

NIGHT'S BLACK AGENTS

THE DRACULA DOSSIER



Pelgrane Press

**TOP
SECRET**

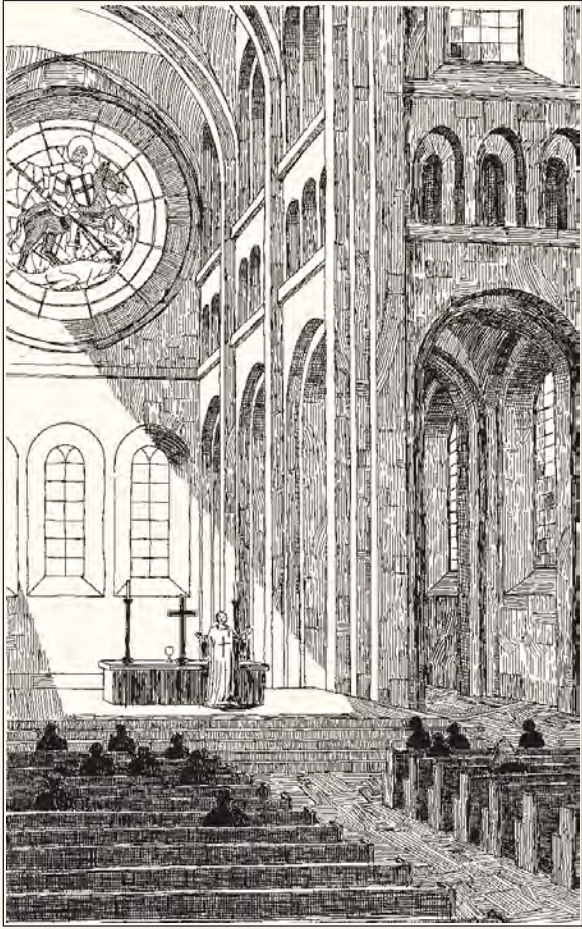
DRACULA UNREDACTED



BY BRAM STOKER

UNREDACTED BY GARETH RYDER-HANRAHAN AND KENNETH HITE

DRACULA



THE CUP IS PASSED

DRACULA

BY

BRAM STOKER



PELGRANE PRESS
LONDON

I found her leaning out when I woke up, and when I tried to wake her I could not; she was in a faint. When I managed to restore her, she was weak as water, and cried silently between long, painful struggles for breath. When I asked her how she came to be at the window she shook her head and turned away. I trust her feeling ill may not be from that unlucky prick of the brooch-pin. I looked at her throat just now as she lay asleep, and the tiny wounds seem not to have healed. They are still open, and, if anything, larger than before, and the edges of them are faintly white. They are like little white dots with red centres. Unless they heal within a day or two, I shall insist on the doctor seeing about them.

95
 BILLINGTON & SONS STILL IN SAME PLACE. CARTER, PATERSON & CO GET BOUGHT BY BIG FOUR TRAINWAY COMPANIES IN 1933. THEY GET NATIONALISED, IT GOES TO THE BRITISH ROAD SERVICES. THAT TURNS INTO THE NATIONAL FREIGHT COMPANY. AND THATCHER SELLS THAT OFF IN '89. IT ENDS UP GETTING MERGED INTO AN
 Letter, Samuel F. Billington & Son, Solicitors, Whitby, to
 Messrs. Carter, Paterson & Co., London.
 INTERNATIONAL LOGISTICS COMPANY. AXEL LOGISTICS - AND WOW, THAT'S QUITE A CLIENT LIST
 12 March.

Dear Sirs,—

Herewith please receive invoice of goods sent by Great Northern Railway. Same are to be delivered at Carfax, near Plaistow, immediately on receipt at goods station King's Cross. The house is at present empty, but enclosed please find keys, all of which are labelled.

You will please deposit the boxes, fifty in number, which form the consignment, in the partially ruined building forming part of the house and marked 'A' on rough diagrams enclosed. Your agent will easily recognise the locality, as it is the ancient chapel of the mansion. The goods leave by the train at 9.30 tonight, and will be due at King's Cross at 4.30 tomorrow afternoon. As our client wishes the delivery made as soon as possible, we shall be obliged by your having teams ready at King's Cross at the time named and forthwith conveying the goods to destination. In order to obviate any delays possible through any routine requirements as to payment in your departments, we enclose cheque herewith for ten pounds (£10), receipt of which please acknowledge. Should the charge be less than this amount, you can return balance; if greater, we shall at once send cheque for difference on hearing from you. You are to leave the keys on coming away in the main hall of the house, where the proprietor may get them on his entering the house by means of his duplicate key.

