THE PHANTAGIAPH

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PANTO IN SHOPPING DISTRICT

Thousands Terrified By Escape From Pet Shop

Thousands were panicked in the shopping district today as rumons shread of the escape of a large full-grown Human from the basement of a net shop located on Wost Avanue just below Maple Street. Police found it necessary to divert traffic for three blocks in each direction during the tense hour and a half the Human was at large. It was imperative to call out a squad of reserves to keep members of the populace from wandering into the danger zone and to help track down the danger.

The Human, brought in last week by the proprietor from the Trans-Oceanic Import House, was intended to be exhibited at the fair to be held later this summer. Up to this morning, the Human had been in a decile mood and had caused no trouble. It is not known just what transpired to cause the rampage, but it is believed that the fall of a stack of boxes in a corner of the basement in which the Human's case was located may have frightened the creature.

Somehow or other the Human broke open the door of the stoutly made not-case and ran wild among the other note stored there. Several enclosures containing pedigree does were broken up and the animals thrown about. A crate containing empty hird cages was broken up and the contents smashed. Numerous other damage was committed.

Hearing sounds of destruction in the basement, the proprietor opened the door to the stairs. This attracted the creature's attention and the Human dashed upstairs. The owner of the net shop failed to close the door in time and was severely pummelled and mauled by the first onsadught of the dangerous Human. Several customers who were in the shop fled in panic along with the owner who succeeded in looking the front door. The wolls and screams of those who had fled attracted others and in a minute there was a large crowd outside the store blocking traffic and watching annalled the antics of the onraged adult Human through the glass windows.

The Human was seen to continue dashinabout the store for several minutes upsetting things and making general havec: Then it got into one of the big windows. throw several puppies out, and hurled a box through the glass. The mindow came down with a loud crash. The men outside scattored wildly as the Human jumped through screaming. In the near-riot that followed, a score were injured and three fainted trying to escape the vicinity. Luchily the police armived just then and with customary discipline managed to clear the neighborhood, and carry away those who were hurt or unconscious. By this time the Human had somehow motten into one of the large buildings nearby.

After tracking the dangerous excature up and down back stairs for an hour and a half, the Human was cornered on the tenth floor in an empty apartment. Realizing the impossibility of trying to take water such a dangerous creature alive and noting the several wounds on the creature's body from the broken glass, an agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty shot the Human and killed it.

Norman traffic was resumed a few minutes later. The proprietor announced the intention of having the body of the 'Human, a remarkably fine female specimen, stuffed and displayed. The owner will appear in court temorrow to answer sharms of negligence in allowing a Human this size to be kept where it could menace so many citizens. The pet shop was insured.

WIMERICK

There was a brill rig from Peruna Who kiljapped a golden baldoona It wrombled and swirled Till its onderet boiled And cosnapped a grand multi-tuna!

_Roy St. John LeClaire

"The Begum's Fortune". If you have it or can obtain it, please write to DAW, address c/o Phantagraph.

CHANT OF THE BLACK MAGICIANS By Cwril Kornbluth *

Father Snake, Father Bear, Father Panther, Father Scornion, Bite; crush; tear and sting, Bite, crush, tear and sting.
The people of kind disposition, the people who wish well.

Father Algol; Father Sirius, Father Orion, Father Arcturus, Send down the madness.
Send down the madness
On the people of kindly mind who do no harm.

Father Lust; Father Gluttony,
Father Hate, Father Fear,
Go into these meeple;
Go into these meeple,
Go into these meeple of memorals
disposition. Transform them.

Father Slig, Father Assur; Father Adolf, Father BG683, Club; shoot and ray; Club, shoot and ray; Damage these moople, these kindly people who wish no harm.

* (From "Trouble in the Hills" an unpublished story by Cecil Commin)