

JOURNAL  
OF A  
VAMPIRE

*(transcript)*



## Preface by the editors

This journal was found lain on a confirmed female body in an unmarked grave, during an excavation of a property in Clontarf, Dublin in 2018.

The journal entries date from 1600's to the 1800's. The initial examination of the body determined that little to no blood was present at the time of the burial. This information initiated an investigation of the journal and the excavation site where further evidence was found that suggests the female body being that of a 'vampire'.

The investigation was carried out by the National Museum of Dublin extends their sincere gratitude to Prof. B Helsing from the Archaeology Department, Dr. Brennan the Chairperson from the Medical Association of Ireland, the Museum's registered philologist Dr. Pengrid, and Dr. Simon the external European Folklore Expert in Cryptozoology in their efforts to transcribe the journal and investigating the contents



Newspaper clippings were found that corresponded with the events detailed in the journal.





Individuals mentioned in the journal entries and accompanying letters;

Bram Stoker

Matilda Stoker

Thornley Stoker

Vambery

Dracul

Ellen Crone / Doligen von Gratz

‘Father’ / Ellen’s father

‘Husband-to-be’ / ‘Husband’ / Ellen’s husband

Deaglan O’Cuiv / ‘beloved’

Maggie O’Cuiv

Patrick O’Cuiv



## Table of contents

Preface by the editors.....	i
List of individuals mentioned.....	iii
Letter signed by Bram Stoker.....	vii
13 August 1650.....	01
14 August 1650.....	03
19 August 1650.....	05
10 September 1651.....	07
11 September 1651.....	09
9 October 1651.....	11
10 October 1651.....	13
12 August 1654.....	15
13 August 1654.....	17
19 November 1657.....	20
4 October 1659.....	22
21 March 1662.....	24
9 January 1670.....	26
15 July 1695.....	28
29 April 1801.....	29
8 November 1847.....	33
3 October 1854.....	35
4 October 1854.....	37



5 October 1854.....	38
6 October 1854.....	40
15 November 1866.....	42
5 August 1868.....	43
8 August 1868.....	44
10 August 1868.....	45
11 August 1868.....	47
17 August 1868.....	48
Matilda's letter.....	51
Bram's letter.....	53
Historical Notes.....	54



This letter is signed by Bram Stoker (1847-1912), the grandchild of the famous writer of fictional novel *Dracula* (1897). It was found enclosed in the journal, which means that Ms Crone has received the letter and kept it safe. The letter alludes to the death of Ms. E Crone.



The Peculiarities of Ellen Crone. That is, of course, where should I start, for this is as much her story as it is mine, perhaps more so. This woman, this monster, this wraith, this friend, this... being.

She was always there for us. My sisters and brothers would tell you as much. But how so, is where inquiries should lie. She was there as my beginning, and will no doubt be there for my end, as I was for hers. This was, and always, shall be, our dance.

My lovely Nanna Ellen. Her hand was always reaching out, even as the prick of her nails drew blood.

- from Bram Stoker



13 August 1650

This is a memory I will always hold dear to my heart. My beloved, so sweet, thoughtful, and loving stole me away from my cottage again. He helped me out from my bedroom window, and we ran up our hill, to our spot. Although we had been there over a dozen times before, this time it felt special. He and I are older now. We watched the ships enter and leave the nearby port. He told me how deeply he wished to leave on one of those ships with me. To start a new life somewhere else. Somewhere, where he would not need to buy my father's approval.

On the edge of that hill, many magpies flew over us. Such pretty magpies. They fly so freely and can go wherever they wished. I told him how I wanted to be a bird and to fly far far away from the life we had now. He said that our lives were not too bad, because we had each other. He told me how much he loved me and how hard he is working with the fishermen to get enough money to impress my father with. I knew my father. No amount of money, my beloved could have, would impress my father enough to accept a marriage between us.

Marriage. We dreamed of our life together as husband and wife. I so wish him to be my husband. My life would be complete with



him in it forever. If we left and if we had only each other. I think that will be enough.





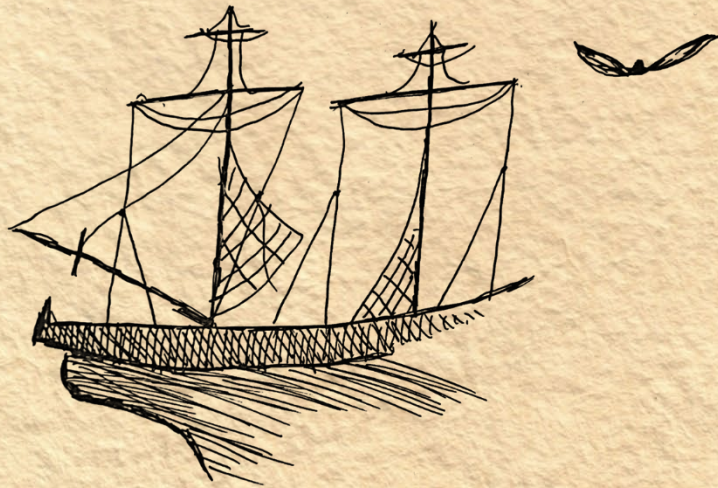
14 August 1650

Something terrible has happened. My father, in his greedy nature, has agreed to marry me off to a wealthy man. Who lived some distance from home. I'm certain my father had found out about my beloved and sought to put a stop to it. I returned home with bread and fish and that is when I saw him. A well-dressed man, older than I, sitting in my late mother's chair. An evil grin appeared on their faces the moment I came into the light. This man was quick to approach me and greet me with a kiss on my hand. He held my hand far longer than I would have liked. I immediately knew that this man would not love me. He would only use me.

