Here begins the untold story of the great Warrior Prince Dracula and his lives beyond the grave. The task has fallen to me, Professor Abraham Van Helsing, Doctor of Sciences, University of Amsterdam, to organize and set to record these extraordinary events of the untold story of the great Warrior Prince Dracula; how he lived beyond the grave, feeding on the blood of his victims for centuries, at war with God in hopes of finding his true love.

"I offer as evidence the documented journals and diaries, letters and memos of Mr. Jonathan Harker, recently of London, Dr. Jack Seward, my former student and colleague, our beloved Miss Lucy Westenra and the personal diary of Wilhelmina Murray Harker... dear Madam Mina. For the record, this being the year of our Lord, if he exists, eighteen hundred and ninety-nine. I begin—"
1462

Moslem Turks, led by Sultan Mohammed, have driven the Christians from Constantinople and invaded Romania with a superior force, threatening all of Christendom.

A Romanian Prince from the region of Transylvania, Vlad Dracula, military genius notorious throughout Eastern Europe for his bloodthirsty ways, leads 7000 of his countrymen in a bold sneak attack against 30,000 Turks... as a last heroic attempt to save his homeland.

Dracula's surprise assault routs the Turks...
...And his vengeance is swift and merciless.

But even in the midst of triumph for a holy cause...

...There can be loss.

ELISABETA...!

ELISABETA...!
--it reported you killed.
we--could not stop her.
her last words...

"my prince is dead.
all is lost without him.
may god unite us in heaven!"

she has taken her own life, my son.
her soul cannot be saved. she is damned.
it is god's law...

is this my reward for defending god's church?
sacrilege! do not turn your back on christ!
he has chosen you to punish injustice!

i renounce god--and all you hypocrites who feed off him!
if my beloved wife burns in hell--

--so shall i!
...and the river called Time, laced with blood, flows redly down the centuries...
9 May 1877

I arrived today at Hillingham, London, where I shall be staying with Lucy for some weeks. The life of an assistant schoolmistress is sometimes trying, and I have longed to be with my friend, where we can talk together freely and build our castles in the air.

Lucy and I have told all our secrets to each other since I first tutored her at Mrs. Whitehall's school. And now we dream of being married together...

...IS YOUR AMBITIOUS JON MARKER FORCING YOU TO LEARN THAT RIDICULOUS MACHINE, WHEN HE COULD BE FORCING YOU TO PERFORM UNSPEAKABLE ACTS OF DESPERATE PASSION ON THE PARLOR FLOOR?

LUCY--YOU SHOULDN'T TALK ABOUT MY FIANCE IN SUCH A WAY. THERE'S MORE TO MARRIAGE THAN CARNAL PLEASURES.

...MUCH MUCH MORE!

OH, LUCY! CAN A MAN AND WOMAN REALLY DO THAT?

I DID--ONLY LAST NIGHT.

FIBBER! YOU DIDN'T!

YES, I DID--IN MY DREAMS!

JONATHAN--MEASURES UP, DOESN'T HE? YOU CAN TELL LUCY.

SO I SEE...
WE'VE KISSED, THAT'S ALL. SOMETIMES I PRESS UP TO HIM, AND HE GETS SHY AND SAYS GOODNIGHT.

YOU'RE THE ONE WITH REGIMENTS OF MEN FALLING AT YOUR FEET.

BUT NOT EVEN ONE MARRIAGE PROPOSAL! AND HERE I AM ALMOST TWENTY--PRACTICALLY A HAG.

MISS MURRAY...

JONATHAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

ARE YOU DRUNK' IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DAY?

DRUNK WITH SUCCESS, MINA! YOU'RE IN THE COMPANY OF A FUTURE PARTNER IN THE FIRM OF HAWKINS AND THOMPSONS!

MY SUPERIOR, MR. RENFIELD, FINALLY LOST HIS GREEDY MIND--AND I'VE BEEN PROMOTED IN HIS PLACE. WE CAN BE MARRIED--AS SOON AS I RETURN!

