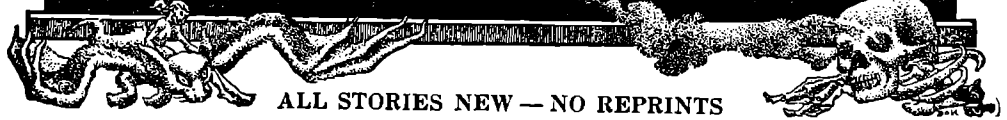


Weird Tales



ALL STORIES NEW — NO REPRINTS

Cover by Matt Fox

NOVELETTE

- SHALLAJAI Arthur J. Burks 18
The greatest indictment of man is that animals, birds and snakes fear him. He even fears his own kind; often he fears himself. That was why they had come to the Sea of Glass.

SHORT STORIES

- THE WEIRD TAILOR Robert Bloch 6
Only a connoisseur of horrors would have appreciated the tailor's window dummy.
- THE RHYTHM OF THE RATS Eric Frank Russell 40
"Some day we shall deal with this horror as our forefathers dealt with the witch that bore him. . ."
- REBELS' REST Seabury Quinn 50
They said that ghosts walked in the cemetery after sunset. Ghosts of the men who lay in Rebels' Rest.
- WOE WATER H. Russell Wakefield 55
Only ten anonymous letters that morning—the rush was over. But as one pointed out, Angela had always been afraid of water.
- CORDONA'S SKULL Mary Elizabeth Counselman 62
There is a horrible sort of anonymity about a skull—yours, mine, anybody's.
- THE CLOSING DOOR August Derleth 72
He had been warned to have the church clean by sundown—but still he couldn't help but be disconcerted in the dusk by the door which never could be propped open.
- MRS. HAWK Margaret St. Clair 78
. . . Mrs. Hawk had much to offer a prospective husband—beauty and a prosperous pig farm.
- FLY DOWN DEATH Cleve Cartmill 83
He had his faults; his mother admitted it when he was a child. And that was 500 years ago.

VERSE

- THE CITY H. P. Lovecraft 48
- PATTERN Dorothy Quick 61
- WEIRDISMS Lee Brown Coye 77
- THE EYRIE 93
- WEIRD TALES CLUB 4

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Pattern

by Dorothy Quick

THE child was weaving
 A strange and terrible pattern,
 Beyond his conceiving
 In the stark room of a slattern.

His eyes never strayed
 From the taut web of his making;
 He was not dismayed
 Though his little hands were shaking.

Yet he kept weaving
 The dark and horrible design;
 He had no believing,
 But the silken skeins were thin and fine.

The child was tired,
 Yet his fingers flew fast as birds;
 His cheeks were fired,
 Still his trembling lips spoke no words.

"What are you weaving?"
 A stranger asked with quickened breath,
 Without deceiving
 The child replied: "I weave my death."

