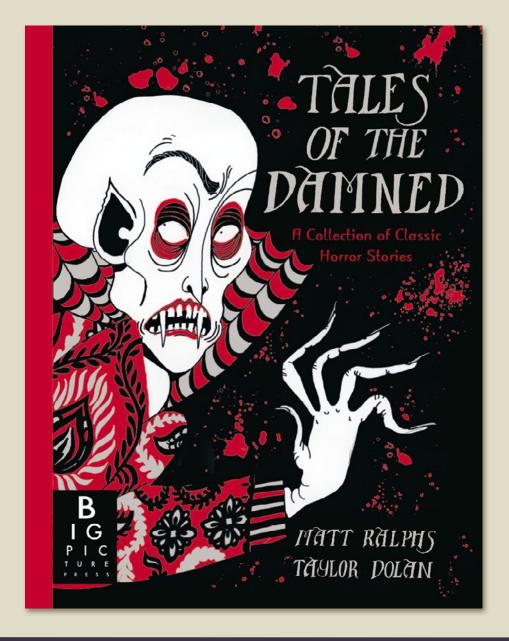
Tales of the Damned



An anthology of terrifying tales from around the world.

- Stories will be broken up with a series of 'theme' spreads, which will add a non-fiction element to the book. These spreads cover everything from the rise of the horror genre to famous monsters and vampire mass hysteria.
- There's a gap in the market for striking, beautifully illustrated horror anthology.
- Contents: The Mask of Red Death by Edgar Allen Poe; Edgar Allen Poe and the Birth of Horror Literature (NF); Dracula; Vampire Mass Hysteria (NF); The Monkey's Paw; Zombies and the Undead (NF); Red Riding Hood; The Original Dark Fairy Stories (NF); Frankenstein; Mary Shelley and the impact of Frankenstein (NF); Whistle and I'll Come To You; Ghosts and the Victorians (NF); Baba Yaga; Witches (NF); Bluebeard; Blood and Gore (NF)

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I poke my head from the window – by God this cold nearly takes my breath – and yell to the driver, "How much further?" He doesn't turn or speak, just laskes his straining horses all the harder. Why this terrible hurry? Are the hounds of hell chasing us 2 And even as that thought enters my mind, I hear the bone-chilling how of a wolf.

I nearly fall from my seat as the coach makes a full circle and comes to a rattling halt facing back the way it came. The driver bangs on the roof. "We're here, young Herr," he shouts, "Quickly! Get out!" And the moment my feet touch the ground, he's off and disappearing into the gloom.

"Wait!" I cry uselessly into the freezing night. "Where am I to go?" Feeling painfully alone, I turn, case in hand, and see the answer to my question. Castle Dracula, home to the man I've come all this way to meet, rises jaggedly up from the mountain itself and into the moonlit sky. I cross the narrow stone bridge – gathering just enough courage to peer into the chasm below – bang my fist on the iron-studded door and wait, text chattering with cold and. I'm aslamed to admin, a touch of fax. I gaze up at the heavy stone walls, ruined battlements and hundreds of windows letting out not a single scrap of light and think: I'm just a humble solicitor! How did I end up *here*?

Dracula

The Diary of Jonathan Harker, 4th May, 1875

I'm terrified that my journey from London to Transylvania is doomed to end with a phunge off this precarious road and down the mountainside. AU I can hear as the coach hurches and strains around me is the clatter of wheels on stone and the crack of the driver's whip. I grip my seat with white-knuckled hands as we career around another bend and mount a narrow road looping steeply up. The soft green woods and perty villages of the Transylvanian lowlands are far behind me now. Night and snow falls on the Borgo Pass. Overhanging branches claw the roof, fog pours from between the pines, and I've not seen another persons for hours.

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