

EVE'S DIARY: THE BRONTOSAURUS

Mark Twain

a monologue

this is a monologue assembled from various entries in Eve's Diary
by monologuearchive.com

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ADAM:

She has no discrimination.
She takes to all the animals—all of them!
She thinks they are all treasures,
every new one is welcome.

When the brontosaurus came striding into camp,
she regarded it as an acquisition,
I considered it a calamity;
that is a good sample 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 couldn't give it up.

She thought we could start a dairy with it,
and wanted me to help milk it;
but I wouldn't;
it was too risky.
The sex wasn't right,
and we hadn't any ladder anyway.

Then she wanted to ride it,
and look at the scenery.

Thirty or forty feet of its tail
was lying on the ground, like a fallen tree,
and she thought she could climb it,
but she was mistaken;
when she got to the steep place it was too slick
and down she came,
and would have hurt herself but for me.

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 if we could tame it
and make him friendly we could stand
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 him, he came out
and followed her around like a pet mountain.

Like the other animals. They all do that.



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