

THE MAGAZINE OF

Fantasy and Science Fiction

VOLUME 5, No. 1

JULY

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Cover by <i>Emsb</i>		
	(from <i>The Hypnograph</i> , by John Anthony)	

The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction, Volume 5, No. 1, JULY 1953. Published monthly by Fantasy House, Inc., at 35¢ a copy. Annual subscription, \$4.00 in U. S. and possessions; \$5.00 in all other countries. Publication office, Concord, N. H. General offices, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Editorial office, 2643 Dana St., Berkeley 4, Calif. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Printed in U. S. A. Copyright, 1953, by Fantasy House, Inc. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved. Submissions must be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes; the Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts.

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The Vampire

I'm the lovely lady from the folk-tale —
Flap, flap, flap, here I come —
To hang by my fang
In the great gray fog.
When you can't get a man, buy a dog.
(Get a male.)

Left all alone, so I cry —
Squeak, squeak, squeak, like a bat —
I need blood underneath
My sharp front teeth.
For a true friend I can get a cat.
(Not a mate.)

Suddenly I swoop from the sky —
Slurp, slurp, slurp, yum yum —
It's the throat of a shoat;
He is fat, he is small,
But he's better than no one at all.
(I can wait.
Get a male, not a mate,
For the lovely lady from the folk-tale.)

WINONA MCCLINTIC