

Bram Stoker  
*Dracula*

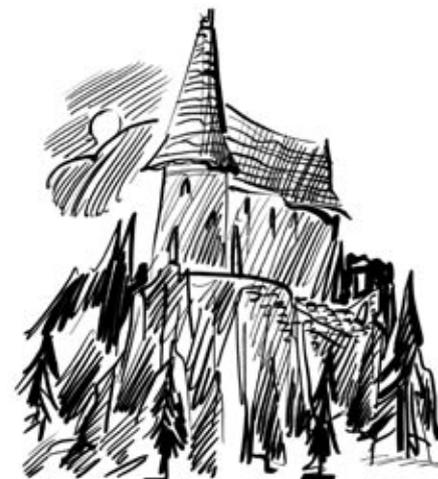
C Z Y T A M Y

*Retold by  
Jan Edward Transue*

w o r y g i n a l e

Bram Stoker

*Dracula*



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c z y t a m y w

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ISBN 83 - 89652 - 20 - X

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## Chapter I

# *The Count*



## Jonathan Harker's Journal

### 3 May – Bistritz

Before leaving for Transylvania to do business with a nobleman of this country, I did some research and found that the district the Count directed me to was in the middle of the Carpathian Mountains; one of the wildest and least known parts of Europe. I also read that every known superstition in the world is collected here. If this is true, my stay here should be very interesting.

It was evening when we got to Bistritz, which is a very interesting, old place. Count Dracula had directed me to go to the Golden Krone Hotel, and when I got near the door of the hotel, I faced a cheery-looking landlady. She smiled and gave a message to an elderly man who was standing next to her. He left, but immediately returned with a letter:

*„My Friend,  
Welcome to the Carpathians. At three tomorrow  
the coach will start for Bukovina. At the Borgo*

*Pass my carriage will be waiting for 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.*

*Your friend, Dracula.”*

### 4 May

Just before I was leaving, the landlady came up to my room and went down on her knees begging me not to go. She seemed very worried for me, but there was business to be done, and I could allow nothing to stop me. She then stood up, took a crucifix from her neck and put it round my neck. „For your mother's sake,” she said and went out of the room.

When I got on the coach, I saw the driver talking to the landlady. They were evidently talking about me, for they occasionally looked over at me, and I could hear a lot of words often repeated. I must say they didn't sound too cheering to me, for amongst them were: Satan, hell, witch and vampire.



After a time our driver cracked his big whip over his four small horses, and we set off on our journey. The road was rough, but we still seemed to fly over it. The driver was clearly losing no time in reaching our destination.

When it grew dark there seemed to be some excitement amongst the other passengers, and the mountains seemed to come nearer to us on each side as we were entering the Borgo Pass. As we slowed to a stop, I looked out for the next coach that was to take me to the Count, but all was dark, and there was no sign of a vehicle.

I was thinking what I should do, when, suddenly, the horses began to act strangely and jump about wildly. Then a coach with four horses appeared beside us. I could see from the flash of our lamps that the horses were black as night and driven by a tall man with a long beard and a great, black hat, which seemed to hide his face from us. I could only see the shine of a pair of very bright eyes, which seemed red in the lamplight, and sharp-looking teeth as white as snow.

I got into the other coach, and, without a word, the strange driver shook his reins, and we drove into the darkness of the pass. I looked at my watch and saw it was within a few minutes of midnight. As we rode further and further into the Pass, I began to hear the sound of the howling of wolves. The sound came nearer and nearer, as though they were closing round on us from every side. I grew terribly afraid, but the driver was not at all disturbed.

Suddenly, away on our left, both the driver and I saw a faint blue flame. At once he stopped the horses, jumped to the ground and went rapidly over to the flame.

While he was gone, the horses began to shake with fright. I could not see any reason for this as the howling had stopped. Just then the moon appeared, and by its light I was horrified to see around us a ring of wolves with white teeth, red tongues, and bright white eyes. They were a hundred times more terrible in the silence than when they were howling. Then, suddenly and without warning, they began to howl.

The frightened horses jumped about and looked helplessly round. In front of them suddenly appeared the figure of the coachman who began shouting at the wolves. He held his hands high in the air as if he was somehow commanding them. As he swept his long arms back and forth, the wolves moved back further and further. A moment later, the wolves had disappeared and the driver climbed back into the coach. This was all so strange that I was afraid to speak or move.

We travelled a bit further, and then I began to notice that the driver was pulling up the horses into the courtyard of a huge ruined castle, whose windows were dark and very unwelcoming. When the coach stopped, I got out, driver shook the reins and disappeared down one of the dark openings.

I was standing in front of a huge door wondering what to do when I heard a heavy step behind the door and saw the glow of a light. A key was turned with a loud noise as if it hadn't been used for years, and the



door swung open. Inside stood a tall old man dressed in black from head to foot. He had a hooked nose, and the mouth under his heavy white moustache was rather cruel-looking, with very sharp white teeth. His ears were pale and extremely pointed, and his fingernails were long and cut to a sharp point.

„Welcome to my house!“ he said. „Enter freely and of your own free will! I am Dracula, and I welcome you, Mr. Harker, to my house. It is late, and my people are not available. Let me see to your comfort myself.“ With this, he took my bags, and I followed him into the house.

At the end of a great winding stair and along another passage, he threw open a heavy door, and I was happy to see a well-lit room with a huge fire and a table that was set for supper.

„You will excuse me that I do not eat with you,“ said the Count, „but I have eaten already.“

After I had finished my supper, I looked towards the window and saw the first light of



the coming dawn. There seemed a strange stillness over everything, but as I listened, I could hear the howling of many wolves.

The Count's eyes shined. „Listen to them, the children of the night. What music they make!“ Then he rose and said, „But you must be tired. Tomorrow you shall sleep as late as you will. Sleep well and dream well!“

## Chapter II

### *Escape*



## 7 May

I slept till late in the day, and when I had dressed myself, I went into the dining room where I saw that a cold breakfast had been laid out for me. There was a card on the table on which was written --

*„I have to be absent for a while. Do not wait for me. D.“*

Some time after I had finished my meal, I looked about for something to read and found a sort of library. Here I found a large number of English books, magazines and newspapers.

While I was looking at them, the door opened, and the Count entered. „I am glad you found your way in here, for I am sure there is much that will interest you. These books have told me much about my new home in England. Now come and tell me of London and of the house which you have found for me.“

„The estate is called Carfax,“ I told him

as we sat down to business. „The house there is very large with only a few windows high up. It is close to an old church, and there are not many houses nearby, one being a private lunatic asylum.“ The Count seemed very pleased with the house, and after supper, which again he did not eat, he stayed with me and asked many questions until morning.

