**DIARY OF ADAM AND EVE** *Eve*

(*Staring our front, taking in the world for a moment*) Sunlight? Hummingbirds? Lions? Where am I? I? What am I? (*She looks down at herself*) OH!! Whatever I am, I’m certainly a beautiful one. (*She laughs suddenly*) It’s very peculiar—but I feel like—an experiment. (*Laughing again*) In fact, it would be impossible to feel more like an experiment than I do. Then am I the whole experiment? (*She carefully surveys herself again*) I don’t think so. I better start making notes right now. Some instinct tells me these details are going to be important to the historians some day. Saturday. June 1st. Eden. Note: I arrived, feeling exactly like an experiment. Around me there is an incredible profusion of the most delightful objects. So many creatures and things, each is wondrous and beautiful. I see nothing that isn’t to my liking here in Eden. There’s plums and peaches and grapes, and the apples are especially inviting. It’s all so perfect and ideal, and yet I have one tiny reservation. There’s no one to talk to. Now, how did I get here? Where did I come from? What is my ultimate aim? I don’t know, but I’m glad I’m here. I just wish there was someone to talk to. (*She sees Adam carrying in a fish*) Drop that pickerel, you monster!! Put it back, do you hear me? If you don’t throw that pickerel back, I’m going to clod you right out of that tree. And don’t you ever do that again, you bully! I’m warning you! Now, I must talk to you. Please come down. There is something and I think it’s immensely important. I want to talk to you about us. What’s us? That’s a name I thought of. It means you and me. I think we’ve both been put here for a great and noble experiment! I think I’m the main part of this experiment, but you have a share in it, too. You see, you’re the only other animal that can talk! What? The parrot can talk, too? I didn’t know that! Well, I call it a parrot because that’s what it looks like. I just happen to have this talent. The minute I set eyes on an animal, I know what it is. I don’t have to think. The right name comes out by inspiration. So far, you’re the only exception. What is your name? Adam...Adam... Why do you hate me so much? I just can’t understand it! I’m a very interesting person. And if you’d only talk to me nicely, I could be twice as interesting. (*Adam leaves)* Somehow we got off on the wrong foot. I seem to aggravate it. I think it’s a reptile. But I do wonder what it’s for. I never see it do anything. Nothing seems to interest it—except resting. It’s a man!! If it is a man, then it isn’t an *it*, is it? No. It should be: Nominative: He. Dative: Him. Possessive: His’n. Adam....that sound is pleasanter in my ears than any I have heard so far.