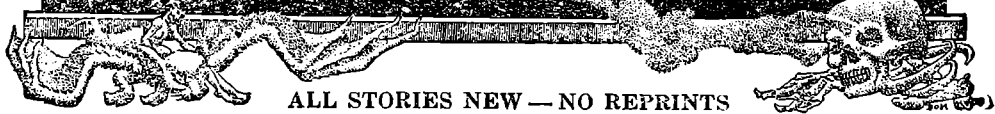


Weird Tales



ALL STORIES NEW — NO REPRINTS

MAY, 1948

Cover by Matt Fox

LONG NOVELETTE

CITY OF LOST PEOPLE Allison V. Harding 6

A city that lived one moment and died the next and a man's life that changed as quickly

NOVELETTE

NEMESIS Harold Lawlor 23

There are some debts that even the cold, dark veil of death does not wipe out

SHORT STORIES

CLAY C. Hall Thompson 36

You think you understand the meaning of the word "insane," but do you?

SAUNDER'S LITTLE FRIEND August Derleth 49

The lady was attempting to make a wax image for the purpose of bewitching someone. Was he the Someone?

BLACK FERRIS Ray Bradbury 56

We humans are localized in space and time flows by, a one-way current carrying us to the universal goal

PAMOLA'S CARIBOU Roger S. Vreeland 61

The Indians' beliefs, strange as they may seem to us, grew from the experiences of generations through untold centuries

THE GROTTO OF CHEER Stanton A. Coblenz 68

The cheer of the grave, things in it and beyond it

A DEATH CROWN FOR MR. HAPWORTHY Mary Elizabeth Counselman 74

Mr. Hapworthy had extended both his health and wealth by the possession of curios in which he had but a collector's interest

NO SILENCE FOR MALOEWEEN Peter Phillips 80

Who are these quiet people—these men who love silence and cherish it even to the grave?

ONE FOOT IN THE GRAVE Dave Grubb 88

One idea he could not rid himself of—and that was that his amputated foot was still with him

VERSE

THE ELDRITCH ONE Pauline Booker 87

DEMON LOVER Harriet A. Bradfield 34

WEIRD TALES CLUB 4

WEIRDISMS Lee Brown-Coye 35

Except for personal experiences the contents of this magazine is fiction. Any use of the name of any living person or reference to actual events is purely coincidental.

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D. McILWRAITH, Editor.

LAMONT BUCHANAN, Associate Editor.

The Eldritch One

By PAULINE BOOKER

I'VE lived for long, uncounted eons,
 Since Time and I were young;
 I dwell in hidden crypts and eyries,
 And speak with witch's tongue.

When blood drips from the horned moon,
 And wild winds lash the sea,
 And men and ships die in the night,
 I laugh with demon-gee.

For well I know my evil curse—
 That I shall never die;
 My soul will dwell in snakes and toads,
 And bats that blindly fly.



I walk my dark, forbidden ways,
 And none of human race
 Can ever flee my awful spell,
 Who look upon my face.

And when the sun at last grows cold
 In its vain, ageless quest,
 I'll seek once more the alien land
 Where I was born unblest.