



: UNIT STRUCTURE :

- 7.0 Objectives**
- 7.1 Introduction**
- 7.2 Text: ‘EVE’S DIARY’ BY MARK TWAIN**
- 7.3 Background of the Story**
- 7.4 About the Story**
- 7.5 Let Us Sum Up**
- 7.6 Key Words**
- 7.7 Books Suggested**

Answers

7.0 OBJECTIVES

In this unit, we shall study the following aspects of the unit:

- Learn about the writer Mark Twain in brief,
- Some facts about the unit,
- Background of the Story and
- The story in details

7.1 INTRODUCTION

Mark Twain was born on November 30, 1835 Florida, Missouri and died on April 21, 1910. He was an American writer and humourist. Mark Twain, the pseudonym used by Samuel Langhorne Clemens, first appeared on February 3, 1863, in a piece he contributed to the Virginia City Territorial Enterprise. Prior to adopting Mark Twain as his pen name, Clemens wrote under the pen name Thomas Jefferson Snodgrass for three humorous pieces he contributed to the *Keokuk Post*.

He is known for often satirical writing that exposes hypocrisy and corruption while examining small-town life in America in the 19th century. His best works are characterized by broad, often irreverent humour or biting social satire. His writing is also known for realism of place and language, memorable characters, and condemnation of hypocrisy and oppression.

He wrote several novels, including two major classics of American literature *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* (1876) and *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* (1884). Twain explored the American soul with wit, cheerfulness, and a sharp eye for truth. He was a versatile genius, a river boat pilot, lecturer, journalist, inventor and entrepreneur. American literary critic Lionel Trilling called Mark Twain’s *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* “one of the world’s great books and one of the central documents of American culture.”

STUDY OF SHORT STORY

When British writer Rudyard Kipling interviewed Mark Twain in 1889, Kipling was still making his reputation while he was at the height of his fame. Kipling visited Twain in Elmira, New York, after leaving India, where Kipling worked as a journalist. Kipling published this interview in his collection of stories titled *From Sea to Sea* (1899). Twain received an honorary doctorate from Oxford University in 1907. Some of Mark Twain's works follows:

Novels/Fiction: (Total: 19)

1. The Gilded Age
2. 1601 humorous work
3. Adventures of Huckleberry Finn, The
4. Adventures of Tom Sawyer, The
5. American Claimant, The
6. Tom Sawyer, Detective
7. Tragedy of Pudd'nhead Wilson, The A novel, satire
8. Tramp Abroad, A novel (traveling)

Non-Fiction:

1. Chapters from My Autobiography
2. Following the Equator
3. Goldsmiths Friend Abroad Again
4. Letters of Mark Twain (complete), The
5. Life on the Mississippi

Plays:

1. Encounter With An Interviewer, An one-act short play

Poems:

1. Those Annual Bills

Essays: (Total 18)

1. As Concerns Interpreting
2. At the Shrine of St. Wagner
3. Taming the Bicycle
4. Turning-Point of My Life, The
5. What Is Man?
6. William Dean Howells
7. Concerning Tobacco
8. Death of Jean, The
9. Bee, The

Short Stories: (He wrote as many as 127 Short stories) here is the list of some of them.

1. "After" Jenkins

2. "Party Cries" In Ireland
3. About Barbers
4. About Magnanimous-Incident Literature
5. English as She is Taught
6. Entertaining Article, An
7. Esquimaux Maiden's Romance, The
8. Eve's Diary
9. Fable, A
10. Facts Concerning The Recent Resignation, The
11. Siamese Twins, The
12. Speech at The Scottish Banquet In London
13. Speech on Accident Insurance
14. Speech on The Babies
15. Speech on The Weather
16. Stolen White Elephant, The
17. Story of The Bad Little Boy, The
18. Story of The Good Little Boy
19. Switzerland, the Cradle of Liberty
20. Wit Inspirations of The "Two-Year-Olds"

Trilling called Mark Twain's *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* "one of the world's great books and one of the central documents of American culture."

