

Adam began making tools, tilling soil. The woman ground seeds between rocks, hauled water, gutted fish. They had seen an unnamed creature eat a fish, and saw a strange animal kill and consume another animal, startled at the bright crimson inside it. Were they filled with such? Were they meant to eat such? One day, hunger drove them to eat a wounded bird.

Often they wished for other humans to share their toil. They thought God had said something about reproducing them, but His voice was thunder, His eyes lightning, and His words difficult to understand that awful day.

Her lower belly ached again, and once again blood trickled down her thighs. Unlike the gush of red when Adam fell and gashed his shoulder on a jagged stone, she had no discernable wound. She swabbed with moss, hoping her predicament would pass more quickly than the first time, back in that dark vault of rock where they shivered, and were attacked by another unnamed creature-- like a combination "bird" and "rat" that swooped at them. Back where everything trembled and rumbled and part of the cave collapsed.

Within the time of Earth's first journey around the sun, memories of God's face and their first glorious home faded and they could not recall some of the names Adam gave the various life forms.

Then on a new day, Adam named his wife "Eve" for she, in her pain, bore a son, and became the mother of all humans. And the world would forever remember.