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 gloom\(^1\) the courtyard looked of considerable size, and as several dark ways led from it under great round arches\(^2\), it perhaps seemed bigger than it really is. I have not yet been able to see it by daylight.

When the caleche\(^3\) stopped, the driver jumped down and held out his hand to assist me to alight\(^4\). Again I could not but notice his prodigious\(^5\) strength. His hand actually seemed like a steel vice\(^6\) that could have crushed mine if he had chosen. Then he took my traps\(^7\), and placed them on the ground beside me as I stood close to a great door, old and studded\(^8\) with large iron nails, and set in a projecting doorway of massive stone. I could see even in the dim\(^9\) 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 reins\(^10\). The horses started\(^11\) forward, and trap and all disappeared down one of the dark openings.

\(^1\) Gloom: tusmørke
\(^2\) 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 knocker there was no sign. Through these frowning walls and dark window openings it was not likely that my voice could penetrate. 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 embarked? Was this a customary incident in the life of a solicitor's clerk sent out to explain the purchase of a London estate to a foreigner? Solicitor's clerk! Mina would not like that. Solicitor, for just before leaving London I got word that my examination was successful, and I am now a full-blown 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 Carpathians. 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 chinks the gleam of a coming light. Then there was the sound of rattling chains and the clanking of massive bolts drawn back. A key was turned with the loud grating noise of long disuse, and the great door swung back.

Within, stood a tall old man, clean shaven save for a long white moustache, and clad in black from head to foot, without a single speck 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,
throwing long quivering\textsuperscript{26} shadows as it flickered\textsuperscript{27} in the draught of the open door. The old man motioned me in with his right hand with a courtly\textsuperscript{28} 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 wince\textsuperscript{29}, 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 akin\textsuperscript{30} 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 bracket\textsuperscript{31} on the wall, and stepping out, took my luggage. He had carried it in before I could forestall\textsuperscript{32} 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 winding\textsuperscript{33} 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 rejoiced\textsuperscript{34} to see within a well-lit room in which a table was

\begin{itemize}
\item \textsuperscript{26} Quivering: dirrende
\item \textsuperscript{27} Flicker: blafre
\item \textsuperscript{28} courtly: høflig
\item \textsuperscript{29} wince: trække tilbage
\item \textsuperscript{30} Akin: lig med
\item \textsuperscript{31} bracket: hylde/niche
\item \textsuperscript{32} forestall: stoppe
\item \textsuperscript{33} winding stair: vindeltrappe
\item \textsuperscript{34} I rejoiced: det glædede mig
\end{itemize}
spread for supper, and on whose mighty hearth a great fire of logs, freshly replenished, flamed and flared.

The Count halted, putting down my bags, closed the door, and crossing the room, opened another door, which led into a small octagonal 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 dissipated all my doubts and fears. Having then reached my normal state, I discovered that I was half famished 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: genopfyldt
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 entrusted\(^{41}\) to me. He opened it and read it gravely\(^{42}\). Then, with a charming smile, he handed it to me to read. One passage of it, at least, gave me a thrill\(^{43}\) of pleasure.

"I must regret that an attack of gout\(^{44}\), from which malady\(^{45}\) 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 sufficient\(^{46}\) 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 faithful\(^{47}\) disposition\(^{48}\). He is discreet and silent, and has grown into manhood in my service. He shall be ready to attend\(^{49}\) 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 degrees\(^{50}\) 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 marked\(^{51}\) physiognomy\(^{52}\).

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\(^{41}\) 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, aquiline\textsuperscript{53}, with high bridge\textsuperscript{54} of the thin nose and peculiarly\textsuperscript{55} arched nostrils, with lofty domed\textsuperscript{56} forehead, and hair growing scantily\textsuperscript{57} round the temples but profusely\textsuperscript{58} 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 fixed\textsuperscript{59} and rather cruel-looking, with peculiarly sharp white teeth. These protruded\textsuperscript{60} over the lips, whose remarkable ruddiness\textsuperscript{61} showed astonishing\textsuperscript{62} vitality\textsuperscript{63} 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 pallor\textsuperscript{64}.

