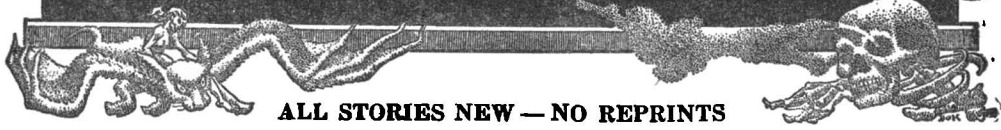


Weird Tales



ALL STORIES NEW — NO REPRINTS

November, 1943

Cover by A. R. Tilburne

LONG NOVELETTE

THE VALLEY OF THE ASSASSINS Edmond Hamilton 8
A valley of dreadful doom, this . . . where time is as nothing to the fiend whose first murderous crimes were committed centuries ago

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It's nice to be able to call some strange happening "coincidence" . . . it's much more reassuring than the truth!

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So you don't like to have your relatives around! Suppose they were dead . . . and still around!

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When we tinker with black forces beyond our ken we must expect the unexpected

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If you shoot those guys over there, he wondered, then they got to play right and fall down, don't they?

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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.

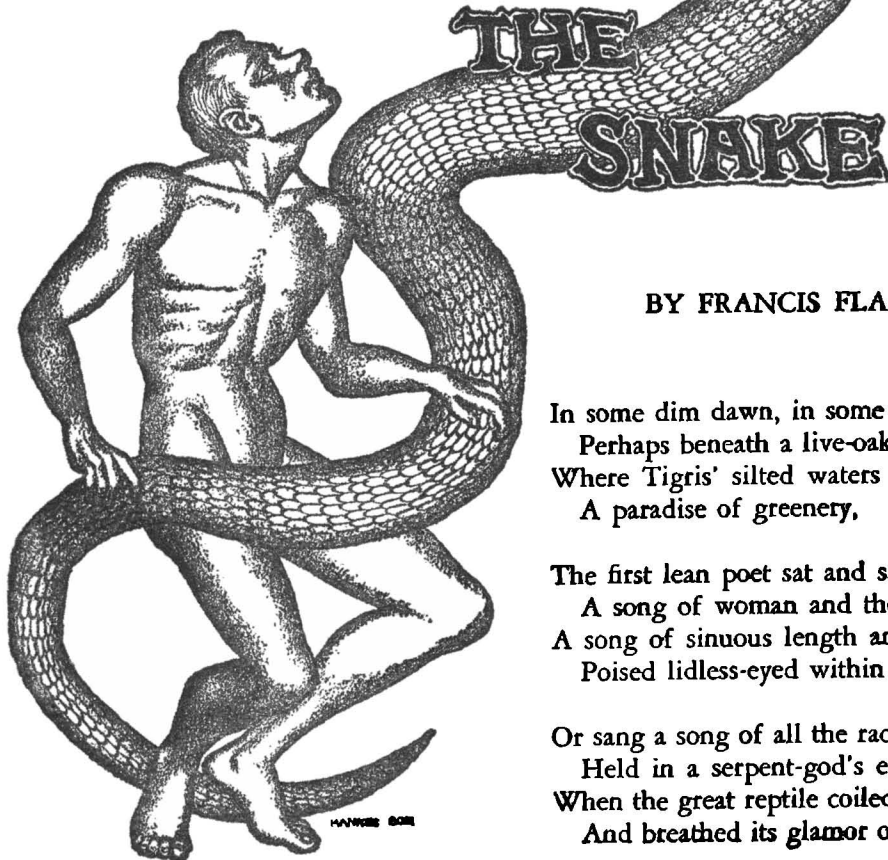
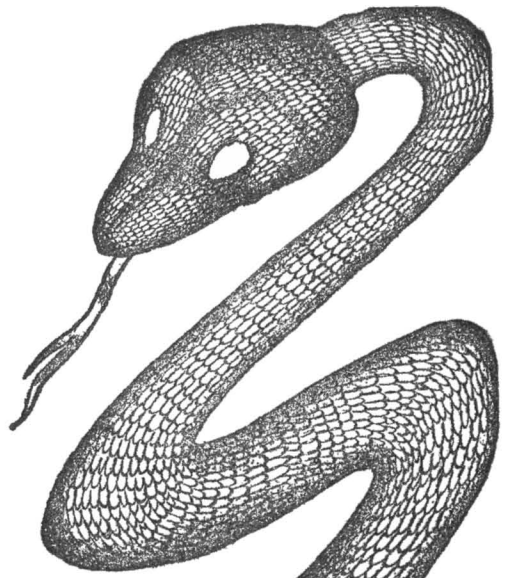
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BUT yesterday I met a snake
All coiled beneath a live-oak tree,
And seven rattles chirred and spake
A chant of hate to man and me.

His sinuous length was blue and gray,
And forked his tongue and green his eyes
As emeralds, and where he lay
Crouched death the torturer in disguise.

Yet still no bruising stone I threw
Nor set my heel upon his head,
But only awe and wonder knew
For something marvelous instead.

Around him like a legion stood
Mythologies and fables told
By lips long dumb, a phantom brood
Of legends old as man is old.



BY FRANCIS FLAGG

In some dim dawn, in some far shade,
Perhaps beneath a live-oak tree,
Where Tigris' silted waters made
A paradise of greenery,

The first lean poet sat and sang
A song of woman and the snake,
A song of sinuous length and fang
Poised lidless-eyed within the brake,

Or sang a song of all the race
Held in a serpent-god's embrace
When the great reptile coiled and curled
And breathed its glamor on the race,