## 8 May

When I got up, I hung my shaving glass by the window and was just beginning to shave, when suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder and heard the Count's voice saying, „Good morning.“ I was startled for I had not seen him come in, and what's more there was no reflection of him in the mirror!

I must have cut myself when the Count surprised me, for I noticed there was blood on my chin. When the Count saw my face, something happened which I really hadn't expected. His eyes began



to burn with anger, and he suddenly tried to grab my throat. I drew away, and his hand touched the crucifix which I still had around my neck. Immediately there was a change in him, and the anger 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 than you think in this country.” Then, grabbing the shaving glass, he opened the window, threw it out and left without a word.

### 12 May

Last night I went up the stone stairs to where I could look out the window towards the South. As I leaned from the window I noticed something moving on a floor below me where I supposed the Count's room would be. I watched in disbelief as the Count slowly came out of the window and began to crawl just like a lizard down the castle wall 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, but as I kept looking, I realised it was not.

### 15 May

Once more I have seen the Count go out in his lizard fashion. After he had gone, I thought of using the opportunity to explore the castle more and maybe to get out of this nightmarish place. I went down the stone stairs to the hall where I had entered originally and found the door was locked! I feel the castle is a prison, and I am a prisoner! I went on to try other doors and passages, and, at last, I found one which was unlocked. When I entered, I noticed that the furniture was more comfortable than any I had seen.

There was a horrible loneliness in the place, which chilled my heart, but it was still better than living alone in the rooms which I had come to hate. I began to feel tired, so I lay down on a couch near the corner, and I suppose I must have fallen

asleep.

I thought that I must be dreaming when I saw three young ladies appear in the moonlight opposite me. Two were dark with eyes that seemed to be almost red in the moonlight. The other was fair with great masses of golden hair and eyes like pale sapphires. I felt in my heart a wicked, burning desire that they would kiss me. They whispered together, and then the fair girl advanced and bent over me. She licked her lips like an animal, and I could see her sharp white teeth in the moonlight. Lower and lower went her head until I could feel the soft touch of her lips and the two sharp teeth on my throat. I closed my eyes and waited.

But just then the Count entered the room. As my eyes opened, I saw his strong hand grasp the neck of the fair woman and throw her violently from him. In a voice which seemed to cut through the air he said:

„How dare you touch him when I had forbidden it? This man belongs to me! When I am done with him you shall kiss

him at your will. Now go!"

"Are we to have nothing tonight?" said one of them as she pointed to a bag which the Count had thrown upon the floor. He nodded his head, and one of the women jumped forward and opened it. I thought I heard the sound of a small child coming from the bag as the women closed round it. Then the horror overcame me, and I fainted.

Later, I awoke in my own bed. The Count must have carried me here. As I look round this room, I realise that I am safer here than anywhere else, for nothing can be more terrifying than those awful women who are waiting to suck my blood.

### 17 June

A band of gypsies came to the castle a few days ago and are staying in the courtyard. They have been working tirelessly somewhere deep in the castle, for I have heard the sound of digging. This morning I heard the sound of whips and horses' feet



coming up the path beyond the courtyard. I hurried to the window and saw two large wagons containing great, square boxes drive into the yard. I tried calling to them, thinking this may be my chance to escape, but nothing would make them even look at me.

### 30 June

When morning came, a wild desire took me to find the key to the front door and escape. I decided to try and climb out the window and down the wall to the Count's window. I did not feel dizzy even though the height was great, and in no time I found myself standing outside the window. I climbed through and looked around for the Count, but the room was empty.

In one corner of the room there was a heavy door which led through a stone corridor then down a circular stairway. At the bottom there was a dark, tunnel-like passage which stank so badly I had to cover my nose. At last I found myself

in an old ruined chapel. The ground had recently been dug over, and the earth placed in the great wooden boxes brought by the gypsies. Here I made a terrifying discovery.

There, in one of the boxes, of which there were fifty in all, lay the Count! His white hair and moustache were changed to dark grey, and his mouth was red with fresh blood, which dripped from the corners of his mouth and ran down his chin and neck. He was either dead or asleep, I could not say which, for his eyes were open, but there was no sign of movement, no breath, no beating of the heart.

I shook as I leaned over to search him, but I couldn't find the key. Then I stopped and looked at the Count. A terrible desire came upon me to rid the world of such a monster. I grabbed a spade, which the workmen had been using to fill the boxes, and struck at his hateful face. But as I did so, the head turned, and the eyes fell upon me. The sight seemed to paralyse me, and the spade fell from my hand.

Just then I heard the sound of gypsies coming towards the chapel. With a last look around and at the box which contained the evil body, I ran from the place.

After I had reached the Count's room, I heard a sound in the passage below of many feet and the crash of the boxes being loaded onto the wagons. The gypsies were leaving. I shall not remain alone in the castle with those horrible women. I shall try to climb down the castle wall further than I have yet attempted and, hopefully, find a way from this hellish place. And then away home to Mina! I must get away from this cursed land, where the devil and his children still walk with earthly feet!

## Chapter III

### *The Storm*



**Letter from Miss Mina Murray to Miss Lucy Westenra**

9 May

*My dearest Lucy,*

*Forgive my long delay in writing, but I have been so busy with work. Jonathan is in Transylvania on business and will be returning in about a week. I can't wait to hear all his news. It must be nice to see strange countries. I wonder if we, I mean Jonathan and I, shall ever see them together.*

*Your loving  
Mina*

**Letter, Lucy Westenra to Mina Murray**

24 May

*My dearest Mina,*

*Here am I, who shall be twenty in September, and yet I never had a marriage proposal. Today I had three! Just fancy! Three proposals in one day!*

*Well, I must tell you about the three. Number One came just before lunch. His name is Dr. John*

*Seward, a doctor from a lunatic asylum. He told me how dear I was to him, but I felt a sort of duty to tell him that there was some one else. Number Two, Mr. Quincy Morris, came after lunch. He is an American from Texas, and he is such a nice fellow who has had many adventures. Mr. Morris sat down beside me and took my hand in his, but I had to refuse him as I did poor Dr. Seward.*

*Lucy*

*P.S. – Oh, about number Three. I have told you of Arthur Holmwood before, haven't I? He is the son of Lord Godalming and from a good family. Oh, Mina, I love him and have accepted his proposal!*

**Mina Murray's Journal**

24 July

I met Lucy at the train station and have come with her and her mother to spend some time in Whitby, where we have rooms. This is a lovely place beside the sea. Right over the town is the beautiful ruin of Whitby Abbey, and between it and the town there is another church with a big graveyard full of tombstones. For me this

is the nicest spot in Whitby and has a full view of the harbour and the bay. There are walks with seats beside them all through the churchyard, and people go and sit there all day long looking at the beautiful view and enjoying the breeze.

