

TEXT 1

Irish writer Bram Stoker is most famous for his gothic novel Dracula, an epistolary novel which proved a great success from its first publication in 1897. The novel is notable for being inspired by traditional legends and folklore while also showcasing Stoker's firm belief in the power of science and modern medicine – the reader thus witnesses a blood transfusion, a fairly novel technique at the time, and one of the protagonists uses a cylinder phonograph to record his diary.

Chapter XII.

Dr Seward's diary

18 September. - I drove at once to Hillingham and arrived early. Keeping my cab at the gate, I went up the avenue alone. I knocked gently and rang as quietly as possible, for I feared to disturb Lucy or her mother, and hoped to only bring a servant to the door. After a while, finding no response, I knocked and rang again; still no answer. I cursed the laziness of the servants that they should lie abed at such an hour – for it was now ten o'clock – and so rang and knocked again, but more impatiently, but still without response. Hitherto I had blamed only the servants, but now a terrible fear began to assail me. Was this desolation but another link in the chain of doom which seemed drawing tight around us ? Was it indeed a house of death to which I had come, too late? I knew that minutes, even seconds, of delay, might mean hours of danger to Lucy, if she had had again one of those frightful relapses; and I went round the house to try if I could find by chance an entry anywhere.

I could find no means of ingress. Every window and door was fastened and locked, and I returned baffled to the porch. As I did so, I heard the rapid pit-pat of swiftly driven horse's feet. They stopped at the gate, and a few seconds later I met Van Helsing running up the avenue. When he saw me, he gasped out : - "Then it was you, and just arrived. How is she ? Are we too late ? Did you not get my telegram ?"

Bram Stoker, *Dracula*, 1897