

# Drama Duets: Two Mark Twain Classics

Adapted by Nona and Cal Claus



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Excerpts from THE DIARY OF ADAM\* and EVE'S DIARY

Translated by

Mark Twain

[\*NOTE: I translated a portion of this diary some years ago, and a friend printed a few copies in an incomplete form, but the public never got them. Since then I have deciphered some more of Adam's hieroglyphics, and think he has now become sufficiently important as a public character to justify this publication. —M. T.]

Abridged and sequenced by Nona and Cal Claus

CAST

ADAM: The first man in The Garden

EVE: The first woman in The Garden

Place

In the Garden of Eden

Time

Shortly before once upon a time

Introduction to This Reading

Mark Twain began writing *The Diary of Adam* in 1892. It went through several versions with the final one appearing in 1904. After his wife, Livy, passed away in that same year he wrote *Eve's Diary*. It has been said that he composed this piece as a kind of therapy to lift him out of the funk he was in after the death of his beloved. In a way it truly is a kind of love story. Studs Terkel thought so. Each year at Valentine's Day he read these two diaries on his Chicago radio program.

This was our inspiration in 1982 when put together a condensed version. They were originally written as two quite separate works as this was the way Studs read them. However, we thought it might make some sense to bring them together in a sequence with Eve reading her day, followed by Adam's notes about that same day or one near it in time. Since it takes a while to read these diaries aloud, we decided to edit them down to a 45 minute Readers Theatre performance. Furthermore, we felt it might be well to have the days in sequence, with the first being presented through Eve's eyes, followed by Adam's impressions of events. This alternation continues until we find Adam at Eve's grave for the last word.

We have been totally faithful to the words of Mark Twain. The alternation and sequencing of diary entries also follow closely the day-to-day chronicling according to Twain's translations "from the original." A similar type of editing was done in 1988 by David Birney. He and his wife, Meredith Baxter Birney, performed their 58-minute version on public television. This was done completely independent of our adaptation, and is available on a VHS tape. We think this modern translation of Mark Twain will be fun for you!

*[Adam and Eve are in repose within The Garden. They seem puzzled by their surroundings, consider their circumstances, and have recorded their thoughts.]*

EVE: Saturday — I am almost a whole day old now. I arrived yesterday. That is as it seems to me. And it must be so, for if there was a day-before-yesterday I was not there when it happened, or I should remember it. It will be best to start right and not let the record get confused, for some instinct tells me that these details are going to be important to the historian some day. For I feel like an experiment, I feel exactly like an experiment. I followed the other experiment around yesterday afternoon, at a distance, to see what it might be for, if I could, but I was not able to make it out. 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 realize that I feel more curiosity about it than about any of the other reptiles, if it is a reptile, and I suppose it is. For it has frowsy hair and blue eyes, and looks like a reptile. It has no hips; it tapers like a carrot; when it stands it spreads itself apart like a derrick; so I think it is a reptile. I was afraid of it at first, and started to run every time it turned around, for I thought it was going to chase me; but by-and-by I found it was only trying to get away, so after that I was not timid any more, but tracked it along, several hours, about twenty yards behind, which made it nervous and unhappy. At last it was a good deal worried, and climbed a tree. I waited a good while, then gave it up and went home.

Sunday—It is up there yet. Resting, apparently. But that is a subterfuge: Sunday isn't the day of rest; Saturday is appointed for that. It looks to me like a creature that is more interested in resting than in anything else. It would tire me to rest so much. It tires me just to sit around and watch the tree. I do wonder what it is for; I never see it do anything.

