

Weird Tales

January
1954

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<i>Its mockery of speech it had made from fox's bark, owl's cry, rain's patter.</i>		
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<i>. . . eons and eons—a long time to be hemmed in by a strong, wholly invisible wall.</i>		
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<i>Since man can run, walk, jump, swim, and crawl—then why not fly?</i>		
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<i>Caveat emptor—and most especially when bartering with the devil.</i>		
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<i>. . . terrible magic in the hills.</i>		
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<i>How long does it take for a ghost to find itself?</i>		
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<i>About the sea, and the mocking fugitive horizon, there is always mystery.</i>		
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<i>. . . the finger kept beckoning, beckoning. . . .</i>		
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<i>They ended with the ominous phrase, "the demon is impatient."</i>		

COVER BY W. H. SILVEY

Published bi-monthly by SHORT STORIES, INC., 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.
W. J. Delaney, President & Treasurer, R. M. Cogan, Secretary. Reentered as second-class
matter January 26, 1940, at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.
Subscription rates: One year in the United States and possessions \$2.00; two years \$3.50.
Canadian: one year \$2.25; two years, \$4.00 Foreign: one year \$2.30; two years, \$4.10.
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Printed in U. S. A.

Vol. 45, No. 6

D. McILWRAITH, Editor

Reflections of An Egyptian Princess
While Being Interred
By EDITH OGUTSCH

I lie here in state, at Karnak
My body is dressed like a
bride
The coffin is cheerfully painted
But for me it is dark inside.

The priests and the slaves are
wailing
They place a jar at my head
The viscera drawn through my
nostrils
And preserved, of the newly
dead.

Provisions are put round my
coffin
To lighten my arduous way
I'll linger a little while longer
The Gods please forgive my
delay.

I think of the joys of childhood
The leisurely days by the Nile
The warm autumn nights in the
vinyards
My father's affectionate smile.

I long for the arms of my lover
The bliss that we shared 'neath
the moon
My heart cries a prayer to Isis
To let me be born again soon.

The mourners have left—I'm
frightened
Supposing the priests aren't
right?

Perhaps there is only the one life
And this the eternal night.



The striving, the struggling on-
wards
The learning, the drawing each
breath
Does it end right here in this
chamber
Or do we go on after death?

I lie here forgotten, at Karnak
The centuries slowly creep by
A princess of ancient Egypt
Not living, unable to die.