In my first act of defiance towards my father, I fled the cottage. I did not stop until I arrived at my beloved's residence. I pounded on his door so hard, fighting the door much like how I wanted to fight my fate. The door opened and I fell into his arms, he held me and kept me together. Oh, how I wanted to change my fate. To run away from it all. I had felt such a deep feeling of grief and sorrow. I will admit, I did not notice how he reacted to the news of my planned engagement. Was he scared too? Did he too feel lost and trapped? I did not ask, although, perhaps I should have.



I begged us to leave. To get on one of those boats. To run away. But, he insisted we stay, that somehow he would come up with a plan to change my fate. I believe he will. We did not speak much, only held each other. His warmth was all the comfort I needed then. I prayed hard tonight, harder than I ever had, hoping that God would save me from this marriage and allow my beloved and I to remain together.





19 August 1650

These past few days have been difficult. The man had agreed to shower my father with riches before marrying me and he did. He had bought and furnished a great house for my father, given him many coins and promised more coins as time went on. I had watched my childhood home be stripped down and left empty. My room had vanished, and my father could only say that there was no room for me in his, now new great, house. He told me that I have a new home, a new room with a husband. I hated the idea. Hated it all. If mother was still alive she would not think to sell me off like this. Be cruel like this.

I hope this... feeling I have will go away. I hope that the feeling I get whenever I interact with my husband-to-be is wrong. That he is not evil and that he will be kind and thoughtful towards me. I hope God will bless me with a good life after taking the one I wanted so desperately away. I haven't seen my beloved at all these past few days. I fear my father had done something or had said something to him that has kept him away from me. I will not be able to say goodbye to my beloved.

I have thought long and hard about running away, but I know better, there will be no place for a runaway like me anywhere. My



husband-to-be is wealthy enough to track me down. I prayed for wings tonight. I prayed that God would bless me with wings. I wish I could fly away. Fly so far away.





10 September 1651

My special journal. I believe what I am about to account to you would not be believed by anyone who finds or hears it. I am dead, very dead. A year ago I was married away by my greedy father. Stolen away from my true love. Beaten. Cut. Imprisoned. In a cell that was called my room. You, my journal, stolen from me. I want to scream and laugh remembering such things. My husband was evil, so evil he kept me alive only to torment me for his own pleasure. I refused water and food for weeks. I was skin and bone. I starved myself until I had a small and narrow frame. Small enough to slip through the window of my cell.

I smelt that fresh air and felt the sun on my face for the first time in half a year. My husband found me on the roof and attempted to coerce me back inside. I laughed. Like the madwoman, I believed I was at the time. I cursed him. I cursed my father. I cursed God. God did not save me. God did not give me wings. If God was not going to let me fly away, then I ought to do it myself. I jumped. To the rocks below. Hoped for a quick death.

I died only to rise again. I wish to have seen my husband's face looking down at my corpse. I wouldn't have thought I was dead, however, I did crawl out of a grave. My grave. That is when I



noticed my complexion had significantly paled. Noticed I was buried in a humble gown with my journal. Noticed that my burial was a respectable one. I knew my beloved had done all this. Buried me with care and love.

My beloved. It pains my heart to think about him and how he was now without me and I without him. Separated between that of life and that of death. Death. I don't feel dead. It is not fair that I had to die. That I had to live in torment. My husband should have died. He was evil so why was not he punished? Why was I? I want to hurt him. I wonder if I could hurt him in this state. Can I inflict on him what he had done to me? Can I make him suffer? Can I kill him?





11 September 1651

I am not dead after all. I am something else. Something better, stronger and faster. I can see so clearly in the dark. I can hear everything around me, so clearly. I can fly and not die. Leaping from tree to tree, climbing with such speed and skill. Soaring from trees and landing perfectly on the ground without pain. Such things remind me of a cat more than a bird. Cats are known to hunt in the evening, perhaps that is why I did what I did. I hunted my husband. Shortly after writing in my journal the evening prior, I paid him a visit. I went to his estate and was surprised to see the two guards entranced by my presence. I gripped one of their arms and it snapped from the pressure, I was strong. I did the same with their necks. Their heads snapped straight off their torsos. That is when I smelt it. Chicken roast. My favourite. It was the blood. It was strange and I was curious. It smelt so good I pondered on the thought of what it tasted like. It was indescribable. At first taste I found myself draining them dry. My once humble white gown was soaked in blood. The pair of them did not satisfy me. I wanted more and tried to enter the main house... I couldn't. As if there was a wall blocking me, I admit I lost my temper at that moment.



I climbed the walls to the maid's quarters and convinced one of them to invite me in. I entered. I drank. The power I had felt was unimaginable. I struck down every attendant of the estate, swiftly and quietly. I left a trail of blood wherever I went until I found the master bedroom. His bedroom. I opened the door and glided silently to his sleeping form. This was my revenge and my justice. I tied him down and cut him, I cut him a hundred times. For seven hours I watched him, squirm, scream, plead and curse. I smiled as I watched him. Watched him bleed, very slowly. He did die a slow and painful death. I knew my potential. Knew my mission. My vengeance. Now it is my father's turn.





9 October 1651

Infuriating man. For weeks he kept me out. For weeks he taunted and cursed me. He had not left the house since seeing my face. My father relied on his gifted wealth to pay people to bring him food and water. I tried to get him out and tried to get him to invite me in. His stubbornness and arrogance remained. My frustration built up and I killed anyone and everyone that tried to bring him food and water. Soon rumours spread and no one dared to help my father, no matter how much money he had promised to give. He'd rather starve himself than let me in. I had even promised a quick death and still, he chose to starve. I had watched him write letters, countless of them. He did not have to look at me to know I was there. I was always there, waiting and watching.