CHECK YOUR PROGRESS 1

INSTRUCTIONS:

The following details regarding the writer are to be kept in mind

- Mark Twain, the pseudonym used by Samuel Langhorne Clemens
- He was an American writer and humourist.
- He is known for often satirical writing that exposes hypocrisy and corruption while examining small-town life in America in the 19th century.
- He wrote several novels, including two major classics of American literature *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* (1876) and *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* (1884).
- Trilling called Mark Twain's *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* "one of the world's great books and one of the central documents of American culture."

Mark Twain, pseudonym of Samuel Langhorne Clemens (1835-1910), American writer and humorist, whose best work is characterized by broad, often irreverent humor or biting social satire. Twain's writing is also known for realism of place and language, memorable characters, and condemnation of hypocrisy and oppression.

STUDY OF SHORT STORY

Clemens was born in Florida, Missouri, on November 30, 1835, and moved with his family to Hannibal, Missouri, a port on the Mississippi River, when he was four years old. There he received a public school education and spent his childhood in contact with the people who made their living from the river. After the death of his father in 1847, Clemens was apprenticed to two Hannibal printers, and in 1851, he began setting type for and contributing sketches to his brother Orion's *Hannibal Journal*. Subsequently he worked as a printer in Keokuk, Iowa; New York City; Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; and other cities.

In 1857, Clemens set out for New Orleans by riverboat, with the intention of going on to South America in search of adventure. Talks with the boat's pilot, however, revived Clemens's boyhood dream of "learning the river," and he was taken on as an apprentice. He received his license as a pilot in 1859 and worked as a steamboat pilot on the Mississippi River until the American Civil War (1861-1865) brought an end to travel on the river. In 1861, Clemens served briefly as a volunteer soldier in the Confederate cavalry. Later that year he accompanied Orion to the newly created Nevada Territory, where he tried his hand at silver mining.

For almost a year, Clemens worked as a prospector in Nevada, but without much success. During that year he began contributing humorous sketches to the *Territorial Enterprise*, a newspaper published in Virginia City, Nevada, and in 1862, he became a reporter for the paper. Seeking a good pen name, he chose Mark Twain, a Mississippi riverboat phrase called out to test the water's depth; "twain," or two fathoms (12 feet) deep, meant it was safe for navigating. In May 1864, a quarrel with a rival journalist, whom he challenged to a duel, forced Twain to flee to San Francisco, California. For the next two years, he worked for various California papers. During this time he met American writers Artemus Ward and Bret Harte, who encouraged him in his work.

In 1865, Twain reworked a tale he had heard in the California gold fields, and within months the author and the story, "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County," had become national sensations. The story, which was published in several newspapers, is a typical example of the tall tale, or exaggerated tale of the frontier, which was the basis of much of Twain's humor.

Early in 1866, the Sacramento *Union* commissioned Twain to do a series of letters about Hawaii. Their popularity encouraged him to try a humorous lecture based on his experiences. Its enormous success marked the beginning of his career as an internationally famous and popular humorous lecturer. As a result of his Hawaiian triumph, Twain was commissioned by a San Francisco newspaper to supply a weekly newsletter on New York City. After his arrival in New York City, he saw an announcement for a Mediterranean cruise and persuaded the newspaper to send him on it.

Twain wrote of his cruise to Europe and Palestine in *The Innocents Abroad* (1869), a highly successful travel book that is a delightful combination of humor and shrewd observation. *The Innocents Abroad* shows Twain at his irreverent best, debunking the awestruck and uncritical admiration of many Americans for European civilization. Besides supplying the material for the book, the cruise brought him the friendship of Charles Langdon, whose sister Olivia married Twain in 1870.

With help from Jervis Langdon, his prosperous father-in-law, Twain bought an interest in the Buffalo, New York *Express*, intending to make journalism his career. The venture proved unhappy. Jervis Langdon died of cancer, and the Twains' son, Langdon, died in infancy. In 1871 the couple moved to Hartford, Connecticut, where their three daughters were born: Suzy in 1872, Clara in 1874, and Jean in 1880. Much of Twain's best work was written in the 1870s and 1880s in Hartford or during the summers at Quarry Farm, near Elmira, New York.

After publishing *Roughing It* (1872), an account of his early adventures as a miner and journalist, Twain wrote his first novel, *The Gilded Age* (1873), in collaboration with Charles Dudley Warner. Although not entirely successful, the book nevertheless contains some sharp and revealing insights about American political life in the 1870s. That period in United States history has often been called the Gilded Age in recognition of the novel's accurate representation of a time of greed, wealth, and corruption.

