

THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER

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英语学习大书虫研究室



汤姆·索亚 历险记

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英语大书虫世界文学名著文库

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“我从来没见过这么野的孩子！”

她推开门，站在门口向菜园子的西红柿秧和曼陀罗草中看。看不到汤姆，于是她亮开嗓子朝远



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汤姆·索亚历险记

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英语学习大书虫研究室 译

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导 读

马克·吐温是美国十九世纪批判现实主义文学的杰出代表,以幽默、讽刺著称于世。他的创作真实地揭露了资本主义社会民主的虚伪、种族歧视政策的荒谬、拜金狂的丑恶和帝国主义对外扩张的野蛮。他把美国传统的幽默与严肃文学结合起来形成了独特的艺术风格。

马克·吐温原名塞缪尔·朗荷恩·克列门斯,一八三五年出生在密苏里州佛罗里达镇,成长在密西西比河岸上的汉尼拔镇,从十二岁起就独立谋生、四处漂流。他先充当印刷工人,同时练习写幽默小品,后来在美国中西部和东部做流浪的排字工。十九岁时拜老舵手贺拉斯为师,十八个月后在密西西比河上当舵手,实现了他多年的梦想。南北战争爆发,他结束水上生涯,前往西部内华达州试图在淘金中发财,但未成功。只好到新开发的弗吉尼亚城做“企业报”记者。一八六三年克列门斯用笔名马克·吐温发表文章。“马克·吐温”这个词是水深“两寻”的意思,即“十二英尺深”,航船可通行无阻。这本是领航员的术语,克列门斯以此做笔名,表示向领航事业终生致敬。一八六四年,他在旧金山结识了几位幽默作家,并得到他们的鼓励和帮助,提高了对创作的认识。南北战争结束时,他拿定主意,以写文章为生。

儿童惊险小说《汤姆·索亚历险记》创作于一八七六年。它以南北战争前密西西比河岸某小镇为背景,描写淘气的汤姆·索亚和他的伙伴哈克贝利·费恩以及汤姆的女友蓓姬·撒切尔追求传奇冒险生活的故事。家长讨厌的训诫和主日学校的无聊逼得汤姆·索亚和他的朋友们从游戏和冒险中去寻找他们在生活中找不到的自由和浪漫。他们跑到小岛上过了几天扮印第安人的日子,有一次半夜他们偶然看到有人行凶,汤姆·索亚鼓起勇气在法庭上检举了真正的凶手,从而救了被冤枉的莫夫·波特。汤姆·索亚和他的女朋友蓓姬·撒切尔在一个山洞里迷了路。差点儿丢掉性命,汤姆却因祸得福,找到了藏在洞里的金银财宝。汤姆和哈克从此发了财,成了名人。

这部小说通过儿童的冒险生活,嘲讽了小市民的枯燥生活、宗教的伪善和摧残儿童身心健康的清规戒律。本书获得成功的关键在于作家非常理解儿童的心理,他不在儿童身上大做感情文章借以进行道

德说教，他笔下的汤姆，没有沾染一点儿说教气息，他的爱说爱闹、酷爱自由的性格，热衷于冒险的浪漫气质都是以一连串真实可信的言行表现出来的。

以常人的眼光看，汤姆不是一个“好孩子”，他调皮捣蛋，不爱学习，喜欢出风头又不切实际，而且小小年纪就谈恋爱，这一切，即便是今天的父母看来，也都是需要严加管教的。然而，可以毫不夸张地说，几乎每个人都可以从汤姆身上找到自己童年生活的影子，无论是孩子还是大人，无论是美国人还是非美国人，包括我们中国人。这也正是《汤姆·索亚历险记》的魅力所在。

