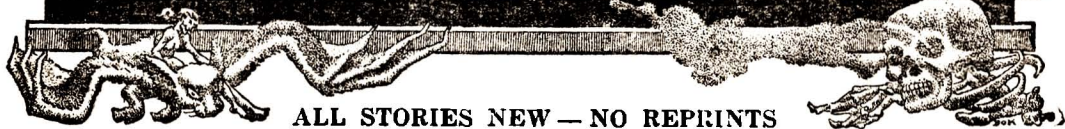


Weird Tales



ALL STORIES NEW — NO REPRINTS

May, 1944

Cover by Margaret Brundage

LONG NOVELETTE

- IRON MASK Robert Bloch 4
*What manner of man was this creature who towered like a gaunt ghost
in the moonlight, his features covered always!*

NOVELETTE

- THE DAY THE WORLD STOOD STILL Allison V. Harding 58
*There is an unseen atmospheric curtain that binds our dimension of space
and speed to us; suppose this were to—lower!*

SHORT STORIES

- THE LETTERS OF COLD FIRE Manly Wade Wellman 30
*A strange solitary education—once a day a hand shaggy with
dark hair thrusts in food to the scholar*

- MAN IN A HURRY Alan Nelson 40
*For 20 years the pudgy little man was always hurrying, as though to
some appointment for which he was already late*

- UNPUBLISHED STORY H. Bedford-Jones 44
*The only logical conclusion was thoroughly out of the question—
the miraculous thing was monstrous and impossible!*

- THE DEAR DEPARTED Alice-Mary Schnirring 54
*How could the medium know that this time the seance was
to be different—very different!*

- THE LAKE Ray Bradbury 76
*There are some who play in the lake who are destined to be
young and small and unchanged forever*

- THE GOTHIC WINDOW Dorothy Quick 80
*The strange window lent itself readily to a fairy tale; the only
trouble was that there is often truth in fairy tales*

A GROUP OF SONNETS

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*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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D. McILWRAITH, Editor.

LAMONT BUCHANAN, Associate Editor.

FUNGI FROM YUGGOTH

Decorations by



THE Daemon said that he would take me home
To the pale, shadowy land I half-recalled
As a high place of stairs and terrace, walled
With marble balustrades that sky-winds comb,
While miles below a maze of dome on dome
And tower on tower beside a sea lies sprawled.
Once more, he told me, I would stand enthralled
On those old heights, and hear the far-off foam.

**A group of
sonnets by** *H. P. Lovecraft*

HANNES BOK

Homecoming

All this he promised, and through sunset's gate
He swept me, past the lapping lakes of flame,
And red-gold thrones of gods without a name
Who shriek in fear at some impending fate.
Then a black gulf with sea-sounds in the night:
"Here was your home," he mocked, "when you had sight!"