FUTURIST STORIES

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Futurist Stories by Margery Verner Reed

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FUTURIST STORIES

MOONBEAMS

THE DREAM MUFF

Rose Petals

In a Field

INCALCULABLE

A NEAPOLITAN STREET SONG

In Algiers

CANDLES

IGOR

Two HAD LIVED

THE FIFTH SYMPHONY

THE MAD ARTIST

OLD SCORES

THE LAST

ASHES

NANCY TURNER

THE PAWN SHOP KEEPER

SOMETHING PROVINCIAL

CONFLICT

THAT NIGHT HIS SORROW WAS LIFTED



MOONBEAMS [To V. Z. R.]

It was a glorious winter's night. Through a blue haze one saw the ground, covered with snow, shining under the magical moon. And the trees of the forest were also covered with snow; great clusters glistened in their branches. Almost as light as day. Not a bleak light, but an enchanting one, which dazzled in the cold, brisk air. Into the woods walked the Spirit of Art. As he gazed at the surrounding beauty he grew sad, and wondered why he had never reproduced such splendor—the moon—the snow—Oh, he must try again—Tomorrow he would do better.

Then came the Spirit of History and he too grew sad as he gazed into the quietude of the night. His hands were soiled with blood, with dark hideous crimes. And he asked why he had committed such deeds — with all this beauty around him. Why could he not have likened history to these woods where the snow was white. Tomorrow he would do better.

And then came the Spirit of Philosophy and like the others he wondered why he had never been under the spell of the Moonbeams before — why had he filled the minds of men with entangled masses of dark thought, instead of teaching them the beauty, the enchantment of a night like this. Tomorrow he would do better.

The three Spirits met and talked together. They would go back to the cities and begin anew. They would bring the spell of the woods back with them and teach men unknown things.

A NEW Era was about to be born.

Morning dawned cold and raw, a bleak gray light shone in the deserted streets. The three Spirits returning from their wandering all too soon forgot the magic spell of the woods — the snow — the Moon — and fell to work once more among the sordid things of the day, making Art and History and Philosophy only grayer — darker —

And in the woods where all was beauty, the Moonbeams shone only for the fairies as they danced under the trees, and now and then for a wistful human soul that had strayed into the splendor of the night. y

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ONE more day of horror had ended for Russia. At this hour once the lamps along the Neva would have been lighted, the laughter of sleigh-riders would have resounded over the snow. But now the streets were dark—deserted save by some wandering homeless people, seeking refuge in the night.

No one seemed to know exactly what had happened or the cause —

There was no ruler - no order -

DARKNESS and chaos.

A GIRL, perhaps of twelve, sat huddled in a ragged shawl on the steps of a closed church.

THERE had been a time when a fire burned -

A MOTHER - a father -

BROTHERS -

They had gone - no one knew where. The mother was royalist.

SHE used to sew for a great lady - a Princess.

PERHAPS the jailers of a prison could tell where she was.

ONCE — in the life that was only a memory — was it real — or was the biting cold — was the hunger what had always been — her mother had taken her to the house of the great lady —