Hitherto\textsuperscript{65} 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 coarse\textsuperscript{66}, broad, with squat\textsuperscript{67} 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 shudder\textsuperscript{68}. It may have been that his breath was rank\textsuperscript{69}, but a horrible feeling of nausea\textsuperscript{70} came over me, which, do what I would, I could not conceal.

\begin{footnotes}
\item[53] aquiline: ørneagtig
\item[54] bridge of the nose: næseryg
\item[55] peculiarly: besynderligt
\item[56] lofty domed forehead: høj pande
\item[57] scantily: spredt
\item[58] profusely: voldsomt, overdådigt
\item[59] fixed: "hård" (f.eks. med sammenknebne læber)
\item[60] protruded: stak frem over
\item[61] ruddiness: rødhed
\item[62] astonishing: forundrende
\item[63] vitality: vitalitet, livskraft
\item[64] pallor: bleghed
\item[65] hitherto: indtil videre
\item[66] coarse: grove
\item[67] squat: små, korte
\item[68] shudder: gysen
\item[69] rank: ildelugtende
\item[70] nausea: kvalme
\end{footnotes}
The Count, evidently noticing it, drew back. And with a grim sort of smile, which showed more than he had yet done his protruberant 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 gleamed, 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 city 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 diffuse. 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 uneasy. 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 me, but would 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

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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 prosaic so far as facts can be. It will help me to bear up, 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 glass 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 started, 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 salutation, 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 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 a sort of demoniac fury, and he suddenly made a grab at my throat. I drew away and his hand touched the string of beads 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

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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: lys op
86 string of beads: perlekrans
has done the mischief\textsuperscript{87}. It is a foul bauble of man's vanity\textsuperscript{88}. Away with it!" And opening the window with one wrench\textsuperscript{89} 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-case\textsuperscript{90} 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 peculiar\textsuperscript{91} 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 terrific\textsuperscript{92} precipice\textsuperscript{93}. 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 rift\textsuperscript{94} where there is a chasm. Here and there are silver threads where the rivers wind\textsuperscript{95} in deep gorges\textsuperscript{96} 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 veritable\textsuperscript{97} prison, and I am a prisoner!

[...]
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 startlingly 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 brilliant moonlight, my own footsteps marked where I had disturbed the long accumulation 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, piercing 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 sapphires. I seemed somehow to know her face, and to know it in connection with some dreamy fear, but I could not recollect at the moment how or where. All three had brilliant white teeth that shone like pearls against the ruby of their voluptuous 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 wicked, 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, tingling sweetness of waterglasses when

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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, distigt, "ulovligt"
107 tingling: dirrende
played on by a cunning\textsuperscript{108} hand. The fair girl shook her head coquettishly\textsuperscript{109}, and the other two urged\textsuperscript{110} 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 agony\textsuperscript{111} of delightful\textsuperscript{112} anticipation\textsuperscript{113}. The fair girl advanced\textsuperscript{114} 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 offensiveness\textsuperscript{115}, 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 gloating\textsuperscript{116}. There was a deliberate\textsuperscript{117} voluptuousness\textsuperscript{118} which was both thrilling\textsuperscript{119} and repulsive\textsuperscript{120}, and as she arched\textsuperscript{121} her neck she actually licked her lips like an animal, till I could see in the moonlight the moisture\textsuperscript{122} shining on the scarlet\textsuperscript{123} lips and on the red tongue as it lapped\textsuperscript{124} the white sharp teeth. Lower and lower went her head as the lips went below the range\textsuperscript{125} of my mouth and chin and seemed to

\begin{itemize}
  \item cunning: dygtig
  \item Coquettishly: koket
  \item urged her on: æggede hende videre (dvs. opfordrede hende indtrængende til at fortsætte)
  \item agony: smerte
  \item delightful: vidunderlig
  \item anticipation: forventning
  \item advanced: bevægede sig fremad
  \item offensiveness: frastødende kvalitet
  \item gloating: triumfere
  \item deliberate: bevidst
  \item voluptuousness: vellystighed
  \item thrilling: ophidsende
  \item repulsive: frastødende
  \item arched: bojede
  \item moisture: fugt
  \item scarlet: højrøde
  \item lapped: slikkede
  \item range: rækkevidde
\end{itemize}
fasten\textsuperscript{126} on my throat. Then she paused, and I could hear the churning\textsuperscript{127} 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 tingle\textsuperscript{128} 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 dents\textsuperscript{129} of two sharp teeth, just touching and pausing there. I closed my eyes in languorous\textsuperscript{130} 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 lapped\textsuperscript{131} in a storm of fury. As my eyes opened involuntarily I saw his strong hand grasp the slender\textsuperscript{132} neck of the fair woman and with giant's power draw it back, the blue eyes transformed with fury, the white teeth champing\textsuperscript{133} with rage, and the fair cheeks blazing red with passion\textsuperscript{134}. But the Count! Never did I imagine such wrath and fury, even to the demons of the pit\textsuperscript{135}. His eyes were positively\textsuperscript{136} blazing. The red light in them was lurid\textsuperscript{137}, 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 heaving\textsuperscript{138} bar of whitehot\textsuperscript{139} 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 imperious\textsuperscript{140} 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:

