

FANCIFUL TALES

Table of Contents

THE NAMELESS CITY	<i>H. P. Lovecraft</i>	5
a story of a city so old that no man ever knew of it...the nameless city of an Elder Age.		
UMBRIEL	<i>Donald A. Wollheim</i>	19
a short-short story of a shunned satellite		
THE FORBIDDEN ROOM	<i>Duane W. Rimel</i>	21
a weird tale of fine ability		
SOLOMON KANE'S HOMECOMING	<i>Robert E. Howard</i>	26
a poem		
THE TYPEWRITER	<i>David H. Keller, M. D.</i>	28
a different story than usual		
THE MAN FROM DARK VALLEY	<i>August W. Derleth</i>	34
weird fiction		
THE GLOBE	<i>William S. Sykora</i>	39
a midgetale		
THE ELECTRIC WORLD	<i>Kenneth B. Pritchard</i>	41
a science-phantasy with a kick		
Cover Design—Clay Ferguson, Jr. Story Heads—Duane W. Rimel		

COMING!

In future issues we have stories by the above authors and more—*Judgment of Netheris* by J. Harvey Haggard, *The Psycho Traveler* by Ralph Milne Farley, *The Escape* by Robert Bloch, and numerous others.

Don't fail to read our next issue—ORDER NOW!!

MEMBER UFF PRINTED BY SHEPHERD & WOLLHEIM, OAKMAN, ALA.

The GLOBE

a midgetale

by WILLIAM S. SYKORA



We were hunting around in the attic for some old letters, looking for old stamps. A stamp collector had told us that they might bring a comfortable sum at an auction. We didn't find any stamps, but we did find The Globe.

The Globe was a shimmery, silvery thing that seemed to tingle when touched. The exhilarating feeling it brought with contact was akin to ecstasy. It wasn't very large and could easily be held in the hand. Its lightness was remarkable. However, we didn't think much of it, and I put it in my pocket to examine later.

That night things began to happen. People who passed by the door just withered up, fell to the ground like dried husks and were blown away by the wind. My brother was almost caught when he attempted to pass the borderline of the front of the house, but some mighty power seemed to hold him back. Apparently the transition from the outer world to the immediate neighborhood of the front door was accompanied by so noxious, so abhorrent, so horrid a phenomenon that no human soul could stand the awful onslaught upon it as this mighty power tore it from its organic shell, leaving the shell a mere leaf subject to the whimsey of the wind.

Meanwhile I had been feeling more and more exuberant. I was filled with an utter abandon as if the souls of millions were being merged with mine in one glorious festival of gleeful uplift. I was filled with a force that seemed to swell my heart to enormous size. So great was this feeling that to remain at rest was impossible. My body seemed to fill with a holy joy. I was radiant

with a holy glow. For a moment I was God Almighty Himself.

Then a sharp pop—quiescence. The ball in my pocket was impalpable dust—innumerable unfortunate souls shrieked from my throat—and I fainted.

Consciousness returned. My brother was standing there with an empty pitcher in his hand. The affair was hushed up by the authorities, although The Bureau of Missing Persons is still looking for non-existent people. May we never find another Globe.

FINIS