### 1 August

Lucy and I sat awhile, and she told me all over again about Arthur and their coming marriage. That made me just a little sad, for I haven't heard from Jonathan for a whole month. I am so worried about him. I wonder where Jonathan is, and if he is thinking of me!

### Dr. Seward's Diary 19 July

The case of Renfield grows more interesting every day. He had been catching and keeping a large number of flies, but after I protested, he then began to collect spiders, which he kept feeding with his flies. A few

days later I told him that he must get rid of the spiders as well. While I was speaking to him, a horrid fly buzzed into the room, he caught it, and before I knew what he was going to do, put it in his mouth and ate it. I shouted at him for it, but he said that it was very good and gave life to him.

After a few more days, Renfield managed to get a sparrow by feeding the spiders to it. He now has a quite a few sparrows, and his flies and spiders are almost completely gone. When I came to see him today, he ran to me and said he wanted to ask me a very great favour. I asked him what it was, and he said excitedly, „A kitten, a nice, playful, little kitten, that I can play with, and teach, and feed, and feed, and feed!”

I shook my head and said that it would not be possible. I did not want to see his sparrows be eaten the same way as his flies and spiders. As I said this, he threw himself on his knees and begged me to let him have a cat, saying that his salvation depended upon it. I was firm, however, and told him that he could not have it.

20 July

When I visited Renfield in the morning, I looked around for his birds, and not seeing them, asked him where they were. He replied that they had all flown away. There were a few feathers around the room, and on his pillow there was a drop of blood. I said nothing and left, but at 11 am the attendant came to see me and said that Renfield had been very sick and has vomited a whole lot of feathers. My belief is that he took his birds and ate them raw!

**Mina Murray's Journal**  
**8 August**

Last night we experienced one of the greatest storms in the history of this area. Shortly before ten o'clock a massive storm broke out so suddenly that it seems impossible to believe even now. The wind roared like thunder, and lots of sea-fog came inland. I have read in the newspaper that soon after the storm began, the



harbour searchlight saw a ship coming toward the port.

Incredibly, the strange ship reached the harbour safely, and as the searchlight followed her, there was a shock, for tied to the wheel of the ship was the corpse of the ship's captain. No other person could be seen on the deck at all.

The very moment the ship touched the shore, a huge dog jumped out onto the sand and ran off into the darkness.

A small group of people investigated the ship and saw that the dead seaman was actually tied to the wheel with a crucifix in his hand. In his pocket was a bottle with a little roll of paper, which proved to be part of the ship's log.

According to the log, the ship is Russian from Varna and is called the Demeter. She has only a small cargo of fifty great wooden boxes filled with dirt. The captain wrote that shortly after they set sail, the crew started going missing one by one until only the captain and the first mate were left. One of the last entries says that the first mate

saw something terrifying on board before he jumped over the side of the ship into the sea. Later the captain even mentions seeing "Him", whoever that may be. That was when he decided to tie himself, along with a crucifix, to the wheel of the ship.

### 11 August

I awoke suddenly around one in the morning and found Lucy's bed was empty and the door wide open. I threw on some clothes and ran out to look for her.

There was a bright, full moon and heavy, black clouds. Then as the clouds passed and the churchyard became visible, I saw Lucy sitting on one of the benches. It seemed to me as though something dark was standing behind her with a white face and red, shining eyes.

I ran down the steps and called in fright, „Lucy! Lucy!“ but by the time I reached her, 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, but she was breathing heavily.

I took her back to the house, and as I was putting her into bed, I noticed that there were two little red points on her neck, and on her nightdress there was a drop of blood.

### 17 August

Still no news from Jonathan, and Lucy seems to be paler and growing weaker. The tiny points on her neck seem not to have healed. They are, if anything, larger than before.

## Chapter IV

### Lucy



**Mina Murray's Journal**  
**19 August**

I have finally received news of Jonathan! A letter came from a nun in Budapest saying that he arrived there by train in a state of madness and has been ill these past six weeks with some sort of horrible brain fever. I am to leave in the morning and go and help him if necessary, and then to bring him home.

**Letter, Mina Harker to Lucy Westenra**  
**Budapest, 24 August**

*My dearest Lucy,  
I found my dear Jonathan so thin and pale and weak-looking. He seems to remember very little of what happened in Transylvania. At least that's what he wants me to believe, for when he woke he asked me for his notebook, and then he said to me, 'The secret is here in this journal. Take it and keep it, read it if you will, but never let me know what is written here. I want to start a new life with our marriage.' We decided to get married here in the*

*hospital room later that same day, and as a sign of trust, I took the notebook Jonathan gave me, wrapped it in paper and sealed it with wax.*

*Your ever-loving  
Mina Harker*

**Lucy Westenra's Diary**  
**Hillingham, 24 August**

I wish Mina were with me again, for I feel so unhappy. Last night there were some strange noises at the window. I had more bad dreams as well, but I cannot remember them. Arthur has come to visit, and we have decided to get married this month, but I am so full of fear, and I feel so weak and tired that I didn't have the spirit to try to be cheerful.

**Letter, Arthur to Dr. Seward**  
**Albemarle Hotel, 31 August**

*My dear Jack,  
I must leave to visit my father, who is ill, but I want you to do me a favour. Lucy is ill. She looks awful and is getting worse every day. I am filled*

*with worry and want to speak with you after you have seen her.*

*Arthur*

**Letter from Dr. Seward to Arthur  
Holmwood  
2 September**

*My dear old fellow,*

*Miss Westenra looks very different from when I saw her last. I could easily see that she was rather bloodless, and she complains of dreams that frighten her. I am not sure what is wrong, so I have written to my old friend and master, Professor Van Helsing from Amsterdam, and have asked him to come at once.*

*Yours always,  
John Seward*

**Dr. Seward's Diary  
7 September**

When Van Helsing arrived, we went to see Miss Westenra, and I was horrified when I saw her. She was terribly pale,

and her breathing was painful to hear. „My God!“ Van Helsing said. „There is no time to lose. She needs more blood at once.“

As we were getting prepared for the operation, there was a knock at the hall door, and Arthur stepped quickly in.

„I was so worried about Lucy, so I came here to see her.“

Without a pause Dr. Van Helsing said, „You have come just in time.“

„What can I do?“ asked Arthur. „My life is hers, and I would give the last drop of blood in my body for her.“

When all was over and Arthur had gone home to rest, I went back to the room. By the bedside sat Van Helsing, looking at Lucy intently. Then I saw on her neck there were two small holes, not large, but not healthy looking. At first I thought that this wound might be the answer to the loss of blood. But if this were so, the whole bed would have been covered with the blood.

