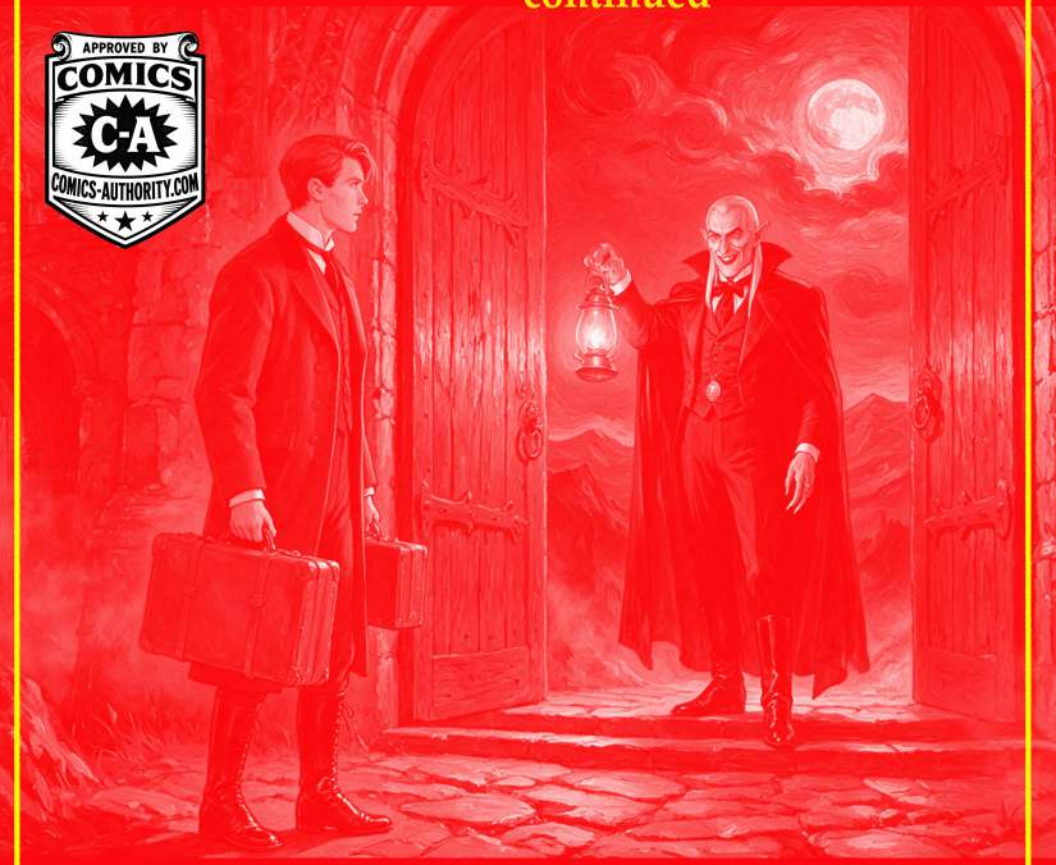
FATKID COMICS PRESENTS

PUBLIC DOMAIN NATION

DRACULA

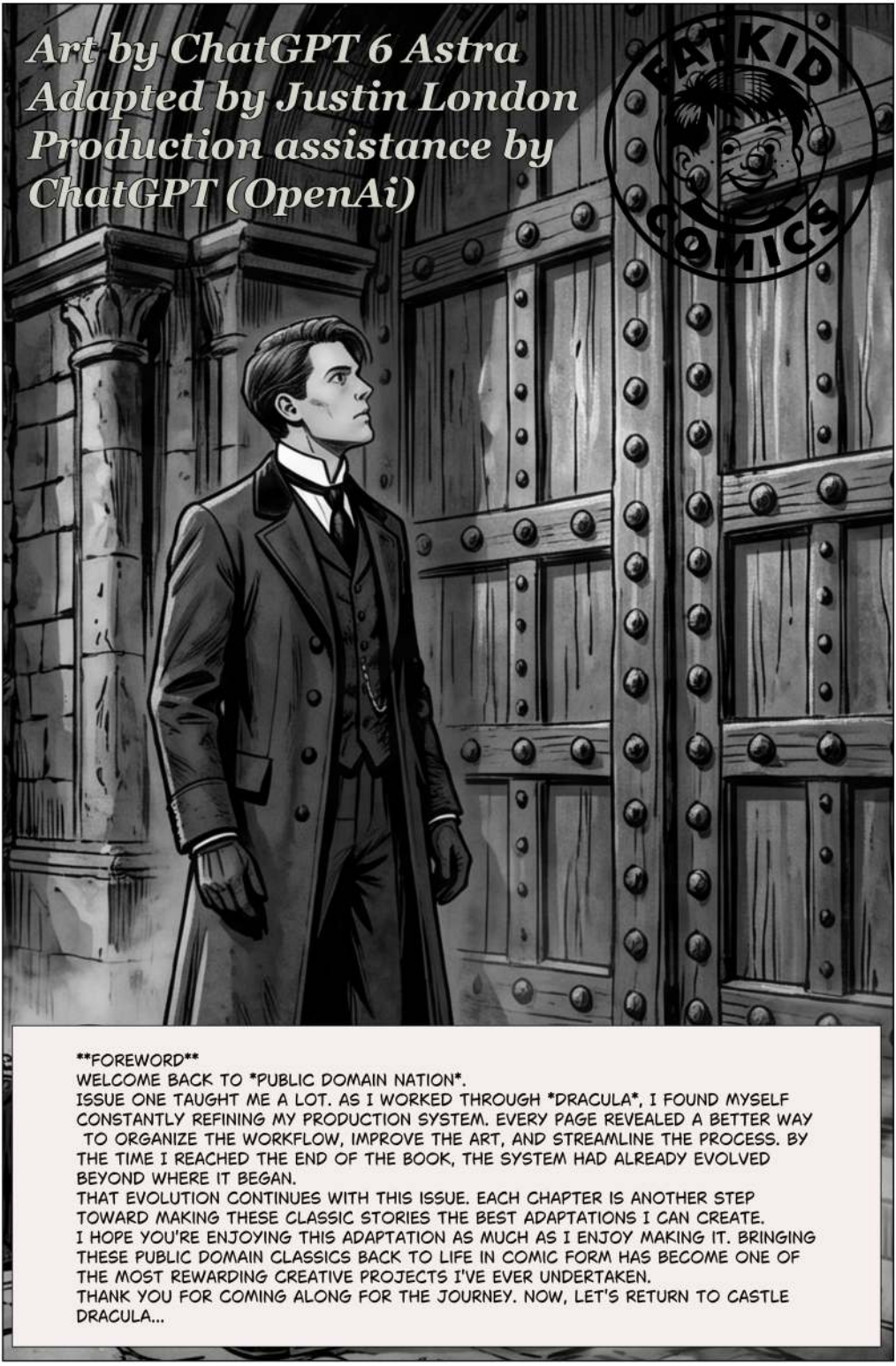
By Bram Stoker

Chapter II & III: Jonathan Harker's Journal continued



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FATKID COMICS



FOREWORD

WELCOME BACK TO *PUBLIC DOMAIN NATION*.

ISSUE ONE TAUGHT ME A LOT. AS I WORKED THROUGH *DRACULA*, I FOUND MYSELF CONSTANTLY REFINING MY PRODUCTION SYSTEM. EVERY PAGE REVEALED A BETTER WAY TO ORGANIZE THE WORKFLOW, IMPROVE THE ART, AND STREAMLINE THE PROCESS. BY THE TIME I REACHED THE END OF THE BOOK, THE SYSTEM HAD ALREADY EVOLVED BEYOND WHERE IT BEGAN.

THAT EVOLUTION CONTINUES WITH THIS ISSUE. EACH CHAPTER IS ANOTHER STEP TOWARD MAKING THESE CLASSIC STORIES THE BEST ADAPTATIONS I CAN CREATE.

I HOPE YOU'RE ENJOYING THIS ADAPTATION AS MUCH AS I ENJOY MAKING IT. BRINGING THESE PUBLIC DOMAIN CLASSICS BACK TO LIFE IN COMIC FORM HAS BECOME ONE OF THE MOST REWARDING CREATIVE PROJECTS I'VE EVER UNDERTAKEN.

THANK YOU FOR COMING ALONG FOR THE JOURNEY. NOW, LET'S RETURN TO CASTLE DRACULA...


COUNT DRACULA?
I AM DRACULA. WELCOME, MR. HARKER.
PLEASE, LET ME—
YOU ARE MY GUEST. MY PEOPLE ARE UNAVAILABLE; ALLOW ME TO SEE TO YOUR COMFORT.