Pray do not take us as exceeding the bounds of business courtesy in

pressing you in all ways to use the utmost expedition.

We are, dear Sirs,
Faithfully yours,
Samuel F. Billington & Son.

Letter, Messrs. Carter, Paterson & Co., to Messrs. Billington & Son.

16 March.

Dear Sirs,—

We beg to acknowledge £10 received and to return cheque of £1, 17s.9d., amount of overplus, as shown in receipted account herewith. Goods are delivered in exact accordance with instructions, and keys left in parcel in main hall, as directed.

We are, dear Sirs,
Yours respectfully,
Pro *Carter, Paterson & Co.*

Inspector George Cotford's Police Notebook.

16 March.—Alarum raised at King's Cross station by the goods handlers there, one of whom reported a huge dog that sprang from one of the cars and prowled through the yard. There were several large animals in the yard, as a Wild-West circus show is in transit, but all of their beasts were confirmed to be safely locked up. Examination of the car in question showed no sign of damage, and representatives of Carter Paterson & co were happy to accept custody of the freight.

Francis Aytown's Appointment-Book.

⁹⁷ Carradine title, extinct after 1973 death of 10th Lord Carradine.
17 March.—Lady Carradine, client. Her guests, subjects, sub rosae.

This commission is entirely photographic, and I may venture a guess not
96 entirely public.

Cotford. Names recur. Our friend from Five claims no relation. Garrott's father was SOE. Singleton lies— orphan one day, a Scottish lord the next. Must dig. Jasper Harker ran Five from 40-41! A threat, like running up a yellow flag?

Red. Red = war. Yellow = contagion. Blood contagion.

The Dukes. Continuity of name. Edom's lowest grade of immortality—pretending that one is the same as the next, as if the office inhabited the man and not the other way around.

Her Ladyship herself met me at the door of her Mayfair place at 5.30 p.m. of all times. She wished, she said, to ensure that my arrival was unseen by anyone. Certainly Her Ladyship's circle is in no danger of hearsay spread by anyone walking the street at this unfashionably early time of day. I was instructed to assemble my apparatus in a kind of vestibule off the ball-room and aim it through some underbrush strategically placed by an underbutler. The idea was to capture candid images of her guests enjoying themselves—with whom being the unstated instruction in all of this. The chandelier lights are electrical, and the lamps are gas (though with excellent reflectors), and with no mirrors in the room (ah, Your Ladyship, craquelure takes us all from Botticelli on down) and no flash it requires very long exposure times to get anything like a clear image. Fortunately the guests could often be caught three-quarter face for some minutes admiring the new tapestries Her Ladyship has hung across the east windows.

One evening's work.

Seventy-eight portrait images (I had the footman carry the plates to the hansom) in uncertain light, usually from a three-quarter angle in the sinister arc.

I recognised a number of eminent personages, and some of their imminent companions. General F., for example, and the Hon. James L. An ambassadorial wife or two. One guest caught my eye as he entered after midnight and escorted no companion. His best feature was his aquiline nose and high skull; he wisely wore a dark moustache over an almost lupine jaw. Despite these handicaps, Her Ladyship positively fawned over him, as did several other of her particular set. He admired the tapestries for some time, certainly for long enough to leave a good portrait on the plate.

18 March.—Or perhaps not; every image of the gentleman (a Mr de Ville, I overheard) appeared instead as a shadowy blotch of radiating patterns, like mould had grown on the plate, or as if the plate had been exposed to a Crookes tube in operation. On one portrait, the clearest and longest, the blots and striations resembled a skull! Lady Carradine wished to receive all plates and copies of the images, but I made enough views of Mr de Ville that she won't miss this one. I need to retain this one to determine

Radioactivity? Does it power the v, or let us track him?

Later. Singleton recounts wild tales of glowing black ogres in Romanian mountains. 98

Check actual folklore, map sightings?