ADAM: Monday — 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 ... Cloudy today, wind in the east; think we shall have rain ... We? Where did I get that

word?—I remember now—the new creature uses it. Tuesday — 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. That is not a reason, it is mere waywardness and imbecility. 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 that same pretext is offered—it looks like the thing. There is the Dodo, for instance. Says the moment 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: Wednesday — It has low tastes, and is not kind. When I went there yesterday evening in the gloaming it had crept down and was trying to catch the little speckled fishes that play in the pool, and I had to clod it to make it go up the tree again and let them alone. I wonder if that is what it is for? Hasn't it any heart? Hasn't it any compassion for those little creatures? Can it be that it was designed and manufactured for such ungentle work? It has the look of it. One of the clods took it back of the ear, and it used language. It gave me a thrill, for it was the first time I had ever heard speech, except my own. I did not understand the words, but they seemed expressive. When I found it could talk I felt a new interest in it, for I love to talk; I talk, all day, and in my sleep, too, and I am very interesting, but if I had another to talk to I could be twice as interesting, and would never stop, if desired.

ADAM: Wednesday — Built me a shelter against the rain, but would not have it to myself in peace. The new creature intruded. When I tried to put it out it shed water out of the holes it looks with, and wiped it away with the back of its paws, and made a noise such as some of the other animals make when they are in distress. I wish it would not talk; it is always talking. That sounds like a cheap fling at the poor creature, a slur; but I do not mean it so. I have never heard the human voice before, and any new and strange sound intruding itself here upon the solemn hush of these dreaming solitudes offends my ear and seems a false note. 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, and I am used only to sounds that are more or less distant from me.

Friday — The naming goes recklessly on, in spite of anything I can do. I had a very good name for the estate, and it was musical and pretty—Garden of Eden. Privately, I continue to call it that, but not any longer publicly. The new creature says it is all woods and rocks and scenery, and therefore has no resemblance to a

garden. Says it looks like a park, and does not look like anything but a park. Consequently, without consulting me, it has been new-named—Niagara Falls Park. This is sufficiently high-handed, it seems to me. My life is not as happy as it was.

EVE: Saturday — 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 pleased to have me around, and I used the sociable "we" a good deal, because it seemed to flatter him to be included.

ADAM: Saturday — The new creature eats too much fruit. We are going to run short, most likely. "We" again—that is its word; mine too, now, from hearing it so much. Good deal of fog this morning. I do not go out in the fog myself. The new creature does. It goes out in all weathers, and stumps right in with its muddy feet. And talks. It used to be so pleasant and quiet here.

EVE: Wednesday — 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, and shows that he likes to have me with him. That pleases me, and I study to be useful to him in every way I can, so as to increase his regard. 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 no gift in that line, and is evidently very grateful. He can't think of a rational name to save him but I do not let him see that I am aware of his defect. Whenever a new creature comes along I name it before he has time to expose himself by an awkward silence. In this way I have saved him many embarrassments. I have no defect like his. The minute I set eyes on an animal I know what it is. I don't have to reflect a moment; the right name comes out instantly, just as if it were an inspiration, as no doubt it is, for I am sure it wasn't in me half a minute before. I seem to know just by the shape of the creature and the way it acts what animal it is. When the Dodo came along he thought it was a wildcat—I saw it in his eye. But I saved him. And I was careful not to do it in a WAY THAT COULD HURT HIS PRIDE. I just spoke up in a quite natural way of pleased surprise, and not as if I was dreaming of conveying information, and said, "Well, I do declare, if there isn't the Dodo!" I explained—without seeming to be explaining—how I knew it for a Dodo, and although I thought maybe he was a little piqued that I knew the creature when he didn't, it was quite evident that he admired me. That was very agreeable, and I thought of it more than once with gratification before I slept. How little a thing can make us happy when we feel that we have earned it.

ADAM: Sunday — Pulled through. This day is getting to be more and more trying. It was selected and set apart last November as a day of rest. I had already six of them per week before. This morning found the new creature trying to clod apples out of that forbidden tree.

EVE: Thursday — My first sorrow. Yesterday he avoided me and seemed to wish I would not talk to him. I could not believe it, and thought there was some mistake, for I loved to be with him and loved to hear his talk, and so how could it be that he could feel unkind towards me when I had not done anything? But at last it seemed true, so I went away and sat lonely in the place where I first saw him the morning that we were made and I did not know what he was and was indifferent about him; but now it was a mournful place, and every little thing spoke of him, and my heart was very sore. I did not know why very clearly, for it was a new feeling; I have not experienced it before, and it was all a mystery and I could not make it out. But when night came I could not bear the lonesomeness, and went to the new shelter which he has built to ask him what I had done that was wrong and how I could mend it and get back his kindness again; but he put me out in the rain, and it was my first sorrow.

