

AI-Generated Graded Readers

Masaru Uchida, Gifu University

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About This Edition

This book is a simplified English adaptation created for extensive reading practice. The text was generated using ChatGPT and prepared for intermediate English learners as part of an educational project.

Target reading level: CEFR A2-B1

This edition aims to support fluency development through accessible vocabulary, expanded narration, and improved readability while preserving the original story structure.

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Part 1

“At last,” Jonathan Harker said quietly to himself, “I am really leaving the West behind.” The train moved slowly across the dark land of Central Europe. Jonathan leaned near the window and watched the fading lights of the town behind him. He opened his notebook and began to write. “May 1. Munich,” he wrote. “I am on my way to Transylvania to meet Count Dracula.” He smiled a little as he wrote the name. “It sounds like the beginning of a strange story,” he said softly.

Jonathan worked for a law firm in London. His employer, Mr. Hawkins, had sent him on this journey to help a nobleman named Count Dracula buy a house in England. “It is important business,” Mr. Hawkins had told him before he left. “I understand, sir,” Jonathan replied. “You must represent our firm well.” “I will do my best.” Now Jonathan was traveling farther east than he had ever gone before.

The train crossed the Danube River at sunset. The wide water shone red and gold under the sky. Jonathan watched the river carefully. “Beautiful,” he whispered. But something about the land felt strange to him. “Everything here feels older,” he thought.

Late that night the train finally reached the small town of Bistritz. Jonathan stepped onto the platform and looked around. The air was cold. The streets were narrow and quiet. He walked to the Golden Krone Hotel, where a light burned above the door.

An old woman opened it. She looked at him closely. “You are the English gentleman?” she asked. “Yes,” Jonathan replied politely. “Jonathan Harker.” The woman crossed herself quickly. “You must come inside,” she said.

Jonathan followed her into the warm dining room. The innkeeper soon arrived and bowed slightly. “We have been expecting you,” he said. “From Count Dracula?” Jonathan asked. The innkeeper nodded slowly. “Yes.” He handed Jonathan a sealed letter.

Jonathan broke the seal and read aloud. “My friend,” the letter said, “welcome

to the Carpathians. Sleep well tonight. Tomorrow night my carriage will meet you at the Borgo Pass. — Dracula.” Jonathan folded the letter. “Very thoughtful,” he said. The innkeeper did not smile.

Jonathan tried to ask more questions. “Tell me,” he said, “what kind of man is Count Dracula?” The innkeeper looked uneasy. His wife suddenly spoke. “Do not go to him,” she said urgently. Jonathan blinked. “Why not?” The woman’s voice trembled. “Tomorrow is St. George’s Eve.” “Yes?” “At midnight all evil things are free.”

Jonathan laughed politely. “My good woman,” he said, “I must go. It is business.” The woman suddenly took a crucifix from her neck. “Take this,” she said. “Oh—please do not trouble yourself.” “For your mother’s sake,” she whispered. Jonathan hesitated. Then he nodded. “Thank you,” he said kindly.

The next evening the coach arrived. The villagers watched silently as Jonathan climbed aboard. One man whispered to another. “He goes to the castle.” Another man muttered. “God help him.” Jonathan pretended not to hear.

The coach began its long climb into the mountains. Darkness fell. The road twisted higher and higher. Suddenly wolves began to howl. Jonathan looked out the window. “There must be dozens of them,” he said nervously. Another passenger crossed himself. “They are close tonight,” he whispered.

Hours later the coach stopped suddenly. Another carriage appeared from the darkness. Its driver wore a long cloak and a wide black hat. “Which one is the Englishman?” the driver asked. Jonathan stepped forward. “I am.” The driver studied him. “I am sent by Count Dracula.” “Very good,” Jonathan replied.

The driver helped him into the carriage. His hand was strong and strangely cold. The carriage raced into the night. Blue flames flickered beside the road. Jonathan leaned forward. “What are those lights?” The driver said nothing.

Suddenly wolves surrounded the carriage. Their eyes glowed in the moonlight. Jonathan gasped. “Good heavens!” The driver stood up. “Back!” he shouted. The wolves slowly retreated. Jonathan stared in disbelief. “How did you do that?” The driver did not answer.

At last the carriage stopped before a huge castle. The driver pointed. “Castle

Dracula.” Jonathan stepped into the courtyard. The carriage vanished. A great door opened slowly. An old man stood there holding a silver lamp. His face was pale and sharp.