A visit from a boyhood friend reminded Twain of youthful escapades in Hannibal. After two or three false starts, Twain found the right approach and worked on *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* at intervals throughout 1874 and 1875. Published in 1876 it established Twain as a master of character and situation as well as humor. This celebration of boyhood in a town on the Mississippi River draws heavily on Twain's memories. In his words, Tom "was all the boy I ever knew." Rejecting the standard pattern of juvenile literature in which good children are rewarded and bad children are punished, he wrote a novel about real youngsters, vividly and humorously describing their impressions and their adventures.

The many colorful incidents in *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* include Tom's courtship of Becky Thatcher, his plans for a pirate gang, and his escapades with his friend Huckleberry ("Huck") Finn. In one of the book's best-known scenes, Tom is ordered to whitewash a fence as his punishment for playing hooky. He gets his friends to do the work by making it seem a great honor. Much of the plot revolves around a murder, which Tom and Huck witness. Terrified, they hide on an island. When they secretly return to town, they find that the townspeople think them dead and have arranged their funeral. At the funeral, Tom and Huck are discovered to be alive. They become heroes by identifying the murderer and saving an innocent suspect.

Almost as soon as *Tom Sawyer* was completed Twain planned a companion story, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*. Begun in 1876 it was repeatedly put aside but finally published in 1884. With *Huckleberry Finn*, generally considered his masterpiece, Twain reach the highest level of his creativity. Especially outstanding is Twain's portrayal of the freethinking, pioneer spirit of Huck, who fights pretense and hypocrisy with good-humored common sense. Huck's adventures also provide the reader with a panorama of American life along the Mississippi before the Civil War. Twain's skill in capturing the rhythms of that life helps make the book one of the classics of American literature.

The story is narrated by Huck, a rough, good-natured boy of little education but keen intelligence, who lives with the Widow Douglas. Huck is kidnapped

STUDY OF SHORT STORY

by his shiftless father, who keeps him prisoner in an isolated cabin. The boy escapes and, together with a runaway slave, Jim, sails down the Mississippi on a raft. During their trip, Huck and Jim encounter many unusual characters, including two families involved in a senseless feud and a pair of scoundrels who swindle innocent townspeople. Their experiences bring about a strong friendship between the boy and the slave, but their adventures end when Jim is captured and held at the farm of Tom Sawyer's Aunt Sally. When Tom comes to visit his aunt, he, with Huck's reluctant help, concocts a fantastic but unsuccessful scheme to free Jim. Huck later learns that Jim has long since been granted his freedom by his former owner.

Faced with the prospect of being adopted by Aunt Sally, the self-reliant Huck decides to go West, saying: "I reckon I got to light out for the territory ahead of the rest, because Aunt Sally she's going to adopt me and sivilize me, and I can't stand it. I been there before." Thus Huck becomes the symbol of untamed America, someone who will not bow to the conventions of a society that is crowding in on him. The novel is a masterpiece in its choice of episodes that reveal the conflicts of the age, in its dramatic tensions, its folklore, its varied cast of characters, and its naturalness of language.

The adventures of Huck and Jim show Huck (and the reader) the cruelty of which people is capable. Another theme of the novel is the conflict between Huck's feelings of friendship with Jim, who is one of the few people he can trust, and his knowledge that he is breaking the laws of the time by helping Jim escape. In one of the book's most powerful scenes Huck decides that, even if it means committing a sin, he won't return Jim to slavery: "All right, then, I'll go to hell."

Unlike *Tom Sawyer*, in which a mature narrator recalls his youth, *Huckleberry Finn* is told in the first person, through the mouth of a 13- or 14-year-old boy. To keep the narration plausibly within the limits of Huck's mental and emotional development was a triumph in itself. But additionally, American backwoods vernacular (everyday speech), previously used only in low-life satire, here became a literary instrument for the first time. Moreover, the vernacular is applied to a cross section of pre-Civil War Southern society, from its dregs (Huck's father) to its aristocracy. It takes numerous readings to grasp the subtlety with which social levels are differentiated and to understand that the book's true hero is Jim.

