

Eve's Diary

By Mark Twain

5 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 hap-
pened, or I should remember it. It could be, of course, that it did happen, and that I was not no-
ticing. Very well; I will be very watchful now, and if any day-before-yesterdays happen I will
10 make a note of it. It will be best to start right and not let the record get confused, for some in-
stinct 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; it would be impossible for a person to
feel more like an experiment than I do, and so I am coming to feel convinced that that is what I
AM—an experiment; just an experiment, and nothing more.

15 Then if I am an experiment, am I the whole of it? No, I think not; I think the rest of it is part of
it. I am the main part of it, but I think the rest of it has its share in the matter. Is my position
assured, or do I have to watch it and take care of it? The latter, perhaps. Some instinct tells me
that eternal vigilance is the price of supremacy. (That is a good phrase, I think, for one so
young.)

20 Everything looks better today than it did yesterday. In the rush of finishing up yesterday, the
mountains were left in a ragged condition, and some of the plains were so cluttered with rub-
bish and remnants that the aspects were quite distressing. Noble and beautiful works of art
should not be subjected to haste; and this majestic new world is indeed a most noble and beau-
tiful work. And certainly 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
25 remedied presently, no doubt. The moon got loose last night, and slid down and fell out of the
scheme—a very great loss; it breaks my heart to think of it. There isn't another thing among
the ornaments and decorations that is comparable to it for beauty and finish. It should have
been fastened better. If we can only get it back again—