RETURN? FROM WHERE?

I'M OFF TO EXOTIC EASTERN EUROPE!

SOME FOREIGN COUNT IS ACQUIRING PROPERTY AROUND LONDON, AND I'M BEING SENT TO CLOSE THE TRANSACTIONS. MONEY IS NO OBJECT!

THINK OF IT, MINA--ROYALTY!

I JUST WANT US TO BE HAPPY, DON'T YOU SEE?

AND WE SHALL BE, MY LITTLE NIGHTINGALE. I KNOW WHAT'S BEST--FOR BOTH OF US.

I MUST DASH! MUSTN'T WORRY, I'LL WRITE...
JONATHAN HARKER’S JOURNAL

25 May. Left Buda-Pest early this morning. The impression I had was that we were leaving the West and entering the East.

The district I am to enter is on the borders of three states—Transylvania, Moldavia, and Bukovina—in the midst of the Carpathian Mountains...

...one of the wildest and least known portions of Europe.

My Friend—Welcome to the Carpathians. I am anxiously expecting you...

At the Songo Pass, my carriage will await you and bring you to me. I trust your journey from London has been a happy one, and that you will enjoy your stay in my beautiful land.

your friend,
28 May. Finally, tonight, I shall meet the Count. I hope I can complete my business with him quickly...

...so I may return... 

...to my beloved Mindy.

ORDOIG!

WE'VE STOPPED! BUT WE'RE EARLY, NO ONE IS HERE.

(TAKE THIS...) 

("FOR THE DEAD TRAVEL FAST!")
The Borgo Pass. I shall see it tonight, at last.

If I can believe the descriptions of it that I could locate in London, the road through it is an endless perspective of jagged rocks...

...and of sheer cliffs dropping away to rivers rushing far, far below.

To traverse the Pass, they say, a man takes his soul into his hands.
If I arrive there by night, as surely I must, given the late hour at which my host’s coach will have come for me...
Lucy is to be married in the autumn, and she is already planning out her dresses and how her house is to be arranged. The only detail she hasn't attended to is who she is going to marry...

I'm so happy I don't know what to do with myself!

I think I'm about to have three marriage proposals! I do hope there's enough of me to go around!

Look! That's a Texan—Quincey P. Morris! He's so young and fresh—like a wild stallion between my legs!

Please, Quincey—let me touch it!

It's so big!

You are so very sweet and dear...

Number Two is a brilliant doctor. He has an immense lunatic asylum all under his own care. This should prepare him well for life with Lucy.
Number 3 is Arthur Holmwood, the future Lord Godalming. It seems Quincey, Seward, and Holmwood had adventured together around the world, and now they've all fallen in love with the same girl.

He is everything Lucy requires in a husband. Excellent parti, of good birth, and dreadfully wealthy.

Lucy says women can't afford to marry for love alone these days—so de classé.

For me, happiness can only be found through...

...true love.
WELCOME TO MY HOUSE.
ENTER FREELY OF YOUR OWN WILL—
AND LEAVE SOME OF THE HAPPINESS
YOU BRING.
COUNT DRACULA...?

I AM DRACULA.
COME IN. THE NIGHT
AIR IS CHILL, AND
YOU MUST NEED TO
EAT AND REST.

YOU MUST TELL ME
OF THE PROPERTIES
YOU HAVE PROCURED
FOR ME.

COME IN. THE
AIR IS CHILL, AND
YOU MUST NEED TO
EAT AND REST.

THE MOST REMARKABLE IS, CARISAX
ESTATE. THE HOUSE THERE IS QUITE
LARGE AND OF ALL PERIODS BACK, I
SHOULD SAY, TO MEDIEVAL TIMES.

A HOUSE CANNOT
BE MADE HABITABLE
IN A DAY, AND
AFTER ALL...

EXCELLENT.
I COME FROM
AN OLD FAMILY,
AND TO LIVE IN A
NEW HOUSE WOULD
KILL ME.