“Welcome to my house,” he said. Jonathan bowed. “You must be Count Dracula.” The old man smiled. “I am Dracula.” He extended his hand. “Enter freely and of your own will.”

Jonathan stepped inside. The Count shook his hand. His grip was extremely strong. “Come,” Dracula said. “You must be hungry.” They entered a large dining room. Jonathan sat and began eating. Dracula watched him carefully. “You do not eat?” Jonathan asked. Dracula shook his head. “I have already dined.”

After supper they sat by the fire. Dracula leaned forward. “Tell me about England.” Jonathan smiled. “London is very lively.” “Yes,” Dracula said softly. “I wish to see it.”

Outside wolves began to howl again. Dracula listened with pleasure. “Listen,” he said quietly. “The children of the night.” Jonathan shivered. “They frighten me.” Dracula smiled strangely. “You will grow used to them.”

The next day Jonathan explored the castle. Every door was locked. He tried another corridor. Locked. Another stairway. Locked again. Jonathan stopped suddenly. “This is impossible,” he whispered. Slowly the truth came to him. “I cannot leave.” He looked toward the dark hallway. “I am a prisoner.”

Part 2

Jonathan slept badly that first night in the castle. Strange sounds echoed through the stone halls. Sometimes he thought he heard footsteps. Sometimes he thought he heard distant voices.

When morning finally came, pale light entered through the high window. “At least it is day,” Jonathan said. He washed and dressed quickly. On a table he found breakfast already prepared. Bread, fruit, and hot tea waited for him. Jonathan looked around the room. “Where are the servants?” he wondered. There were none.

After breakfast he decided to explore the castle. “Surely there must be some

way outside,” he said. He walked down a long hallway and tried the first door. Locked. He tried another. Locked again. Jonathan frowned. “Strange.” He continued down the corridor. Door after door refused to open.

Finally he reached a window overlooking the courtyard. The stone walls rose high above a terrible cliff. Jonathan leaned out and looked down. Far below lay a rocky valley. “If I fell from here,” he whispered, “no one would ever find me.” A cold feeling passed through him.

That evening Count Dracula joined him again for conversation. The Count stood near the fire. “You slept well?” Dracula asked. Jonathan hesitated. “Reasonably well.” Dracula studied him. “You have been exploring the castle.” Jonathan tried to sound calm. “Yes. It is very large.” Dracula nodded slowly. “You may go anywhere you wish.” Then his voice became colder. “Except where doors are locked.” Jonathan forced a smile. “Of course.” Dracula leaned forward. “Those rooms are not meant for you.” Jonathan nodded. “I understand.” The Count seemed satisfied. “Good.”

They spoke for many hours about England. Dracula asked endless questions. “How crowded are the streets of London?” “Very crowded,” Jonathan answered. “And the houses?” “Close together.” Dracula smiled. “Excellent.” Jonathan felt uneasy. “Why does he want to know so much?” he wondered.

Suddenly Dracula rose. “You must be tired,” he said. “Good night.” “Good night,” Jonathan replied. The Count disappeared down the dark hallway.

The next morning Jonathan shaved beside the window. He held a small mirror in his hand. Suddenly a voice spoke behind him. “Good morning.” Jonathan jumped. Count Dracula stood behind him. Jonathan turned toward the mirror. His own face appeared clearly. But Dracula was not there. The mirror showed nothing behind him.

Jonathan froze. “This cannot be real,” he whispered. His hand shook. The razor slipped and cut his chin. Blood ran down his neck.

Dracula’s eyes suddenly burned with hunger. He stepped forward quickly. “Careful!” he said sharply. His hand reached toward Jonathan’s throat. But suddenly he noticed the crucifix around Jonathan’s neck. Dracula pulled back

violently. His face twisted with anger.

“Take care how you cut yourself,” he said coldly. Then he seized the mirror and threw it out the window. The glass shattered on the rocks below. “Mirrors are useless toys,” he said.

Jonathan stared at him. “Yes... Count.” Dracula left the room without another word.

Jonathan touched the crucifix. “That saved me,” he whispered.

Later that day Jonathan discovered something even more terrible. He stood at a window overlooking the castle wall. Suddenly movement caught his eye. Jonathan leaned forward. A figure crawled out of Dracula’s window. It was the Count.

But he was not walking like a man. He crawled head downward along the wall like a giant lizard. His cloak spread around him like wings.

Jonathan gasped. “No human being could move like that!”

