



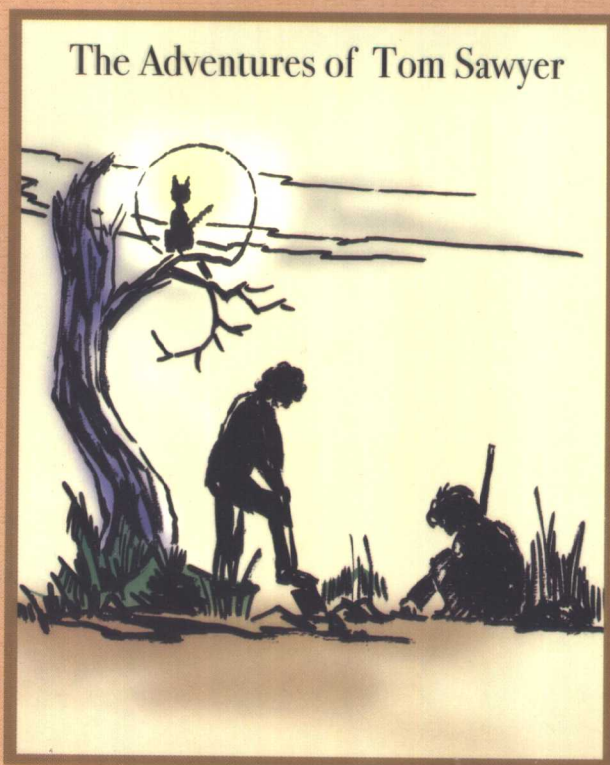
名著名篇双语对照丛书

美国经典儿童文学名著

汤姆·索亚历险记

中英对照

马克·吐温 著 李宏中 编译



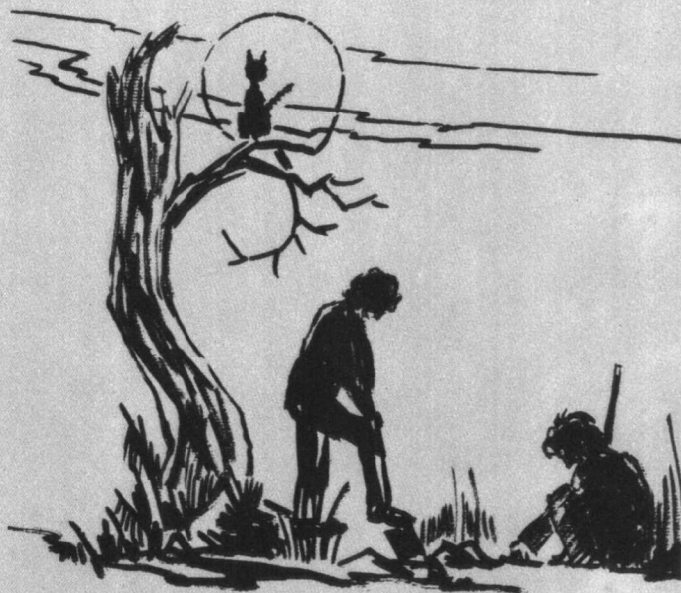
中国书籍出版社

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1. FULL OF MISCHIEF

“**T**om!”

No answer.

“Tom!” cried Aunt Polly again.

No answer.

“I wonder where that boy’s gone. Tom!”

The old lady pulled her spectacles down on her nose and looked over them about the room. Then she put them up and looked out under them. She seldom or never looked through them for so small a thing as a boy. She seemed puzzled for a moment and said:

“Well, if I catch you, I’ll—”

She did not finish, for by this time she was bending down and pushing the sweeping-brush under the bed. She disturbed nothing but the cat. Then she went to the open door and looked out in the garden. Tom was not in sight.

“To-o-o-m!” she shouted.

There was a slight noise behind her, and she turned just in time to seize a small boy and prevent him from running away.

汤姆·索亚历险记

001

1. 顽童

“汤姆!”

没有人回应。

“汤姆!” 玻利姨妈又叫道。

依旧没有回应。

“奇怪，这孩子又不知上哪儿去了。汤姆!”

