

START

All day long you have travelled, and at a good speed. <...> It is a lovely country. Full of beauties of all imaginable kinds, and the people are brave, and strong, and simple, and seem full of nice qualities. They are very, very superstitious <...> You are travelling fast, and as you have no driver with you to carry tales, you go ahead of scandal. <...> The country gets wilder as you go, and the great spurs of the Carpathians, which at Veresti seemed so far from you and so low on the horizon, now seem to gather round you and tower in front. <...> The houses are very few here now. <...> You travel, always getting closer to the mountains, and moving into a more and more wild and desert land. There are great, frowning precipices and much falling water, and Nature seem to have held sometime her carnival. <...> You were near the top of a steep rising hill, on summit of which was such a castle. <...> At once you exulted and feared. For now, for good or ill, the end was near.

FINAL

In the autumn of this year you made a journey to Transylvania, and went over the old ground which was, and is, to you so full of <...> memories. It was almost impossible to believe that the things which you had seen with your own eyes and heard with your own ears were living truths. Every trace of all that had been was blotted out. The castle stood as before, reared high above a waste of desolation.

When you got home you were talking of the old time, which you could all look back on without despair <...>. You took the papers from the safe where they had been ever since our return so long ago. You were struck with the fact, that in all the mass of material of which the record is composed, there is hardly one authentic document. <...> You could hardly ask anyone, even did you wish to, to accept these as proofs of so wild a story.

Excerpts from Bram Stoker's "Dracula" (adopted for the tool)