

The Diaries of Adam and Eve

By Mark Twain

Adam:

Dear Diary. This new creature with the long hair is a good deal in the way. It is always hanging around and following me about. I don't like this: I am not used to company. I wish it would stay with the other animals. (To himself) Cloudy today, wind in the east, think we shall have rain. We? Where did I get that word? I remember now, the other creature uses it.

Eve:

It tapers like a carrot. I think it is a man. I had never seen a man, but it looked like one, and I feel sure that that is what it is.

I was afraid of it at first, for I thought it was going to chase me, but by and by I found it was only trying to get away, so I tracked it along, several hours, which made it nervous and unhappy. At last it was a good deal worried, and climbed a tree. I waited a while, then gave up and went home.

Today the same thing over. I got it up the tree again.

Adam:

Been examining the great waterfall. It is the finest thing on the estate, I think. The new creature calls it Niagara Falls -- why, I am sure I do not know. Says it looks like Niagara falls. (To himself) That is not a reason, that is mere awkwardness. I get no chance to name anything myself. The new creature names everything that comes along, before I can get in a protest. And always the same excuse is offered---it looks like the thing. There is the dodo, for instance. Says the moment that one looks at it one sees at a glance that it "looks like a dodo." It will have to keep that name, no doubt. It wearies me to fret about it, and it does no good, anyway. Dodo! It looks no more like a dodo than I do.

Eve:

All the week I tagged around after him and tried to get acquainted. I had to do the talking, because he was shy, but I didn't mind it. He seemed please to have me around, and I used the sociable "we" a good deal, because it seemed to flatter him to be included.

Adam:

I wish it would not talk. It is always talking. And this new sound is so close to me. It is right at my shoulder, right at my ear, first on one side and then on the other.

Eve:

Hello. (No response, goes to other side) Hello? Do you know where we are?

Adam:

(To audience) I had a very good name for the estate, and it was musical and pretty --- Garden of Eden.

Eve:

But it's all woods and rocks and scenery and bears no resemblance to a garden. It looks like a park, and does not look like anything but a park. Therefore, it is called Niagara Falls Park.

Adam:

My life is not as happy as it was.

Eve:

We are getting along very well indeed now, and getting better and better acquainted. He does not try to avoid me any more, which is a good sign. During the last day or two I have taken all the work of naming things off his hands, and this has been a great relief to him, for he has not gift in that line, and is evidently very grateful.

Adam:

It used to be so pleasant and quiet here. This morning found the new creature trying to clod apples out of that forbidden tree.

Eve:

I tried to get you some of those apples but I cannot learn to throw straight.

Adam:

They are forbidden and you will come to harm.

Eve:

I think my good intentions pleased him. (To Adam) So I come to harm through pleasing you, why should I care for that harm? My name is Eve. I am a she, and not an it, and I was made out of a rib taken from your body. You can call out "Eve", whenever you want me to come to you. (He does not respond and she moves away sadly).

Adam:

She fell in the pond yesterday when she was looking at herself in it, which she is always doing. She nearly strangled, which made her feel sorry for the creatures which live there, which she calls "fish". She continues to fasten names on to things which don't need them, and don't come when they are called by them. Anyway, she got a lot of them out and brought them in last night, and put them in my bed to keep warm, but I have noticed them now and then all day and I don't see that they are any happier than they were before, only quieter. When night comes I shall put them outdoors. I will not sleep with them again, for I find them clammy and unpleasant to lie among.

Eve:

He took no interest in my name. I tried to hide my disappointment, but I suppose I did not succeed.

He talks very little. Perhaps it is because he is not bright and is sensitive about it and wishes to conceal it. It is such a pity that he should feel so, for brightness is nothing; it is in the heart that the values lie. I wish I could make him understand that a loving good heart is riches enough, and that without it intellect is poverty.

Adam:

She has taken up with a snake now. The other animals are glad, for she was always experimenting with them and bothering them; and I am glad because the snake talks, and this enables me to get a rest.