这位老太太将眼镜向下一拉，从镜片上在屋内四处张望，然后又将眼镜往上推一推，从镜片下向外看。她很少，甚至没有这样去找一个小孩子。她似乎很迷惑，过一会儿，自言自语说：

“好，要是让我逮到你，我就——”

她没有把话说完，因为这时她正弯下腰去，拿着扫把在床底下拨弄。可是她除了惊醒了猫之外，没有什么反应。然后她走到门口，向花园里张望。可是汤姆依旧连个影子也没有看见。

“汤……姆!” 她又叫了起来。

从她背后传来轻微的声音，她随即转身刚好抓住一个小孩子，没让他跑掉。

“What have you been doing in that cupboard?”

“Nothing.”

“Nothing! Look at your hands, and look at your mouth. What is that stuff?”

“I don’t know, aunt.”

“Well, I know. It’s jam. I’ve told you forty times that if you touched that jam I’d skin you. Hand me that stick.”

The blow was about to fall.

“Hi! Look behind you, aunt!”

The old lady whirled round and snatched her skirts out of danger. The boy fled, and disappeared over the high fence of the garden. His aunt stood surprised for a moment, and then gave a gentle laugh.

“Hang the boy! Can’t I ever learn anything? Hasn’t he played that trick before? He’s full of mischief, but he’s my own dead sister’s boy, poor thing, and I hate whipping him. Every time I hit him my old heart almost breaks, and every time I forgive him my conscience blames me. He’ll stay away from school this afternoon, and I’ll be obliged to punish him by making him work to morrow. It’s cruel to make him work on a Saturday, when all the boys are having a holiday, but he hates work more than anything else, and I must do my duty towards the child, or I’ll spoil his character.”



“刚才你在厨房里搞什么鬼?”

“没有呀!”

“没有! 瞧你这双手, 瞧瞧你的嘴巴。那是什么?”

“姨妈, 我不知道。”

“你不知道, 我可知道, 那是果酱。我已经警告过你四十遍了, 如果你再偷吃果酱, 我就要剥你的皮, 去把鞭子拿给我。”

老太太拿着鞭子就准备抽他。

“嗨! 姨妈, 你瞧背后。”

老太太转过身去, 并提起裙子以防危险。这孩子一溜烟的跳过花园高高的篱笆, 逃掉了。他的姨妈愕然站在那里, 随后笑了。

“该死的小东西! 我怎么这样不小心呢? 他以前不是也要过这种诡计吗? 他太顽皮了, 不过他是我死去妹妹的孩子, 可怜的东西, 我并不想处罚他。每次处罚他, 我就心疼的不行, 但每次我一原谅他, 良心上却又很过意不去。今天下午他又要逃学, 我一定罚他明天做工。要他在星期六做工是一件残忍的事, 因为这一天每个孩子都放假了, 可是他讨厌做工比做什么都讨厌, 然而我必须对这孩子尽到自己的责任, 要不然就会毁了这孩子。”

Tom did stay away from school, and he had a very good time. He returned just in time to help Jim, the small servant boy, to saw and split the next day's firewood before supper. Tom's younger brother (or rather stepbrother), Sidney, had already finished his part of the work, for he was a quiet boy, and had no adventurous, troublesome ways.

While Tom was eating his supper and stealing sugar every time he had an opportunity, Aunt Polly was wondering whether Tom had disobeyed her and had been to the river. She had sewn up his shirt at the neck in order to prevent him from taking it off and swimming.

"Tom, it was quite warm in school, wasn't it? Didn't you want to go swimming?"

"No, auntie. Well, not much."

"Come here. Show me your collar."

Tom opened his coat. The neck-band of his shirt was securely sewn.

"Well, you may go out and play. I was sure that you had stayed away from school and been swimming."

"I thought you sewed his collar with white thread," said Sidney, "Now it's black."

"Why, I did sew it with white thread! Tom!"

But Tom did not wait for the rest. As he went out he said: "Sid, I'll give you a beating for that."



