



Dracula

by Bram Stoker



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 shadows as it flickered in the draught of the open door. The old man motioned me in with his right hand with a courtly 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, 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 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 on the wall, and stepping out, took my luggage. He had carried it in before I could forestall 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.”





Retrieval

1) What is the narrator's name?

2) When does Count Dracula shake the narrator's hand?

3) When does the narrator arrive at Count Dracula's home?

Language

4) Find and copy **two** metaphors.

5) *...and the great door swung back.* What does the word **great** mean in this sentence?

Feedback



Classic Text Reading

6) Find and copy a word that means the way your voice rises and falls as you speak.

7)...*the strength of the handshake was so much akin to that which I noticed in the driver...* What does the word **akin** mean in this sentence?

Sequencing

8) Place these events in the order they occur in the text.

- Count Dracula takes the narrator's bags.
- Count Dracula first welcomes the narrator to his house.
- The narrator learns that the old man is Count Dracula.
- Count Dracula shakes the narrator's hand.
- Count Dracula bows and welcomes the narrator to his house.

Feedback



Inference

Feedback

9) Why does the narrator need to rest? Use evidence from the text to support your answer.

10) What impression do you have of Count Dracula? Give **two** points, using evidence from the text to support your answer.



Classic Text Reading

In this story, Count Dracula has not yet been revealed as a monster. What clues does the writer give that there is something strange about him?

Feedback