Blue Sequence

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swearing him to be 'ever' a gentle, perfect knight, struck him gently on the shoulder with his sword. That's the accolade, boy."

"Will I get an accolade sometime, Mom—will I?"

She smiled strangely. "Yes, Johnny, sometime."

"WHAT'S he looking at, mother?" The shrill voice of the little boy snatched him suddenly into reality. He had been gazing at the window for longer than he knew. Sharply conscious of the curious stares, he shouldered himself forlornly into the wind-swept street—a street where silver knights and bannered castles were not even dreams.

He hesitated at the crossing. The thick, ugly stream of traffic, black and snaky and sinuous, seemed singularly evil and foreboding—like a dragon. He laughed. The man waiting beside him glanced up, startled.

Abruptly from the other side a little child darted out into the traffic, unseeing and unafraid. She paused a moment on the dull-gleaming trolley tracks, then stood bewildered, alone. A woman screamed. A black car—huge, ominous—skidded blindly, beyond control. Suddenly without seeming to move, he was in the street, no longer at the curb. A small girl, flung clear by one mad swoop of his arm, lay stunned but safe. Sliding cruelly, a roaring mountain of steel and rubber pressed his neck and shoulders harshly crushing them agonizingly against the cold, wet pavement.

The grey afternoon became suddenly dark—the dull track, a shining sword.

Then softly he heard his mother saying, "Sometime, Johnny," and he smiled quietly in his dream begun.

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**Blue Sequence**

*By Alice Wortman*

So many lovely things are blue—

October skies,
A baby's eyes,
The acrid notes of a violin,
A breath from the ocean faint and thin—
All these are blue.