汤姆真的没去上学，而且在外游荡了一天。他回来时正好帮上仆人吉姆的忙，他要在晚饭前把第二天要用的柴火劈好。汤姆的弟弟（其实是继弟）薛德尼，也已经做好他份内的工作，因为他是个很文静的孩子，而且一点也不调皮捣蛋。

吃晚饭时，汤姆一有机会就偷糖吃。玻利姨妈怀疑汤姆又不听她的话跑到河里去游泳了。她已经把他的衬衫领口缝住，以防止他脱下来去游泳。

"汤姆，在学校很热吧？你有没有想去游泳呢？"

"姨妈，没有，还不怎么热。"

"过来，给我看看你的领子。"

汤姆解开他的上衣。衬衫领子还是缝得好好的。

"哦，你出去玩了。我能确定你一定逃学跑去游泳了。"

"我记得你是用白线缝他的领子的，而现在却是黑的。"薛德尼说。

"可不是，我的确是用白线缝的呀！汤姆！"

不过汤姆没听完问话就跑了。当他跑出去时说："薛德尼，我会揍你一顿的。"

In a safe place Tom examined two needles which were stuck in his coat. One needle had white thread wound round it and the other had black.

"She wouldn't have noticed it, but for Sid. Hang it, sometimes she sews it with white and sometimes she sews it with black. I can't remember which she uses. I wish she'd stick to one colour. But I'll make Sid suffer for that."

Within two minutes he had forgotten all his troubles. A stranger was standing before him, a boy a little bigger than himself. A stranger of any age, male or female, was an object of curiosity in the poor little village of St. Petersburg. This boy was well dressed, too—well dressed on a week-day. Tom stared scornfully at the stranger's fine clothes, which seemed to make his own appear worn-out. Neither boy spoke. Finally, Tom said:

"I can beat you!"

"I'd like to see you try it."

"Well, I can do it."

"No you can't."

"Yes I can."

"No you can't."

"I can."



到了一个安全的地方，汤姆检查别在外套上的两根针，一根缠着白线，另一根带着黑线。

"要不是薛德尼多嘴，姨妈根本就看不出来。该死！有时候用黑线，有时候用白线，我根本不清楚她用的是哪一种颜色，要是她只用一种颜色多好，不过我非得让薛德尼吃点苦头不行。"

不到两分钟，汤姆已忘了所有的烦恼。一个陌生人正站在他前面，这是一个比他稍微大些的男孩。在这偏僻的圣彼得小镇里，出现任何年龄的男女新面孔，都会被看成是新鲜的事，而且这孩子穿得很讲究，好像是做礼拜穿的。汤姆轻蔑地端详着这陌生孩子的好衣裳，相形之下，他的衣着更显得寒酸。两个孩子都没说话。最后汤姆说了：

"我敢揍你！"

"我倒要试一试你敢不敢！"

"好！我就揍你。"

"你不敢！"

"我敢！"

"你不敢就是不敢！"

"我敢！"



“You can’t.”

“Can.”

“Can’t”

An uncomfortable pause followed. Then Tom drew a line in the dust with his big toe, and said:

“You daren’t step over that. If you do, I’ll beat you till you can’t stand up.”

The new boy at once stepped over the line, and said:

“Now let me see you do it.”

“You had better be careful.”

“Well, you said you’d do it. Why don’t you do it?”

“For two cents I will do it.”

The new boy took two coins out of his pocket, and held them out scornfully.

Tom struck them to the ground.

In an instant both boys were rolling in the dirt, fighting like cats. For a few minutes they tore at each other’s hair and clothes, hit and scratched each other’s noses, and covered themselves with dirt and glory. At last through the dust of battle Tom appeared, sitting on the new boy and striking him with his fists.

汤姆·索亚历险记

003

“你不敢!”

“敢!”

“不敢!”

接着是一阵令人紧张的沉默。然后汤姆用脚的大拇趾在地上的泥土里画一条线,并且说:

“你不敢越过这条线。要是你敢,我就打得你爬不起来。”

新来的孩子马上就越过那条线,并且说:

“现在我倒要看看你怎么办!”

“你最好小心点!”

“哦,你说你敢揍我,怎么又不动手了?”