Dracula continued down the wall until he vanished into the darkness below. Jonathan staggered backward. “What is he?”

That night Jonathan could not sleep. Finally he wandered into another part of the castle. He entered a large room filled with old furniture. Moonlight shone through a tall window.

Jonathan lay down on a dusty couch. “Just a moment’s rest,” he murmured. Soon he drifted into a strange half-sleep.

Suddenly he heard soft laughter.

Jonathan opened his eyes. Three women stood in the room. They were young and beautiful. But their smiles were cruel.

One woman whispered. “Look... a man.”

Another laughed softly. “He is handsome.”

Jonathan tried to rise. “Who are you?”

The third woman stepped closer. “We are hungry.”

Jonathan’s heart pounded. One woman bent over him. Her lips were red. “May I kiss him?” she asked.

Another woman replied. “Yes. But gently.”

Jonathan felt strange excitement mixed with fear. "Please..." he whispered weakly.

The woman leaned toward his throat.

Suddenly a furious voice thundered through the room.

"STOP!"

Count Dracula stood in the doorway. His eyes blazed with rage.

"How dare you touch him!"

The women turned toward him. One smiled mockingly. "You never loved," she said.

Another laughed. "Let us have him."

Dracula stepped forward. "This man belongs to me." His voice was cold and deadly. "You shall have him later."

The women hissed with anger. "Very well," one said. "But remember your promise."

They disappeared into the shadows.

Jonathan collapsed. Darkness swallowed him.

When he woke, sunlight filled the room. The women were gone.

Jonathan staggered back to his chamber. "This place is full of monsters," he said.

Soon Dracula appeared again.

"You will write letters today," he said calmly.

Jonathan looked up. "Letters?"

"Yes. To your friends."

Dracula handed him paper. "Write that you are safe."

Jonathan hesitated. "But I am not safe."

Dracula's eyes hardened. "Write."

Jonathan slowly obeyed. As he wrote he thought desperately.

"If I cannot escape," he said quietly, "I must at least warn Mina."

But Dracula stood behind him watching every word.

Jonathan realized the terrible truth.

"Even my letters are prisoners," he whispered.

Outside the castle wolves began to howl again.

Dracula smiled.

“The night is coming,” he said softly.

Jonathan felt cold fear spread through him.

“And I may not live to see another dawn.”

Part 3

Jonathan woke late the next morning. For a few seconds he believed the terrible night had only been a dream. Then he remembered the three women and Dracula’s furious voice. “No,” he whispered. “It was real.” He sat up slowly. “I must keep calm,” he told himself. “If I lose my reason, I am lost.”

When he entered the dining room, breakfast was waiting as usual. Again there were no servants. Jonathan spoke aloud to the empty room. “Count Dracula prepares every meal himself.” He thought about that carefully. “He drives the carriage... he cooks... he watches me.” A terrible idea entered his mind. “There are no other people in this castle.”

After breakfast Jonathan returned to exploring the halls. He examined every door, every staircase, every window. Nothing led outside. Finally he stopped and leaned against the wall. “This castle is my prison,” he said quietly.

That evening Dracula appeared again. “Good evening, Mr. Harker,” he said politely. Jonathan forced a smile. “Good evening, Count.” Dracula sat across from him. “You have been studying the castle again.” Jonathan tried to sound calm. “Yes. It is very interesting.” Dracula’s eyes watched him carefully. “You must not wander too far,” he said. Jonathan nodded. “Of course.”

Dracula leaned forward. “Now tell me again about London.” Jonathan began describing the city. “There are thousands of people in the streets every day.” Dracula listened eagerly. “And the houses?” “Many stand close together.” “Excellent,” Dracula murmured.

Jonathan hesitated. “Why are you so interested in England?” Dracula smiled slowly. “Because soon I shall live there.” Jonathan felt uneasy. “You plan to move

to England?” “Yes.” Dracula’s voice grew softer. “I wish to walk the busy streets... to be among the crowds.” Jonathan thought about the terrible creature before him. “God help London,” he whispered inside his mind.

Later that night Dracula left the room. Jonathan quickly returned to the window overlooking the courtyard. Hours passed. At last he saw Dracula again. The Count crawled down the castle wall exactly as before. Jonathan watched carefully. “If he can climb down,” Jonathan said, “perhaps I can climb up.” The idea filled him with desperate hope.

