

Sketch

Volume 2, Number 1

1935

Article 9

Just Moody

Robert Root*

*Iowa State College

Copyright ©1935 by the authors. *Sketch* is produced by The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress).
<http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/sketch>

Just Moody

By Robert Root ●

Bewilderment and a Question Unanswered.

AFTER Joe and Bev had got back to the sorority house, they went over and sat by the radio, Joe lagging behind a bit, half reluctantly. It had been a rotten, sophisticated show this evening, so disgusting that it had drained the pep out of him. He dropped into an armchair and folded his hands and stared at his locked fingers.

"Isn't the music beautiful—so slow and quiet?" Bev hinted softly. "Grand to dance to."

Joe shook his head and watched the dull shadow of his foot, outlined on the floor by the dim lights. "Oh, somehow I don't feel like dancing," he murmured.

"I think it's wonderful tonight—the air seems almost alive."

"Sort of—ghastly. I dunno—I feel sort of—all alone."

BEV looked at him. "Don't you feel good, Joe?"

"Oh, I feel all right, I guess. I think I'll go home and get some sleep."

"We have till twelve."

"Yah, but—." Joe looked at his watch. "It's after ten now and—I don't feel so hot."

"Why, you just said you were all right, Joe."

"Oh, I'm not sick . . . I just feel sort of funny inside. I get that way. I'm moody."

Bev came over and sat on the arm of his chair and pushed her finger lightly into his hair. "You aren't mad at me for anything, are you, Joe?"—a little anxiously.

"No, I'm not mad."

"Well, then—what's the matter?"

"O, I don't know. I'm sort of—oh—"

"Blue?" she suggested.

"Yes. . . Well, no—sort of—disappointed, I guess."

"About that exam you flunked today?"

"No."

HE HAD forgotten about that. All thought of that had vanished; but then in the last hour had come this other something—something about her.

"Disappointed about what then, Joe?"

"Oh, sort of—," he shrugged slightly, "sort of—about you."

"Well, what, Joe?"

"Oh, nothing." Couldn't she see that he couldn't tell? There were just some things you said—and some you didn't. He wasn't going to have her laughing at him. He wasn't going to be silly—or make a fool of himself before her.

"I'm sorry, Joe. Something I did, was it?"

"Well, yes—sort of." He stood up and looked down at her, a bit harder than usual, a bit of question in his eyes. Girls were funny—they didn't understand—or care, really.

"Won't you tell me, Joe?"

"It's nothing—in particular—I guess." He looked at his watch again. "It's getting pretty late. I think I'll go home and get some sleep."

BEV walked over to the hall with him. None of the other couples had come back from their dates yet, and Joe and Bev stood alone at the open door.

"I'm sorry, Joe. I wish you'd tell me."

"I shouldn't have said anything. I'm pretty funny, but I'll get over it." He tried to grin, but it was an artificial, passing smile. "I'm moody."

She nodded. "It's a little chilly out, isn't it?" she said.

"It is getting a little chilly." He opened the screen door and started away slowly, looking musingly into the black sky.

"I enjoyed the picture, Joe," Bev said.

"Yah." He stopped a moment and pushed his hands into his pockets. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Joe. I'll be seeing you."

"Yah." He went down the walk, staring at his feet, trying to laugh at himself, but wondering, chilled a little.



Ignorance

By Bernard Lazriowich

"**I** AM a chemist;
I study the elements.

"I can make heavy water.
I can synthesize rubber.
I can split atoms.

"Who made the atoms?
I don't know—
I am only a chemist."

"I am an astronomer;
I study the stars.

"I can find new solar systems,
I can map the moon,
I can predict eclipses.

"—Who made the stars?
I don't know—
I am only an astronomer."