

# FAMOUS Fantastic MYSTERIES

Combined with  
FANTASTIC NOVELS MAGAZINE

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MARY GNAEDINGER, *Editor*

### *Full-Length Feature*

**FULL MOON** Talbot Mundy 10

Into the dark and brooding India that must remain forever secret, Blair Warrender knew that evil magic followed him. . . . Indeed, that his long sought friend might be still living in the mysterious world known only to the dead. . . .

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### *Short Story*

**THE EYES  
OF DROMU** Cedric R. Mentiplay 96

When Andrew hid the little wounded man from the crashed flying saucer, was he doing an act of kindness—or letting in a menace such as Earth had never faced before?

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OF PALORAE** Louis M. Hobbs 94

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# EKRERAR OF PALORAE

WE were ninety-four days out to Centauri,  
From the sand, and the sea, and the sod,  
And it seemed that the ship was approaching  
The darkest far outpost of God . . .  
The captain was born in Palorae,  
Some cluster-drowned system afar  
That washed around twin, blue head giants  
Instead of some sweet rolling star;  
What a captain, that man! Ekrerar was  
His name, with a heart cast in steel,  
And a loyalty, his, for his Empire,  
That few men, if any men, feel . . .  
Well, our buckling tubes meant destruction.  
And the stoutest hearts quaked, in the crew,  
For the ramshackle space tramp, Orion,  
Was well nigh a century from new;  
And, as spacemen all know, when in subspace  
The outskin burns white with cold flame,  
And to send a man out to the drive tubes  
Is to rob him of form and of name . . .  
Like a king, with the soul of a lion,  
Ekrerar said, "Farewell!" soft and low;



By Louis M. Hobbs

*And out to the tubes, all a-blazing,  
A hero, did Ekrerar go!  
We dragged in his black, sundered substance,  
And dressed it in splendid array—  
The cloak and the sash of a captain,  
And shouted, "Fire on! Jets away!"  
Then off, and to distant Palorae,  
Where his own world floats, far and high,  
We took him, a brave but a dead one,  
And buried him deep in the sky.*

\* \* \*

## TWO THOUSAND YEARS LATER

*'Neath the wheeling, twin suns of Palorae,  
All decked in a cloak and a sash,  
Floats a warrior, enshrouded in glory,  
Where the star oceans ripple and flash—  
What has such a warrior begotten  
Where the universe thunders, sublime?  
Alas! He is dead, and forgotten,  
A scratch in the Stairway of Time!*