这部小说独特的艺术魅力，在于贯穿和渗透全书的那种马克·吐温式的诙谐和幽默。我们读着这些生活情趣浓郁、笔调轻松幽默的故事，一定会忍俊不禁，为小主人公的聪明机智拍案叫绝。当然，马克·吐温的幽默有别于博人一粲的滑稽小品。他的幽默是具有深刻社会意义的幽默，因而极具价值，发人深思；他的幽默是建立在真实生活基础上的幽默，紧紧抓住了像鲁迅先生所说的那种“公然的，也是常见的，平时是谁都不以为奇的”，但“却已经是不合理的，可笑、可鄙，甚而是可悲的现象”，并加以概括和提炼，使之典型化，所以是真实的、常常给读者以人生警悟和启迪的幽默。

《汤姆·索亚历险记》和《哈克贝利·费恩历险记》两部作品有“姊妹篇”之称。两书相映成趣，都是不朽的文坛杰作。

译 者

PREFACE

MOST of the adventures recorded in this book really occurred; one or two were experiences of my own, the rest those of boys who were schoolmates of mine. Huck Finn is drawn from life; Tom Sawyer also, but not from an individual—he is a combination of the characteristics of three boys whom I knew, and therefore belongs to the composite order of architecture.

The odd superstitions touched upon were all prevalent among children and slaves in the West at the period of this story—that is to say, thirty or forty years ago.

Although my book is intended mainly for the entertainment of boys and girls, I hope it will not be shunned by men and women on that account, for part of my plan has been to try to pleasantly remind adults of what they once were themselves, and of how they felt and thought and talked, and what queer enterprises they sometimes engaged in.

原 序

本书记载的冒险经历绝大多数是真实发生过的;其中有一两件是我本人的亲身经历,其余的是我的小学同学年少时经历过的。哈克·费恩取自生活中的原型;汤姆·索亚也是,但并不是取自某一个人——他是我所认识的三个男孩子的特征综合体,因此是一个经过艺术加工的人物。

故事中涉及的那些荒诞不经的迷信在当时——也就是说,三四十年前,在孩子们和奴隶们中间是极其风行的。

虽然本书旨在娱乐孩子们,但我希望它不会因此而受到成年人的冷落,因为我的目的之一是愉快地唤醒成年人对童年时代的回忆,回忆他们当时是如何感受、如何思考、如何交谈的,以及他们偶尔做出的一些稀奇古怪的事情。

CHAPTER I

“TOM!”

No answer.

“TOM!”

No answer.

“What’s gone with that boy, I wonder?
You TOM!”

No answer.

The old lady pulled her spectacles down 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; they were her state pair, the pride of her heart, and were built for “style,” not service—she could have seen through a pair of stove-lids just as well. She looked perplexed for a moment, and! then said, not fiercely, but still loud enough for the furniture to hear:

“Well, I lay if I get hold of you I’ll —”

She did not finish, for by this time she was bending down and punching under the bed with the broom, and so she needed breath to punctuate the punches with. She resurrected nothing but the cat.

“I never did see the beat of that boy!”

She went to the open door and stood in it and looked out among the tomato vines and “jimson” weeds that constituted the garden. No Tom. So she lifted up her voice at an angle calculated for distance and shouted:

“Y-o-u-u Tom!”

第一章

“汤姆!”

没人应声。

“汤姆!”

没人应声。

“真不知道这孩子又在搞什么! 汤姆!”

还是没人应声。

老太太把眼镜往下一拉,从眼镜上面环顾了屋子一周;然后她把眼镜推上去,透过眼镜朝外望去。她很少或者从来也没有戴着眼镜寻找孩子这种小东西;这副眼镜很考究,是她的心爱之物,她配它是为了派头,而不是为了实用——哪怕给她戴上一副火炉盖,她看东西也能看得一清二楚。一时间她看上去不知所措,然后她说,虽然不严厉,但声音大得足够让家具听见:

“哼,等我抓住你,看我怎么——”

话没说完,因为她正弯腰用扫帚在床底下乱拨,所以得不时地停下来喘口气。除了一只猫,她什么也没找到。

“我从来没见过这么野的孩子!”

她推开门,站在门口向满园子的西红柿秧和曼陀罗草中看。看不到汤姆。于是她亮开嗓子朝远处高声喊道:

“汤姆,给我出来!”