ADAM: Saturday — I escaped last Tuesday night and traveled two days, and built me another shelter in a secluded place, and obliterated my tracks as well as I could, but she hunted me out by means of a beast which she has tamed and calls a wolf, and came making that pitiful noise again and shedding that water out of the places she looks with. I was obliged to return with her, but will presently emigrate again when occasion offers. She engages herself in many foolish things; among others, to study out why the animals called lions and tigers live on grass and flowers, when, as she says, the sort of teeth they wear would indicate that they were intended to eat each other. This is foolish, because to do that would be to kill each other, and that would introduce what, as I understand it, is called "death"; and death, as I have been told, has not yet entered the Park. Which is a pity, on some accounts.

EVE: Sunday — It is pleasant again, now, and I am happy; but those were heavy days; I do not think of them when I can help it. I tried to get him some of those apples but I cannot learn to throw straight. I failed, but I think the good intention pleased him. They are forbidden, and he says I shall come to harm; but so I come to harm through pleasing him, why shall I care for that harm?

ADAM: Monday — I believe I see what the week is for: it is to give time to rest up from the weariness of Sunday. It seems a good idea ... She has been climbing

that tree again. Clodded her out of it. She said nobody was looking. Seems to consider that a sufficient justification for chancing any dangerous thing. Told her that. The word justification moved her admiration—and envy, too, I thought. It is a good word.

Tuesday — She told me she was made out of a rib taken from my body. This is at least doubtful, if not more than that. I have not missed any rib ... She is in much trouble about the buzzard; says grass does not agree with it; is afraid she can't raise it; thinks it was intended to live on decayed flesh. The buzzard must get along the best it can with what it is provided. We cannot overturn the whole scheme to accommodate the buzzard.

EVE: Wednesday — This morning I told him my name, hoping it would interest him. But he did not care for it. It is strange. If he should tell me his name, I would care. I think it would be pleasanter in my ears than any other sound. 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 heart is riches, and riches enough, and that without it intellect is poverty. Although he talks so little he has quite a considerable vocabulary. This morning he used a surprisingly good word. He evidently recognized, himself, that it was a good one, for he worked it in twice afterwards casually. It was not good casual art, still it showed that he possesses a certain quality of perception. Without a doubt that seed can be made to grow, if cultivated. Where did he get that word? I do not think I have ever used it. No, he took no interest in my name. I tried to hide my disappointment, but I suppose I did not succeed. I went away and sat on the moss-bank with my feet in the water. It is where I go when I hunger for companionship, some one to look at, or to talk to. It is not enough—that white body painted there in the pool—but it is something, and something is better than utter loneliness. It talks when I talk; it is sad when I am sad; it comforts me with its sympathy.

ADAM: Saturday — She fell in the pond yesterday when she was looking at herself in it, which she is always doing. She nearly strangled, and said it was most uncomfortable. This made her sorry for the creatures which live in there, which she calls fish, for she continues to fasten names on to things that don't need them and don't come when they are called by them, which is a matter of no consequence to her, she is such a numbskull, anyway; so 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

there than they were before, only quieter. When night comes I shall throw them outdoors. I will not sleep with them again, for I find them clammy and unpleasant to lie among when a person hasn't anything on.

Monday — The new creature says its name is Eve. That is all right, I have no objections. Says it is to call it by, when I want it to come. I said it was superfluous, then. The word evidently raised me in its respect; and indeed it is a large, good word and will bear repetition. It says it is not an It, it is a She. This is probably doubtful; yet it is all one to me; what she is were nothing to me if she would but go by herself and not talk.