He starved to death today, his body was just skin and bone. It reminded me of the days I chose to starve myself when I still held life. With no soul inside, I entered the great house and rummaged through the letters. They were all for my mother. Except one. I almost did not want to read it, but I did. He did not apologise, nor did he account for what he did to me and how he caused my death. He cursed my name and blamed me for my mother's death. My mother had died giving birth to me and I had



only known her through stories told to me by her friends, never by my father. My father, in his letters, recounted his love and the memories of my mother and suddenly I could hear my own voice echoing through his words. My mother had been taken from him much like how my beloved was taken from me. His sorrow was mine. The guilt and remorse set in. I had become the monster he believed me to be. I killed and took lives. I tore families apart just to satisfy my revenge.

My beloved couldn't save me and expressed his love the one way he could. By buying me a humble white dress, burying me, engraving my tombstone with love and gifting me my journal back. My beloved. The only good thing I had left to treasure.





10 October 1651

Out of respect I cleaned my plain white gown, brushed my hair and tried my best to appear as my human self. I hope I do look like myself. I hope he can see me, the real me, again. I approached his cottage remembering the memories I had there, of us. I saw him clearly. Sleeping on a chair just outside his door with gardening tools around him that I did bother to notice. I gently stroked his hair waking him. He said my name before he looked up to see if it was really me. He began to cry and grasped my hand, pleading for forgiveness. He believed he had caused my death. I told him, several times at that moment that he could never do any wrong to me, how I knew he loved me and how I still loved him. We had confessed our love to each other for the last time. When he held me, I felt at peace. So calm and so... oblivious. He used a metal gardening tool and plunged it into my heart. I don't remember screaming or much of anything. He made sure it wouldn't hurt. My beloved, still so caring and thoughtful. I will never know his reasoning or what he was possibly feeling when he killed me. He did not succeed in killing me.



I did smile at the thought of him dressing me again in a new clean and white gown, burying me in the most beautiful place he knew and gifting me with flowers, forever wishing me peace and love. I didn't stay dead that is. I wish I did. I couldn't have prevented a lot more death and sorrow if only I could have stayed dead. If *he* had let me stay dead. I woke to that unforgettable taste, in a place I did not know, to a man I did not know. I saw red, not just the blood that was offered to me, but red eyes, *his* red eyes.





12 August 1654

His name is Dracul. He introduced himself proper and had given me the name of countess Dolingen Von Gratz. I wasn't too fond of the name, but I accepted it in an attempt to distance my previous life from this new one. I was quick to realise that Dracul was like me and that in a similar state had renounced God, and died, only to rise again as a *vampire*, as he called it. I never knew what to call my condition. What I had become. It was calming to know what exactly I am, what my limitations are and what I am capable of.

He explained to me many things, especially about my condition. Sleep during the day, nothing comes from being active in the day, he says. Don't go into the water, your body will sink to the bottom and will fall into a corpse-like state and it will be difficult to recover from, he continued. He was a very patient teacher, teaching me mannerisms, and other languages, and using my abilities and skills to benefit me. I had the freedom to explore his castle and come and go as I pleased.

It was his patience and charming nature that fascinated me and kept me returning to him. I wouldn't call it love, but something else, I couldn't tell what. Perhaps through all of this, the notable



thing for me was the dinner I had with him. He had a lavish dining hall big enough for five full families. I sat by his side, there was no food only his personal collection of red wine bottles, bottled with something else to satisfy this new diet of mine.

We would just talk to each other, a simple and casual conversation. We talked about our lives, he would talk about his travels, how long he had lived, and the cultures he experienced and I, however, had very little to say in comparison. I talked about my small fishing village and the love I have for flowers and magpies. Thinking back, it seemed childish to talk about. I did appreciate the normality of the conversation, I felt more normal than I had been in a long time.



13 August 1654

I woke up to gifts. My room had been filled with flowers, roses, my favourites. In his grand library, he read books with me and showed me the most wonderful paintings and other art pieces he had collected in his lifetime. Then he said something that I did not believe. He asked if I wanted to learn how to fly. To really fly, not in the same way I had been, leaping from building to building, but like a real bird. He said I could be a bird. I could not hide my excitement at the thought.

In the black of the night, he showed me his abilities, mist, shapeshifting, and others. After some time, I had done it. I became a Magpie, the bird I had seen often as a child. I took flight in an instant, and he was there, with me. I was too entranced in it all I had been flying outside the castle for hours. It was everything I had dreamed of it being like. Dracul landed first. He was ready to catch me if my landing was less than ideal. I didn't think about it much and morphed back inches from the ground, from him. He caught me.

The memory of his hands around my waist excited me, it felt both wrong and right at the same time. He held me there, above him in the moonlight.



He stared deeply into my eyes, I remember them being so dark and warm, and I wonder what he saw in mine. Were mine warm? Were they innocent? What did he see in my eyes? I'm not sure what happened at that moment for him. What was he thinking at that moment? How did I not notice it before? Dracul. He held me close against his chest and moved his lips towards to my ear, I expected a whisper and felt his fangs gently graze my neck. I pulled away. I didn't know what to feel. Confused? Excited? Scared? Maybe all at once.





I ran back into the castle without a second thought. Did I make a mistake? How did I not realise it before? Dracul had been alone for so long before he found me and brought me here. He found me and brought me here to be his mate.



19 November 1657

I woke with uneasiness with the memory of the prior night. I wondered how he would treat me tonight. I explored the castle searching for him, but I couldn't find him. I stayed in the library, reading to pass the time. One of the servant girls came in and told me that he wanted to have dinner with me. I was cautious from that moment on.

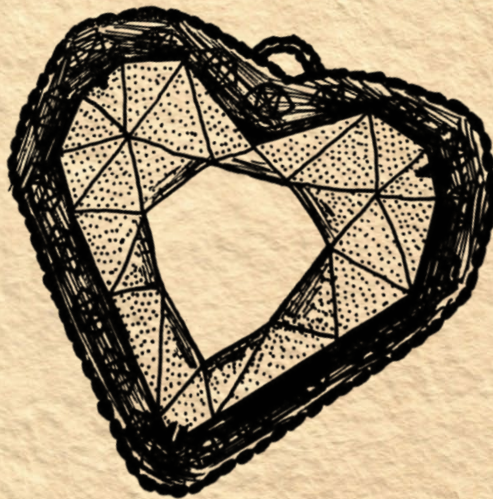
In the dining room, I sat where I sat before and had the wine he offered me, but he barely spoke. He seemed too formal. The dinner continued in silence. I never knew silence can be so loud. I wanted to leave. I got up and he spoke, almost rushed. I sat back down expecting him to say more. He waved one of the servants over. I noticed a flat black box. Dracul offered it to me and got up to stand behind me. I was nervous. I opened the box. And there it was.