The next day Jonathan waited until the castle was silent. Then he left his room and climbed out onto the narrow ledge. Cold wind rushed past him. He looked down. The cliff below seemed endless. “If I fall,” he whispered, “I die.” Slowly he moved along the wall toward Dracula’s window. At last he reached it. Jonathan climbed inside.

The room was dark and cold. Strange boxes filled the floor. Jonathan stepped closer. Each box was filled with earth. “Why would he keep dirt in boxes?” Jonathan wondered. Suddenly he saw something that made him freeze.

Count Dracula lay inside one of the boxes.

His eyes were open. But he did not move. His face looked pale and dead.

Jonathan whispered. “Is he sleeping?” He leaned closer. Dracula’s eyes stared straight ahead. But there was no breath.

Jonathan suddenly understood. “He lies like a corpse during the day.”

Rage filled Jonathan. He grabbed a shovel leaning against the wall. “If I destroy him now,” he said, “I can end this nightmare.” He raised the shovel high.

But his hands trembled.

“Can I kill him?”

The moment passed. Jonathan lowered the shovel slowly. “No... I cannot.”

Fear overcame him. He quickly left the room and climbed back to his chamber.

That evening strange sounds filled the courtyard. Jonathan looked out the window. A group of gypsies had arrived with wagons. They carried the heavy boxes of earth.

Jonathan realized what was happening. “Dracula is leaving the castle,” he said.

Soon he saw something horrifying. Dracula crawled down the wall again. But this time he wore Jonathan's clothes.

Jonathan stared in shock. "He is pretending to be me!"

Suddenly everything made sense. "If someone sees him leaving the castle," Jonathan said, "they will think I escaped."

That night Jonathan tried to escape. He ran to the great door of the castle. With shaking hands he pulled the bolts. The door slowly opened.

Hope filled his heart. "Freedom!"

But outside a pack of wolves waited.

Their glowing eyes stared at him. One wolf stepped forward and growled.

Jonathan slammed the door shut. "I cannot escape," he whispered.

Later that night he heard whispering outside his door. The three women again.

One voice said softly. "The man is still alive."

Another laughed. "Not for long."

Jonathan held his breath.

Then Dracula's voice answered them. "Tomorrow night he is yours."

The women laughed softly.

Jonathan collapsed to his knees.

"Tomorrow night," he whispered. "They will kill me."

The next day Jonathan wrote desperately in his journal. "If anyone finds these pages," he wrote, "they must know the truth."

He looked once more out the window at the deadly cliff.

"Better to fall than become their prey," he said.

That night he climbed out onto the wall.

Wind howled around him.

Jonathan looked toward the dark valley below.

"Goodbye, Mina," he whispered.

Then he began climbing down the castle wall.

Part 4

Far away from the dark castle in Transylvania, life continued peacefully in England. Mina Murray sat at her desk writing a letter. "My dear Lucy," she wrote, "I hope you are well. Jonathan has been traveling for many weeks now, and I miss him terribly." She paused and looked out the window. "Still," she said softly, "his work is important." Mina continued writing. "I am studying shorthand and typing. When Jonathan returns, I want to help him in his business."

Soon Lucy Westenra received the letter at her home. She laughed happily as she read it. "Dear Mina," Lucy said aloud, "I have wonderful news!" Lucy quickly began writing her reply. "My dear Mina," she wrote, "you will not believe what happened yesterday." She smiled and dipped her pen again. "Three men asked me to marry them on the same day!"

Mina later read the letter with surprise. "Three?" she exclaimed.

Lucy had described each man carefully. First there was Dr. John Seward, a young doctor who ran a private hospital for people with mental illness. Lucy had written his words in the letter. "Lucy," Seward had said earnestly, "I love you with all my heart. Will you marry me?" Lucy gently shook her head. "I am very sorry," she told him kindly. "But my heart belongs to another." Seward had tried to smile. "Then I wish you happiness," he said.

The second man was Quincey Morris, a brave American. Lucy remembered his proposal clearly. "Lucy," Quincey said warmly, "I know I am not perfect, but I love you. Will you marry me?" Lucy sighed softly. "You are a wonderful man," she said. "But I cannot." Quincey nodded slowly. "Then the lucky man must be very special."

The third man was Arthur Holmwood. When Arthur spoke, Lucy's eyes filled with tears. "Lucy," he said quietly, "you know how much I love you." Lucy smiled through her tears. "Yes," she whispered. Arthur took her hand. "Will you marry me?" Lucy answered immediately. "Yes."

Now Lucy finished her letter to Mina. "Arthur and I are engaged," she wrote happily.