Tuesday — 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: Tuesday — All the morning I was at work improving the estate; and I purposely kept away from him in the hope that he would get lonely and come. But he did not. At noon I stopped for the day and took my recreation by flitting all about with the bees and the butterflies and reveling in the flowers, those beautiful creatures that catch the smile of God out of the sky and preserve it! I gathered them, and made them into wreaths and garlands and clothed myself in them while I ate my luncheon. Then I sat in the shade and wished and waited. But he did not come. But no matter. Nothing would have come of it, for the he does not care for flowers. He calls them rubbish, and cannot tell one from another, and thinks it is superior to feel like that. He does not care for me, he does not care for flowers, he does not care for the painted sky at eventide—is there anything he cares for except building shacks to coop himself up in from the good clean rain, and thumping the melons and sampling the grapes, and fingering the fruit on the trees, to see how those properties are coming along? I laid a dry stick on the ground and tried to bore a hole in it with another one, in order to carry out a scheme that I had, and soon I got an awful fright. A thin, transparent bluish film rose out of the hole, and I dropped everything and ran! I thought it was a spirit, and I was so frightened! But I looked back, and it was not coming; so I leaned against a rock and rested and panted, and let my limbs go on trembling until they got steady again; then I crept warily back. I was curious to know what the pink dust was. Suddenly the name of it occurred to me, though I had never heard of it before. It was fire! I was as certain of it as a person could be of anything in the world. So without hesitation I named it that—fire. I had created something that didn't exist before; I had added a new thing to the world's uncountable properties; I realized this and was proud of my achievement and

was going to run and find him and tell him about it, thinking to raise myself in his esteem—but I reflected, and did not do it. No—he would not care for it. He would ask what it was good for, and what could I answer? For if it was not good for something, but only beautiful, merely beautiful—So I sighed, and did not go. For it wasn't good for anything. Soon, brilliant yellow-and-red flares shot up through the smoke, and I named them in an instant—flames! He came and stopped and gazed, and said not a word for many minutes. Then he asked what it was. Ah, it was too bad that he should ask such a direct question. I had to answer it, of course, and I did. I said it was fire. If it annoyed him that I should know and he must ask, that was not my fault; I had no desire to annoy him. After a pause he asked: "How did it come?"

"I made it."

The fire was travelling farther and farther off. He went to the edge of the burned place and stood looking down, and said: "What are these?"

"Fire coals."

He picked up one to examine it, but changed his mind and put it down again, Then he went away, Nothing interests him. But I was interested. Fire is beautiful; some day it will be useful, I think.

ADAM: Friday — She says the snake advises her to try the fruit of that tree, and says the result will be a great and fine and noble education. I told her there would be another result too—it would introduce death into the world. That was a mistake—it had been better to keep the remark to myself; it only gave her an idea—she could save the sick buzzard, and furnish fresh meat to the despondent lions and tigers. I advised her to keep away from the tree. She said she wouldn't. I foresee trouble. Will emigrate.

EVE: Friday — I saw him again, for a moment, at nightfall, but only for a moment. I was hoping he would praise me for trying to improve the estate, for I had meant well and had worked hard. But he was not pleased, and turned away and left me. The fire had revealed to me a new passion—quite new, and distinctly different from love, grief, and those others which I had already discovered—fear. And it is horrible!—I wish I had never discovered it; it gives me dark moments, it spoils my happiness, it makes me shiver and tremble and shudder. He has not discovered fear yet, and so he could not understand me.

ADAM: Saturday — Perhaps I ought to remember that she is very young, a mere girl, and make allowances. She is all interest, eagerness, vivacity, the world is to her a charm, a wonder, a mystery, a joy; she can't speak for delight when she finds a new flower, she must pet it and caress it and smell it and talk to it, and

pour out endearing names upon it. And she is color-mad: brown rocks, yellow sand, gray moss, green foliage, blue sky, the pearl of the dawn, the purple shadows on the mountains, the golden islands floating in crimson seas at sunset, the pallid moon sailing through the shredded cloud-rack, the star-jewels glittering in the wastes of space—none of them is of any practical value, so far as I can see, but because they have color and majesty, that is enough for her, and she loses her mind over them. If she could quiet down and keep still a couple of minutes at a time, it would be a reposeful spectacle. In that case I think I could enjoy looking at her; indeed I am sure I could, for I am coming to realize that she is a quite remarkably comely creature—lithe, slender, trim, rounded, shapely, nimble, graceful; and once when she was standing marble-white and sun-drenched on a boulder with her young head tilted back and her hand shading her eyes, watching the flight of a bird in the sky, I recognized that she was beautiful.