## 11 September

This afternoon Van Helsing brought a great bunch of white flowers to Lucy, who seems to be feeling much better. Lucy started smelling the flowers, and then with a sad look on her face, she said, „Why, these flowers are only common garlic.”

The Professor took the garlic and placed it around the room. Then he tied some together for Lucy to wear round her neck and made her promise not to take it off.

## Memorandum left by Lucy Westenra 17 September

Shortly after I went to bed, I was woken up by the sound of strange noises at the window. „Is there anybody there?” I said, but there was no answer. I went to the window and looked out, but could see nothing except a big bat. A few minutes later the door opened and my mother looked in. Seeing that I was

not asleep, she came in and sat by me to see if I was well.

Just then, there was a crash at the window, and through the broken window came the head of a huge, grey wolf. Mother cried out and grabbed the garlic that Dr. Van Helsing had put round my neck. For a second or two she sat up, pointing at the wolf, and there was a strange and horrible sound in her throat. Then she fell over dead, as if struck by lightning. I must have fainted, for I remember no more for a while.

When I awoke, the wolf was gone, and I am now alone in the room with my poor dead mother. I feel I am dying of weakness, so I shall leave this paper for someone to find if I should not survive this night. God help me!

## Dr. Seward's Diary 18 September

I received an urgent telegram this morning from Dr. Van Helsing asking me to check

on Lucy. When I arrived at the house, I knocked loudly on the door, but no one answered. Just then I saw the Professor running up the road and shouting, „How is she? Are we too late?“

We went round to the back of the house, found an open window and climbed through. We quickly ran up the stairs to Lucy's room, and with white faces and shaking hands, we opened the door and entered the room.

On the bed lay Lucy and her poor dead mother. Without a word the Professor bent over the bed to inspect Lucy. I could see the two little wounds on her neck which we had noticed before, but they looked horribly white and much worse than before. Then the Professor cried out to me, „It's not too late, yet! Quick! Get heat and fire and a warm bath. We need more blood again, and soon.“

After we had warmed Lucy up and taken her back to her room, we once again went through the horrible operation of giving her blood.

## 20 September

The Professor, Arthur, Quincy and I have all been taking turns watching over Lucy so that she is never alone for a moment. At six o'clock Van Helsing came to take my place. When he saw Lucy's face, he bent down and examined her carefully, and I noticed that her teeth looked positively longer and sharper than usual. As he removed the garlic from around her neck, he shouted, „My God!“ I bent over to look, and a chill came over me. The spots on her throat had completely disappeared.

For five minutes Van Helsing stood looking at her. Then he turned to me and said calmly, „She is dying. Wake Arthur, and tell him to come.“

When Arthur arrived, Lucy opened her eyes and whispered in a soft voice, „Arthur! Oh, my love, I am so glad you have come! Kiss me!“

Arthur bent over to kiss her, but at that moment Van Helsing grabbed him by the neck with both hands and actually threw

him across the room. „Not on your life!“ he said. „Not for your living soul and hers!“

Arthur was so shocked that he did not know what to do or say, but before anything else could happen, Lucy’s breathing became heavy again, and all at once it stopped.

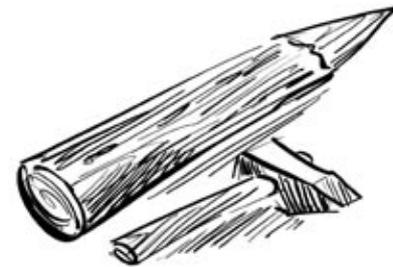
„It is all over,“ said Van Helsing. „She is dead!“

I took Arthur by the arm and led him away to the next room where he sat down and cried. Then I went back to the room and stood beside Van Helsing and said quietly; „Poor girl, there is peace for her at last. It is the end!“

He turned to me and said gravely, „Not so. It is only the beginning!“

## Chapter V

# *The Undead*



**Mina Harker's Journal**  
**22 September**

Jonathan has been keeping busy with work ever since we returned to Exeter and doesn't look so thin anymore. He occasionally wakes up in the night trembling and still needs looking after, though.

Today Jonathan and I were on our way back through town, when suddenly I felt him grasp my arm so tightly that it hurt. He was very pale and was staring in terror at a tall, thin man with a black moustache and pointed beard.

„My God! It is the man himself!“ he said with horror. „I believe it is the Count, but he has grown young. Oh, my God! If only I knew!“ He continued staring until the strange man was out of sight, but would say no more about it and has not been himself since.

I am worried for him and I fear the time has come when I must read his journal and know what is written. Oh, Jonathan, forgive me, but it is for your own good.

**24 September**

That terrible journal of Jonathan's upset me so. I wonder if there is any truth in it at all, or did he get his brain fever and then write all those terrible things? And yet that man we saw! Jonathan seemed quite certain it was the Count.

**Letter, Van Helsing to Mrs. Harker**  
**24 September**

*Dear Madam,*  
*I have the sad responsibility to tell you that your dear friend Lucy has passed away. I am a friend of Dr John Seward and of Arthur Holmwood. I wish to come to Exeter to see you at once. I have read your letters to poor Lucy and I have many questions.*

*Van Helsing*

**Mina Harker's Journal**  
**25 September**

Van Helsing arrived at half-past two. „I know that you were with Miss Lucy at

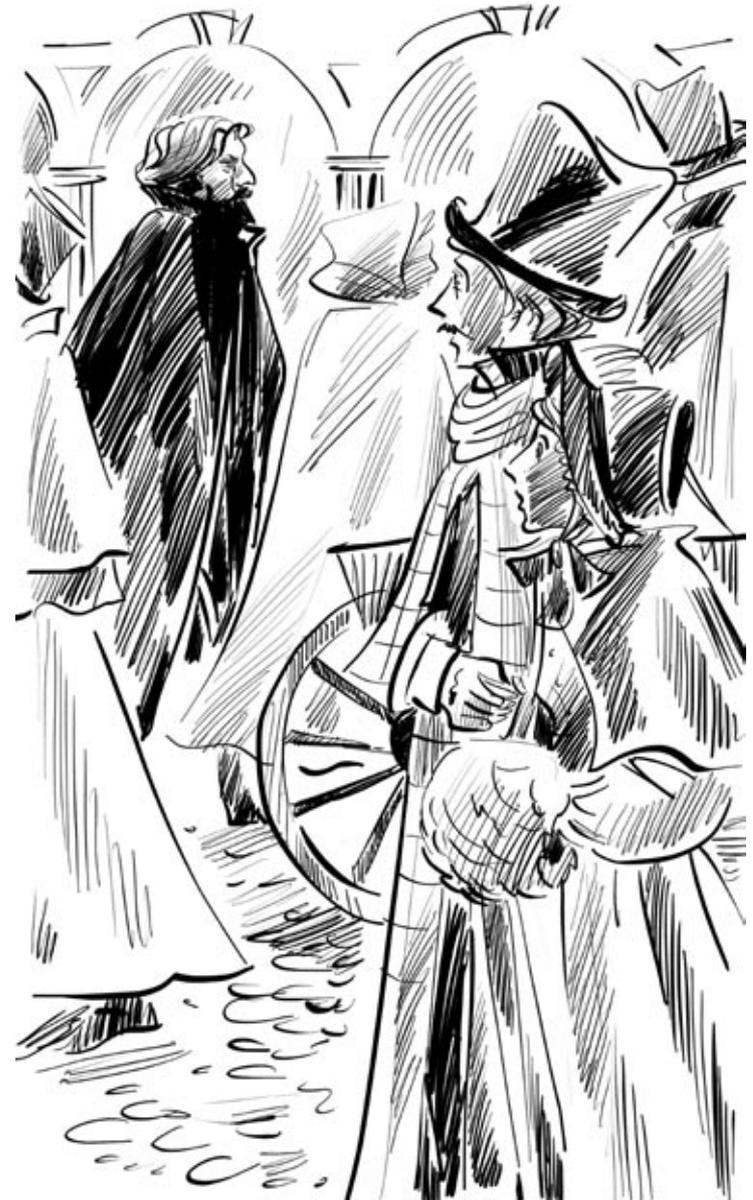
Whitby," he said after we met, „and I ask you to please tell me all of it that you can remember."

