

Weird Tales



MAY, 1953

Cover by Joseph Eberle

- WHISPER WATER** Leah Bodine Drake 6
It seems to whisper . . . especially at sundown when the night hawks are flying and the breeze makes spooky rustlings in the willows.
- THE LIVING EYES** Justin Dowling 16
They protruded from their sockets as if on sticks; they writhed, expanded, twitched as she blinked. They were themselves alive!
- I'LL BE BACK** David Eynon 20
That was what all the G. I.'s said in France—I'll be back. Back how many years one was led to wonder?
- STRANGE HARVEST (A novelette)** Donald Wandrei 26
A whole orchard moved itself to a new location; potatoes sank instead of being dug up; melons receded from the pickers—what sort of agricultural report would cover all this?
- MORTHYLLA** Clark Ashton Smith 41
. . . after his death, he forgot that he had died.
- A CORNER FOR LUCIA** August Derleth 47
Lucia dropped out of sight right into a hole—not a hole in the pavement, but a hole in space.
- A FOG WAS BLOWING (Verse)** Stanton A. Coblentz 54
- BETWEEN TWO DREAMS (A novelette)** Felix Marti Ibanez 56
The dream was taking on most abhorrent aspects. I was no longer a spectator, but a participant, and I didn't like it at all.
- THE VENGEANCE OF KALI MAI** Garnett Radcliffe 73
The temple had become a playground for monkeys. How easy it would be to remove the necklace of blood-red stones.
- REQUIEM FOR A SINNER (Verse)** Pauline Booker 77
- MANDRAKE** Adam Hull Shirk 78
. . . one plant concerning which superstition is almost universal. Could it have a modern application?
(Copyright 1923 by Rural Publishing Company)
- WIFE OF THE DRAGON-FLY** Paul Ernst 83
There was no shelter for an eavesdropper for fifty feet about them, yet their conversation was reported word for word.
(Copyright 1936 by Popular Fiction Publishing Company)

THE EYRIE

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D. McILWRAITH, Editor



Requiem for a Sinner

By PAULINE BOOKER

LONG you trod the twisted ways,
Through evil nights and haunted days;
And long you worshipped at the shrine
Of painted flesh and pagan wine,
Where harlots wore their shameful arts,
Unsheltered; on their facial charts;
And when the festive cup was drained,
The fiery brew had seared and stained
Your soul till it was claimed at last,
A forfeit to your crimson past.

Now deep within your tattered breast,
The embers of regret are burning,
As down the distant trails you go,
To demon-bournes past all returning.