“赌两分钱我就揍你。”

新来的孩子从口袋里不屑地掏出两个铜板。

汤姆却把它们打落在地上。

一瞬间,这两个孩子就在泥地上翻来覆去地打滚,像野猫似地扭成一团。过了一会儿,他们彼此揪着对方的头发和衣服,打着对方的鼻子。他们弄得浑身是灰,同时也感到荣耀。最后混战结束了,汤姆从战尘中露出头来,骑在那个陌生孩子的身上,狠狠地用拳头打他。

“Say that you’ve had enough!” said Tom.

The boy only struggled to free himself.

“Say ‘Enough!’”

The hitting went on.

Finally the stranger gasped “Enough!” Tom let him get up, and said, “Now that will teach you.”

The new boy went off brushing the dust from his clothes, occasionally looking back and threatening what he would do to Tom the next time he met him. Tom replied with insults. As soon as Tom’s back was turned the new boy snatched up a stone, threw it, and hit Tom between the shoulders. Then he ran like a deer. Tom chased the traitor home, and thus found out where he lived. He then held a position at the gate for some time, daring the enemy to come outside, but the enemy only made faces at him through the window, and refused. At last the enemy’s mother appeared, and called Tom a vicious, impolite child, and ordered him to go away.

Tom got home late that night, and when his aunt saw the state of his clothes, she became more determined than ever to make him work hard during the holiday on Saturday.



006

“说不敢了!” 汤姆说。

那孩子却只顾挣扎着想脱身。

“说不敢了!”

拳头继续落在那陌生孩子身上。

最后那个陌生孩子气喘喘的说:“不敢了。”汤姆这才让他起来,并且说:“这下你总算尝到教训了。”

新来的孩子拍掉衣服上的灰尘走开了,并且不时回头看,恐吓地说下次再碰到他时,他要如何对付汤姆。汤姆就讥讽地回敬他。等汤姆一转身,那孩子就拿起一块石头丢过去,打中了汤姆的背脊,然后像鹿一般逃走。汤姆追赶这坏蛋追到家门口,轻而易举就找到了他的住处。他在门口守了一会,挑拨他的对手出来,可是只看到那对手在窗口露脸并向他扮鬼脸,拒绝出来。后来敌人的母亲出现了,骂汤姆是个品性恶劣,没有教养的孩子,并且喝斥他滚开。

汤姆那天晚上很晚才回家,他姨妈看到他衣服的狼狈模样,更加下定决心,要他在星期六的假日做苦工。

2. THE FENCE IS WHITEWASHED

Saturday morning had come and all the world was bright and fresh. There was a song in every heart, cheerfulness in every face, and a spring in every step.

Tom appeared on the pavement with a bucket of whitewash and a long-handled brush. He regarded the fence thoughtfully, and his heart was filled with despair. Thirty yards of fence nine feet high! It seemed to him that life was not worth living and that existence was only a burden. Sighing, he dipped his brush into the bucket and passed it along the topmost board; repeated the operation; did it again; compared the trifling whitewashed strip with the immensity of unwhitewashed fence, and sat down on a box discouraged.

Jim came dancing out at the gate with a bucket, singing. Before this, bringing water from the town pump had always been hateful work in Tom's opinion, but now it did not seem so. He remembered that there was company at the pump. Boys and girls were always there, waiting their turns, resting, exchanging playthings, quarrelling, fighting, and fooling about. He remembered that, although the pump was only a hundred and fifty yards away, Jim never got back with a bucket of water in less than an hour. Even then somebody generally had to go after him.

汤姆·索亚历险记

007

2. 粉刷围墙

星期六早晨到了，整个世界都呈现了一片清新的气象。每个人心里都唱着歌，脸上都洋溢着喜气，而且走起路来都很轻松愉快。

汤姆提着一桶白粉浆并拿着一把长柄刷子出现在人行道上。他仔细打量着围墙，心里感到很失望。天呀！三十码宽、九尺高的围墙！这让他觉得活着真没意思，生活简直是一种负担！他叹了一口气，把刷子蘸上白粉浆，在最上面一排的木板上刷，重复地做着，他将已粉刷过的小小地方和大面积没有粉刷过的地方比了一比，便垂头丧气地坐在一个木箱上。

吉姆提着一只铁桶，唱着歌，蹦蹦跳跳地跑到门口来。在粉刷墙壁之前，汤姆认为到镇上抽水机处提水是一件苦差事。现在他可不这么想了，他想起抽水机那里有自己的伙伴，男孩女孩都有，大家轮流等着，并利用排队等候的时间休息，交换玩的东西、吵架或打闹。他同时想起虽然抽水机离家只有一百五十码远，吉姆却从来没有在一小时之内提一桶水回来过。即使这样，还经常得有人跟着去。

“I say, Jim,” said Tom, “I’ll fetch the water if you’ll whitewash a bit.”