A beautiful necklace with an impressive red stone pendant. He reached for the necklace and placed it around my neck. I was overwhelmed by the beauty and weight of it, but something felt awry. Something felt wrong. I asked what it was for. He hesitated. I became nervous. He told me he had it made for his bride. I froze at that moment. I couldn't speak and I couldn't



breathe. I knew it was true and I just simply didn't want to believe it.

From one trapped marriage to another. I couldn't allow it. I didn't want it. My beloved. I want my true beloved. As soon as I came to my room, I removed that pendant and hid it out of sight. The sight of the pendant made me sick.





4 October 1659

Over the next few years we have not spoken much, I didn't attend his dinners and he did not pressure me about them. The off chance that I do see him is in the library, where I would write and read, and he would watch. I told him every day that I did not want to be his bride. I did not want to be a wife to any man. I was honest and he knew this. He knew how I felt, he knew me as a person, and he knew I would not accept his proposal.

I half expected him to hit me at times, but almost always, as soon as that thought crossed my mind, he stood up with such an intensity the room shuddered. He claimed that he would never hurt me as long as I stayed within the castle's walls and that he would never want to hurt me, it would be the last thing he would think of ever doing to me. He was that kind of man, honest and reassuring, yet terrifying.

There was comfort in his promise. As days and days went by I noticed his eyes. His eyes seemed hollow. But just today, that is when I felt a sudden wave of heavy loneliness. It was Dracul's loneliness. I could feel it. This feeling is what he was fighting against, the desperation, the pressure, the urge to collapse into it. I have tampered with something I did not comprehend. Dracul



was no gentleman, he was a desperate creature looking for a life partner. Something he thought me be.

I regretfully asked what would happen if I did leave. If I could not love him? He grabbed one of the servant girls I was fond of. In the blink of an eye, he violently tore at her throat. Her blood spattered everywhere and on me. It was the first time I smelt blood and was utterly repulsed by it. He dropped her body on the floor. I was frozen in place, staring at her. Dracul casually wiped the blood off his face. He was suddenly behind me. With a clean cloth, he wiped away some of the blood from my face. I couldn't hear him. I was in a state of paralysis, staring at this servant girl who I had hoped would have been my friend.



21 March 1662

I think I am trapped here. I don't feel safe. The castle has changed somehow. The castle feels alive, I feel watched, and I feel I am never alone. Not even in my room. Was he watching me? Was he waiting for me to do something? I find myself remembering that dinner, and all the blood that was left there. I'm getting more and more worried about what he could do. What he wanted to do.

Maybe he knows about my beloved. Maybe when I saw his soul, he saw mine. Maybe he knows. Maybe that is why he burnt my letters and books. I never imagined him to be dangerous when he is jealous. It was so quick. I was reading over old letters from my father and to my beloved, he must've glanced over and fallen into a jealous fit. He threw my letters and all the Irish books into the fireplace. I loved those books. They reminded me of home. Reminded? Is that it? I remind myself of home, my father, my beloved, and everything from my past life. But how could I forget? My past has shaped me and looking back I feel comforted by the memories of my childhood and my beloved.

Perhaps I am paranoid. I know he would never hurt me physically and had promised to never drink my blood. Although



these promises seem sincere, I fear that he might not be the kind stranger I thought him to be. The death of that poor servant girl might be the beginning of some horrible events.





9 January 1670

He knew! He knew I wanted to leave and that his threats didn't work, but my God! What he had done. It is evil. He is evil. My beloved!

He found my beloved. Dracul drank his blood, turned him, and made him like me. I thought watching him convulse and scream as he did was a terrible display. How wrong I was. He tied ropes around my beloved's, arms, legs and neck... It was only after the servant brought out the large dark horses did I realise what was about to happen.

I don't want to relive it. Not on these pages. Not ever.

They dismembered my beloved. Placed pieces of him in boxes and sent them away.

I was in a state, numb, hollow, perhaps nothing and everything all at once. I found myself remembering our time back in our hometown. Laughing and dreaming of our lives as each other, together. This memory was my comfort. Now shattered by Dracul's voice. I remember the tone, how he felt nothing about what he had done. How what he had done ruined everything. For him. For me. For my beloved.



The hate. I had felt it before, this dangerous hate. I felt it when I rose from my grave for the first time and thought of my husband and how I wanted to make him suffer. I wanted to make Dracul suffer... but I can't. I remember in the past, being hopeless and weak against my late husband and father. But Dracul had made a big mistake. He still believes that I won't leave.



15 July 1695

I have spent years plotting my revenge, putting together a plan. I spent many mornings and daylight hours peering into Dracul's mind, plucking information from his memories. A skill I developed during my alone time in the castle, peering into the minds of the servants and then working my way up to peer into Dracul's mind.

I found them, of how he found my beloved, how he threatened his family and stole him away so violently. I felt his active mind. His thoughts. I remember finding repeated flashes of me. I found and noted where he had sent my beloved's pieces, and remembered each location, never forgetting. I noted how Dracul might be able to track me down if I ran away. How Dracul kept watching over me and how I can avoid any suspicion of plotting to run away.

