**Understanding a Character**

A tall, old man was standing in the doorway, dressed from head to foot in black. He had a sneering mouth with two sharp white teeth protruding over his lips.

“Welcome to my house!” he said, and then almost eagerly, “Won’t you come inside?”

Jonathan winced when he shook hands with him. The olds man’s grip was like a steel trap, and his hand was as cold as ice, like the hand of a dead man. And there was something curious about it: the palm was covered in fur.

“Count Dracula?” Jonathan asked nervously.

“I am Dracula,” the old man replied in a chilling voice, “and I welcome you, Mr Harker.”

The Count bowed to Jonathan, who felt a sudden shudder. Perhaps it was just that the Count’s breath was revolting, but there was something about the man that was making him sick.

The Count led him to a comfortable study.

“You must be hungry after your journey,” the Count said, pointing to a table where a substantial meal was laid out. “You will excuse me if I do not join you. My eating habits are rather…unconventional.”

Count Dracula kept Jonathan talking about England, and London in particular, for so long that it was nearly dawn when he left.

“Lie in as long as you like tomorrow,” he said gravely, pausing in the doorway. “I have important affairs to attend to until evening. Sleep well, Mr Harker…”

**What do we know about Dracula from this extract?**

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| **Things I know for certain.** | **Hint and Clues I am getting about him.** |
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