99 Would BE NICE TO FIND THAT PLATE, RUN A FULL SPECTRUM WORKUP ON IT, AND SEE IF WE COULD FIND THE UNIDENTIFIED DEPC EMITS. WE COULD TRACK HIM FROM ORBIT WITH THE WMD PACKAGES. THANKS DIFAC!

forfend, in my Kodak. I certainly cannot afford to replace it at this juncture, not before the Salon shows (or the Holmwood wedding) at any rate. Not that I shall get much work done on either if I must develop seventy-eight prints without them being seen by Jenkins or his bosom friend or a model or anyone else who barges into the studio unannounced at all hours.

Mina Murray's Journal.

13 March.—I am happy today, and write sitting on the seat in the churchyard. Lucy is ever so much better. Last night she slept well all night, and did not disturb me once. The roses seem coming back already to her cheeks, though she is still sadly pale and wan-looking. If she were in any way anæmic I could understand it, but she is not. She is in gay spirits and full of life and cheerfulness. All the morbid reticence seems to have passed from her, and she has just reminded me, as if I needed any reminding, of *that* night, and that it was here, on this very seat, I found her asleep. As she told me she tapped playfully with the heel of her boot on the stone slab and said:—

'My poor little feet didn't make much noise then! I daresay poor old Mr Swales would have told me that it was because I didn't want to wake up Geordie.' As she was in such a communicative humour, I asked her if she had dreamed at all that night. Before she answered, that sweet, puckered look came into her forehead, which Arthur—I call him Arthur from her habit—says he loves; and indeed, I don't wonder that he does. Then she went on in a half-dreaming kind of way, as if trying to recall it to herself:—

'I didn't quite dream; but it all seemed to be real. I only wanted to be here in this spot—I don't know why, for I was afraid of something—I don't know what. I remember, though I suppose I was asleep, passing through the streets and over the bridge. A fish leaped as I went by, and I leaned over to look at it, and I heard a lot of dogs howling—the whole town seemed as if it must be full of dogs all howling at once—as I went up the steps. Then I have a vague memory of something long and dark with red eyes, just as we saw in the sunset, and something very sweet and very bitter all around me at once; and then I seemed sinking into deep green water,

¹⁰⁰
Bleed through again? Astral projection, as speculated by VH? Curious metaphor of earthquake.
Check with Bullard at Blacknest about seismic activity corresponding to this date, if records go back that far.

and we looked out, the deil a thing could we see. We ran by Gibraltar wi'oot bein' able to signal; an' till we came to the Dardanelles and had to wait to get our permit to pass, we never were within hail o'aught. At first I inclined to slack off sail and beat about till the fog was lifted; but whiles, I thocht that if the Deil was minded to get us into the Black Sea quick, he was like to do it whether we would or no. If we had a quick voyage it would be no to our miscredit wi' the owners, or no hurt to our traffic, an' the Old Mon who had served his ain purpose wad be decently grateful to us for no hinderin' him.' This mixture of simplicity and cunning, of superstition and commercial reasoning, aroused Van Helsing, who said:—

'Mine friend, that Devil is more clever than he is thought by some; and he know when he meet his match!' The skipper was not displeased with the compliment, and went on:—

'When we got past the Bosphorus the men began to grumble; some o'them, the Roumanians, came and asked me to heave overboard a big box which had been put on board by a queer lookin' old man just before we had started frae London. I had seen them speer at the fellow, and put out their twa fingers when they saw him, to guard against the evil eye. Man! But the supersteetion of foreigners is pairfectly rideeculous! I sent them aboot their business pretty quick; but as just after a fog closed in on us I felt a wee bit as they did anent something, though I wouldn't say it was agin the big box. Well, on we went, and as the fog didn't let up for five days I joost let the wind carry us; for if the Deil wanted to get somewheres— well, he would fetch it up a'reet. An' if he didn't, well, we'd keep a sharp lookout anyhow. Sure enuch, we had a fair way and deep water all the time; and two days ago, when the mornin' sun came through the fog, we found ourselves just in the river opposite Galatz. The Roumanians were wild, and wanted me right or wrong to take out the box and fling it in the river. I had to argy wi' them aboot it wi' a handspike; an' when the last o'them rose off the deck, wi' his head in his hand, I had convinced them that, evil eye or no evil eye, the property and the trust of my owners were better in my hands than in the river Danube. They had, mind ye, taken the box on the deck ready to fling in, and as it was marked Galatz *via* Varna, I thocht I'd let it lie till we discharged in the port an' get rid o't ategither. We didn't do much clearin' that day, an' had to remain the nicht at anchor; but in the mornin', braw an' airly, an hour before sun-up, a man came aboard wi' an order, written to him from England, to receive a box marked for one

Family had connections to Zionist factions in pre-war Romania; fled in 1940s, now in Tel Aviv.

