

Weird Tales



ALL STORIES NEW—NO REPRINTS

NOVEMBER, 1946

Cover by Boris Dolgov

NOVELETTES

- SPAWN OF THE GREEN ABYSS C. Hall Thompson 10
There are events that transpire in this world that you will not believe — that you will not want to believe!
- EYES IN THE DARK Seabury Quinn 54
Some will not live to grow old — for a variety of outre reasons
- SHIPMATE Allison V. Harding 74
Your shipmates are picked by chance or fate — to sail with you toward some shrouded doom beyond the farthest horizon!

SHORT STORIES

- MAYAYA'S LITTLE GREEN MEN Harold Lawlor 36
Things happen in rambling, reconverted farmhouses, things that make you wish you weren't twenty miles from the nearest neighbor
- LET'S PLAY "POISON" Ray Bradbury 41
Children — little monsters thrust out of hell because the devil could no longer cope with them
- A COLLECTOR OF STONES August Derleth 48
You don't always worry about ethics if you're a fanatical collector. But you should worry about the dead!
- LIZZIE BORDEN TOOK AN AXE Robert Bloch 67
A locked room, mouldering books, muttered curses, in a rotting hulk of a house — add up to tragedy
- FROGFATHER Manly Wade Wellman 88
The oldest ones say Khomgabassi dug the waterways, planted the trees and fathered the frogs

VERSE

- THE DOOR Harriet A. Bradfield 53
- HEARD ON THE ROOF AT MIDNIGHT Leah Bodine Drake 87
- SUPERSTITIONS AND TABOOS Irwin J. Weill 35
- THE EYRIE AND THE WEIRD TALES CLUB 93

Except for personal experiences, the contents of this magazine is fiction. Any use of the name of any living person or reference to actual events is purely coincidental.

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178
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Heard on the Roof at Midnight

By LEAH BODINE DRAKE

AS I sat by my fire one night
Witches I heard on the roof alight.
I heard their broomsticks whinny and neigh,
And then I heard one beldame say:

"Well met in darkness, Tess, my lass!
Have you seen our coven comrades pass?"
"Aye, Lib! The Kelpie from her tarn,
And half the cats from the miller's barn
Tore through the air with fiery eyes,
Each one grown to twice his size!
The hen-wife passed in a weasel's habit,—
Oh, the coven gathers for the Sabbat!"

Then my blood ran cold, and hot again,
As I heard the witches (heard them plain),
Cry, "You who doze by the dullard hearth,
Open your soul to the ancient mirth!
Chain no longer your secret self;
Take down the besom from its shelf!
The owl's cried twice, the night wind moans,
The moon grins over the Sarsen Stones,
Fling wide the casement, mount and ride,—
Walpurgis Night is all outside!"

Then I barred the window, I said a prayer;
(To listen longer I didn't dare!)
I clasped the Book and I closed my eyes. . . .
I heard them rush through the midnight skies!
So I looked out the window: all was bare,
Roof and ridgepole and milky air,
And only two bats, who vanished soon,
Were winging their way across the moon.



B. O. KEARIN