

OR FLUSHING: curious story of the Flying Dutchman

MARCH

Weird Tales

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**THE HORROR
IN THE GLEN:**
story of a weird vengeance
By **CLYDE IRVINE**

SONG OF THE SLAVES: an uncanny tale of the African
slave trade in America by **MANLY WADE WELLMAN**



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of my kinsmen were sped. I was alone, a mad wild thing dancing on the grave of the MacGreggans as night cast its veil upon the awful scene.

AS I walked back to my own glen, the great claymore I clutched in my hand became the old scarred blade I had worn before I met Queen Boadellen. Once again I was clad in my old tattered kilt and furred doublet. The wild eagles' feathers were still in my hair and my feet were clad in lambskin brogans tied with rough leathern thongs.

At the brow of the hill, as I saw the glen before me, I felt it would be different.

And so it was. The village was back again as it had been in the days of my father. The flowers were blooming on the

mountainside and bluebells nodded in the forest. Dark are the waters of Loch Dhu, but now the sky was pearly blue and the waters smiled a welcome to me.

The hills were covered with green grass, and except for the deep scars on the hillside which would always be there to remind me of our vanished name, everything was as it had been before the Clan MacGreggan came over the pass in the snow, shrouded like ghosts, with claymores, dirks and Lochaber axes to murder my people.

Do not believe those who will say I am mad and that I dreamed all this; nor those who will tell you that a great volcanic eruption visited the Glen Dhronna and killed every living soul in it. I know what happened—for I was seven years with Queen Boadellen in the Borderland—and I have the power to move the world!

The Dweller

By H. P. LOVECRAFT

It had been old when Babylon was new;
None knew how long it slept beneath that mound,
Where in the end our questing shovels found
Its granite blocks and brought it back to view.
There were vast pavements and foundation walls,
And crumbling slabs and statues, carved to show
Fantastic beings of some long ago
Past anything the world of man recalls.

And then we saw those stone steps leading down
Through a choked gate of graven dolomite
To some black haven of eternal night
Where elder signs and primal secrets frown.
We cleared a path . . . but raced in mad retreat
When from below we heard those clumping feet.