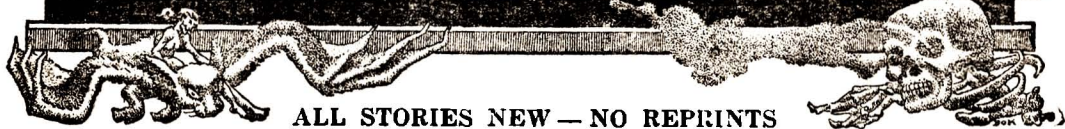


Weird Tales



ALL STORIES NEW — NO REPRINTS

May, 1944

Cover by Margaret Brundage

LONG NOVELETTE

- IRON MASK Robert Bloch 4
What manner of man was this creature who towered like a gaunt ghost in the moonlight, his features covered always!

NOVELETTE

- THE DAY THE WORLD STOOD STILL Allison V. Harding 58
There is an unseen atmospheric curtain that binds our dimension of space and speed to us; suppose this were to—lower!

SHORT STORIES

- THE LETTERS OF COLD FIRE Manly Wade Wellman 30
A strange solitary education—once a day a hand shaggy with dark hair thrusts in food to the scholar

- MAN IN A HURRY Alan Nelson 40
For 20 years the pudgy little man was always hurrying, as though to some appointment for which he was already late

- UNPUBLISHED STORY H. Bedford-Jones 44
The only logical conclusion was thoroughly out of the question—the miraculous thing was monstrous and impossible!

- THE DEAR DEPARTED Alice-Mary Schnirring 54
How could the medium know that this time the seance was to be different—very different!

- THE LAKE Ray Bradbury 76
There are some who play in the lake who are destined to be young and small and unchanged forever

- THE GOTHIC WINDOW Dorothy Quick 80
The strange window lent itself readily to a fairy tale; the only trouble was that there is often truth in fairy tales

A GROUP OF SONNETS

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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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D. McILWRAITH, Editor.

LAMONT BUCHANAN, Associate Editor.

*F*UNGI FROM YUGGOTH

Decorations by

**A group of
sonnets by *H. P. Lovecraft***

FARMER Seth Atwood was past eighty when
He tried to sink that deep well by his door,
With only Eb to help him bore and bore.
We laughed, and hoped he'd soon be sane again.
And yet, instead, young Eb went crazy, too,
So that they shipped him to the county farm.
Seth bricked the well-mouth up as tight as glue—
Then hacked an artery in his gnarled left arm.

After the funeral we felt bound to get
Out to that well and rip the bricks away,
But all we saw were iron hand-holds set
Down a black hole deeper than we could say.
And yet we put the bricks back—for we found
The hole too deep for any line to sound.

The Well



HANNES BOK