

Countess Elisabeth Bathory

Born in Hungary in 1560, Countess Elizabeth Bathory perpetrated incredible cruelties upon peasant girls. She lived in Csejthe Castle. She became the known as the "Blood Countess."

Elizabeth Bathory was once a woman of exceptional beauty. As she aged and her beauty waned, she tried to conceal the decline through cosmetics and the most expensive of clothes. But these would not cover the ever-spreading wrinkles. Legend has it that one day she slapped a servant girl so hard that blood spurted from her nose and splashed against the Countess's face. Looking in a mirror, Bathory observed that her skin had lost its lines of age. Bathory embarked on a reign of terror. She had her torturers kidnap beautiful young virgins, slash them with knives, and collect their blood in a large vat. Then the Countess would bathe in the virgins' blood. When she emerged from the blood, she had seemingly regained her youth and radiance.

The Countess became so notorious that her crimes could no longer be concealed. The local royalty finally put a stop to her madness by seizing her castle. She was found to be criminally insane and was walled up within a room of Csejthe Castle.

Quentin Collins' Statement

"We were walking to her place when a horrible decomposing rot—I think that is the best description—brezed over us. I held my dinner down, but poor Wilma doubled over and vomited. I was suddenly shoved from behind by a powerful blow, and was hurled into the side of a building. I twisted up in pain, and I saw—him. He was dressed in a black trench coat and wide-brimmed hat. His features were hidden by the hat and upturned collar. He had lifted up Wilma with one hand. He then walked into the alley with her, but as he walked it was if his shape rippled—dark ripples swimming over him. He was moving as if twisting, or swirling . . . bending. I—well, this sounds fantastic—but I glimpsed his face . . . if it was a face. It appeared to be a giant set of jaws—wolflike. That's right—no eyes—no nose—just fangs! Fangs. . . . Poor Wilma. . . . I passed out. When next I awoke, I was in the hospital, getting this cast. The doctors say I only have a slim chance of walking again. You get this bastard—you get him good!"

Horace Cobb's Statement

"I was lyin' in a nice cozy blanket in the park. I was propped up behind some statue or other, to block the wind. It was a cool night, y'know. I was drinking my hooch when I sees this pretty young girlie walking down the street near the park. I was drinkin' a bit too much, so I couldn't even whistle at her. Thens I smell this horrible stench, like that outta a slaughterhouse—it reeked of death, I tells ya! I began puking. Whens looking through the tears running out my eyes I sees all this mist forming, and I notice this man in a dark long trench coat and broad-brimmed hat. His back was turned to me. He, like, seemed to come out of nowhere! He grabbed the girl and picked her up like she was a rag doll. He turned around and seemed to wrap around her—it was crazy . . . it's like he kept changin' shape or somethin'. Then I sees a bit of his . . . I mean *its* face—yeah . . . you gonna say it's me drink insides me—well, go to hell—I tells ya what I seen!—teeth, big fangs, fangs, *fangs!* I heard it snarl in a voice that belonged to Satan himself—"I thirst!"

"I couldn't bear lookin' at it—it was evil! Maybe it was the drink, but I passed out. I don't remember anything until you guys roused me and dragged me down here."