Monday noon — If there is anything on the planet that she is not interested in it is not in my list. There are animals that I am indifferent to, but it is not so with her. She has no discrimination, she takes to all of them, she thinks they are all treasures, every new one is welcome. When the mighty brontosaurus came striding into camp, she regarded it as an acquisition. I considered it a calamity; that is a good example of the lack of harmony that prevails in our views of things. She wanted to domesticate it, I wanted to make it a present of the homestead and move out. She believed it could be tamed by kind treatment and would be a good pet; I said a pet twenty-one feet high and eighty-four feet long would be no proper thing to have about the place, because, even with the best intentions and without meaning any harm, it could sit down on the house and mash it, for any one could see by the look of its eye that it was absent-minded. Still, her heart was set upon having that monster, and she wouldn't give it up. Was she satisfied now? No. Nothing ever satisfies her but demonstration; untested theories are not in her line, and she won't have them. It is the right spirit, I concede it; it attracts me; I feel the influence of it; if I were with her more I think I should take it up myself. Well, she had one theory remaining about this colossus: she thought that we could tame him in the river and use him for a bridge. It turned out that he was already plenty tame enough—at least as far as she was concerned; so she tried her theory but it failed: every time she got him properly placed in the river and went ashore to cross over on him he came out and followed her around like a pet mountain. Like the other animals. They all do that.

EVE: Friday — Tuesday — Wednesday — Thursday — and today: all without seeing him. It is a long time to be alone; still, it is better to be alone than

unwelcome. I had to have company—I was made for it, I think—so I made friends with the animals. They are just charming, and they have the kindest disposition and the politest ways; they never look sour, they never let you feel that you are intruding, they smile at you and wag their tail, if they've got one, and they are always ready for a romp or an excursion or anything you want to propose. I think they are perfect gentlemen. All these days we have had such good times, and it hasn't been lonesome for me, ever. Lonesome! No, I should say not. Why, there's always a swarm of them around—sometimes as much as four or five acres—you can't count them; and when you stand on a rock in their midst and look out over the furry expanse it is so mottled and splashed and gay with color and frisking sheen and sun-flash, and so rippled with stripes, that you might think it was a lake, only you know it isn't; and there's storms of sociable birds, and hurricanes of whirring wings; and when the sun strikes all that feathery commotion you have a blazing up of all the colors you can think, enough to put your eyes out. We have made long excursions, and I have seen a great deal of the world; almost all of it, I think; and so I am the first traveler, and the only one. When we are on the march, it is an imposing sight—there's nothing like it anywhere. For comfort I ride a tiger or a leopard, because it is soft and has a round back that fits me, and because they are such pretty animals, but for long distance or for scenery I ride the elephant. He hoists me up with his trunk, but I can get off myself; when we are ready to come, he sits and I slide down the back way. The birds and animals are all friendly to each other, and there are no disputes about anything. They all talk, and they all talk to me, but it must be a foreign language, for I cannot make out a word they say; yet they often understand me when I talk back, particularly the dog and the elephant. It makes me ashamed. It shows that they are brighter than I am, and are therefore my superiors. It annoys me, for I want to be the principal experiment myself—and I intend to be, too. At first I couldn't make out what I was made for, but now I think it was to search out the secrets of this wonderful world and be happy and thank the Giver of all for devising it. I think there are many things to learn yet—I hope so; and by economizing and not hurrying too fast I think they will last weeks and weeks. I hope so.