„I can tell you all about it. I wrote it all down at the time and I can show it to you if you like," I said as I handed him the diary. „Read it over while I order lunch, and then you can ask me questions while we eat."

When I came back, I found him walking up and down the room, his face full of excitement. He rushed up to me and took me by both hands.

„Oh, Madam Mina," he said, „how can I say what I owe to you? There are darkneses in life, and there are lights. You are one of the lights. You will have a happy life with your husband. Tell me of him. Is he quite well?"

I saw here a chance to ask him about Jonathan, so I said, „He was almost recovered, but when we were in town last Thursday, he had a sort of shock. He thought he saw someone who reminded him of something terrible." Then I began to tell him everything about Jonathan's journal and the unbelievable stories it



contained. Afterwards I gave him a copy of Jonathan's journal and asked him to read over it and tell me if he thinks there is any truth in it.

**Letter, Van Helsing to Mrs. Harker**  
**25 September**

*Dear Madam Mina,*  
*I have read your husband's diary. Strange and terrible as it is, it is true! I am glad that I came to see you, for I have learned a so much.*

*Yours,*  
*Abraham Van Helsing*

**Jonathan Harker's Journal**  
**26 September**

I thought never to write in this diary again, but the time has come. When I got home last night, Mina told me of Van Helsing's visit and of her giving him copies of the diaries. She showed me in the doctor's letter that all I wrote down was true. It

seems to have made a new man of me, for I had been doubting my own sanity about what had happened in Transylvania. But, now that I know, I am not afraid, even of the Count.

**Dr. Seward's Diary**  
**26 September**

Van Helsing came back today and pushed last night's newspaper into my hand. I looked over the paper, and he pointed out a paragraph about children being taken and injured by a strange lady in Hampstead. I did not understand until I reached the part where it described that the injured children had two small wounds on their necks.

„It is like poor Lucy's," I said. „Whatever it was that injured her has injured them."

„That is true indirectly, but not directly," he said. When I asked him to explain, he placed his elbows on the table, covering his face with his hands as he spoke. „They were made by Miss Lucy!"

## 29 September

At Van Helsing's request, I telegraphed Arthur and Quincy and asked them to come and meet us as soon as possible. After they arrived, Van Helsing told us all what he wanted to do.

„I want you all to come with me to the churchyard at Kingstead,“ said Van Helsing. „And then to enter the tomb and open the coffin!“

Arthur looked at him in shock. „Professor, is this some horrible joke?“ he said angrily.

After a pause Van Helsing went on, „Miss Lucy is dead, is it not so? Then there can be no wrong to her. But if she is not dead...“

Arthur jumped to his feet, „Good God!“ he cried. „What do you mean? Has she been buried alive?“

„I did not say she was alive. I go no further than to say that she might be Undead. All I ask you now is that you come with me, and that you look and listen.“

It was just a before twelve o'clock when we got into the churchyard. We all kept

close together, and when we came to the tomb the Professor unlocked the door and we all entered. Once inside he walked over to the coffin and began taking the lid off. When the lid was removed we all looked in.

The coffin was empty!

For several minutes no one spoke a word. The silence was broken by Van Helsing, „We must wait outside and hide. Much stranger things are yet to be.“ He opened the door, and we walked out.

There was a long silence as we were all thinking about the mystery of Lucy's empty coffin, and then suddenly the Professor told us to be silent. He pointed, and we saw a thin white figure which held something dark at its breast coming towards the tomb. As the white figure moved close enough for us to see clearly, my heart grew cold as ice, and I could hear a gasp from Arthur. It was Lucy, her lips red with fresh blood, and she was holding a small child in her arms.

When Lucy saw us she drew back with an angry growl and threw the child she was holding to the ground. Then she advanced

to Arthur with open arms and an evil smile. „Come to me, Arthur. My arms are hungry for you. Come, my husband, and we can rest together!”

Arthur seemed to be under a spell and he opened his arms wide. As she was moving towards her husband, Van Helsing jumped forward and held his little golden crucifix between them. She jumped back from it and, with a face full of rage, ran past him into the tomb.

After a while, when we had recovered from the shock, we entered the tomb again and closed the door behind us. When the Professor again lifted the lid off Lucy's coffin, we all looked and saw that the corpse lay there. She seemed like a nightmare form of Lucy as she lay there with pointed teeth and blood stained mouth.

Van Helsing took out a round, wooden stake about three feet long and a heavy hammer from his bag and handed them to Arthur.

„Take this stake in your left hand and place the point over her heart. Then take



the hammer and strike in God's name so that the Undead pass away."

Arthur bravely placed the point over the heart and then he struck with all his strength.

The thing in the coffin twisted and shook, and a terrifying scream came from the opened red lips. And then the twisting slowed down, until finally it lay still. The terrible task was over. There in the coffin lay no longer the foul Thing, but Lucy as we had seen her in life.

Van Helsing came and laid his hand on Arthur's shoulder and said to him,

„She is no longer the devil's Undead. But now we must find and destroy the cause of this evil before it can happen again."

## Chapter VI

# *Mina & Dracula*



## Mina Harker's Journal 30 September

Jonathan and I have come to Dr. Seward's asylum to meet with everyone who has been involved with this horrible tale. Dr. Seward was shocked to learn from Jonathan that Dracula had bought the Carfax estate next to the asylum and has been so close all this time.