Eve:

I was trying to bore a hole in a piece of wood with a dry stick when suddenly, large flames shot up and I knew in an instant that I had invented fire! The flames climbed the trees, flashed splendidly in and out of the vast and increasing volume of tumbling smoke. He came running up.

Adam:

(Standing there watching for several minutes) What is it?

Eve:

Ah, it was too bad that he had to ask such a direct question. I had to answer it, of course. (To Adam) It is fire. (To audience) It annoyed him that I should know and he had to ask, but that's not my fault.

Adam:

(After a pause) How did it come?

Eve:

I made it.

Adam:

What are these?

Eve:

Fire-coals. (To Audience) He picked one up to examine it, but changed his mind and put it down again. (He does) Then he went away. Nothing interests him.

Adam:

She says the Snake advises her to try the fruit of that tree, and the result will be a fine and noble education. I told her there would be another result, too---it would introduce death in the world. I advised her to keep away from the tree. She said she wouldn't. I foresee trouble. Will emigrate.

(Lighting change) I have had a variegated time. I escaped last night and rode a horse all night as fast as he could go, hoping to clear out of the Park and hide in some other country before the trouble could begin; but it was not to be. About an hour after sun-up, as I was riding through a plain where thousands of animals were grazing, all of a sudden the plain was a frantic commotion, and every beast was destroying its neighbor.

I knew what it meant---Eve had that fruit and death had come into the world. The tigers ate my horse, paying no attention when I ordered them to desist, and they would have eaten me if I had stayed. I found this place outside the Park, and was fairly comfortable for a few days until she found me out.

Eve:

This place is Tonawanda. It looks like Tonawanda. I brought you some apples to eat.

Adam:

There were but meager pickings there, and I was obliged to eat them, even though it was against my principles. I find that principles have no real force except when one is well fed. (To Eve) Why are you wearing those ridiculous things?

Eve:

You'll soon know.

Adam:

(Suddenly gathers clothes up around him) These clothes are uncomfortable, but stylish, and that is the main point about clothes.

Eve:

We are now ordered to work for our living hereafter. We will work together.

Adam:

I find that she is a good deal of a companion. I see I should be lonesome and depressed without her, now that I have lost my property.

Eve:

(Older) When I look back, the Garden is a dream to me. It was surpassingly beautiful, and now it is lost, and I shall not see it anymore.

The Garden is lost, but I have found him, and am content. He loves me as well as he can; I love him with all the strength of my passionate nature, as is appropriate to my gender. If I ask myself why I love him, I find I do not know, and do not really much care to know. I love certain birds because of their song; but I do not love Adam on account of his singing. I am sure I can learn to like it, because at first I could not stand it, but now I can. It sours the milk, but I can get used to that kind of milk.

It is not on account of his brightness that I love him---no, it is not that. He is not to blame for his brightness, in time it will develop, though I think it will not be sudden.

It is not on account of his education that I love him, not it is not that. He knows a great many things, but they are not so.

At bottom he is good, and I love him for that, but I could love him without it. If he should beat me and abuse me, I should go on loving him.

He is strong and handsome, and I love him for that, and I admire him and am proud of him, but I could love him without those qualities. If he were plain, I should love him; if he were a wreck, I should love him; and I would work for him, and slave over him, and pray for him, and watch by his bedside until I died.

Then why is it that I love him? Merely because he is mine. There is no other reason, I suppose. This kind of love is not a product of reasoning and statistics... it just comes, and cannot explain itself. And doesn't need to.

Adam:

(Older) After all these years, I see that I was mistaken about Eve in the beginning; it is better to live outside the Garden with her than inside it without her. At first I thought she talked too much; but now I should be sorry to have that voice fall silent and pass out of my life. Blessed be the apple that brought us near together and taught me to know the goodness of her heart and the sweetness of her spirit!

Eve:

(Much older) It is my prayer that we may pass from this life together. But if one of us must go first, it is my prayer that it shall be I; for he is strong, I am weak, I am not so necessary to him as he is to me.. life without him would not be life; how could I endure it?

Adam:

(Much older) Now that she is gone, I know one thing; wheresoever she was, there was Eden.