Mina laughed when she read the letter. "Lucy always attracts admiration," she said.

Weeks later Mina traveled to Whitby to stay with Lucy near the sea. The town was beautiful. High cliffs rose above the harbor. An old ruined abbey stood on the hill.

One evening the two friends sat on a bench overlooking the ocean. "Whitby is peaceful," Mina said. Lucy nodded. "Yes. I sleep better here."

They often spoke with an old sailor named Mr. Swales. One afternoon he joined them on the bench. "Good evening, young ladies," he said. "Good evening," Mina replied. Lucy pointed toward the old graveyard nearby. "There are many graves here," she said.

The old sailor snorted. "Most of them are lies," he said. Mina looked surprised. "What do you mean?" The old man tapped his cane against a gravestone. "These stones say brave things about the dead," he said. "But the truth is often very different." Lucy laughed. "You are very cynical, Mr. Swales." The old man shrugged. "I have lived long enough to know the truth."

One night Lucy began sleepwalking again. Mina woke suddenly and saw Lucy leaving the room. "Lucy!" Mina whispered. Lucy did not answer. She walked slowly toward the cliff path. Mina hurried after her. "Lucy, stop!"

Lucy reached the old cemetery above the sea. She sat on a bench facing the ocean. Mina approached carefully. "Lucy," she said softly.

Suddenly Mina saw something terrible. A tall dark figure bent over Lucy's neck. Mina cried out. "Who is there?" The dark shape vanished instantly.

Lucy woke in confusion. "Mina? Why am I here?" Mina helped her stand. "You were sleepwalking again." Lucy shivered. "I feel weak," she said. Mina looked worried. "Let us go home."

A few days later a violent storm struck Whitby. The wind screamed across the sea. Waves crashed against the harbor. Suddenly a ship appeared through the darkness. It raced toward the shore without control.

"Look!" someone shouted. "A ship!"

The vessel crashed into the harbor wall. Sailors rushed aboard. "Where is the crew?" one man shouted.

Only the dead captain remained. His body was tied to the wheel.

A huge black dog suddenly leaped from the ship and ran into the night.

The crowd gasped. "What was that?"

Mina watched in silence. "Something evil has come to Whitby," she whispered.

Meanwhile Dr. Seward worked in his asylum. He wrote in his diary. "Today my patient Renfield behaved strangely again."

Seward walked into Renfield's room. "Good evening," he said.

Renfield sat quietly in a corner. "Good evening, doctor."

Seward noticed flies crawling on the window. Renfield suddenly caught one and swallowed it.

Seward frowned. "Why do you eat flies?"

Renfield smiled strangely. "They contain life."

Seward wrote quickly in his notebook. "Renfield believes he can absorb life by eating living creatures."

Suddenly Renfield looked toward the window. His eyes widened. "He is coming!"

Seward looked confused. "Who?"

Renfield laughed wildly. "The Master!"

Seward closed the notebook. "Your imagination is active today."

But Renfield continued whispering. "The Master is near... I can feel him..."

Seward left the room slowly. "Strange," he murmured.

He did not yet understand how true those words were.

That same night Lucy slept restlessly again. Mina watched her friend carefully. Lucy whispered in her sleep. "He is calling me..."

Mina touched her shoulder. "Lucy?"

Lucy opened her eyes weakly. "I feel so tired," she said.

Mina grew more worried. "You must see a doctor," she said.

Lucy nodded faintly.

Neither of them realized that the terrible Count Dracula had already arrived in England.

And that his hunger had only begun.

Part 5

Lucy Westenra's health began to change slowly but clearly. At first Mina thought it was only tiredness from sleepwalking, but each day Lucy looked paler.

One morning Mina touched her friend's hand. "Lucy," she said gently, "your hands are cold." Lucy smiled weakly. "I suppose I am just tired." But Mina was not convinced. "You must see a doctor," she insisted.

Soon Lucy visited Dr. Seward. Seward examined her carefully. "Your pulse is weak," he said. Lucy looked worried. "Is something wrong?" Seward hesitated. "You seem to have lost blood." Lucy frowned. "But I have not been injured." Seward nodded slowly. "Yes... that is the strange part."

Mina watched anxiously. "Can you help her?" Seward tried to sound confident. "I will do everything possible."

But Lucy continued growing weaker. Each morning her pillow showed small drops of blood. Seward stared at the marks. "How can this be happening?" he muttered.