For the past few days Jonathan and I have been putting together all the information from everyone's diaries, notes and letters so that we shall all be well-informed and can arrange our plan of battle with this terrible and mysterious enemy. After I had given copies to everyone, we all met in Dr. Seward's study, and Professor Van Helsing began to tell us more about Count Dracula.

„All we have to go upon are traditions and superstitions. But this does not make us helpless. As we have seen, the vampire can take the shape of many things. He can be wolf or bat or even come in the form of mist. He has the strength of twenty men

and the knowledge of the centuries." Van Helsing paused for a moment. „But he is not entirely free, either. He can only change form exactly at sunrise, noon and sunset. Then there are things which make him powerless, such as garlic and the crucifix."

„We know that fifty boxes of dirt were delivered at Carfax from his castle. We also know that at least some of these boxes have been removed. It seems to me that our first step should be to see how many remain here and then search for the others. Then we must sterilise the earth so that he can no longer seek safety in it."

After the meeting was finished, they went off to Carfax to search for the boxes.

## Jonathan Harker's Journal 1 October, 5 A.M.

We went over to the house, taking care to stay in the shadows. When we got there, the Professor opened his bag and took out many things.

„My friends, we are going into a terrible

danger, and we need arms of many kinds." As he spoke he gave each of us a little silver crucifix, some garlic to put round our necks, a gun and a knife. Lastly he handed us each a little envelope containing pieces of Sacred Wafer.

"The first thing is to see how many of the boxes are left," said the Professor. "We must examine every hole and corner and see if we cannot get some clue as to what has happened to the rest."

There was no sign of the Count, and a quick look around was enough to show how many boxes remained for they were very large and easy to find. But to our surprise there were only twenty-nine left out of the fifty!

### Dr. Seward's Diary 3 October

Late last night, the attendant came running into my room and told me that Renfield had somehow had an accident. He had heard him shout, and when he went to see what the problem was, Renfield was

lying on the floor, all covered with blood and with his back broken.

I ran off to see Renfield and told the attendant to get the Professor at once. A few minutes later, Van Helsing arrived, and Arthur and Quincy came shortly after.

Suddenly Renfield opened his eyes and stared wildly around the room. "Quick, Doctor! I am dying! I have something that I must say before I die. Last night he came up to the window in the mist. He began promising me things." The patient went on without stopping, "He began to whisper, 'Rats, rats, rats! Millions of them, and every one a life. And dogs to eat them, and cats too. All lives! All red blood, with years of life in it!' Before I knew what I was doing, I found myself opening the window and saying to him, 'Come in, Lord and Master!'"

His voice became weaker. "All day I waited to hear from him, but he did not send me anything. When he finally came in through the window, I got mad with him. He laughed at me, and then he went on as though I was no one. He didn't even smell the same as he

went by me. I thought that, somehow, Mrs. Harker had come into the room."

The Professor began to shake, but, Renfield went on without noticing. „When Mrs. Harker came in to see me this afternoon, she was much paler than before. It made me mad to know that he had been taking the life out of her. So when he came tonight, I was ready for him. As I saw the mist coming in, I grabbed it tight, for I didn't want him to take any more of her life. Then I saw his eyes. They burned into me, and my strength became like water. He raised me up and threw me down. There was a red cloud before me and a noise like thunder, and the mist went away under the door."

Van Helsing stood up. „He is here," he said. „It may not be too late."

We all hurried to Mrs. Harker's room and threw ourselves against the door, which opened with a crash. What I saw shocked me, and my heart seemed to stand still.

On the bed beside the window lay Jonathan Harker, his face white and



breathing heavily, as if under some kind of spell. Kneeling on the edge of the bed was his wife, and by her side stood the Count. With his left hand he held both of Mrs. Harker's hands, and his right hand held her by the back of the neck, forcing her face down on his chest. Her white nightdress was covered in blood, and a thin stream ran down the Count's bare chest which he had cut open and was forcing her to drink from. As we ran into the room, the Count turned his face, and his eyes flamed red with devilish passion. With a quick twist of his arm, he threw his victim back upon the bed and then jumped towards us. But by this time the Professor was holding towards him the envelope which contained the Sacred Wafer. The Count suddenly stopped and backed away as we, lifting our crucifixes, advanced. It suddenly became dark as a great, black cloud covered the moon. When Quincy lit a match and we were able to see again, there was nothing but a thin mist going out under the door. Van

Helsing, Arthur and I moved forward to Mrs. Harker, who by this time was screaming loudly. Her face was horrifying, and from her throat dripped a thin stream of blood where the Count had bitten her. Her eyes were mad with terror. Then she put her face into her hands and began crying, „Unclean! Unclean! He made me drink his blood! He said I am now one with him and shall come to him whenever he calls! God pity me!”

Jonathan had by this time woken up from the spell the Count had put on him. But as Madam Mina explained more of what had happened, over his face came a grey look which deepened and deepened as morning came, and his flesh stood out darkly against his whitening hair.

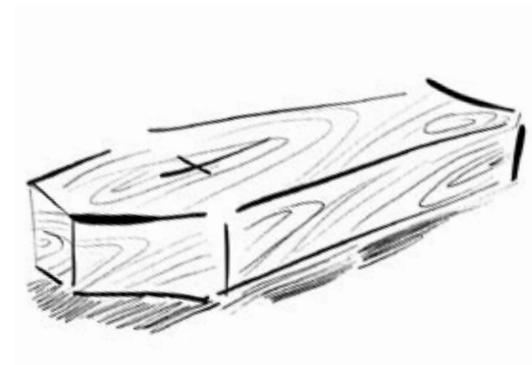
### Dr. Seward's Diary 3 October

We decided to go immediately to sterilise the earth in the boxes at Carfax and two other locations around London which

Mr. Harker had discovered. As we were leaving, Van Helsing placed a piece of the Sacred Wafer upon Mrs. Mina's forehead in order to protect her while we were gone. As he did so, it burned into her flesh as though it was a piece of white hot metal and has left a mark on her that reminds all of us that Mrs. Mina now has the blood of the Count within her veins and is slowly becoming like him.

## Chapter VII

### *The Chase & The End of Dracula*



## Jonathan Harker's Journal

### 4 October

Yesterday we found all but one of those foul boxes brought to London by the Count. We had returned home after sterilising them by putting a piece of the Sacred Wafer within each and were all wondering what next to do when Mina asked me to get the Professor. She explained that if the Count's mind is connected with hers, then she might be able to discover where he is if Van Helsing tried to hypnotise her.

After the Professor had put her into a kind of sleep, he asked her many questions. She described that all was dark, but she could hear the sound of water and the noise of feet coming from somewhere overhead.

