

A MAGAZINE OF THE BIZARRE AND UNUSUAL

Weird Tales

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WEIRD TALES ISSUED 1st OF EACH MONTH

In Davy Jones's Locker

By ALFRED I. TOOKE

In Davy Jones's locker there are weird, fantastic things:
There are seven bleaching skeletons, all wearing diamond rings;
Their eyes are weed-filled sockets, and with every passing fin
That sets the seaweed waving, all the skulls appear to grin.

There's an eery group of pirates gathered round a chest of gold,
With their bony fingers clutching at the wealth they cannot hold.
There are jewels worth the ransom of a thousand kings or more,
But they lie around unheeded on old Davy Jones's floor.

There's a drunkard with a bottle that he never will uncork,
Though he clasps it to his bosom till his bones are white as chalk.
There's a devil-fish that's spawning in a million-dollar yacht,
With the owner still aboard her—and he doesn't care a jot.

There's an Emperor hobnobbing with a one-legged buccaneer—
Many strange and eery stories wait to greet the listening ear
When the final day has ended, and the last of Time has sped,
And the trump of doom is sounded and the sea gives up its dead.