...HOW FEW DAYS GO TO
MAKE UP A CENTURY!
THE ORDER OF DRACUL -- "THE DRAGON." AN ANCIENT SOCIETY PLEDGING MY FOREFATHERS TO DEFEND THE CHURCH AGAINST ALL ENEMIES OF CHRIST.

ALAS, THE RELATIONSHIP WAS NOT ENTIRELY SUCCESSFUL.

I HAVE OFFENDED YOU WITH MY IGNORANCE, COUNT. FORGIVE ME.

FORGIVE ME, MY YOUNG FRIEND. I AM NOT ACCUSTOMED TO GUESTS... AND MY HEART IS WEARY WITH MANY YEARS OF MOURNING OVER THE DEAD.

IT IS NO LAUGHING MATTER! WE DRACULAS HAVE A RIGHT TO BE PROUD!

BLOOD IS TOO PRECIOUS A THING IN THESE TIMES, THE WARLIKE DAYS ARE OVER.

THE VICTORIES OF MY GREAT RACE ARE BUT A TALE TO BE TOLD.

I AM THE LAST... OF MY KIND.

BUT I HAVE ALREADY DINED, AND I DO NOT SUP.

I DO SO LONG TO GO THROUGH THE CROWDED STREETS OF YOUR MIGHTY LONDON.

YOU WILL, I TRUST, EXCUSE ME THAT I DO NOT JOIN YOU...

THIS CHALICE IS PERSIAN, IS IT NOT?

EXQUISITE PIECE, COUNT, WORTHY OF KINGS.

I SEE THE RESEMBLANCE.

AN ANCESTOR?

UH... HEH, HEH, HEH...
...TO BE IN THE
MIDST OF THE WHIRL
AND RUSH OF
HUMANITY--
--TO SHARE
ITS LIFE, ITS
CHANGES--
ITS DEATH...

YOUR FIRM WRITES MOST HIGHLY OF
YOUR TALENTS--THAT YOU ARE A MAN
OF GOOD... TASTE.

THEY SAY YOU ARE A "WORTHY
SUBSTITUTE" TO YOUR PREDECESSOR, MR. RENFIELD.

YOU, COUNT, ARE
NOW THE OWNER OF
CARPATH ABBEY
AT PURFLEET.

YOU COUNT, ARE
NOW THE OWNER OF
CARPATH ABBEY
AT PURFLEET.

MY CONGRATULATIONS...

FORGIVE MY CURIOSITY,
COUNT, BUT WHY THESE HOUSES
IN SUCH PRECISE LOCATIONS
AROUND LONDON?

IS YOUR STRATEGY TO
RAISE THE MARKET VALUE?

DO YOU
BELIEVE IN...
DESTINY?

VERY
WISE, MY
YOUNG
FRIEND...

THAT EVEN THE POWERS
OF TIME CAN BE
ALTERED FOR A SINGLE
PURPOSE?

THE LUCKIEST
MAN WHO WALKS
ON THIS EARTH
IS THE ONE
WHO FINDS--

--TRUE
LOVE.
I was married... ages ago, it seems. She died.

I'm... very sorry.

She was fortunate. My life at its best is misery.

Your Mina will no doubt make a devoted wife -- and you a faithful husband.

Write now, my friend, to your firm, and to any loved ones, and say that it shall please you to stay with me until a month from now.

A month? You wish me to stay so long?

Ah! You found Mina! I thought she was lost. We're to be married as soon as I return.

Are you married, Count?

You have much to tell me of London and other interests I may wish to pursue.

I will take no refusal.

28 May: Castle Dracula. I am in a sea of wonders. The Count's wealth is extraordinary, in spite of certain deficiencies in his house...
A FOUL bauble OF MAH'S VANITY!

IT IS MORE DANGEROUS THAN YOU THINK.

PERHAPS YOU SHOULD GROW A BEARD.