Among the books, Twain worked on, while *Huckleberry Finn* was set aside, were *A Tramp Abroad* (1880), which describes a walking trip through the Black Forest of Germany and the Swiss Alps, and *The Prince and the Pauper* (1882), a children's book that focuses on switched identities in Tudor England. *Life on the Mississippi* (1883) combines an autobiographical account of his experiences as a river pilot with a visit to the Mississippi nearly two decades after he left it. The first part of the book, about his early experiences, was originally serialized in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1875 as *Old Times on the Mississippi*. In the second part of the book, Twain records the changes he finds upon his return: Railroad competition has endangered the river trade

and the riverboat pilot is no longer a respected figure. Twain regrets the passing of a great era and protests that the train is no substitute for the elegant riverboat.

In 1884, Twain formed the firm Charles L. Webster and Company to publish his and other writers' works. At first, it was a profitable venture. The first publications were Twain's *Huckleberry Finn* and *Personal Memoirs* (two volumes, 1885-1886), by American general and president Ulysses S. Grant. A disastrous investment in an automatic typesetting machine led to the firm's bankruptcy in 1894. To economize, Twain and his family went to Europe in 1891 and for the next decade had no permanent home. After the firm failed, Twain announced that he would pay all debts in full, and in 1895 began a successful worldwide lecture tour. The tour and the book based on it, *Following the Equator* (1897), paid off Twain's debts. But while Twain was touring, his daughter Suzy died of meningitis.

Twain's work during the 1890s and the 1900s is marked by growing pessimism and bitterness—the result of his business reverses and the death of his wife, Olivia, in 1904 and his daughter Jean in 1909. Twain died less than four months after Jean, on April 21, 1910, in Redding, Connecticut.

Signs of Twain's bitterness appear in *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* (1889). Intended as a satire on the cruelty and credulity of people in feudal England (*see* Feudalism), the tale veers from farce to tragedy and back again. Other significant later works are *Pudd'nhead Wilson* (1894), a novel set in the South before the Civil War that criticizes racism by focusing on mistaken racial identities, and *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc* (1896), a sentimental biography. Twain's other later writings include short stories, the best known of which are "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg" (1899) and "The War Prayer" (1905); philosophical, social, and political essays; the manuscript of "The Mysterious Stranger," an uncompleted piece that was published posthumously in 1916; and autobiographical dictations. His last, most scathing attack against "the damned human race," *Letters from the Earth*, was kept from publication by his daughter Clara until 1962.

Twain's work was inspired by the unconventional American West, and the popularity of his work marked the end of the domination of American literature by New England writers. He is justly renowned as a humorist but was not always appreciated by the writers of his time as anything more than that. Successive generations of writers, however, recognized the role that Twain played in creating a truly American literature. He portrayed uniquely American subjects in a humorous and colloquial, yet poetic, language. His success in creating this plain but evocative language precipitated the end of American reverence for British and European culture and for the more formal language associated with those traditions. His adherence to American themes, settings, and language set him apart from many other novelists of the day and had a powerful effect on such later American writers as Ernest Hemingway and William Faulkner, both of whom pointed to Twain as an inspiration for their own writing.

In Twain's later years, he wrote less, but he became a celebrity, frequently speaking out on public issues. He also came to be known for the white linen suit he always wore when making public appearances. Twain received an honorary doc-

STUDY OF SHORT STORY

torate from the University of Oxford in 1907. When he died he left an uncompleted autobiography, which was eventually edited by his secretary, Albert Bigelow Paine, and published in 1924. In the mid-20th century, controversy arose regarding the teaching of *Huckleberry Finn* in schools because of the book's supposed racism. Some parents and school boards felt that the portrayal of Jim provided a negative stereotype of blacks, and they objected to Twain's use of the racial slurs of his time (Jim is called "Nigger Jim"). Yet *Huckleberry Finn* provides an indictment of racism, and many teachers believe that, if well taught, the book opens students' eyes to issues of racism, freedom, conscience, and self-definition in American society.

7.2 TEXT: 'EVE'S DIARY' BY MARK TWAIN

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 could be, of course, that it did happen, and that I was not noticing. Very well; I will be very watchful now, and if any day-before-yesterdayshappen I will make a note of 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; 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.

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.]