ADAM: Wednesday — I have had a variegated time. I escaped last night, and rode a horse all night as fast as he could go, hoping to get clear out of the Park and hide in some other country before the trouble should begin; but it was not to be. I found this place, outside the Park, and was fairly comfortable for a few days, but she has found me out. In fact I was not sorry she came, for there are but meager pickings here, and she brought some of those apples. I was obliged to eat them, I was so hungry. It was against my principles, but I find that principles

have no real force except when one is well fed ... She came curtained in boughs and bunches of leaves, and when I asked her what she meant by such nonsense, and snatched them away and threw them down, she tittered and blushed. I had never seen a person titter and blush before, and to me it seemed unbecoming and idiotic. She said I would soon know how it was myself. This was correct. Hungry as I was, I laid down the apple half-eaten—and arrayed myself in the discarded boughs and branches, and then spoke to her with some severity and ordered her to go and get some more and not make such a spectacle of herself. She did it, and I made her patch together a couple of suits proper for public occasions. They are uncomfortable, it is true, but stylish, and that is the main point about clothes ... I find 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. Another thing, she says it is ordered that we work for our living hereafter. She will be useful. I will superintend.

EVE: After The Fall — When I look back, the Garden is a dream to me. It was beautiful, surpassingly beautiful, enchantingly beautiful; and now it is lost and I shall not see it any more. 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, and this, I think, is proper to my youth and sex. If I ask myself why I love him, I find I do not know. I love certain birds because of their song; but I do not love Adam on account of his singing—no, it is not that; the more he sings the more I do not get reconciled to it. Yet I ask him to sing, because I wish to learn to like everything he is interested in. I am sure I can learn, because at first I could not stand it, but now I can. It sours the milk, but it doesn't matter; I can get used to that kind of milk. It is not on account of his gracious and considerate ways and his delicacy that I love him. No, he lacks in these regards, but he is well enough just so, and is improving. It is not on account of his chivalry that I love him—no, it is not that. He told on me, but I do not blame him; it is a peculiarity of sex, I think, and he did not make his sex. Of course I would not have told on him, I would have perished first; but that is a peculiarity of sex, too, and I do not take credit for it, for I did not make my sex. Then why is it that I love him? Merely because he is masculine, I think. 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. Yes, I think I love him merely because he is mine and is masculine. There is no other reason, I suppose. And so I think it is as I first said: that this kind of love is not a product of reasonings and statistics. It just comes—no one knows whence—and cannot

explain itself. And doesn't need to. It is what I think. But I am only a girl, and the first that has examined this matter, and it may turn out that in my ignorance and inexperience I have not got it right.

ADAM: Ten Days Later — She accuses me of being the cause of our disaster! She says, with apparent sincerity and truth, that the Serpent assured her that the forbidden fruit was not apples, it was chestnuts. I said I was innocent then, for I had not eaten any chestnuts. She said the Serpent informed her that "chestnut" was a figurative term meaning an aged and mouldy joke. I turned pale at that, for I have made many jokes to pass the weary time. She asked me if I had made one. I was obliged to admit that I had made one to myself, though not aloud. It was this. I was thinking about the Falls, and I said to myself, "How wonderful it is to see that vast body of water tumble down there!" Then in an instant a bright thought flashed into my head, and I let it fly, saying, "It would be more wonderful to see it tumble up there!" "There," she said, with triumph, "that is just it; the Serpent mentioned that very jest, and called it the First Chestnut, and said it was coeval with the creation." Alas, I am indeed to blame. Would that I were not witty; oh, that I had never had that radiant thought!

Next Year — We have named it Cain. She caught it while I was up country trapping; caught it in a timber a couple of miles from our dugout—or it might have been four, she isn't certain which. It resembles us in some ways, and may be a relation. That is what she thinks, but this is an error, in my judgment. The difference in size warrants the conclusion that it is a different and new kind of animal—a fish, perhaps, though when I put it in the water to see, it sank, and she plunged in and snatched it out before there was opportunity for the experiment to determine the matter. The coming of the creature seems to have changed her whole nature and made her unreasonable about experiments. She thinks more of it than she does of any of the other animals, but is not able to explain why.

Another Year Later — I have been comparing the new one with the old one, and it is perfectly plain that they are the same breed. I was going to stuff one of them for my collection, but she is prejudiced against it for some reason or another; so I have relinquished the idea, though I think it is a mistake. It would be an irreparable loss to science if they should get away. The new one is as ugly now as the old one was at first; has the same sulphur-and-raw-meat complexion and the same singular head without any fur on it. She calls it Abel.

