

# U N K N O W N W O R L D S

Contents for February, 1943, Vol. VI, No. 5

John W. Campbell, Jr., Editor, Catherine Tarrant, Asst. Ed.

## Novel

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Arthur had no intention of seeking out Merlin when he started. But he found him. Thereafter he tried to avoid Morgan le Fay—yet, in the end, he sought out even that dread witch—

## Novelettes

- THIEVES' HOUSE . . . . .** **Fritz Leiber, Jr. 34**  
It was a fortress of the Thieves' Guild, but the assassins and thieves who filled it weren't the main worry of Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser. There were others who chilled even the evildest of the thieves.

- THE ANGELIC ANGLEWORM . . . . .** **Fredric Brown 49**  
Charlie had troubles, queer ones that began with an angletworm that sprouted wings and a halo. And ended only when he figured out what and why—and thereby a way to reach the Authority that caused them.

- NO GRAVEN IMAGE . . . . .** **Cleve Cartmill 79**  
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Dedicated to the proposition that men can and must believe they see only what they can understand—no matter what they do see.

- THE WITCH . . . . .** **A. E. van Vogt 118**  
She was old, old and afraid of the Night and of the Sea. She had reason to be, but the young people didn't believe that—not that they had reason to hold a deadly fear of her!

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## THE KA OF KOR-SETHON

by Hannes Bok

I am man-shaped, but small—  
 real though unreal,  
 like a cobweb doll—  
 locked here in this gloom  
 by charm-painted walls  
 around which I steal,  
 raising my call,  
 a ka in a tomb.

On glided trestles a mummy case  
 holds the body that once I wore,  
 nothing now but a shriveled husk  
 which I must guard forevermore.  
 Sometimes I sit by the painted face  
 that stares unblinking up at dusk.

Or else I play with shapes of clay  
 left to feed this afterlife;  
 small wooden boats on a blue-ink river,  
 tiny darts in a toy soldier's quiver,  
 mud-food served by a mud-made wife,  
 a model house where I may stay—  
 but there is no joy in them, for they  
 give no response to my loneliness.

So I flit about, recalling stars  
 that I loved above the desert sands,  
 spicy winds which seemed to bless,  
 and yellow sunlight on the Nile.  
 I long to break up from this vault,  
 glad of the pain of another birth,  
 to touch green things fresh from moist earth,  
 and know the bliss of a woman's smile,  
 a sense of might from a sword in my hands,  
 the wine of Right, the flame of Fault.

But the hieroglyphs are prisoning bars  
 holding me where it is drab and dreary.  
 There is no sympathy, no mirth,  
 none but myself—and I am weary.