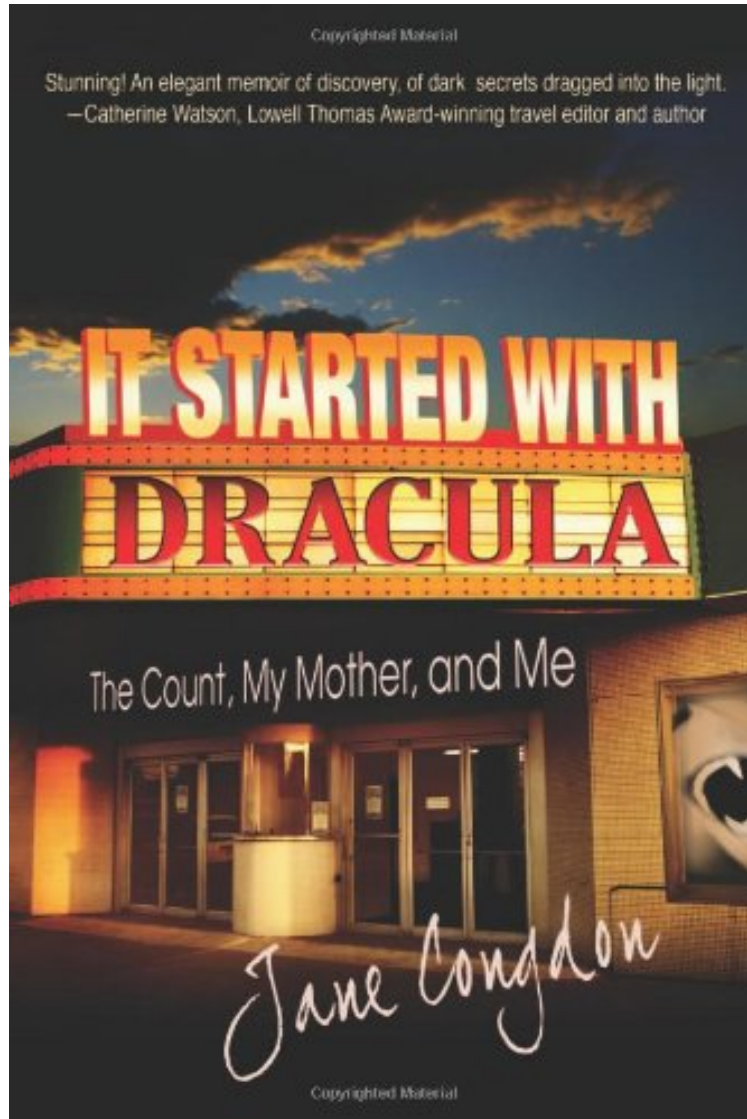


[Download] It Started with Dracula: The Count, My Mother, and Me

It Started with Dracula: The Count, My Mother, and Me

Jane Congdon

**Download PDF / ePub / DOC / audiobook / ebooks*



[Download](#)

[Read Online](#)

#2853090 in Books Bettie Youngs Book Publishers 2011-10-03 2011-09-30Original language:EnglishPDF # 1 9.00 x .75 x 6.00l, 1.23 #File Name: 1936332108330 pages | File size: 58.Mb

Jane Congdon : It Started with Dracula: The Count, My Mother, and Me before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised It Started with Dracula: The Count, My Mother, and Me:

3 of 3 people found the following review helpful. Not Just for Vampire LoversBy Janice A FisherThis book is for those who love the Dracula legend, right? Wrong! It is for a much larger audience than just those who are fascinated with the vampire.For readers who loved the Dracula movies and stories, the book will remind them of scenes and passages they loved and then teach them about the countryside presumed to have given rise to the legends. I felt as if I were right there with Jane climbing the steps to the castle, shopping in the small towns, or racing in the car to catch a

photo of a Romanian train. But this book is for many more than besides those who are fascinated by Dracula. Any reader who grew up with a parent who failed to nurture...or who had to deal with an alcoholic...or who needed to heal childhood wounds as an adult...will find this book fascinating. Jane writes with refreshing honesty about her experiences, thoughts, and feelings. The story moves frequently but seamlessly between Jane's trip to Romania and memories of her childhood in West Virginia. I kept turning the pages to see what sort of resolution visiting Dracula's haunts could possibly bring to the scars left over from a childhood of disappointment and belittlement. Read the book to find out!