Ten Years Later — They are boys; we found it out long ago. It was their coming in that small, immature shape that puzzled us; we were not used to it. There are

some girls now. Abel is a good boy, but if Cain had stayed a bear it would have improved him. 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 what brought us near together and taught me to know the goodness of her heart and the sweetness of her spirit!

EVE: Forty Years Later —It is my prayer, it is my longing, that we may pass from this life together—a longing which shall never perish from the earth, but shall have place in the heart of every wife that loves, until the end of time; and it shall be called by my name. 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? This prayer is also immortal, and will not cease from being offered up while my race continues. I am the first wife; and in the last wife I shall be repeated.

ADAM: At Eve's Grave — Wheresoever she was, there was Eden.

CURTAIN

## NOAH'S ARK

### A Humorous dialogue

Taken from Mark Twain's *About All Kinds of Ships at Sea* (1893)

*Edited by Nona and Cal Claus*

### CAST

NOAH: A novice shipwright and presumptive captain  
INSPECTOR: A German maritime examiner and seaport official  
NARRATOR: Provides opening and closing information

#### Place

*The German port of Bremen.*

#### Time

Just prior to an anticipated, catastrophic, worldwide flood.

NARRATOR: In the port of Bremen, Germany, a vessel is secured to the wharf. A beautifully uniformed inspector arrives who is respectful, dignified, and kindly, but is there to make sure that this vessel, and its captain and crew, will be equal to the demands of the North Sea. The examiner will not miss a single detail: we could expect that the captain would be made to tell where he was born, and how old he was, and what religious sect he belonged to, and the amount of his income, and the grade and position he claimed socially, and the name and style of his occupation, and how many wives and children he had, and how many servants, and the name, sex and age of the whole of them; and if he hadn't a passport he would be courteously required to get one right away. Only then would the matter of the ship he has chosen to call "The Ark" be taken up:

INSPECTOR: What is her length?

NOAH: Six hundred feet.

INSPECTOR: Depth?

NOAH: Sixty-five.

INSPECTOR: Beam?

NOAH: Fifty or sixty.

INSPECTOR: Built of---?

NOAH: Wood.

INSPECTOR: What kind?

NOAH: Shittim and gopher.

INSPECTOR: Interior and exterior decorations?

NOAH: Pitched within and without.

INSPECTOR: Passengers?

NOAH: Eight.

INSPECTOR: Sex?

NOAH: Half male the others female.

INSPECTOR: Ages?

NOAH: From a hundred years up.

INSPECTOR: Up to where?

NOAH: Six hundred.

INSPECTOR: Ah— Surgeon's name?

NOAH: We have no surgeon.

INSPECTOR: Must have a surgeon. And also an undertaker—particularly the undertaker. These people must not be left without the necessities of life at their age. Crew?

NOAH: The same eight.

INSPECTOR: The same eight?

NOAH: The same eight.

INSPECTOR: And half of them women?

NOAH: Yes.

INSPECTOR: Have they ever served as seamen?

NOAH: No.

INSPECTOR: Have the men?

NOAH: No.

INSPECTOR: Have any of you ever been to sea?

NOAH: No.

INSPECTOR: Where were you reared?

NOAH: On a farm—all of us.

INSPECTOR: This vessel requires a crew of eight hundred men, she not being a steamer. You must provide them. She must have four mates and nine cooks. Who is captain?

NOAH: I am.

INSPECTOR: You must get a captain. Also a chambermaid. Also nurses for the old people. Who designed this vessel?

NOAH: I did.

INSPECTOR: Is it your first attempt?

NOAH: Yes.

INSPECTOR: I partly suspected it. Cargo?

NOAH: Animals.

INSPECTOR: Kind?

NOAH: All kinds.

INSPECTOR: Wild or tame?

NOAH: Mainly wild.

INSPECTOR: Foreign, or domestic?

NOAH: Mainly foreign.

INSPECTOR: Principal wild ones?