SRS) SHOULD YOU LEAVE THESE ROOMS, YOU WILL NOT BY ANY CHANCE GO TO SLEEP IN ANY OTHER PART OF THE CASTLE.

It is old, and has many memories. be warned!

DO NOT PUT FAITH IN SUCH TRINKETS OF DECEIT!

WE ARE IN TRANSYLVANIA, AND TRANSYLVANIA IS NOT ENGLAND.

OUR WAYS ARE NOT YOUR WAYS, AND THERE SHALL BE TO YOU MANY STRANGE THINGS.
LISTEN TO THEM -- THE CHILDREN OF THE NIGHT. WHAT SWEET MUSIC THEY MAKE!

INDEED, I HAVE SEEN MANY STRANGE THINGS ALREADY...

AH... YOU DWELLERS IN THE CITY CANNOT ENTER INTO THE FEELINGS OF THE HUNTER.

MUSIC? THOSE ANIMALS?

What manner of man is this -- or what manner of creature is it in the semblance of a man?
Mit...Imjm...I amiun...mXdvvm...Jmvh

...AND HOW ARE WE TODAY, MR. RENFIELD?

MORS D'OEUVRES, DR. SEWARD?

...AND HOW ARE WE TODAY, MR. RENFIELD?

PERFECTLY NUTRITIOUS. EACH LIFE I INGEST GIVES BACK LIFE TO ME. THE SPIDERS EAT THE FLIES...

SPIDERS EAT THE FLIES...

AND SPARROWS?

THE SPARROWS...

SOMETHING LARGER, PERHAPS?

A KITTEN! A NICE LITTLE, SLEEK, PLAYFUL KITTEN, THAT I CAN TEACH AND FEED AND FEED! NO ONE WOULD REFUSE A KITTEN! I IMPLORE YOU--

IMPLORING...

WOULDN'T YOU RATHER HAVE... A CAT?

YES! A BIG CAT! MY SALVATION DEPENDS UPON IT!

YOUR DIET, MR. RENFIELD, IS DISGUSTING.

YOUR DIET, MR. RENFIELD, IS DISGUSTING.

BZZZZZZ ZZZZ-

YOUR SALVATION?

LIVES! I NEED LIVES--FOR THE MASTER!

LIVES! I NEED LIVES--FOR THE MASTER!

WANTED! WHAT MASTER?

THE MASTER WILL COME! HE HAS PROMISED TO MAKE ME IMMORTAL!

HOW?
"THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE!"

"THE BLOOD IS THE--"

"--LIFE..."

"you will not by chance sleep in any other part of the castle... bad dreams," the count has told me. But I feel the dread of this horrible place overpowering me, so I have picked the lock and gone exploring..."
He also said I would see "strange things"...

... as indeed I have.

And more must lie ahead... but I had to chance it.

Forcing the door, I found myself in a chamber with a sumptuous tent—a veritable seraglio.

Ah! Here some fair lady surely received the Count's pleasure!
WHO'S THERE...?

GO ON...
...YOU ARE FIRST, AND WE SHALL FOLLOW.

HE IS YOUNG AND STRONG. THERE ARE KISSES FOR US ALL.
HOW YOU TOUCH HIM--WHEN I HAVE FORBIDDEN IT!
THIS MAN BELONGS TO ME!

HAHAHAHA!

YOU YOURSELF NEVER LOVED... YOU NEVER LOVE!
YES -- I, TOO, CAN LOVE...

...AND I SHALL LOVE AGAIN.

ARE WE TO HAVE NOTHING TONIGHT?

WAAAAAAAAAA!!
Dearest Mina,
All is well here. The Count has insisted I remain for a month to tutor him in the English custom.

Jonathan

To be Continued...
Inspiration

Dracula.
The vampire immortal.