TOK
TOK


REFRESH YOURSELF AFTER YOUR JOURNEY
WHEN YOU ARE READY, YOUR SUPPER WILL BE WAITING IN THE NEXT ROOM.


PLEASE, SIT DOWN. YOU MUST BE HUNGRY. FORGIVE ME FOR NOT JOINING YOU; I HAVE ALREADY DINED.


MR. HAWKINS ASKED ME TO GIVE YOU THIS.


GOUT PREVENTS ME FROM TRAVELLING. I SEND A YOUNG MAN OF ENERGY AND TALENT, IN WHOM I HAVE EVERY CONFIDENCE. HE IS DISCREET AND FAITHFUL.


DURING HIS STAY, HE WILL ATTEND TO YOU AND FOLLOW YOUR INSTRUCTIONS IN ALL MATTERS.
AND HOW WAS YOUR JOURNEY, MR. HARKER?


A CIGAR?
THANK YOU. WILL YOU JOIN ME?
I DO NOT SMOKE.
HIS BREATH... IS THAT WHAT'S MAKING ME FEEL ILL?
AOOOOOO...
LISTEN TO THEM— THE CHILDREN OF THE NIGHT.
WHAT MUSIC THEY MAKE!


YOU CITY DWELLERS CANNOT UNDERSTAND THE HUNTER'S PLEASURE.
BUT YOU MUST BE TIRED. SLEEP AS LATE AS YOU WISH.
I SHALL BE AWAY UNTIL THE AFTERNOON.
SLEEP WELL, AND **DREAM** WELL.
THERE ARE THINGS I SCARCELY DARE ADMIT TO MYSELF.
GOD KEEP ME SAFE— FOR THE SAKE OF THOSE I LOVE.


THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON.
I HAVE TO BE ABSENT FOR A WHILE. DO NOT WAIT FOR ME. —D.
NO BELL? HOW AM I TO SUMMON THE SERVANTS?
HOW ODD. I HAVE SEEN NO MIRROR HERE BUT MY OWN.