

FAMOUS Fantastic MYSTERIES

Combined with
FANTASTIC NOVELS MAGAZINE

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MARY GNAEDINGER, *Editor*

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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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and Lawrence.

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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 Ekerrerar 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!*

