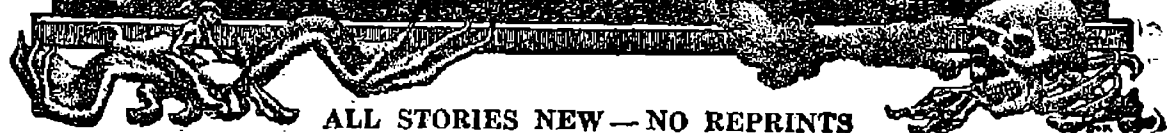


# Weird Tales



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

- THE KING OF SHADOWS . . . . . Edmond Hamilton 38  
*Some say the great rebel against the Gods, the lord of  
evil whose name is Erlik, is right here on Earth*
- THE HOUSE BEYOND MIDNIGHT . . . . . Allison V. Harding 50  
*Strange things cavort in the hours and dimensions beyond  
midnight and the grave!*
- SHADOW OF MELAS . . . . . Roger S. Vrecland 68  
*A person's normal existence may depend upon something  
as trivial as wearing a yellow garnet*

## SHORT STORIES

- THE FINAL HOUR . . . . . Chester S. Geier 29  
*Must existence always end like a song,  
broken off in mid-chorus?*
- THE EXTRA PASSENGER . . . . . Stephen Grendon 33  
*At a certain point in every "perfect" crime one comes  
face to face with the unknown and unexpected*
- CELLMATE . . . . . Theodore Sturgeon 60  
*You ever see a dead 'man pulled out of the river?  
This guy looks a lot worse!*
- THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN . . . . . Charles King 81  
*Laces that can strangle galaxies, eyelets that see beyond all horizons  
and these threads that control our own puny globe*
- THE HANDLER . . . . . Ray Bradbury 86  
*He came at night to the pale things recumbent  
under sheets in the dimness*

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*Except for personal experiences, the contents of this magazine is fiction. Any use  
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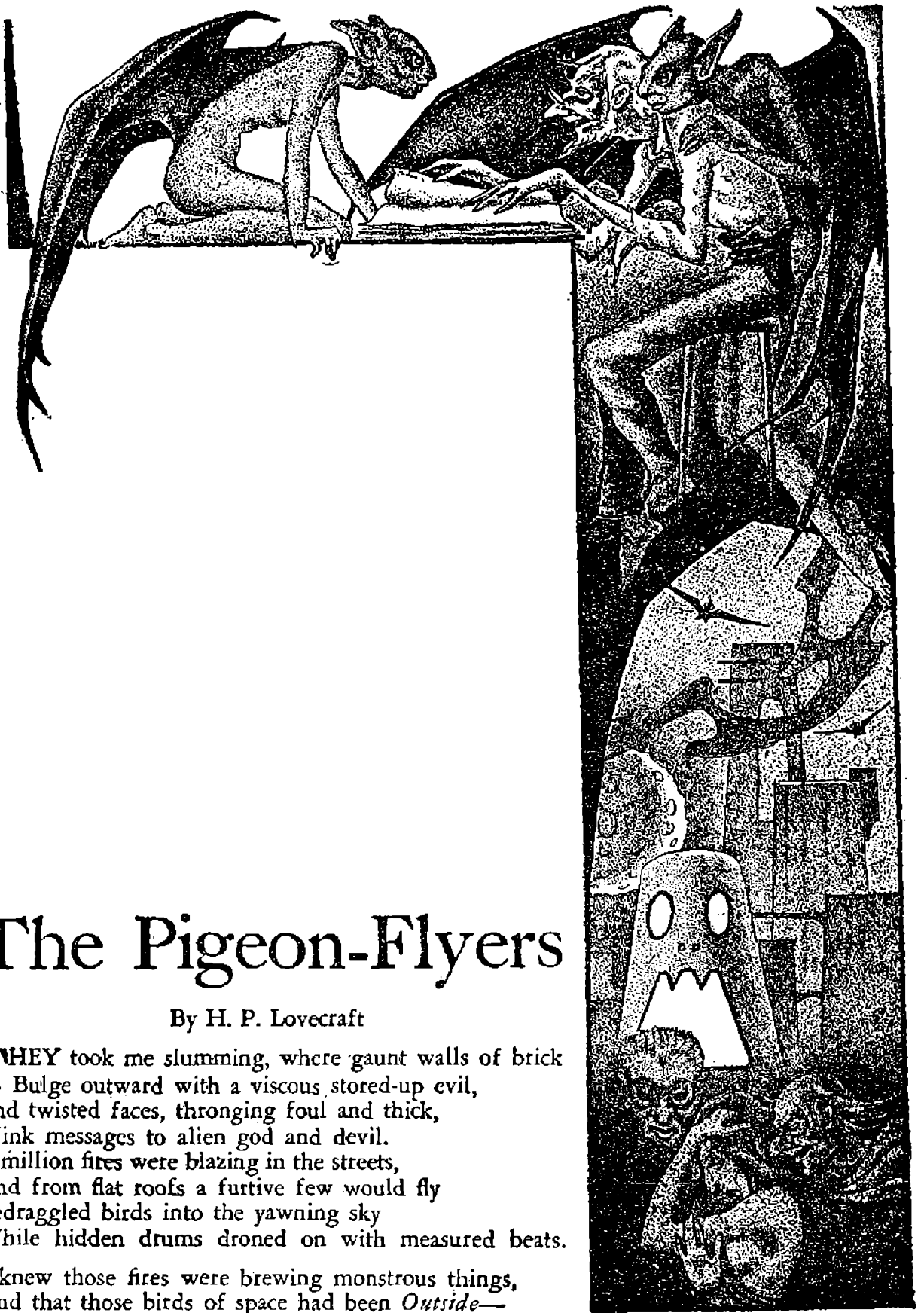
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D. McILWRAITH, Editor.

LAMONT BUCHANAN, Associate Editor.



# The Pigeon-Flyers

By H. P. Lovecraft

**T**HEY took me slumming, where gaunt walls of brick  
Bulge outward with a viscous, stored-up evil,  
And twisted faces, thronging foul and thick,  
Wink messages to alien god and devil.  
A million fires were blazing in the streets,  
And from flat roofs a furtive few would fly  
Bedraggled birds into the yawning sky  
While hidden drums droned on with measured beats.

I knew those fires were brewing monstrous things,  
And that those birds of space had been *Outside*—  
I guessed to what dark planet's crypts they plied,  
And what they brought from Thog beneath their wings.  
The others laughed—till struck too mute to speak  
By what they glimpsed in one bird's evil beak