Jim shook his head.

“I can’t, Master Tom. The Mistress told me not to stay fooling about with any-one.”

“Oh, never mind what she said, Jim. Give me the bucket. I won’t be a minute. She won’t know.”

“Oh, I daren’t, Master Tom. She would tear my head off. She would really.”

“She never hurts anybody. She just gives them a little slap. And who cares about that? Jim, I’ll give you a marble.”

Jim was only human. This temptation was too much for him. He put down the bucket and took the marble. In another minute he was flying down the street with the bucket. Tom was whitewashing energetically, and Aunt Polly was returning to the house with a slipper in her hand and a triumphant gleam in her eye.

But Tom’s energy did not last. He began to think of the fun he had planned for this day. Soon, he thought, the free boys would come hurrying along on all sorts of delightful trips, and they would laugh at him for having to work. The very thought of it burnt him for having to work. The very thought of it hurt him like fire. He got out and examined his worldly wealth. It consisted of bits of toys, marbles and rubbish, and was not enough to buy even half an hour of pure freedom.

“喂，吉姆。”汤姆说，“如果你替我粉刷墙壁，我就去为你提水回来。”

吉姆摇摇头。

“汤姆少爷，我不敢。女主人叫我快去提水，不许在路上跟别人玩。”

“哦，吉姆，别听她的话。把水桶给我，我马上就回来，她绝对不知道。”

“哦，我不敢，汤姆少爷。她会扭掉我的头的。她真的会这么做。”

“她从没有伤害过任何人。她只是偶而会打个小耳光。谁会在乎那个呢？吉姆，我给你一颗弹珠。”

吉姆到底是小孩子，这种诱惑对他的确太大了。他把水桶放下来，拿起那颗弹珠。可是他一下子又提着水桶沿着大街跑开了。汤姆起劲地用刷子刷起墙来。见此情景姨妈手里拿着一双拖鞋返回房间了，眼里带着得意的神色。

然而汤姆的体力渐感不支了。他开始想到他预先安排好的这一天的游戏计划。过了一会儿，他想，要是那些自由自在的孩子到各处去游玩，而看到他还要做工，一定会取笑他。想到这里，他的心就像火一般燃烧。他将他的财产拿出来，仔细地看，有小玩具、弹珠以及一些杂物，可是这些东西还不够买来半小时的完全自由。

At this dark and hopeless moment he had an idea—a glorious idea.

He took the brush and went calmly to work. Presently Ben Rogers, whose mockery he had been dreading most, came in sight. In his hand there was a fine apple. Tom went on whitewashing and paid no attention to him. Ben stared a moment, and then said:

“Hi! You’re in trouble, aren’t you!”

There was no answer. Tom regarded his last touch with the eye of an artist. Then he gave his brush another gentle sweep, and inspected the result as before. Ben came nearer. Tom’s mouth watered for the apple, but he stuck to his work.

“Hello, Tom!” said Ben. “You have to work, eh?”

“Why, it’s you, Ben! I didn’t notice you.”

“I say, I’m going swimming. Don’t you wish you could come? But of course you’d rather work, wouldn’t you? Of course you would!”

Tom eyed the boy thoughtfully.

“What do you call work?”

“Why, isn’t that work?”

Tom filled his brush with whitewash, and answered carelessly.

“Well, perhaps it is, and perhaps it isn’t; but it suits Tom Sawyer.”

“What! Do You mean to say that you like it?”