„He means to escape,“ said the Professor. „He is afraid! He has taken his last box on board a ship, and he is leaving. We must follow him for Madam Mina's sake!“

### 6 October

After some investigation, we found the ship that was carrying the Count. It is called the Czarina Catherine and is on its way to Varna. The ship will take at least three weeks to reach Varna, but we can travel overland to the same place in three days.

### 28 October

We waited many days for the ship in Varna, but one night a strange fog covered the city so that we could see nothing. Later we discovered that the ship had sailed past Varna and has landed a few hundred kilometres further up the river in Galatz.

## Mina Harker's Journal

### 30 October

When we arrived in Galatz, we found that the Count had once again escaped us, and that the box has been collected by his loyal gypsies to be taken back to his

castle. Van Helsing hypnotised me once more, and afterwards he said that I spoke of seeing light and hearing the sound of water and the far away howling of wolves. The Professor has suggested we split up. Jonathan and Mr. Holmwood will try to catch him by boat, and Mr. Morris and Dr. Seward will hire horses and go after him by road. The Professor and I shall make our way by train and carriage to Castle Dracula and try to stop him from entering his own home by sterilising the earth and making it clean of evil.

**Memorandum by Abraham Van Helsing  
5 November**

We reached Borgo Pass just after sunrise two days ago, and all yesterday we travelled through the snow, getting closer and closer to the mountains. Madam Mina is slowly changing. She sleeps all through the day now and refuses to eat.

When evening came, I made a fire to keep us warm. Then I drew a ring in the snow

round where Madam Mina sat, and over the ring I placed some of the Sacred Wafer. She became white with fear and started to shake.

When I asked her to come near the fire, she stood up, took one step and then stood completely still. She shook her head and said simply, „I cannot!“ I was happy, for though she was becoming more a vampire, I knew that her soul was safe within this holy circle!

When morning came, I turned to wake Madam Mina, but she lay in a deep sleep, from which I could not wake her.

When the sun was higher in the sky and I felt as though I was safer, I left Madam Mina sleeping within the holy circle and made my way to the castle in search of the three vampire women who Jonathan described in his journal. While searching for their graves in the old chapel, I noticed there was one great tomb larger than all the rest. On it was just one word --- DRACULA!

This was the Undead home of the King Vampire. I laid some of the Sacred Wafer in

Dracula's tomb and then began the terrible task of destroying the devil women lying in the other tombs. It was horrible work, but as soon as my knife had cut off their heads, their bodies began to turn into dust.

### Mina Harker's Journal 6 November

It was late in the afternoon when the Professor and I made our way towards the east where I knew Jonathan was coming. We could hear the distant howling of wolves. They were far off, but the sound was full of terror. I knew from the way Dr. Van Helsing was searching about that he was trying to find some place where we could protect ourselves if attacked.

In a little while the Professor found a wonderful spot. Then, taking his field glasses from the case, he stood on the top of the rock and began to search the horizon.

Suddenly he called out, „Look! Madam Mina, look!”



I jumped up and stood beside him on the rock. Straight in front of us came a group of gypsies on horses hurrying along. In the middle of them was a long wagon, and on it was a great square chest. The evening was now getting closer, and I knew that at sunset the Thing within the box could change into many forms to try and escape. In fear, I turned to the Professor.

Then he gave a sudden cry, „Look! Look! Two horsemen are following fast. It must be Quincy and John.“ Looking around, I saw on the north side two other men coming as well. One of them I knew was Jonathan, and the other was Mr. Holmwood. When I told the Professor, he shouted happily, and we both hid behind a rock and held our weapons ready.

As the three groups came closer, two voices shouted out, „Halt!“ One was Jonathan and the other Mr. Morris. The gypsies came to a stop, and Mr. Holmwood and Jonathan rode up on one side and Dr. Seward and Mr. Morris on the other. At the same moment Dr. Van Helsing and I

rose from behind the rock and pointed our weapons at them.

Seeing that they were surrounded, the leader shouted, and every one of the gypsies drew their weapons and formed a circle round the cart to protect it.

All four men of our party ran towards the cart. I could see Jonathan on one side of the ring of men and Quincey on the other forcing his way to the cart. Jonathan managed to jump up on the cart, and with a strength which seemed incredible, raised the great box and threw it to the ground. In the meantime, Mr. Morris had had to use force to pass through his side of the ring of gypsies, and they used their knives to try and stop him. At first I thought that he had come through safely, but as he jumped up beside Jonathan, I could see that he was holding his side, and that blood was dripping through his fingers. Jonathan then attacked one end of the chest, attempting to take off the lid with his huge knife. The nails came out with a painful sound, and the top of the box was thrown back.

The sun was almost down on the mountain tops, and the shadows of the whole group fell upon the snow. I saw the Count lying within the box upon the earth. He was deathly pale, and his red eyes glared with a horrible cruel look. As I looked, his eyes saw the sinking sun, and the look of hate in them turned to triumph.

But, at that instant came the sweep and flash of Jonathan's great knife. I screamed as I saw it cut through the Count's throat. At the same moment, Mr. Morris's knife plunged into the heart.

It was like a miracle, but before our very eyes, the whole body crumbled into dust and passed from our sight.

The gypsies turned and rode away in fright, leaving us alone.

Mr. Morris, who had fallen to the ground, leaned on his elbow, holding his hand to his side. The blood still ran through his fingers. I ran over to him and so did the two doctors. Jonathan knelt behind him, and the wounded man laid back his head on his shoulder. With a sigh he took my hand in his own.

He must have seen the sorrow of my heart in my face, for he smiled at me and said, „I am only too happy to have been of service! Oh, God!“ he cried suddenly and pointing to me. „It was worth for this to die! Look! Look!“

The sun was now right down upon the mountain top and shone onto my face so that it was bathed in a rose-coloured light. At that moment, the mark upon my forehead disappeared as if had never been there at all. The dying man spoke, „Now God be thanked that all has not been for nothing! See! The curse has passed away!“

And with a smile and in silence, he died, a courageous gentleman.