\textsuperscript{126} fasten: fastgøre sig
\textsuperscript{127} churning: malende (dvs. hun slikker i cirkler, rundt og rundt)
\textsuperscript{128} tingle: sitre
\textsuperscript{129} dents: mærker
\textsuperscript{130} languorous: smægtende, trykkende, sløv
\textsuperscript{131} lapped: indhyllet i
\textsuperscript{132} slender: slanke
\textsuperscript{133} champing with rage: tænderskærende af raseri
\textsuperscript{134} passion: ophidselse
\textsuperscript{135} the pit: Helvede
\textsuperscript{136} positively: endog
\textsuperscript{137} lurid: glødende
\textsuperscript{138} Heaving: pulserende
\textsuperscript{139} Whitehot: hvidglødende
\textsuperscript{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 meddle\textsuperscript{141} with him, or you'll have to deal with me."

The fair girl, with a laugh of ribald\textsuperscript{142} coquetry, turned to answer him. "You yourself never loved. You never love!" On this the other women joined, and such a mirthless\textsuperscript{143}, hard, soulless laughter rang through the room that it almost made me faint to hear. It seemed like the pleasure of fiends\textsuperscript{144}.

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 wail\textsuperscript{145}, as of a half smothered\textsuperscript{146} child. The women closed round, whilst I was aghast\textsuperscript{147} 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.

[...]

\textsuperscript{141} Meddle: blande sig
\textsuperscript{142} Ribald: sjofel
\textsuperscript{143} Mirthless: glædesløs
\textsuperscript{144} Fiends: djævle
\textsuperscript{145} wail: klagen
\textsuperscript{146} smothered: kvalt
\textsuperscript{147} aghast: forfærdet
Mina Murray’s Journal.

(From: Chapter 8)

11 August.—Diary again. No sleep now, so I may as well write. I am too agitated to sleep. We have had such an adventure, such an agonizing 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 across 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-gown 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 room. 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 catch 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 overpowering 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

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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 pier\textsuperscript{154} 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 seat\textsuperscript{155}.

There was a bright full moon, with heavy black, driving clouds, which threw the whole scene into a fleeting\textsuperscript{156} diorama\textsuperscript{157} 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-reclining\textsuperscript{158} 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 glance\textsuperscript{159}, but flew down the steep\textsuperscript{160} 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 rejoiced\textsuperscript{161} 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 laboured\textsuperscript{162} 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 weighted\textsuperscript{163} with lead, and as though every joint in my body were rusty.
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 spells\textsuperscript{164} 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 parted\textsuperscript{165}, 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 lest\textsuperscript{166} 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 anxiety\textsuperscript{167} 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 uneasy\textsuperscript{168} 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 forcibly\textsuperscript{169}, till finally she opened her

\textsuperscript{164} spell: (her:) lag el. lign.
\textsuperscript{165} Parted: adskilte
\textsuperscript{166} lest: (her:) at
\textsuperscript{167} anxiety: bekymring
\textsuperscript{168} uneasy: urolig
\textsuperscript{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 appalled at waking unclad 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 at once with me home, she rose without a word, with the obedience of a child. As we passed along, the gravel hurt my feet, and Lucy noticed me wince. 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 daubed 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 us, 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 closes, or ‘wynds’, 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, lest she should suffer from the exposure, but for her reputation in case the story should get wind. When we got in, and had washed our feet, and had said a prayer of thankfulness together, I tucked her into bed. Before falling asleep she asked, even implored, me not to say a word to any one, even her mother, about her sleep-walking adventure.

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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 hesitated\textsuperscript{183} at first, to promise, but on thinking of the state of her mother's health, and how
the knowledge of such a thing would fret\textsuperscript{184} her, and think too, of how such a story might
become distorted\textsuperscript{185}, nay, infallibly\textsuperscript{186} 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 reflex\textsuperscript{187} 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 side\textsuperscript{188}. 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 pierced\textsuperscript{189}. I must have pinched up a piece of loose
skin and have transfixed\textsuperscript{190} it, for there are two little red points like pin-pricks, and on the
band\textsuperscript{191} of her nightdress was a drop of blood. When I apologised and was concerned about it,
she laughed and petted\textsuperscript{192} me, and said she did not even feel it. Fortunately it cannot leave a
scar, as it is so tiny.

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