Finally Seward wrote to an old friend for help, Professor Abraham Van Helsing. A few days later Van Helsing arrived from Amsterdam. He was an energetic older man with sharp eyes and a quick mind.

Seward greeted him at the station. "Professor," he said, "thank you for coming." Van Helsing smiled warmly. "My friend, when you call, I come."

At Lucy's house Van Helsing examined the young woman carefully. Lucy smiled politely. "You are very kind to visit me." Van Helsing looked serious. "We will help you, my child."

After the examination Seward followed Van Helsing outside. "Well?" Seward asked.

Van Helsing did not answer immediately. Finally he spoke quietly. "You say she loses blood every night." "Yes." "And there is no wound?" "None."

Van Helsing looked thoughtful. "My friend," he said slowly, "there are things in this world beyond ordinary science."

Seward frowned. "You cannot mean—"

Van Helsing raised a hand. "For now we watch and protect her."

That night Van Helsing placed garlic flowers around Lucy's bed. Lucy looked puzzled. "Why garlic?" Van Helsing smiled gently. "Because it will help you."

Seward looked confused. "Professor, surely this is superstition."

Van Helsing turned to him. "Sometimes superstition is simply science we do not yet understand."

Lucy slept quietly that night. The next morning she looked stronger.

Seward was surprised. "She seems better."

Van Helsing nodded. "Yes."

But the next evening Lucy's mother entered the room. She smelled the garlic flowers and frowned. "These smell terrible," she said.

Lucy's mother opened the window. "Fresh air will help Lucy."

She removed the garlic flowers and threw them away.

When Van Helsing returned later, he stared in horror. "Who removed the garlic?"

Lucy's mother answered calmly. "I did. The smell was unpleasant."

Van Helsing closed his eyes. "Madam," he said slowly, "you may have killed your daughter."

That night Lucy grew terribly weak. Seward hurried to her bedside. "Her pulse is fading!"

Van Helsing spoke urgently. "She needs blood immediately."

Arthur Holmwood had just arrived. Van Helsing turned to him. "Arthur, will you give your blood to save her?"

Arthur stepped forward without hesitation. "Of course."

Seward performed the transfusion. Slowly Lucy's color returned.

Arthur took her hand. "Lucy," he whispered.

Lucy opened her eyes faintly. "Arthur?"

Arthur smiled. "You will recover."

But Van Helsing looked troubled. "This will not end here," he murmured.

Over the next nights Lucy continued losing blood. Each time someone gave more blood. Arthur gave blood. Seward gave blood. Even Van Helsing himself gave blood.

But Lucy continued fading.

One night Mina entered Lucy's room suddenly. The window was open. A large bat flew away into the darkness.

Mina shivered. "Did you see that?"

Seward nodded slowly. "Yes."

Van Helsing spoke quietly. "The visitor has come again."

Lucy whispered weakly. "He calls to me..."

Van Helsing leaned close. "Lucy, you must resist him."

Lucy looked confused. "Who?"

But the next morning Lucy died.

Arthur collapsed beside her bed. "No... no..."

Seward covered his face. "We failed."

Van Helsing stood silent.

Finally he spoke. "No," he said quietly. "The terrible part has only begun."

A few days later strange reports appeared in newspapers. Children were found wandering near the cemetery. Each child had two small wounds on the neck.

Seward read the report and looked at Van Helsing. "Surely you do not think—"

Van Helsing nodded slowly. "Yes."

Seward's voice trembled. "Lucy?"

Van Helsing looked toward the graveyard. "She walks again."

That night Van Helsing led Seward and Arthur to Lucy's tomb. The moon shone over the cemetery.

Suddenly a white figure appeared among the trees.

It was Lucy.

Her face was pale and beautiful. In her arms she held a small child.

Lucy's voice sounded sweet but terrible. "Come to me..."

Arthur stepped forward in shock. "Lucy!"

Van Helsing pulled him back. "No!"

Lucy dropped the child and vanished into the tomb.

Arthur stared in horror. "What has she become?"

Van Helsing spoke firmly. "A vampire."

The next night they returned.

Arthur stood beside Lucy's coffin. Tears ran down his face. "What must I do?"

Van Helsing handed him a wooden stake. "Free her soul."

Arthur raised the hammer. "Forgive me, Lucy," he whispered.

He drove the stake through her heart.

Lucy's body trembled. Then her face changed. The terrible smile disappeared. Peace returned to her features.

Arthur collapsed.