正在一筹莫展的时候，他有了一个妙计——一个绝佳的妙计。

于是他拿起刷子心平气和地工作。这时班·罗杰斯来了，这孩子的嘲笑是汤姆最在意的，他手拿着一个高级苹果。汤姆继续粉刷着，假装没有看到他。班注视了一会，然后说：

“嗨！你又触霉头了是不是！”

汤姆没有回答，他以艺术家的眼光欣赏着他最后刷的那一块。然后又用刷子轻轻一抹，又像刚才一样地打量着自己的杰作。班向前凑了过来。汤姆垂涎那个苹果，但他还是继续工作着。

“喂，汤姆！”班说，“你必须做工是不是？”

“哦，班，原来是你！我没有注意到你。”

“喂，我要去游泳。你不想去吗？当然啦，你情愿做工是不是？你必须情愿！”

汤姆若有所思地盯着那个孩子。

“你说什么叫做工？”

“嘿，那不就是做工？”

汤姆把刷子蘸上粉浆，假装不在乎的回答：

“哦，这也许是做工，也许不是；不过它倒蛮适合汤姆·索亚的胃口。”

“什么！你是说你真的喜欢它吗？”

The brush continued to move.

“Like it? Well, I don’t see why I shouldn’t like it. A boy doesn’t get a chance every day to whitewash a fence.”

Ben had never thought of this before. He took a bite out of his apple. Tom swept his brush artistically to and fro. Then he stepped back to note the effect. He added a touch here and there, and criticized the effect again. Ben was watching every move, and getting more and more interested.

“I say, Tom, let me whitewash a bit,” said Ben presently.

Tom considered, and was about to consent, but he changed his mind.

“No! No! You see, Aunt Polly’s very particular about this fence. It’s facing the street, you know. If it was the back fence I wouldn’t mind, and she wouldn’t. Yes, she’s very particular about this fence. It must be done very carefully. I don’t think there’s one boy in a thousand, perhaps two thousand, who can do it in the way it has to be done.”

“Is that so? How interesting! Let me just try, only just a little. I’d let you, if you were me, Tom.”

“Ben, I’d like to, really; but Aunt Polly wouldn’t like it. Jim wanted to do it, but she wouldn’t let him. Sid wanted to do it, but she wouldn’t let Sid. Now, don’t you see that I’m responsible? If you started to whitewash this fence, and anything went wrong—”

“Oh, nonsense. I’ll be very careful. Now let me try. I say, I’ll give you my apple when I’ve nearly finished it.”

刷子继续刷动着。

“喜欢它？哦，我看不出我为什么不该喜欢它。一个孩子难道每天都有机会刷墙吗？”

班以前从没有想到这一点，他咬了一口苹果。汤姆卖弄技巧地挥动刷子，然后退后几步看看效果如何。他这边补一刷那边补一刷，然后又故作姿态看看效果。班注视着他的一举一动，越看越觉得有趣。

“喂，汤姆，让我刷一下好吗？”班后来说道。

汤姆考虑了一下，就要答应了，可是他又改变了主意。

“不行！不行！玻利姨妈对这道墙很重视。你知道这道墙是面向街道的，如果是后面的，我倒无所谓，而且她也不会太在意。不错，她对这道墙特别重视，它必须是均匀细致。我想在一千个孩子里头，或许是两千个之中，也找不出一个能刷出如此水准来。”

“真的吗？多有趣！让我试试看，只要试一下就好了。汤姆，我要是你的话，我就会让你试试看的。”

“班，我可以让你试试看，但是玻利姨妈会不高兴的。吉姆想做，可是她不让他做。薛德尼也想做，她也不肯让薛德尼做。现在你还不明白那是我的责任吗？万一让你刷墙，出了什么差错——”

“哦，胡说。我会非常小心的，让我试试看罢。喂，等我快要吃完苹果时，我留一点给你好了。”

“Well—no, Ben, I mustn't. I'm afraid—”

“I'll give you all of it.”

Tom gave up the brush with unwillingness in his face but eagerness in his heart. While Ben worked and sweated in the sun, the retired artist sat on a barrel in the shade close by, ate his apple, and planned the downfall of more innocent victims. Boys arrived frequently. They came to mock, but remained to whitewash. By the time Ben was tired out, Tom had promised the next chance to Billy Fisher for a kite in good repair. When Billy retired, Johnny Miller bought his place for a dead rat and a string to swing it with. Thus the work went on, hour after hour.