I read up on Transylvanian customs and learnt about the land. I read about the new world, London and how Ireland has changed over the years. I'm going to try my best to be compliant and pleasant to Dracul, to avoid angering him. My journal holds these secrets and thoughts, so I must hide them and carry out my

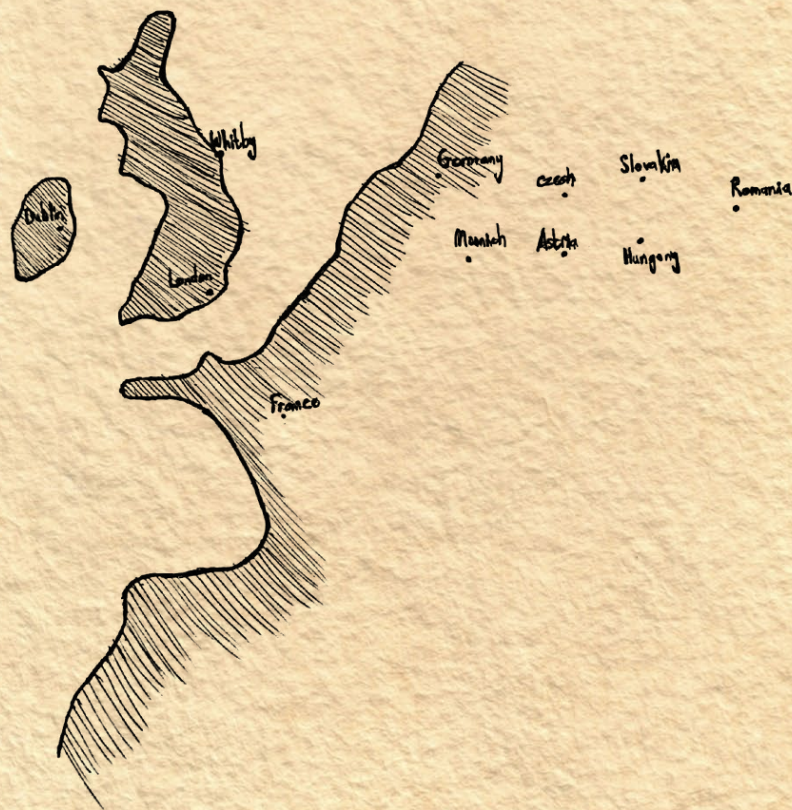


plan. I will write again when it is safe. When I am safe and far away from here. Away from him.



29 April 1801

I did it! I ran away! I flew for the first hours as a great owl and ran as a wolf to put a greater distance between me and the castle. It has been so long since I've recounted my life in my journal. I had moved so far and for so long until I slowed down during the day. The irony of it is I used all his lessons and advice to get away from him. I plucked every location from his mind and rushed to the nearest one. I am not there yet, but I know I'm close.





I had drawn out a map of Europe and marked all the locations. I know this mission will be a long and dangerous one. I just hope I will be able to put my beloved back together. I feel as though I will not be able to relax for the years to come. I will be moving around a lot, alone and always feeling the need to look over my shoulder. Is this how my beloved felt when he learned of the news of my rise from the grave? Did he want me to find him? My thoughts are racing through my mind. Too fast to recount on paper. I know I need to keep moving so Dracul won't be able to find me. I feel too young to be challenged like this. To now live a life like this. I guess God is not done punishing me yet.



*Some pages were far too deteriorated to decipher leaving the years between 29 April 1801 and 8 November 1847 undetermined.*



8 November 1847

Something amazing happened. Something unexpected. On my quest along the coast of Ireland, I had been looking for lodging. That is when I came across the Stoker house, a large house with a large family. That's when I smelt it. Blood. A woman was in labour, but something was very wrong. I sensed the baby, with a weak heartbeat and I sensed the mother struggling. How I knew I will never fully understand. But I knew.

I rushed into the house and took over from the midwife. I've never helped in a birth before and all the reading I had done over the years had now been useful. Never had I seen so much blood that was natural, but I kept my calm and kept my focus. He came. His tiny body fell into my hands, at once, I did not care about the blood surrounding me nor did I care about the mother.

The baby was blue and cold. I cradled him as the midwife tended to the mother. The thought of how Dracul used his blood to resurrect my beloved came to mind. Did I have that same power? I nicked the tip of my finger and pressed it to the baby's mouth. I hoped and prayed for the first time in a while for this baby. I moved his throat, encouraging him to drink what I offered. He drank. I suddenly saw life. I saw him squirm and take what I was



offering. I heard his little heartbeat. I knew he was not like me, but I also knew he needed me to keep him alive. I may not have birthed him, but I gave him life. He was mine to care for.





3 October 1854

As some of the best years of my life passed, I had forgotten my mission and that Dracul was looking for me. I had forgotten that I was still in danger and the people around me were in danger. I regret to recount that Dracul is here, in this town. He succeeded in tracking me but has not found me, yet. He did find something else, something he knew would hurt me in some way. My beloved's decedents. At first, I did not know them, but after smelling their blood, I knew. At a distance, I smelt it. A lot of it at the O'Cuiv house. I entered the house expecting everyone to be dead, but there were two survivors. The youngest Maggie had hidden in the floorboards and Patrick, the father, was bleeding from his torn throat, I knew who had done that to him, knew who did all of this. It was Dracul.

I gave Patrick the choice to die or be like me. He chose to become a vampire and made the same decision for Maggie. It had been so long since I had tasted human blood, I was relieved that I could resist the temptation of it and successfully turn them. Made them like me. I told them about Dracul, about me and about their great ancestor, my beloved. We had devised a plan for Patrick to take the blame for the killing, he will be hanged and



then buried, that is when I will retrieve him from the grave and we can then plan to leave Ireland and retrieve the remaining pieces.

As much as I want to stay with the Stoker family, there is nothing I can do. If Dracul finds out about them he will use them against me. If I stay, they will be in danger and if I go they will be safe. There is too much to think about. I need to keep the Stoker family safe. I need to protect Patrick and Maggie. I need to find my beloved's limbs. I need to ensure that Dracul never finds us. I need to figure out a way for Bram to live... without me. Oh, Bram. What will we do? What should I do? Will you die if I leave you? We will all die if I stay. What should I do? What can I do?





