

Weird Tales



ALL STORIES NEW—NO REPRINTS

MAY, 1945

Cover by Pete Kuhlhoff

NOVELETTES

- THE MAN WHO CRIED "WOLF!"** Robert Bloch 6
*Who can mistake those called by the moon, shaggy shadows
in the night running on all fours*
- THE SHINING LAND** Edmond Hamilton 30
*Through the glowing, unearthly haze was an island below them—
in an ocean that had no islands!*

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and who the "watched"*
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frame house—someone or something*
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*What nagged him was a consuming curiosity about yesterday,
that therein lay something he should know*
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but laws nonetheless*
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irresistibly into the Black Limbo of unspeakable consequences*
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be sure, for the figure is a Shonokin!*
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*The last place a fanatic witch-breaker would look for
mystic nonsense would be his own home*

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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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The Witch

By WILLIAM DE LISLE

THE farmer loathed the priest
for all his wealth
and begged that I should
take him off by stealth.



He promised gold to work such deadly harm;
he called him snouting Paul and shaveling monk
and other names. Trembling with hate he slunk
out of my hut. And I began the charm.

I called for Meg to bring the mandrake weed
that shrieks when it is dragged;
for Rennie Stump who lives by Hangman's Common
to croon an incantation for the deed;
we gathered in the cunning herbal woman
to stew the simples: when the night was fit
a dozen gib-cats round the throat we slit.

Then sat we all beneath a westering star.
We glared with malice on his window pane;
and when we howled together for his bane
the rectory casement gently swung ajar.
He got him slowly, slowly, from his bed:
the charm went blasting home—he fell down dead.

Giles leapt for glee on his fresh-heaven mold
but when I pleaded, cringing, for the gold,
he spat and swore, and spurned me in a ditch.
Out and away—he snarled—thou noisome witch.

Staggers and glanders took his colts away;
foot-rot destroyed his ewes and lambs: one day
insane he gave his farmstead to the fire
and hanged him from a rafter in his byre.

