THE ACOLYTE

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FRANCIS T. LANEY SAMUEL D. RUSSELL

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SATAN'S HOLE

Evil spawns in the shallows at Satan's Hole Where man meets the Devil to sell his soul. Bend the knee Quickly, and say a prayer... They never return who linger there.

The chasm is wide, and the pool is deep. From under the waters, shadows leap. Can those be rocks which leer and stare? They never return who linger there.

Bats dart low in the dim half-light.
The wail of a banshee is heard, and Fright,
Vulture-like, swoops through the dank, foul air...
They never return who linger there.

Shrill blows the wind, sobbing and sighing. Voices lament, moaning and crying. A werewolf howls from his hidden lair... They never return who linger there.

Slow-dripping water--or is it the sound Of globules of blood from an open wound? Pass the spot swiftly--beware, beware... They never return who linger there.

---Rita Barr