By the middle of the afternoon, Tom was wealthy. He had, besides the things mentioned above, twelve marbles, a pair of spectacles without glasses, a piece of blue bottle-glass to look through, a key that would not unlock anything, a piece of chalk, a tin soldier, two tiny frogs, a little cat with only one eye, a brass door-handle, a dog-collar, the handle of a knife, and an old window-frame. He had had a nice, idle time and plenty of company, and the fence had three coats of whitewash on it. If he had not run short of whitewash, he would have stripped every boy in the village of his proudest possessions.

Tom said to himself that life was worth living after all. He had discovered, without knowing it, this great law of human action: in order to make a man or a boy desire a thing, it is only necessary to make the thing difficult to obtain.



“哦——不！班，我不敢。我怕——”

“这苹果全给你好了。”

汤姆装着一脸不情愿的模样，把刷子递给罗杰斯，可是心里却是求之不得。当班在大太阳底下汗流夹背的粉刷时，这位退休的艺术家却坐在附近阴凉地方的一只木桶上吃苹果，且心里又盘算着如何利用路过的无知牺牲品。孩子们一个接着一个的来了。他们原是要来捣蛋的，但结果都被留下来刷墙。到了班累垮的时候，汤姆已经给比利·费休下一个机会了，他也由此得到一个完整的风筝。当比利刷累了之后，约翰·米勒就拿了绑着绳子可以玩的死老鼠换得了这项工作。工作就这样一个接一个地干下去，时间也一个钟头接一个钟头的过去了。

到了下午时光过了一半之后，汤姆已经非常富有了。除上面提到过的东西外，他还得了十二颗弹珠、一副没有镜片的眼镜、一块可以透视的蓝瓶子玻璃片、一把什么也不能开的钥匙、一小节粉笔、一个玩具锡兵、一对小青蛙、一只独眼猫、一个铜制的把手、一个狗环、一个刀把以及一个破损的旧窗框。他一直很称心如意，玩伴也多了起来，而且围墙已经粉刷好了三遍。要不是粉浆用完了，他真的会将镇上的每一个孩子都弄得破产的。

汤姆自言自语道，生活到底是值得过下去的。他已经不知不觉地发现了人类行为的一大原则：要使一个人或一个小孩子渴望得到某种东西，只需使这种东西不易得到就可以了。

3. JOYS AND SORROWS

Tom stood before Aunt Polly. The soft summer air, the restful quiet, the scent of the flowers and the sleepy murmur of the bees had had their effect, and she was nodding in her armchair. Her spectacles were up on her grey head for safety. She thought that Tom had deserted long ago, and she wondered to see him place himself in her power again in this bold way.

“May I go out and play now, auntie?” he said.

“What, already? How much have you done?”

“It’s all done, auntie.”

“Tom, don’t lie to me. I hate lies.”

“I’m not lying, auntie. It is all done.”

Aunt Polly could hardly believe this, and went out to see for herself. She would have been content to find a quarter of Tom’s statement true. When she found the entire fence whitewashed, and not only whitewashed but carefully coated and recoated, she gasped with astonishment.

“Well, I never! I must say you can work when you try, Tom. But it’s seldom that you do try. Well, run along and play.”



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3. 喜与悲

汤姆站在玻利姨妈的面前。夏日和煦的风儿，恬静的气氛，花朵的馨香和蜜蜂催眠般的嗡鸣都使人昏昏欲睡。姨妈在安乐椅上打着盹，她的眼镜稳稳地架在灰白的头顶上。她以为汤姆早已跑的无影无踪，所以很迷惑地看着他竟勇敢地出现在她的控制范围。

“姨妈，我现在可以出去玩了吗？”

“什么？你粉刷了多少了？”

“姨妈，全刷好了！”

“汤姆，别跟我说谎。我讨厌说谎。”

“姨妈我没有说谎。真的全都刷好了。”

玻利姨妈心存怀疑，于是就亲自出去看个究竟。她只要发现汤姆的话有四分之一是真实的，她就会感到满意。等她看到了整个围墙都全刷好了，而且不但刷过，并还是用心地一层又一层的刷上去时，她惊讶不已。

“哦，我从没有见过！我必须说只要你肯做，汤姆你还是很能干的，只是你很少去尝试罢了。