Seven decades on the motion picture screen have not diminished his extraordinary appeal and dramatic potential. Actors such as Bela Lugosi, John Carradine, Christopher Lee, Frank Langella, even Oscar-winner Jack Palance -- all have donned the famous black cloak and haunted our collective nightmares. The images are indelible: Dracula transforming himself into a bat, hissing at religious icons, decomposing in daylight, putting the bite on a fetching leading lady. Through it all the vampire king has endured, like some timeless force of nature, waiting to be reincarnated and reinterpreted by a new generation of moviemakers.

Enter Francis Ford Coppola, world-class director of THE GODFATHER trilogy and APOLCALYPSE NOW. His ambitious new production for Columbia is based on the original source material: the classic novel, written in 1897 by Bram Stoker. By contrast, previous Dracula films have been based on the 1920's
Director Francis Ford Coppola was inspired by the poetic fantasy films of Jean Cocteau. Another influence was the silent version of NOSFERATU, lower left, which featured German actor Max Schreck as a Dracula-like vampire.

stage play and were therefore limited in a number of important ways.

"The original novel is written as a fragment of diaries," explains Coppola. "It was a Victorian horror story. Stoker's innovation was to use a real historical figure -- a great king, the founder of Bucharest -- but all the same a 14th century man who impaled people on spikes. At the same time, we are aware that many elements commonly used in Victorian storytelling are perceived by modern audiences as camp, so we will be taking a more modern approach to what is shocking. This film will be scary. Moreover, it explores the motivations of this creature who has the traits we all carry to some degree...the essence of the vampire: the psychological hunger."

Coppola's project began life, as film projects often do, in the fertile imagination of a young screenwriter. "From Neverland to Transylvania -- it's been quite a year," muses James V. Hart, author of Steven Spielberg's HOOK and the impetus for this new incarnation of the vampire legend. "I grew up on the Hammer films and Roger Corman's stuff, along with things like BILLY THE KID VS. DRACULA at the local drive-in. Then, in 1977, I read the novel. And the best way to read the novel is to read Leonard Wolf's "Annotated Dracula," which is the
definitive study of Bram Stoker's work."

It was astonishing to Hart that earlier filmmakers failed to capture the truly remarkable aspects of this character and story. "In most of those pictures, Dracula was just a sort of exploitation, blood-sucking monster, who wasn't very attractive. Nobody played him for the powerful, charismatic hero that he was." Also, none of these previous versions dared to
duplicate the majestic sweep of Stoker's novel. As a young film buff, Hart envisioned David Lean (LAWRENCE OF ARABIA, DR. ZHIVAGO) helming the ultimate, big-budget adaptation of DRACULA, complete with a rousing high-adventure climax worthy of John Ford's western epics.

Coppola, too, was dissatisfied with Hollywood's traditional take on this material and was delighted
when he received Hart's ground-breaking screenplay. For the first time in cinematic history, Dracula was not presented as a one-dimensional symbol of evil; his origin and motivations were clarified. To accomplish this, Hart deftly combined historic fact with Stoker's compelling fiction.

"That was one of the things that attracted me to the script," admits Coppola. "I knew what Jim was doing because I was familiar with the novel and the Vlad the Impaler basis in reality. The irony is that Dracula starts out as a champion of the Church. He was a hero who single-handedly stopped the Turks, a Renaissance prince whose beloved wife, or wife-to-be, commits suicide when she thinks he's been killed. Later the holy men tell Dracula that she's damned because she took her own life, so Dracula rebels and renounces all that is good. To me, the relationship between God and Man is sacramental. It's our blood, the symbol of human passion that binds us to God and, of course, it's a two-sided affair. Man can renounce God if he wishes."

He can, but his soul suffers for it and peace becomes a dream always out of reach. "Dracula offers us the ultimate bargain with the Devil," concludes Hart. "He offers us 'the infinitely stopped moment,' as Leonard Wolf puts it. He can stop time, live forever, freeze himself down and wake up a hundred years later. And I think there's an enormous appeal to leave what is bothering us now and be able to come back in another era. But of course, Dracula pays an enormous price, and that's really the point of the story. He proves to us that eternal life is not everything it's cracked up to be. That it is, in fact, a curse."

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