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 rubbish 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 beautiful 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 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—

But of course there is no telling where it went to. And besides, whoever gets it will hide it; I know it because I would do it myself. I believe I can be honest in all other matters, but I already begin to realize that the core and center of my nature is love of the beautiful, a passion for the beautiful, and that it would not be safe to trust me with a moon that belonged to another person and that person didn't know I had it. I could give up a moon that I found in the daytime, because I should be afraid someone was looking; but if I found it in the dark, I am sure I should find some

kind of an excuse for not saying anything about it. 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 get tired lying on the moss-bank and looking up at them.

Stars are good, too. I wish I could get some to put in my hair. But I suppose I never can. You would be surprised to find how far off they are, for they do not look it. When they first showed, last night, I tried to knock some down with a pole, but it didn't reach, which astonished me; then I tried clods till I was all tired out, but I never got one. It was because I am left-handed and cannot throw good. Even when I aimed at the one I wasn't after I couldn't hit the other one, though I did make some close shots, for I saw the black blot of the clod sail right into the midst of the golden clusters forty or fifty times, just barely missing them, and if I could have held out a little longer maybe I could have got one.

So I cried a little, which was natural, I suppose, for one of my age, and after I was rested I got a basket and started for a place on the extreme rim of the circle, where the stars were close to the ground and I could get them with my hands, which would be better, anyway, because I could gather them tenderly then, and not break them. But it was farther than I thought, and at last I had to give it up; I was so tired I couldn't drag my feet another step; and besides, they were sore and hurt me very much.

I couldn't get back home; it was too far and turning cold; but I found some tigers and nestled in among them and was most adorably comfortable, and their breath was sweet and pleasant, because they live on strawberries. I had never seen a tiger before, but I knew them in a minute by the stripes. If I could have one of those skins, it would make a lovely gown.

Today I am getting better ideas about distances. I was so eager to get hold of every pretty thing that I giddily grabbed for it, sometimes when it was too far off, and sometimes when it was but six inches away but seemed a foot—alas, with thorns between! I learned a lesson; also I made an axiom, all out of my own head—my very first one; THE SCRATCHED EXPERIMENT SHUNS THE THORN. I think it is a very good one for one so young.

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 frowzy 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, though it may be architecture.

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. Today the same thing over. I've got it up the

STUDY OF SHORT
STORY

tree again.

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.

They returned the moon last night, and I was SO happy! I think it is very honest of them. It slid down and fell off again, but I was not distressed; there is no need to worry when one has that kind of neighbours; they will fetch it back. I wish I could do something to show my appreciation. I would like to send them some stars, for we have more than we can use. I mean I, not we, for I can see that the reptile cares nothing for such things.

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 creature? 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.

If this reptile is a man, it isn't an IT, is it? That wouldn't be grammatical, would it? I think it would be HE. I think so. In that case one would parse it thus: nominative, HE; dative, HIM; possessive, HIS'N. Well, I will consider it a man and call it he until it turns out to be something else. This will be handier than having so many uncertainties.

NEXT WEEK SUNDAY.—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.

WEDNESDAY.—We are getting along very well indeed, now, and getting better and better acquainted. He does not try to avoid me anymore, 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 this. 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 pleasing 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 know 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!

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 him talk, and so how could it be that he could feel unkind toward 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 had 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.

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?

MONDAY.—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 good 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 in twice afterward, casually. It was good casual art, still it showed that he possesses a certain quality of perception. Without a doubt that

STUDY OF SHORT
STORY

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, someone to look at, someone to talk to. It is not enough—that lovely 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; it says, “Do not be downhearted, you poor friendless girl; I will be your friend.” It IS a good friend to me, and my only one; it is my sister.

That first time that she forsook me! ah, I shall never forget that —never, never. My heart was lead in my body! I said, “She was all I had, and now she is gone!” In my despair I said, “Break, my heart; I cannot bear my life any-more!” and hid my face in my hands, and there was no solace for me. And when I took them away, after a little, there she was again, white and shining and beautiful, and I sprang into her arms!

That was perfect happiness; I had known happiness before, but it was not like this, which was ecstasy. I never doubted her afterward. Sometimes she stayed away—maybe an hour, maybe almost the whole day, but I waited and did not doubt; I said, “She is busy, or she is gone on a journey, but she will come.” And it was so: she always did. At night she would not come if it was dark, for she was a timid little thing; but if there was a moon she would come. I am not afraid of the dark, but she is younger than I am; she was born after I was. Many and many are the visits I have paid her; she is my comfort and my refuge when my life is hard—and it is mainly that.