4 October 1854

I figured it out, a way for Bram to live. On a night when Bram had fallen ill, deathly ill I rushed to him, even in my weak state after caring for Patrick and Maggie. Bram needed me and I had to be there for him. I wish I had been wiser. I was met with Edward bleeding Bram with those disgusting leeches. I find Edward to be an ignorant doctor, he did not know he was slowly killing my Bram. I had to be careful not to growl or hiss at the sight, but by God, I did scream and yell for everyone to get out. I had enough strength to shield Bram from witnessing the act of exchanging blood. I can only imagine how terrifying it could be for a boy his age to experience something like this and not understand that I am helping him. Helping him stay alive.

That's when I had the thought about how to keep him alive when I am gone, if a little did a lot for him, what would a lot do for him? You have to live without me, Bram. How much blood will you take from me, Bram? Will you take my very last drop? I will give you everything for you to live a long and healthy life as a human.



5 October 1854

Bram... it worked. I can see you already, coughing less and teasing your lovely sister Matilda. Although I am weak now, am I so grateful to know that my giving you as much blood as I could have made such a difference.

I've decided that I will leave, for your sake and your family's sake I will leave and lead Dracul away from you. Although I did not foresee you and Matilda following me into the night. At first, I was amused to see how easily you caught up, and how your strength and endurance surpassed your sister's. I allowed you and Matilda to believe that I didn't know you were there, but I did. I wanted to give you and Matilda this adventure. This last mystery before I leave. Perhaps one day you will be able to understand and make sense of all this. When I believed you had seen enough and forced you both into sleep and carried you home. I took my time putting Matilda into bed. This lovely girl adored me. I dreaded putting you into your bed. Because I had to give you a lot of my blood, for the last time. I hope that this second exchange will keep you alive while I will be away.

I forced you awake as I looked down at you from the beams on the roof. I watched you try to make sense of tonight. You are



turning around to find me, expecting me there, behind you. I wanted us to play a light-hearted game, but your heartbeat grew faster. You were scaring yourself. That is when you looked up. Your fear was so potent in that moment I was scared too. Scared about what you saw when you looked up at me.

I think at that moment you saw me for the monster I was. A creature of darkness. I used my powers to put you into a trance and forced you to take as much blood as you could from me. After that, I left. Each step I took away from the Stoker house caused such a pain in my chest. The things precious to me have always been stolen away, but this time I am leaving, willingly leaving, something precious behind, for their sake. I hope they understand when they are older, understand the sacrifices I had to make and understand that I didn't want to leave them behind. For the lives of the Stoker family, for you, Bram. I had to leave so you can live. I wish it didn't hurt so much.



6 October 1854

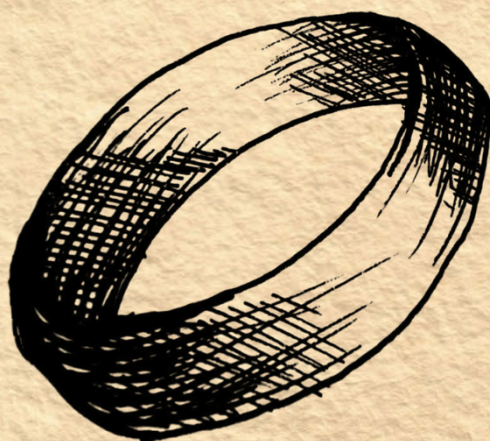
These past few days have been hard, I hate having been reminded of what kind of man Dracul is, how close he got to the Stoker family and me and that I must run from him again. At least I am not alone anymore. With Maggie and Patrick's help, we put together crates to travel in and a locked crate for my beloved's pieces. I am not sure what the future for all of us holds, I can only hope that it is a good one.

These crates we have prepared will be shipped to the furthest side of Europe in our quest to make my beloved whole again. But Bram and Matilda found our boxes during the day. I was not prepared, and neither were Patrick and Maggie. Bram went straight up to my beloved's box and opened it.

I was so scared. I should have known better that Bram and Matilda will try to investigate my disappearance. Bram had found my beloved's head, the discovery had given them such a fright they ran back home. There was something else. A ring, once mine. Bram found it and took it. I am not sure what possessed him to take it, but he did. Would this cause him harm? Will he find a connection between that ring to me? These



questions and these worries will forever plague my mind. I fear for Bram now, for his life. Where is all this worry coming from?





15 November 1866

I returned to Ireland, to Bram. I had been plagued with nightmares of his illness, but all that fret disappeared when I saw him. Now grown up from the last time I had returned to see him. I have found that each time I visit him, the longer he is able live without my blood. I believe that if these exchanges keep going, he will live a long life, even without me... even if I am gone, forever.



5 August 1868

I saw Matilda, your sister Bram, in Paris this evening, I knew it was her immediately. I wish I could have stayed and admired her, now a grown young woman, but she saw me too, she knew who I was. She remembered me. Once I saw her, I felt the immediate urge to return to Bram to see you and make sure all the Stokers are well and safe. I've discussed it with Patrick and Maggie, and we've decided to return to Ireland before going to Whitby for my beloved's last piece. We are so close to completing him. I have a sudden terrible feeling. Is this the calm before the storm?





8 August 1868

That pressure. I should've recognised it the moment we were unloaded at the dock. Dracul. He was there in Dublin, expecting us. It was foolish of me to bring Maggie and Patrick back with me. I should've known better. We were on our way through Dublin when he appeared. Dracul was there in front of us, he recognised Patrick and taunted him. Patrick's temper got the better of him, but then again, I don't blame him for his impulsive decision to attack Dracul at that moment. I would too if I had witnessed Dracul slaughter my whole family.