# Glossary

abbey – opactwo;  
to advance – podejść;  
arms – broń;  
as though – jak gdyby, jakby;  
to attempt – próbować;  
attendant – służący;  
available – wolny, do dyspozycji;  
awful – straszny, okropny;  
awhile – przez chwilę;  
back and forth – tam i z powrotem;  
band – grupa, banda;  
bat – nietoperz;  
battle – bitwa;  
bay – zatoka;  
to beg – prosić, błagać;  
bench – ławka;  
to bend – pochylić się;  
bloodless – anemiczny;  
brain fever – zapalenie mózgu;  
breeze – wietrzyk;  
bunch – bukiet;  
burning – palący;  
to buzz – bzyczeć;  
calmly – spokojnie;

case – futerał;  
carriage – powóz;  
cart – wóz;  
cause – powód, przyczyna;  
chapel – kaplica;  
cheery-looking – radośnie wyglądający;  
chest – skrzynia, kufer;  
to chill – chłodzić, ostudzać;  
cloak – peleryna, płaszcz;  
clue – ślad, trop, wskazówka;  
coach – powóz, karetka;  
coachman – woźnica;  
coffin – trumna;  
to command – nakazywać;  
to contain – zawierać;  
corpse – ciało;  
count – hrabia;  
courageous – odważny, dzielny;  
courtyard – dziedziniec;  
to crack – trzaskać;  
crash – trzask;  
crawl – pełzać;  
crucifix – krzyż;  
cruel – okrutny;  
crumble – kruszyć się, rozsypywać się;  
to cry out – zawołać, krzyknąć;  
curse – przekleństwo, klątwa;  
dawn – świt;

deck – pokład;  
to deepen – pogłębiać się, wzmagać się;  
delay – opóźnienie;  
to deliver – dostarczyć;  
destination – cel;  
devilish – diabelski;  
to dig – kopać;  
direct – kierować, kazać;  
disbelief – niedowierzanie;  
disturb – przeszkadzać, niepokoić;  
to doubt – wątpić;  
to draw away – odsunąć się;  
to drip – kapać;  
drop – kropla;  
dust – pył, proch;  
entry – zapis;  
estate – majątek ziemski;  
evidently – najwyraźniej;  
evil – zły;  
excitement – podekscytowanie;  
explore – zbadać;  
faint – nikły, słaby;  
to faint – zemdleć;  
feather – pióro;  
to feed – karmić;  
to feel dizzy – odczuwać zawroty głowy;  
field glasses – lornetka polowa;  
to fill – wypełniać;

firm – stanowczy;  
flame – płomień;  
to flame – płonąć;  
flash – błysk;  
to forbid – zabraniać, zakazywać;  
to force – zmuszać;  
forehead – czoło;  
foul – wstrętny, odrażający;  
fright – strach, przerażenie;  
furniture – meble;  
further – dalej;  
garlic – czosnek;  
to get rid of something – pozbyć się czegoś;  
to get out – wysiąść;  
glow – łuna, poświata;  
to go on – kontynuować;  
to go over – podejść;  
to grab – chwytać, łapać;  
to grasp – chwytać;  
graveyard – cmentarz;  
growl – warknięcie;  
gypsy – Cygan;  
halt! – stój!;  
hammer – młotek;  
to hand – wręczyć, przekazać;  
to hang – wieszać;  
harbour – port;  
to heal – goić się;

hellish – piekielny;  
to hire – wynająć;  
to hold – trzymać;  
holy – święty;  
hooked – haczykowaty;  
hopefully – o ile szczęście dopisze;  
horrid – okropny, wstrętny;  
to horrify – przerażać;  
to howl – wycić;  
to hypnotise – hipnotyzować;  
intently – uważnie, w skupieniu;  
journal – pamiętnik, dziennik;  
kitten – kociątko;  
knock – pukanie;  
to knock – pukać;  
landlady – właścicielka, gospodyni;  
to lay out – rozkładać;  
to lean – pochylać, przechylać się;  
lid – pokrywa;  
lightning – piorun;  
lizard – jaszczurka;  
to look after somebody – opiekować się kimś;  
lunatic asylum – dom wariatów;  
madness – szaleństwo, obłąd;  
marriage proposal – oświadczyzny;  
mate – majtek;  
memorandum – notatka;  
miracle – cud;

monster – potwór;  
moonlight – światło księżyca;  
nail – gwóźdź;  
nightdress – koszula nocna;  
nightmarish – koszmarny;  
nobleman – szlachcic, arystokrata;  
to nod – skinąć;  
nun – zakonnica;  
opportunity – okazja;  
over – skończony;  
to owe – być winnym, zawdzięczać;  
pass – przelęczyć;  
to pass away – odejść, umrzeć;  
passage – korytarz;  
pale – blady;  
to place – położyć, umieścić;  
plunge – zanurzyć się, wbić się;  
to point out – wskazać;  
pointed – ostry, spiczasty;  
prison – więzienie;  
to pull up – zatrzymywać;  
rage – wściekłość;  
rapidly – szybko;  
raw – surowy;  
reflection – odbicie;  
to refuse – odmówić;  
reins – lejce, cugle;  
research – badanie;

responsibility – obowiązek;  
ring – krąg;  
to rise – podnosić się;  
roar – ryczeć, wyć;  
roll – rolka, zwitek;  
rough – wyboisty;  
to rush – spieszyć, pędzić;  
sacred – święty;  
salvation – ratunek, zbawienie;  
sapphire – szafir;  
sea-fog – mgła morską;  
to seal – zapieczętować;  
to search – przeszukiwać;  
searchlight – światło reflektora;  
to set off – wyruszać;  
to set sail – stawiać żagle, wyruszać w drogę;  
shadow – cień;  
to shake – potrząsnąć; trząść się;  
to shave – golić się;  
to shout – krzyczeć;  
spade – łopata;  
sparrow – wróbel;  
spell – zauroczenie;  
to split up – dzielić się, rozdzielać się;  
spot – miejsce;  
to spread – rozkładać;  
square – kwadratowy;  
stake – kołek;

to stand out – wyróżniać się, rzucać się w oczy;  
startled – zaskoczony;  
to step in – wchodzić;  
to sterilise – sterylizować;  
to stink – cuchnąć;  
to stare – przyglądać się;  
storm – burza;  
to strike – uderzyć;  
to suck – ssać;  
sunrise – wschód słońca;  
superstition – przesąd, zabobon;  
to surround – otaczać;  
to survive – przeżyć;  
sweep – machnięcie;  
to sweep – machać (ręką);  
to swing open – otwierać się;  
to take off – zdejmować;  
to take turns – zmieniać się;  
tightly – mocno;  
tirelessly – niestrudzenie;  
throat – gardło;  
throw – rzucać;  
tombstone – nagrobek;  
to tremble – drżeć, trząść się;  
trick – sztuczka;  
triumph – triumf;  
twist – skręt;  
to upset – martwić, denerwować;

## Contents

urgent – pilny;  
vehicle – pojazd;  
vein – żyła;  
victim – ofiara;  
violently – gwałtownie;  
wafer – opłatek;  
wagon – wóz;  
warning – ostrzeżenie;  
wax – воск;  
weapon – broń;  
wicked – haniebnny, niegodziwy;  
winding – kręty;  
wing – skrzydło;  
wheel – ster;  
to whisper – szeptać;  
whip – bicz;  
to wonder – zastanawiać się;  
wound – rana;  
to wrap – zawijać, pakować;

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ISBN 83 - 89652 - 20 - X



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