

THE ACOLYTE

AN AMATEUR MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND THE SUPERNATURAL
(An Outsider Publication)

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THIS ISSUE OF THE ACOLYTE IS DEDICATED
TO THE MEMORY OF PAUL FREEHAFFER

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FRANCIS T. LANEY
SAMUEL D. RUSSELL

THE LITTLE ONES

Beyond the hill in twilight groves they dwell;
The Little Ones who flit on bush and tree,
Whirling in the night like eerie fireflies,
Still searching for a pathway none can see.

I cannot tell their shape or purpose here:
It is a secret older than the years
Sometimes at dusk when winds are whispering,
Their pulsing music falls upon my ears.

It is a haunted vale the Indians shunned,
And white men smiled when natives cursed the place.
But now and then some youth who ventures there
Returns with fear and horror on his face.

Some say that when the moon is full and bright
The Little Ones creep upward in the sky,
As if to seek those distant shadow realms
From whence they came, and where they want to die.

One night I slipped away into the hills
And watched the Little Ones who flit about.
Now people say that I have changed, but God!
I cannot let their dreadful secret out.

---Duane W. Rimel