Patrick's actions gave Maggie and me enough time to get away. I would've got further, but I heard them, and then a splash in the canal. Dracul had thrown Patrick into the canal, and that was when Maggie screamed. I took her and ran so far and so fast and got away. Poor Maggie had convinced herself her father had died, but I knew better, Patrick was in a bad situation in the water, but I knew, deep in my heart, that he would find a way out. He must find a way out.



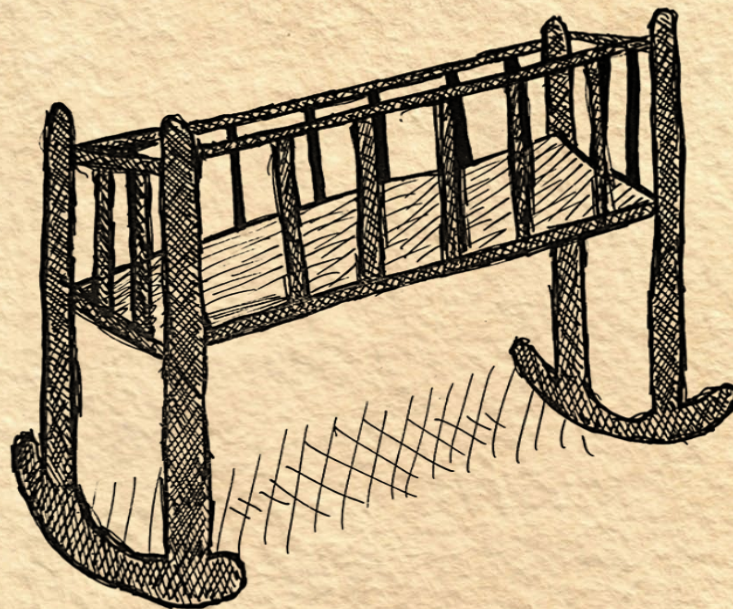
10 August 1868

The morgue! Patrick's body had been fished out of the canal the next morning. I had to be fast, because if I knew from the papers then so did Dracul. I had to get to Patrick's dormant body before Dracul does. I had hoped I would have gotten there before the autopsy or at least before the Stoker siblings had gotten there. I can only assume their quest to find me led them there. As I had feared, Bram and Matilda had made the connection between me and Patrick, no doubt they did recognise him from their childhood and did get quite the fright. I was relieved to see the siblings be escorted out of the building, it gave me enough time to put Patrick back together and get him out of the morgue.

I must admit, putting Patrick together was a difficult task and had taken him a great deal of energy at the expense of my blood for him to fully heal, but heal he did. As soon as he felt well again he greeted Maggie with many kisses and hugs. I knew my beloved had treated his children with the same love and devotion. My beloved must've been a great father and a great husband. I wish it had been us together with a family. I see myself dreaming again. My family, a strange mix of both vampires and humans. Would it be possible? To be part of a human family over



generations and generations? I would love to see myself with the Stoker family. Raising Bram's children and their children's children. I think that is the life I want.





11 August 1868

Since the Stoker siblings had seen Patrick's body they had planned to go and see his grave, only they will find something else, something precious to me. My journal. My thoughts. My dreams. My fears. My past. As much as I want to prevent them from finding it, I think they must. To find it, to understand me, to know why I made the choices I did. It is amusing to think that Patrick's grave had become my own storage space, with my trinkets and other belongings. I left my journal in Patrick's grave so that you, Bram, might find it.

Bram, if you're reading this, I am so proud of how you turned out. I hope that you and your siblings find closure in these pages and can understand why I did what I did. I hope you can forgive me.

I hope Dracul has not found you yet. Or perhaps he has already and is waiting. As a precaution, I have asked Maggie and Patrick to watch over you. Protect you if Dracul were to get too close.



17 August 1868


The past few days have been indescribable. My journal had been with the Stoker siblings since they dug up Patrick's grave, but now they are here, with my journal, in Whitby. Bram and his siblings knew what Dracul and I were and had come to terms with it in their own time. They came prepared to fight him with us. I was overwhelmed with joy at the sight of them and being able to talk to them. However, that joy quickly became dread, I knew Dracul somehow sent them to find me, to somehow get us all together.

He was coming, I was sure of it. We had to work together if we have a chance to defeat Dracul. Knowing him, though, I knew he would send a horde of underlings to capture us. It is with this knowledge that we prepared. The Stoker siblings, along with their unlikely friend Vambery had bought weapons to use against vampires. These tools will be used against the horde. And against Dracul. I write this now, waiting for the horde to come.

I hope we can defeat him. To get my beloved's final piece from this place. I do think Maggie will know where it might be, in case something were to happen to me.



I find myself thinking about Dracul. Is he still desperately lonely as I remember him to be? What does he intend to do with us? With me? Does he know that I intend to kill him? I hope we will kill him. I hope I get the life I've dreamed of. I hope that everyone will be okay. I'd rather die myself than be forced to watch the people I care about get hurt.





*The journal stops here leading the Archeologist involved to confirm that the last entry dated on the 17 August 1868 corresponds with Ms. E Crone's time of death. Further details will follow in the historical notes.*

*Letters had been found tucked at the back of the journal from Matilda and Bram Stoker addressed to Crone detailing their goodbyes which suggests that the Stoker siblings were responsible for burring her. The letters that follow provide context for what happened to Ms E Crone, and the others.*



My dearest Ellen,

The past few days have been tragic, truly tragic. Although we fulfilled our mission and ended Dracul, you were not there to celebrate with us. You did what any mother would do and gave everything to make sure we would make it out alive. Though I wish we could have triumphed together, I now understand we would not have done so without your sacrifice.

You were always there to protect us, in our childhood, when we grew up, whether we knew it or not. I guess what I should be saying is thank you. Thank you for still loving us and protecting us. Thank you for everything you have done for us.