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. It Started With Dracula...And Ended With Healing By Lil Iodine

If you like to travel, and I do, you'll appreciate Jane Congdon's approach to touring Romania. She had thought about and wanted to visit that country for decades so that she could chase the Dracula she came to know via movies from the 50s and 60s. If you knew the author, and I do, you could hear her voice and see her facial and body expressions throughout this book. If you don't know the author, you'll have someone you know in mind as you read, and you'll hear that person's voice because this is writing that speaks to us. What a magnificent book Jane has written. I've always known she was talented and she's certainly made me laugh over the years. Now she has made me think, laugh, and cry. If you're thinking aw, this reviewer is just prejudiced on behalf of her friend, you'd be half right. I certainly was pre-disposed to like *It Started With Dracula*. Fortunately I found myself pleased because I loved it on many levels based on the author's skill, not her friendship. I wouldn't have dared write this review if I didn't find the book to be such a treasure. I'd have simply mumbled "liked the book" to Jane, and moved on. It can't have been easy, but once Jane started she put much of herself and of her mother out there for all of us to read. What a gift. It serves to remind that we seldom know all that is going on within the lives of the people closest to us. READ THIS BOOK and learn about Christopher Lee and his Dracula. READ IT and learn about Vlad the Impaler. READ IT and learn about Romania. READ IT and learn what a woman traveling in a foreign country learned about her own life and family. READ IT, learn, enjoy, and rejoice at the end. And if there is a similar story within you, don't be afraid to write that story. This book may inspire you to do just that.

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. It's Unexpected... By karenm

My review title is "It's Unexpected..." because it was. I love the unexpected. Throughout the reading of the book, I was surprised...by the wonderful account of the travels through Romania, by the author's openness of a very difficult (to say the least) childhood, and the amazing sense of humor while connecting all the dots of her life. So many of us have stories to tell, but Jane Congdon told it with great writing, humor, and real insight into the meaning of life. I'd write more, but I'd rather spend my time reading it again!

The terrifying legend of Count Dracula silently skulking through the Transylvania night may have terrified generations of filmgoers, but the tall, elegant vampire captivated and electrified a young Jane Congdon igniting a dream to one day see his mysterious land of ancient castles and misty hollows. Four decades later she finally takes her long-awaited trip—never dreaming that it would unearth decades-buried memories of life with an alcoholic mother. Set in Dracula's backyard, the story unfolds in a mere eighteen days as the author follows the footsteps of Dracula from Bucharest, to the Carpathian Mountains and the Black Sea. Dracula's legend becomes the prism through which she would lay claim to a happiness she had never known. A memoir full of surprises, Jane's story is one of hope, love—and second chances.

"... an astonishing, unexpected detour in healing a wounded heart." --Charles Whitfield, MD, *Healing the Child Within*

About the Author Jane Congdon, a book editor for thirty years at Cengage Learning, is a member of West Virginia Writers and a veteran of writing workshops, including the October Writing Festival at Ghost Ranch. Jane is a member of the Transylvanian Society of Dracula. She likes bats--and all things Dracula. Jane resides in Cincinnati, Ohio. Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.

I didn't think he was a serial killer, but could this have anything to do with romance? Lucian was cute: tall, lean, muscular, and tan. He was about my age and had close-cropped graying hair, a neat beard, and a deep voice. And I couldn't say that no such notion about my guide had crossed my mind. This was the man who would be my companion for the next two weeks, driving me through the cities, villages, and mountains of Romania; carrying my bags; explaining the sights. He was my protector, my translator, and even my dinner partner. But what did I really know about him? Since our initial meeting in Bucharest, he had been prompt and polite. He seemed to know his way around. He dressed well; so far, his casual wardrobe was neat and stylish. His English was good, but he was not a talker, which suited me. He lived in the city, but had a preference for nature: natural foods, the woods, and the land. I'd seen him walk a distance to throw a tiny scrap into a container. It wasn't much information. Lucian was my connection to the country of my childhood dream—the dream that would not die: the dream of Dracula—and I didn't even know his last name! He was startlingly close to me now in the front seat, his eyes boring into mine. Suddenly I knew I'd seen too many Dracula movies. Nobody had to tell me what usually happened next in Transylvania! There are places in our minds, vistas of the imagination where fantasy and reality come together. The landscapes of Romania were like that for me. I had imagined them so many times from the movies that there was a magic about the land. I'd never seen this country before, and yet I had. Layers of memory tied the Carpathians to the hills of West Virginia, my childhood, and the little movie theater where I first sat mesmerized by one Christopher Lee playing the most enduring character ever created: Count Dracula. This story began

on a moonlit night nearly fifty years ago, on the silver screen in a town nobody'd ever heard of. A swish of the cape, a bite to the neck, a full moon rising in the sky: Who knows the reasons for what we choose, or what chooses us?