

How to post on Moments

“Just so — do not believe evil of him — not more evil than you see. I am so anxious — so very anxious to try to put him on his legs, and I find it so difficult to get any connecting link with him. Papa will not speak with him — because of money.” “And God He come walk about along garden, and He sing out, ‘Adam!’ Adam he no speak. He too much fright. My word! And God He sing out, ‘Adam!’ And Adam he speak, ‘You call ’m me?’ God He speak, ‘Me call ’m you too much.’ Adam he speak, ‘Me sleep strong fella too much.’ And God He speak, ‘You been eat ’m this fella apple.’ Adam he speak, ‘No, me no been eat ’m.’ God He speak. ‘What name you gammon along me? You been eat ’m.’ And Adam he speak, ‘Yes, me been eat ’m.’ In the meantime editors and publishers with whom I had contracts pestered me with demands for explanations. But how could I explain to them, when I was unable to explain to myself, or when there was nobody, not even Roscoe, to explain to me? The newspapers began to laugh at me, and to publish rhymes anent the Snark’s departure with refrains like, “Not yet, but soon.” And Charmian cheered me up by reminding me of the bow, and I went to a banker and borrowed five thousand more. There was one recompense for the delay, however. A friend of mine, who happens to be a critic, wrote a roast of me, of all I had done, and of all I ever was going to do; and he planned to have it published after I was out on the ocean. I was still on shore when it came

out, and he has been busy explaining ever since. "Not now — not particularly. I hardly ever see him. But his sister is the best friend I have, and I used to like him so much when he was a boy! I have not seen that cottage since that day, and I remember it as though it were yesterday. Lord Chiltern is quite changed, is he not?"