After defeating Dracul the end was bittersweet. Patrick and our friend Vambery gave their lives so we could defeat Dracul. It was hard over me, on all of us to bury our three friends, our family, you, Nanna Ellen. We took our time to bury you, giving you a resting place where Maggie could visit, wherever she is. I don't blame poor Maggie for disappearing when she did, she did lose her Pa and you, leaving her alone.



If not for Bram, we would've never found our brother Thornley's wife hidden in a coffin on the grounds, reuniting her with our brother Thornley. For Thornley I am glad he got his wife back after the ordeal of her abduction by Dracul. Perhaps I have not healed much since your passing. Bram thinks the same, although, I do believe he burdens himself with your death a little too much, I would too if I had done what he chose...

Chose to accept your sacrifice. Chose to take your blood. All of it. The scene of it still haunts me. It haunts all of us. Why did you do it Nanna? Why did you choose to die for us in that way? Make us kill you? The details are something I could never bring myself to write about. Details are mundane for a goodbye letter. That is what this is. My final goodbye to you. A final thank you, for everything.

Affectionately yours,  
Matilda



My dear Ellen,

Matilda insisted I write to you, a letter, that you will never read. Part of the healing process she called it, I do not see the appeal. Though I had promised to try, it has taken far longer than I expected to find the words.

The words to tell you of my grief, my regret and my appreciation for the choices you made, always, for our benefit. Even the red pendant we found of yours did not go to waste. I used it to buy the theatre of my dreams, to start a new life of mine there.

However, no matter how much of my life I change around me, the memory of you is still there. The memory of your death still burning in my mind...

You died Nanna Ellen. That is that. I shall cope with it in my own way. Goodbye, forever. Thank you, for being a mother to me.

Forever yours,

Bram



## HISTORICAL NOTES ON

### *The Vampire's Journal*

Being a transcript of the journal of Ellen Crone, the woman believed to be a vampire, the narrative contained within this journal, is incomplete to the point of reaching an abrupt ending. The main hypothesis of the incomplete narrative is that Crone had died in the year 1868, and with her, her story. What happened to Ellen Crone? The Archeology Department of the Museum of Dublin, under the guidance of Prof. B Helsing, had discovered, in 2018 Clontarf Cemetery, the corpse of a woman, DNA dated to the period between 1860 and 1870. This coincides with Crone's last journal entry.

The person, who the corpse belonged to, died of exsanguination (the loss of a significant amount of blood). Prof Helsing consultation with Dr. Brennan, the Chairperson of the Medical Association of Ireland, examined the corpse and explained that the primary cause of death was heart failure, due to blood loss. Other organs have shut down, and the person became comatose after loss of oxygen to the brain. This evidence corresponds with letters, found tucked in the back of the journal signed by a



Matilda Stoker, which describes the death of an 'Ellen' due to a full blood transfusion. A letter signed by Bram Stoker tells the story of Crone sacrificing her life for the Stoker siblings through an exchange that can be described as vampirism, Crone being drained of her blood corresponds with the postmortem examination of the corpse. The question however, remains. Is this evidence of the existence of a vampire or is it coincidence? There is after all, no further evidence linking the journal to the drained corpse.

The reader of this journal might wonder – what happened to Deaglan O'Cuiv, the unfortunate man, described as Ellen Crone's 'beloved'. The journal details how Deaglan O'Cuiv suffered 'disruption', an execution method whereby dismemberment could be brought about by chaining four horses to the condemned's arms and legs, thus making them pull him apart. His body was cruelly dissected by the man referred to as 'Dracul', all in an effort to ensure that Ellen Crone and Deaglan O'Cuiv will never be together. Crone's journal tells the incredible tale of the severed limbs moving and being 'alive'. It only made sense then, that if the parts could be put back together, it would create the sum of Deglin O'Cuiv. This is exactly what Crone wanted to do,



and what Dracul attempted to prevent her from doing. Putting O'Cuiv back together.

The Archeology team conducted a search for the limbs in the locations referred to in the journal – from Whitby, Dublin, London to Munich. The most exciting find had been a metal lunchbox, containing a herringbone, dating to the late Victorian period (1850s – 1910). The box is now housed in the permanent location of the Anthropology section of the Museum of Dublin. No evidence or body parts have been found to confirm the existence of Deaglan O'Cuiv. Neither 'Deaglan O'Cuiv', 'Maggie O'Cuiv' nor 'Patrick O'Cuiv' (Deaglan descendants) could be located in The General National Register of Ireland that had recorded births and deaths since the 17<sup>th</sup> Century in Ireland by means of annual censuses. Does that mean that Deaglan, Patrick, Maggie and others mentioned in Crone's journal are fictional characters with no existence in history? Perhaps the case of the moving limbs belongs to the realm of fantasy and fiction. Perhaps it should be noted in the annals of Irish fables, such as the Cursed Children.



The National Museum of Dublin concluded, on behalf of those involved, that Ellen Crone's journal should be treated as a piece of fiction and the entries detailed were exaggerated by, what only can describe as, a disturbed mental state. Ellen Crone's remains had been securely placed in the Museum's Archeological archives ceasing the investigation. The findings from the investigation are as follows;

- The existence of Patrick and Maggie O'Cuiv has been confirmed, however their deaths have not been determined.
- The narrative surrounding Ellen Crone was most likely inspired Bram Stoker's infamous novel *Dracula*, published in 1897.
- The legitimacy of Ellen Crone existing as a vampire was left undetermined.
- The legitimacy of Ellen Crone being Bram Stoker's Nanna has been confirmed.
- The theory behind Bram Stoker being responsible for Ellen Crone's death was left undetermined.



As all academics – historians, archeologists and paleographers know, the past is a narrative constructed from the vantage point of the present. All we can do is to bring to light the story that was excavated. Whether this is the story of a vampire, a human named Ellen Crone, or someone entirely different.

*The National Museum of Dublin*