Van Helsing placed a hand on his shoulder. "You have saved her."

But the professor looked toward the dark horizon.

"And now," he said quietly, "we must face the master who created her."

Part 6

One afternoon Mina Murray received a letter that changed everything. She opened it quickly. "From a hospital in Budapest?" she said in surprise.

She began reading. "Dear Madam," the letter said, "Jonathan Harker has been found ill and exhausted. He asked that you be informed."

Mina's hands trembled. "Jonathan is alive!"

She packed her belongings immediately and traveled across Europe.

When she arrived at the hospital, Jonathan lay weak in bed. His face was pale, but when he saw Mina he smiled.

"Mina," he whispered.

Mina rushed to his side. "Jonathan!"

She took his hand. "You are safe now."

Jonathan closed his eyes briefly. "I thought I would never see you again."

Mina spoke gently. "You are safe. That is all that matters."

Jonathan looked at her seriously. "No," he said quietly. "Something terrible followed me."

Mina frowned. "What do you mean?"

Jonathan reached for a small notebook beside the bed. "My journal," he said.

“Everything I saw in the castle is written here.”

Mina opened the pages and began reading. Her eyes widened. “Jonathan... this is horrifying.”

Jonathan nodded slowly. “Dracula is not a man.”

Mina whispered the word. “A vampire.”

Jonathan spoke weakly. “Yes.”

Mina looked determined. “Then we must stop him.”

A few weeks later Jonathan returned to England with Mina. They immediately visited Dr. Seward.

Seward greeted them warmly. “Jonathan, it is good to see you alive.”

Jonathan shook his hand. “Thank you.”

Van Helsing soon joined them. The professor listened carefully as Jonathan told his story. When he finished, the room was silent.

Seward finally spoke. “You truly believe Dracula has come to England?”

Jonathan answered firmly. “Yes.”

Van Helsing nodded slowly. “Your story confirms my fears.”

Mina looked at him. “You already suspected something?”

Van Helsing sighed. “Lucy’s death.”

Jonathan looked shocked. “Lucy is dead?”

Mina lowered her head sadly. “Yes.”

Van Helsing continued. “She became a vampire.”

Jonathan clenched his fists. “Then Dracula must be destroyed.”

Arthur Holmwood soon joined the group. His face still showed grief.

Van Helsing spoke to them all. “We must work together.”

Seward nodded. “Tell us what to do.”

Van Helsing opened a large map of England. “Dracula traveled here with many boxes of earth.”

Jonathan leaned forward. “He sleeps in those boxes during the day.”

Van Helsing nodded. “Exactly.”

Seward asked the obvious question. “Then we destroy them.”

“Yes.”

The men began searching London. Soon they discovered Dracula's house at Carfax.

One evening the group entered the dark building. Seward carried a lantern.

"There are the boxes," he said.

Van Helsing raised a hammer. "Break them open."

They smashed the lids. Inside lay dark earth.

Van Helsing placed sacred wafers inside. "Now Dracula cannot rest here."

Jonathan counted the boxes. "Some are missing."

Seward looked worried. "How many?"

"Several."

Van Helsing nodded. "Then the hunt continues."

Meanwhile Mina helped them by studying every diary and letter. She organized the information carefully.

One evening she spoke to the group. "I believe Dracula is moving his boxes across the city."

Van Helsing smiled proudly. "Excellent work, Mina."

Jonathan looked at her with admiration. "You are helping save us all."

But danger was approaching.

One night Mina woke suddenly.

A tall dark figure stood beside her bed.

Dracula.

His red eyes glowed in the darkness.

Mina tried to scream.

Dracula spoke softly. "Do not resist."

Jonathan slept nearby, unaware.

Dracula forced Mina to drink his blood.

"You are now connected to me," he whispered.

Then he vanished.

The next morning Mina told the others everything.

Jonathan's face filled with horror. "He touched you?"

Mina nodded.

Van Helsing looked grave. "This is very serious."

Seward asked quietly. "What does it mean?"

Van Helsing answered. "Dracula has begun turning Mina into a vampire."

Jonathan gripped Mina's hand. "We will save you."

Van Helsing spoke firmly. "Yes."

He looked at the group. "But first we must destroy Dracula."

The hunters continued tracking the remaining boxes. One by one they destroyed them.

Dracula grew weaker.

Finally Van Helsing announced the truth.

"He has fled England."

Jonathan nodded grimly. "Back to Transylvania."

Arthur stepped forward. "Then we follow him."