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 revelling 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—apples, of course; 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 he does not care for flowers. He called 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 does care 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, alert, watching, and ready to fly if there was occasion; and when I was come near, I parted the branches of a rose-bush and peeped through—wishing the man was about, I was looking so cunning and pretty—but the sprite was gone. I went there, and there was a pinch of delicate pink dust in the hole. I put my finger in, to feel it, and said OUCH! and took it out again. It was a cruel pain. I put my finger in my mouth; and by standing first on one foot and then the other, and grunting, I presently eased my misery; then I was full of interest, and began to examine.

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; it could not build a shack, it could not improve melons, it could not hurry a fruit crop; it was useless, it was a foolishness and a vanity; he would despise it and say cutting words. But to me it was not despicable; I said, "Oh, you fire, I love you, you dainty pink creature, for you are BEAUTIFUL—and that is enough!" and was going to gather it to my breast. But refrained. Then I made another maxim out of my head, though it was so nearly like the first one that I was afraid it was only a plagiarism: "THE BURNT EXPERIMENT SHUNS THE FIRE."

I wrought again; and when I had made a good deal of fire-dust I emptied it into a handful of dry brown grass, intending to carry it home and keep it always and play with it; but the wind struck it and it sprayed up and spat out at me fiercely, and I dropped it and ran. When I looked back the blue spirit was towering up and stretching and rolling away like a cloud, and instantly I thought of the name of it—SMOKE!—though, upon my word, I had never heard of smoke before.

Soon brilliant yellow and red flares shot up through the smoke, and I named them in an instant—FLAMES—and I was right, too, though these were the very first flames that had ever been in the world. They climbed the trees, then flashed splendidly in and out of the vast and increasing volume of tumbling smoke, and I had to clap my hands and laugh and dance in my rapture, it was so new and strange and so wonderful and so beautiful!

He came running, 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:

STUDY OF SHORT
STORY

“How did it come?”

Another direct question, and it also had to have a direct answer.

“I made it.”

The fire was traveling 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. There were ashes, gray and soft and delicate and pretty—I knew what they were at once. And the embers; I knew the embers, too. I found my apples, and raked them out, and was glad; for I am very young and my appetite is active. But I was disappointed; they were all burst open and spoiled. Spoiled apparently; but it was not so; they were better than raw ones. Fire is beautiful; some day it will be useful, I think.

FRIDAY.—I saw him again, for a moment, last Monday 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. He was also displeased on another account: I tried once more to persuade him to stop going over the Falls. That was because 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. But I could not persuade him, for he has not discovered fear yet, and so he could not understand me.

7.3 BACKGROUND OF THE STORY

To understand the story in a better way, it is very important to understand the story of Adam and Eve. According to the Bible, Adam and Eve were the first man and woman, forerunners of the human race. The creation of human beings occurs twice in the Bible, the first account in Genesis 1:26-27 and the second account in Genesis 2:18-24. In the first account, the Hebrew common noun Adam is used as a generic term for all human beings, regardless of gender; Eve is not mentioned at all. In the second account, Adam is created from the dust of the earth, whereas Eve is created from Adam's rib and given to him by God to be his wife.

Before the beginning of the 19th century, it was commonly assumed that every species of life, human beings included, had descended from a pair of aboriginal ancestors created directly by God. In this respect, the biblical story of Adam and Eve differs only in details from many other myths of the ancient Middle East and elsewhere. Similar motifs also appear in such ancient Mesopotamian sources as the Gilgamesh epic from about 2000 BC, for example.

In some respects, however, the story of Adam and Eve is unique. The early chapters of the Book of Genesis underwent considerable editorial work, and what began as a straightforward narrative of the beginning of the human species in

general was converted into a more sophisticated exploration of the situation of men and women in relation to one another and to their environment. This is evident in the introduction of the theme of a separate creation of woman in Genesis 2:18-24, which, among other things, argues for the complementarity of the two sexes. The impulse to provide explanations can also be seen in the way the story is used to attribute the imperfections of the world to human error: It is a consequence of primordial disobedience that the earth yields its fruits grudgingly (Genesis 3:17-19) and that woman's social position is inferior to that of man (3:16). Christian interpreters have traditionally associated this dimension of the story with the doctrine of original sin.