NOAH: Elephant, rhinoceros, lion, tiger, wolf, snakes—all the wild things of all climes—two of each.

INSPECTOR: Securely caged?

NOAH: No, not caged.

INSPECTOR: They must have iron cages. Who feeds and waters the menagerie?

NOAH: We do.

INSPECTOR: The old people?

NOAH: Yes.

INSPECTOR: It is dangerous—for both. The animals must be cared for by a competent force. How many animals are there?

NOAH: Big ones, seven thousand; big and little together, ninety eight thousand.

INSPECTOR: You must provide twelve hundred keepers. How is the vessel lighted?

NOAH: By two windows.

INSPECTOR: Where are they?

NOAH: Up under the eaves.

INSPECTOR: Two windows for a tunnel six hundred feet long and sixty-five feet deep? You must put in the electric light—a few arc lights and fifteen hundred incandescent. What do you do in case of leaks? How many pumps have you?

NOAH: None.

INSPECTOR: You must provide pumps. How do you get water for the passengers and the animals?

NOAH: We let down the buckets from the windows.

INSPECTOR: It is inadequate. What is your motive power?

NOAH: What is my which?

INSPECTOR: Motive power. What power do you use in driving the ship?

NOAH: None.

INSPECTOR: You must provide sails or steam. What is the nature of your steering apparatus?

NOAH: We haven't any.

INSPECTOR: Haven't you a rudder?

NOAH: No.

INSPECTOR: How do you steer the vessel?

NOAH: We don't.

INSPECTOR: You must provide a rudder, and properly equip it. How many anchors have you?

NOAH: None.

INSPECTOR: You must provide six. One is not permitted to sail a vessel like this without that protection. How many life boats have you?

NOAH: None.

INSPECTOR: Provide twenty five. How many life preservers?

NOAH: None.

INSPECTOR: You will provide two thousand. How long are you expecting your voyage to last?

NOAH: Eleven to twelve months.

INSPECTOR: Eleven or twelve months! Pretty slow—What is your ship sheathed with, copper?

NOAH: Her hull is bare—not sheathed at all.

INSPECTOR: Dear man, the wood-boring creatures of the sea would riddle her like a sieve and send her to the bottom in three months! She cannot be allowed to go away, in this condition; she must be sheathed. One word more: may I ask what the animals are for?

NOAH: Just to breed others from.

INSPECTOR: Others? Is it possible that you haven't enough?

NOAH: For the present needs of civilization, yes; but the rest are going to be drowned in a flood, and these are to renew the supply.

INSPECTOR: A flood?

NOAH: Yes.

INSPECTOR: Are you sure of that?

NOAH: Perfectly sure. It is going to rain forty days and forty nights.

INSPECTOR: Give yourself no concern about that, dear sir, it often does that here.

NOAH: Not this kind of rain. This is going to cover the mountain tops, and the earth will pass from sight.

INSPECTOR: Privately—but of course not officially—I'm sorry you revealed this, for it compels me to withdraw the option I gave you as to sails or steam. I must require you to use steam. Your ship cannot carry the hundredth part of an eleven-month water-supply for the animals. You will have to have condensed water.

NOAH: But I tell you I am going to dip water from outside with buckets.

INSPECTOR: It will not answer. Before the flood reaches the mountain tops the fresh water will have joined the salt seas, and it will all be salt. You must put in steam and condense your water. I will now bid you good-day, sir. Did I understand you to say that this was your very first attempt at shipbuilding?

NOAH: My very first. I give you the honest truth. I built this Ark without having ever had the slightest training or experience or instruction in marine architecture.

INSPECTOR: It is a remarkable work, sir, a most remarkable work. I consider that it contains more features that are new—absolutely new and unhackneyed—than are to be found in any other vessel that swims the seas.

NOAH: This compliment does me infinite honor, infinite; and I shall cherish the memory of it while life shall last. I offer my duty and most grateful thanks. Adieu!

NARRATOR: No, the German inspector would be limitlessly courteous to Noah, and would make him feel that he was among friends, but he wouldn't let him go to sea with that Ark.

CURTAIN