Mr. Margulies has attempted to gather stories which are halfway between fantasy and science fiction, and succeeded very well.

Unfortunately, Pyramid Books has not done as well with their layout and printing. They have crammed the material in, starting a story wherever the preceding ends, regardless of whether it’s in the middle of a page, or one or two lines from the top or bottom. A most unattractive job, dear Pyramid Books. It reflects an indifference to author and reader alike, and we resent it.

—Alfred Bester

We are grateful to Mr. E. F. T. Rice of Wilmington, Del., for having sent us this chilling little tale, which was written by the 11-year-old daughter of a friend of his. The new talents continue to come on . . . !

THE FLOWER, by Mildred Posselt

There was a flower that grew in front of my window.

It died, and I died.

When it died it made a funny sound. Well not really a funny sound—more of a weird sound. It screamed.

It screamed, and I screamed.

I have a sister. She found me dead. She screamed.

Now the flower is growing in front of her window.

I am afraid she is going to have to come with me.