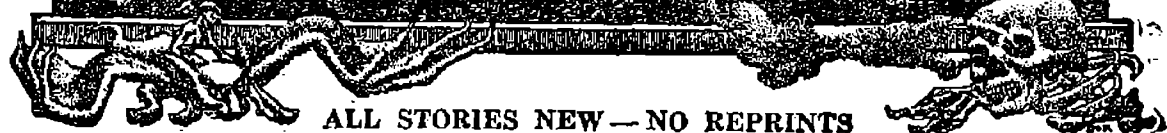


Weird Tales



ALL STORIES NEW — NO REPRINTS

JANUARY, 1947

Cover by A. R. Tilburne

LONG NOVELETTE

- THE HOG William Hope Hodgson 6
*The dream is always the same—the sinister noise of
pigs grunting in some labyrinth of hell*

NOVELETTES

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evil whose name is Erlik, is right here on Earth*
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*Strange things cavort in the hours and dimensions beyond
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as trivial as wearing a yellow garnet*

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*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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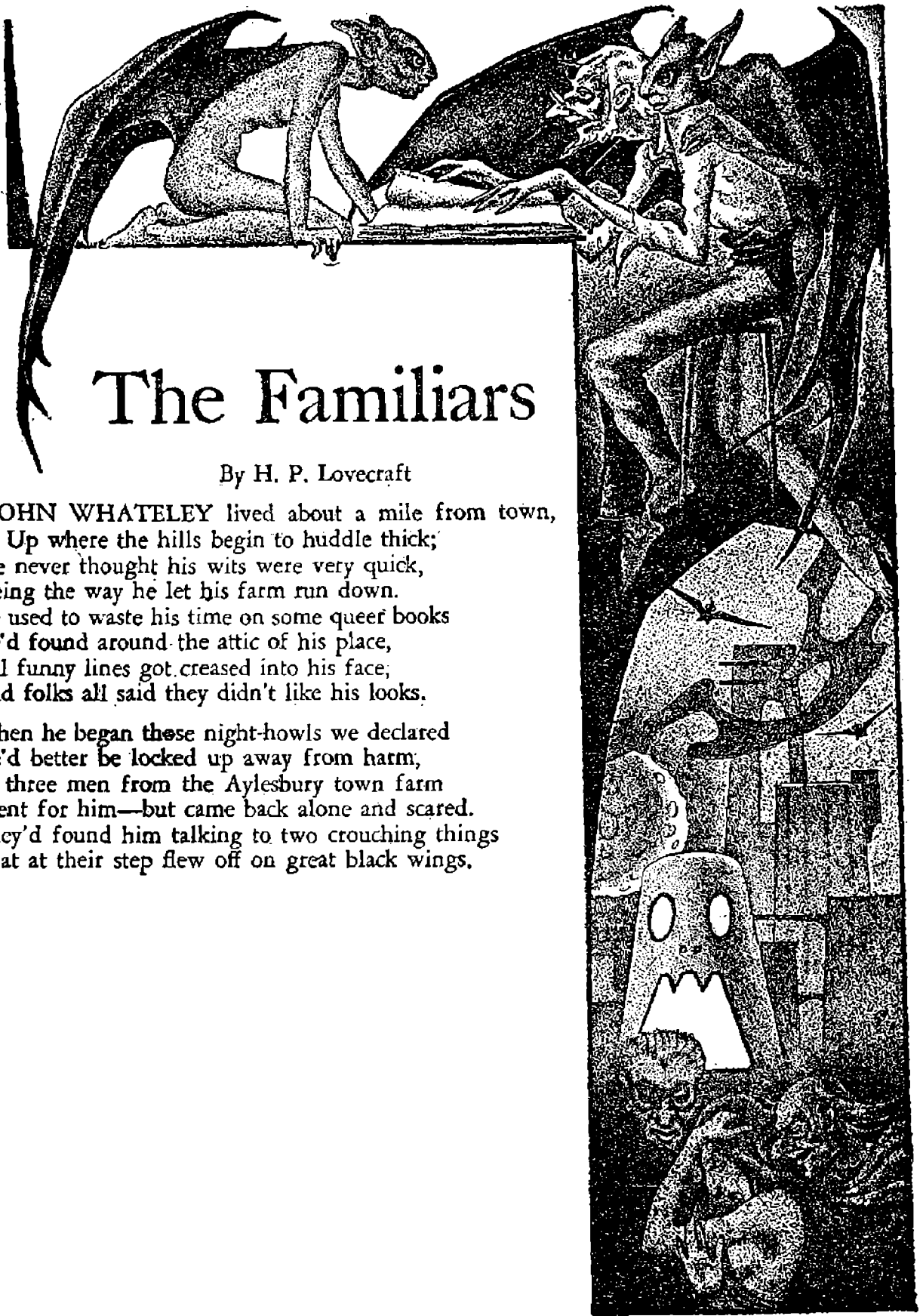
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D. McILWRAITH, Editor.

LAMONT BUCHANAN, Associate Editor.



The Familiars

By H. P. Lovecraft

JOHN WHATELEY lived about a mile from town,
Up where the hills begin to huddle thick;
We never thought his wits were very quick,
Seeing the way he let his farm run down.
He used to waste his time on some queer books
He'd found around the attic of his place,
Till funny lines got creased into his face;
And folks all said they didn't like his looks.

When he began these night-howls we declared
He'd better be locked up away from harm,
So three men from the Aylesbury town farm
Went for him—but came back alone and scared.
They'd found him talking to two crouching things
That at their step flew off on great black wings.