

THE DIARY OF EVE

A Humorous Reading

by
Mark Twain



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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. It could be, of course, that I was not noticing. I must be watchful, now, and if any day-before-yesterdays happen, it will be best to 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; and so I am coming to believe that is what I am—just an experiment, and nothing more.

This majestic new world is indeed a most noble and beautiful work, marvelously near to being perfect, notwithstanding the shortness of the time. There are too many stars in some places and not enough in others, but that can be remedied, no doubt. The moon got loose last night, and slid down and fell out of the scheme—a very great loss. There isn't anything else that is comparable to it for beauty and finish. It should have been fastened better. If we can only get it back again—

But there is no telling where it went to. Besides, whoever gets it will hide it; I know I would. I believe I can be honest in all other matters, but it would not be safe to trust me with a moon. For I do love moons, they are so pretty and so romantic. I wish we had five or six; I would never go to bed; I should never tire of looking at them.

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