It is the ethical concern pervading the Biblical story of human origins that constitutes the story's primary claim to consideration as a religious classic. Before the emergence of higher criticism in biblical criticism in the 19th century, it was taken for granted that the story was nothing less than sober history. This is the position still maintained by some religious conservatives who view the divine influence (inspiration) on the production of the biblical narratives as a guarantee that everything in them must be accepted as literal fact (see Fundamentalism). Most present-day biblical scholars, however, accept the story of Adam and Eve for what it appears to be: a Hebrew story of human origins having much in common with the myths of other ancient peoples as well as a good deal that is distinctive. Far from diminishing the value of the biblical story, this realization serves to underscore the unique elements in ancient Hebrew religion.

CHECK YOUR PROGRESS 2

INSTRUCTIONS:

1. Read the story and try to understand the following issues related to the same
2. Write the answers in your own words
 - Understanding the Biblical story of Adam and Eve.
 - According to the Bible, Adam and Eve were the first man and woman, forerunners of the human race.
 - Adam is created from the dust of the earth, whereas Eve is created from Adam's rib and given to him by God to be his wife.
 - In the first account in Genesis 1:26-27, the Hebrew common noun Adam is _____

 - In the second account, Adam is created from _____

 - In the second account Eve is created from _____

7.4 ABOUT THE STORY

Eve's Diary was first published in the 1905 Christmas issue of the magazine Harper's Bazaar. It is a comic short story by Mark Twain. It was published in book format in June 1906 by Harper and Brothers publishing house. It is written in the style of a diary kept by the first woman in Christian creation story, Eve. The story of this novel revolves around the first-person account of Eve from her creation up to her burial by, her mate, Adam. It includes meeting and getting to know Adam, and exploring the world around her in the Garden of Eden i.e. paradise. It is one of Twain's best stories, in which he addresses gender equity issues, using his iconic wit and satire. This story puts a new twist on a very old story: the story of Adam and Eve from the Bible.

According to the Bible, Eve, the first woman, is created as a partner for Adam, the first man. When she tempts Adam into eating forbidden fruit of knowledge, they are thrown out of the Garden of Eden. Twain's story, however, is from Eve's point of view. It throws light on her character as fully independent with likes, dislikes, joys, and sorrows. She is separate from Adam, and the story follows as she discovers him and eventually falls in love. The writer takes the original Adam and Eve story and puts Eve in a positive light, showing her as a complete person.

As the title itself suggests, the story is arranged like a diary. The story is set at the beginning of the world, there are no dates, but there are only days of the week, seven days, starting from Saturday. The story begins on a Saturday, the day after Eve is 'born.' The story moves chronologically, as it moves forward in time as Eve lives her life.

There are no major climaxes in the story but there are a number of small conflicts found, here and there, between Adam and Eve, the two major characters of the story. Eve seems to be frustrated often by Adam's reactions to things. She is very happy. She finds life full of bliss and loves to talk and be with Adam all the time. When she comes to know that she has to live alone, without Adam, she is hurt too much. She feels very unhappy when Adam is not excited about the things that excite her.

The first and longest section of the story deals with Eve's time in the Garden of Eden. In this section, we see Eve discover new things and explore the vast beauty of the garden, which is home to a wide array of plants and animals. She is enchanted with the beauty of the Garden of Eden and this fills her heart with joy and pleasure. She is unable to express her delight in words.

The most surprising and interesting thing about the story is that Mark Twain completely skips over the actual event of Eve and Adam being kicked out of the Garden of Eden. This is the centre of the original tale of Adam and Eve, but it hardly matters to Twain's Eve at all. Eve makes it clear in the beginning itself, in a single line that there is forbidden fruit, *They are forbidden, and he says I shall come to harm...* Most of the incidents of the main story are skipped and the new section is titled *After the Fall*. The places of the first sin are just mentioned that is perhaps the main focus of the Adam and Eve tale.

To mention again, Twain skips ahead again to *Forty Years Later* after a few

paragraphs. This is only in sentences. In a comment Eve says that she still loves Adam. She also hopes she would die first because she can live without Adam.