Count Dracula. Sure enuch the matter was one ready to his hand. He had his papers a' reet, an' glad I was to be rid o' the dam' thing, for I was beginnin' masel' to feel uneasy at it. If the Deil did have any luggage aboard the ship, I'm thinkin' it was nane ither than that same!

'What was the name of the man who took it?' asked Dr Van Helsing with restrained eagerness.

'I'll be tellin' ye quick!' he answered, and, stepping down to his cabin, produced a receipt signed 'Immanuel Hildesheim.' Burgen-strasse 16 was the address. We found out that this was all the Captain knew; so with thanks we came away.

We found Hildesheim in his office, a Hebrew of rather the Adelphi Theatre type, with a nose like a sheep, and a fez. His arguments were pointed with specie—we doing the punctuation—and with a little bargaining he told us what he knew. This turned out to be simple but important. He had received a letter from Mr de Ville of London, telling him to receive, if possible before sunrise so as to avoid customs, a box which would arrive at Galatz in the *Czarina Catherine*. This he was to give in charge to a certain Petrof Skinsky, who dealt with the Slovaks who traded down the river to the port. He had been paid for his work by an English bank note, which had been duly cashed for gold at the Danube International Bank. When Skinsky had come to him, he had taken him to the ship and handed over the box, so as to save portorage. That was all he knew.

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We then sought for Skinsky, but were unable to find him. One of his neighbours, who did not seem to bear him any affection, said that he had gone away two days before, no one knew whither. This was corroborated by his landlord who had received by messenger the key of the house together with the rent due, in English money. This had been between ten and eleven o'clock last night. We were at a standstill again.

Whilst we were talking one came running and breathlessly gasped out that the body of Skinsky had been found inside the wall of the churchyard of St Peter, and that the throat had been torn open as if by some wild animal. Those we had been speaking with ran off to see the horror, the women crying out 'This is the work of a Slovak!' We hurried away lest we should have been in some way drawn into the affair, and so detained.

241 Jan. Nat. as here after we remove Doring, from Guard launches away. Did we clear path for the Count?

As we came home we could arrive at no definite conclusion. We were all convinced that the box was on its way, by water, to somewhere; but

Rid him of a troublesome servant!

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What side is he on?



THE THROAT HAD BEEN TORN OPEN AS IF BY SOME WILD ANIMAL.

where that might be we would have to discover. With heavy hearts we came home to the hotel to Mina.

When we met together, the first thing was to consult as to taking Mina again into our confidence. Things are getting desperate, and it is at least a chance, though a hazardous one. As a preliminary step, I was released from my promise to her.

Mina Harker's Journal.

24 August, evening.—They were so tired and worn out and dispirited that there was nothing to be done till they had some rest; so I asked them all to lie down for half an hour whilst I should enter everything up to the moment. I feel so grateful to the man who invented the 'Traveller's' typewriter, and to Mr Morris for getting this one for me. I should have felt quite astray doing the work if I had to write with a pen . . .

It is all done; poor dear, dear Jonathan, what he must have suffered, what must he be suffering now. He lies on the sofa hardly seeming to breathe, and his whole body appears in collapse. His brows are knit; his face is drawn with pain. Poor fellow, maybe he is thinking, and I can see his face all wrinkled up with the concentration of his thoughts. Oh! if I could only help at all . . . I shall do what I can . . .

I have asked Dr Van Helsing, and he has got me all the papers that I have not yet seen . . . Whilst they are resting, I shall go over all carefully, and perhaps I may arrive at some conclusion. I shall try to follow the Professor's example, and think without prejudice on the facts before me . . .

I do believe that under God's providence I have made a discovery. I shall get the maps and look over them . . .

I am more than ever sure that I am right. My new conclusion is ready, so I shall get our party together and read it. They can judge it; it is well to be accurate, and every minute is precious.