

Weird Tales

January
1954

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<i>Its mockery of speech it had made from fox's bark, owl's cry, rain's patter.</i>		
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<i>... eons and eons—a long time to be hemmed in by a strong, wholly invisible wall.</i>		
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<i>Since man can run, walk, jump, swim, and crawl—then why not fly?</i>		
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<i>Caveat emptor—and most especially when bartering with the devil.</i>		
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<i>... terrible magic in the hills.</i>		
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<i>About the sea, and the mocking fugitive horizon, there is always mystery.</i>		
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<i>... the finger kept beckoning, beckoning. . . .</i>		
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<i>They ended with the ominous phrase, "the demon is impatient."</i>		

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D. McILWRAITH, Editor



Walpurgis Night

by Dorothy Quirk

SHE loved the house and her own fireside.
The Hearth was dark and its stretches wide.

Her man was dear and he held her tight.
Outside were the calls of Walpurgis-night.

She left his arms and the fireside's heat,
 She left the joy of her own heart beat,

She opened the door and music came.
While a hundred voices called her name.

Within was love and light and fire.
Without was strange unknown desire.

The wind swirled in, the wind swirled out.
 It whipped her long skirts all about.

She stepped outside, the door closed fast.
 The voices whispered, "You've come at last!"

Strange hands caught her and pulled her on
 When the door was opened—she was gone.