

**WORKSHEETS**  
**On**  
**« DRACULA »**  
**by Bram Stoker**  
**prepared by Lucille O'Flanagan**

**COMPREHENSION**  
*Of the MINA TEXT extract from the book.*

I took the sleeping draught which you had so kindly given me, but for a long time it did not act. I seemed to become more wakeful, and myriads of horrible fancies began to crowd in upon my mind. All of them connected with death, and vampires, with blood, and pain, and trouble.

I saw I must try to help the medicine to its work, so I resolutely set myself to sleep. Sure enough sleep must soon have come to me, for I remember no more. Jonathan coming in had not waked me, for he lay by my side when next I remember. There was in the room the same thin white mist that I had before noticed. I felt the same vague terror which had come to me before and the same sense of some presence. I turned to wake Jonathan, but found that he slept so soundly that it seemed as if it was he who had taken the sleeping draught, and not I. I tried, but I could not wake him. This caused me a great fear, and I looked around terrified.

Then indeed, my heart sank within me. Beside the bed stood a tall, thin man, all in black. I knew him at once from the description of the others. The waxen face, the high aquiline nose, the parted red lips, with the sharp white teeth showing between, and the red eyes that I had seemed to see in the sunset on the windows of St. Mary's Church at Whitby. I knew, too, the red scar on his forehead where Jonathan had struck him. For an instant my heart stood still, and I would have screamed out, only that I was paralyzed. He spoke in a keen, cutting whisper, pointing as he spoke to Jonathan. "Silence! If you make a sound I shall take him and dash his brains out before your very eyes.'

I was appalled and was too bewildered to do or say anything. With a mocking smile, he placed one hand upon my shoulder and, holding me tight, bared my throat with the other, saying as he did so, 'First, a little refreshment to reward my exertions. You may as well be quiet. It is not the first time, or the second, that your veins have appeased

my thirst!"

I was bewildered, and strangely enough, I did not want to hinder him. I suppose it is a part of the horrible curse that such is, when his touch is on his victim. And oh, my God, my God, pity me! He placed his reeking lips upon my throat!

I felt my strength fading away, and I was in a half swoon. How long this horrible thing lasted I know not, but it seemed that a long time must have passed before he took his foul, awful, sneering mouth away. I saw it drip with the fresh blood!"

## QUESTIONS

*Using the Mina text, answer the following questions :*

- 1) To whom is Mina talking ?
- 2) What « refreshment » does Dracula take ?
- 3) What is the family name of Mina & Jonathan ?
- 4) In what room does this scene take place ?
- 5) In your own words, what does Dracula threaten to do to Jonathan ?
- 6) What sense do you think of when Stoker uses words like « reeking » and « foul » ?

*In answers of approximately 100 words, please answer the following questions, using short quotes from the Mina text, if appropriate.*

- A) Some might say Mina is dreaming. What might lead you to this assumption ?
  - B) Some might argue Mina is defending her passive position, or that she feels guilty for being compliant. What moments in this text support these notions ?
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*NB the beginning of this scene reminds me so much of Juliet's sleeping draught scene in « ROMEO & JULIET » herein printed :-*

Juliet : Come, vial.

What if this mixture do not work at all?

Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?

No, No! This shall forbid it. Lie thou there.

*Lays down a dagger.*

What if it be a poison which the friar

Subtly hath ministr'd to have me dead,

Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd

Because he married me before to Romeo?

I fear it is; and yet methinks it should not,

For he hath still been tried a holy man.

I will not entertain so bad a thought.

How if, when I am laid into the **tomb**,

I wake before the time that Romeo

Come to redeem me? There's a fearful point!

Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,

To whose **foul mouth** no healthsome air breathes in,

And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?

Or, if I live, is it not very like

The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place—

As in a vault, an ancient receptacle

**Where for this many hundred years the bones**

**Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;**

Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,

Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,

At some hours in the **night spirits** resort—

Alack, alack, is it not like that I,

So early waking— what with loathsome smells,

And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,

That living mortals, hearing them, run mad— O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,

**Environed with all these hideous fears,**

And madly play with my forefathers' joints,  
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud,  
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone(55)  
As with a club dash out my desp'rate brains?  
O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost  
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body  
Upon a rapier's point. Stay, Tybalt, stay!  
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

*as someone once said (forgive my terrible paraphrasing) « Freud never thought of anything that Shakespeare had not already said » and if this speech inspired Stoker we can only say « bravo » !*

*Enjoy reading « DRACULA » you will never regret it. Lucille*