The concluding section has only one sentence. It is entitled as *At Eve's Grave*, and Adam says *Wheresoever she was, THERE was Eden*. This finally reveals that he loved Eve as much as she loved him, and that wherever she was, that was his paradise. Paradise without Eve is not paradise at all. Eve's absence turns paradise into a desert.

'EVE'S DIARY' BY
MARK TWAIN

7.5 LET US SUM UP

At the end of the Unit, you learnt

- about the life and works of Mark Twain
- plot and theme of the story

CHECK YOUR PROGRESS 3

INSTRUCTIONS:

1. Keep in mind the minute details regarding the story along with its publication, characters and main themes.
2. Write the answers in your own words.
 - *Eve's Diary* was first published in the 1905.
 - *Eve's Diary* was first published in Christmas issue of the magazine Harper's Bazaar.
 - It is a comic short story.
 - *Eve's Diary* includes _____
 - The story is set at the beginning of the world, there are no dates, but there are only days of the week, seven days, starting from Saturday.
 - The most important thing about the story is that Mark Twain completely skips over the actual event of Eve and Adam being kicked out of the Garden of Eden.
 - The concluding section has only one sentence. It is entitled as *At Eve's Grave*, and Adam says *Wheresoever she was, THERE was Eden*.

CHECK YOUR PROGRESS 4

1. **Mark Twain was born on November 30, _____.**
 - a. 1835
 - b. 1853
 - c. 1935
 - d. 1953
2. **Mark Twain is known for often satirical writing that exposes hypocrisy and _____.**
 - a. Suspense
 - b. Pietism
 - c. Corruption
 - d. Uncertainty
3. **Mark Twain was a versatile genius, a riverboat pilot, lecturer, _____, inventor and entrepreneur.**
 - a. Judge
 - b. Engineer
 - c. Doctor
 - d. Journalist

pocrisy and corruption in America in the 19th century. His best works contain broad, often irreverent humour or biting social satire. His writing is characterized by realism of place and language, memorable characters, and condemnation of hypocrisy and oppression.

- He wrote several novels, including two major classics of American literature *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* (1876) and *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* (1884).

Mark Twain wrote novels, essays, letters, speeches, plays, poems and short stories. *Innocents Abroad*, published in 1869, is the first work by Mark Twain. This book made him recognizable in literature. The book was not well received, a fact that discouraged him from pursuing the literary career that he really wanted. During the ensuing years, Twain wrote for various publications and went on lecture tours around the world.

Check your progress2

- Understanding the Biblical story of Adam and Eve.

According to the Bible, Adam and Eve were the first man and woman, forerunners of the human race. The creation of human beings occurs twice in the Bible, the first account in Genesis 1:26-27 and the second account in Genesis 2:18-24. In the first account, the Hebrew common noun Adam is used as a generic term for all human beings, regardless of gender; Eve is not mentioned at all. In the second account, Adam is created from the dust of the earth, whereas Eve is created from Adam's rib and given to him by God to be his wife.

- In the first account in Genesis 1:26-27, the Hebrew common noun Adam is ... used as a generic term for all human beings, regardless of gender.
In the second account, Adam is created from... the dust of the earth, whereas Eve is created from Adam's rib and given to him by God to be his wife.
- In the second account Eve is created from... Adam's rib

Check your progress3

- *Eve's Diary* includes...

Meeting and getting to know Adam, and exploring the world around her in the Garden of Eden i.e. paradise. It is one of Twain's best stories, in which he addresses gender equity issues, using his iconic wit and satire.

- The most important thing about the story is that Mark Twain completely skips over the actual event of Eve and Adam being kicked out of the Garden of Eden.

Event of Eve and Adam is the centre of the original tale of Adam and Eve, but it doesn't matter much to Twain's Eve at all. Eve makes it clear in the beginning itself, in a single line that there is forbidden fruit, *They are forbidden, and he says I shall come to harm...* Most of the incidents of the main story are skipped and the new section is titled *After the Fall*. The places of the first sin are just mentioned that is perhaps the main focus of the Adam and Eve tale.

STUDY OF SHORT
STORY

Check your progress 4

1. a
2. c
3. d
4. b
5. a