Van Helsing looked at each of them. "This will be dangerous."

Jonathan spoke calmly. "So was the castle."

Mina held Jonathan's hand. "We must finish this."

Van Helsing closed the map.

"Then we go east."

The hunt for Dracula had truly begun.

Part 7

The hunters began their long pursuit of Count Dracula. Van Helsing spread a large map across the table in Dr. Seward's study.

"Dracula has returned to Transylvania," he said.

Jonathan leaned closer. "He must travel with the boxes of earth."

Van Helsing nodded. "Yes. Without them he cannot rest."

Seward pointed to the map. "Then he will travel by ship first."

Mina spoke quietly. "The fastest route is through the Black Sea."

Van Helsing looked at her proudly. "Very good, Mina." But he also looked concerned. "Yet Dracula has power over you now."

Mina lowered her head. "I know."

Jonathan squeezed her hand. "We will not lose you."

Van Helsing spoke gently. "We must use the connection between you and Dracula."

Seward looked puzzled. "What do you mean?"

Van Helsing explained. "Through hypnosis we may learn what Dracula sees."

Mina nodded bravely. "I will help."

That evening Van Helsing placed Mina in a calm state. "Close your eyes," he said softly.

Mina obeyed.

"Tell us what you feel."

Mina's voice became distant. "Water... waves..."

Seward leaned forward. "He is on a ship."

Mina continued. "Wood... ropes... darkness..."

Jonathan spoke quietly. "He is traveling by sea."

Van Helsing nodded. "Then we must divide our forces."

The plan was quickly made. Seward and Arthur would follow by train. Jonathan and Mina would travel another route. Van Helsing himself would move ahead toward Dracula's castle.

Before leaving, Van Helsing warned them. "Dracula is dangerous even when weak."

Arthur looked determined. "Lucy died because of him."

Seward added quietly, "We must end this."

The journey east was long and difficult. Snow covered the mountains. Wolves howled in the distance.

Jonathan recognized the land immediately. "These are the same mountains," he said.

Mina looked at him. "From your journal?"

Jonathan nodded. "Yes. We are close."

Meanwhile Seward and Arthur chased Dracula's wagon across the countryside. One night they spoke beside a campfire.

Arthur stared into the flames. "Lucy deserved a long life."

Seward nodded. "We will finish this for her."

Suddenly a messenger arrived.

"The wagon carrying the boxes passed through the village," he said.

Arthur stood quickly. "Which direction?"

The messenger pointed toward the mountains. "To the castle."

Arthur turned to Seward. "Then the end is near."

High in the mountains Van Helsing had already reached the ruined castle. He entered cautiously. The halls were silent.

"The women are still here," he murmured.

Van Helsing carried sacred objects with him. Soon he reached the crypt beneath the castle.

Three coffins lay inside. The vampire women slept within. Their pale faces looked peaceful.

Van Helsing whispered sadly. "You were once human."

He raised a wooden stake. "Now I must free you."

One by one he destroyed them.

When the work was finished he bowed his head. "May your souls rest."

At the same time Dracula's wagon moved through the mountain pass. Gypsies guarded the cargo.

Jonathan and the others finally caught sight of it.

Jonathan shouted, "There! The wagon!"

Arthur drew his knife. "Stop them!"

The hunters rode forward. The gypsies tried to block them. A brief fight broke out.

Jonathan reached the wagon.

"Open the box!" he cried.

Seward pried the lid open. Inside lay Count Dracula.

The sun was setting quickly.

Dracula's eyes opened.

Jonathan shouted, "Now!"

Arthur struck first. His knife plunged into Dracula's heart.
At the same moment Jonathan slashed Dracula's throat.
The vampire screamed silently.
His body crumbled instantly.
In seconds nothing remained but dust.
The curse was broken.
Mina gasped softly. "It is over."
Van Helsing arrived moments later. He looked at the empty box.
"Then we are victorious."
But Quincey Morris, who had joined the final attack, lay wounded nearby.
Mina knelt beside him. "Quincey," she whispered.
He smiled faintly. "Did we win?"
Jonathan nodded. "Yes."
Quincey looked peaceful. "Then it was worth it."
He closed his eyes.
Years later Jonathan and Mina stood together with their young son.
Jonathan smiled gently. "We will name him Quincey."
Mina nodded. "So we never forget the brave man who helped save us."
They looked toward the mountains far away.
Dracula was gone.
But the memory of that dark battle would never fade.