer I caught sight of a larger shape which seemed like that of a house or building of some kind.



I felt myself shiver as I walked but there was hope of shelter and I groped my way blindly on.



I came upon not a house but a great massive tomb of marble, as white as the snow that lay all around it.



As I leaned against the door it moved slightly and opened inwards. Even the shelter of a mausoleum was welcome in that pitiless tempest.



The dead woman seemed to rise for a moment of agony as she was lapped in flame.

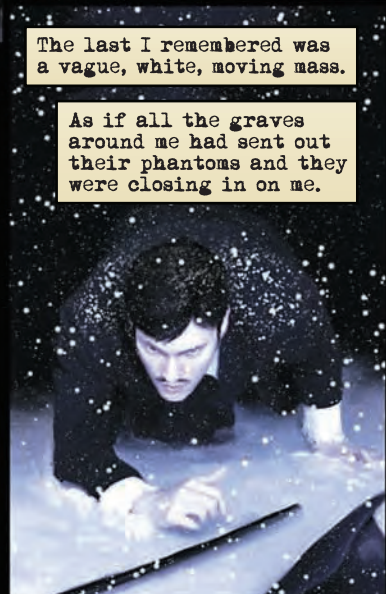


Suddenly I was deeply afraid. The coachman's warnings of Walpurgis Nacht rang in my ears as I ran.



This was the unholy place which poor Johann had warned against visiting.

I thought of my darling Mina back in England and myself, alone with only the dead.



The last I remembered was a vague, white, moving mass.

As if all the graves around me had sent out their phantoms and they were closing in on me.