There was a slight noise behind her and she turned just in time to seize a small boy by the slack of his roundabout and arrest his flight.

"There! I might 'a thought of that closet. What you been doing in there?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing! Look at your hands. And look at your mouth. What is that truck?"

"I don't know, aunt."

"Well, I know. It's jam—that's what it is. Forty times I've said if you didn't let that jam alone I'd skin you. Hand me that switch."

The switch hovered in the air—the peril was desperate—

"My! Look behind you, aunt!"

The old lady whirled round, and snatched her skirts out of danger. The lad fled on the instant, scrambled up the high board-fence, and disappeared over it.

His aunt Polly stood surprised a moment, and then broke into a gentle laugh.

"Hang the boy, can't I never learn anything? Ain't he played me tricks enough like that for me to be looking out for him by this time? But old fools is the biggest fools there is. Can't learn an old dog new tricks, as the saying is. But my goodness, he never plays them alike, two days, and how is a body to know what's coming? He 'pears to know just how long he can torment me before I get my dander up, and he knows if he can make out to put me off for a minute or make me laugh, it's all down again and I can't hit him a lick. I ain't doing my duty by that boy, and that's

这时从她身后传来轻微的笑声,她转身一把抓住了一个小男孩短外套的衣角,叫他无法逃脱。

"唉!我本该想到那个小房间的。你在那么干什么?"

"没干什么。"

"没干什么!瞧瞧你这双手。瞧瞧你的嘴。怎么弄得那么脏?"

"我不知道,姨妈。"

"哼,我可知道。那是果酱——肯定没错。我已经跟你说过有四十次了,要是你偷吃我那果酱,我就要扒掉你的皮。把鞭子递过来。"

鞭子劈面而来——眼看就要大祸临头——

"哟!姨妈,瞧你的背后!"

老太太忙收住鞭子,提起了裙子,转过身。那孩子趁机一溜烟跑了,越过那道高高的木栅栏,消失在外。

他的姨妈鲍丽吃惊地站了一会儿,然后轻轻地笑出声来。

"这该死的孩子,我怎么总是不能吸取教训呢?他跟我玩这把戏也不是头一遭了,可我还是提防不住!俗话说得好,老糊涂才最蠢,老狗学不会新花样。可是,我的上帝,他要的鬼把戏里从来没有两天一样的,谁能猜出下个鬼主意是什么?他似乎知道他折磨我多长时间我才会动肝火,他也知道只要想个办法哄哄我,惹我大笑一场,就会万事皆休,我也不会揍他一顿。我对那孩子没尽到责任,上帝知道那是真的。《圣经》上说,孩

the Lord's truth, goodness knows. Spare the rod and spile the child, as the Good Book says. I'm a laying up sin and suffering for us both, I know. He's full of the Old Scratch, but laws-a-me! he's my own dead sister's boy, poor thing, and I ain't got the heart to lash him, somehow. Every time I let him off, my conscience does hurt me so, and every time I hit him my old heart most breaks. Well-a-well, man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble, as the Scripture says, and I reckon it's so. He'll play hookey this evening, and [Southwestern for "afternoon"] I'll just be obleeged to make him work, tomorrow, to punish him. It's mighty hard to make him work Saturdays, when all the boys is having holiday, but he hates work more than he hates anything else, and I've got to do some of my duty by him, or I'll be the ruination of the child."

Tom did play hookey, and he had a very good time. He got back home barely in season to help Jim, the small colored boy, saw next-day's wood and split the kindlings before supper—at least he was there in time to tell his adventures to Jim while Jim did three-fourths of the work. Tom's younger brother (or rather half-brother) Sid was already through with his part of the work (picking up chips), for he was a quiet boy, and had no adventurous, troublesome ways.

While Tom was eating his supper, and stealing sugar as opportunity offered, Aunt Polly asked him questions that were full of guile, and very deep—for she wanted to trap him into damaging revelations. Like many other simple-hearted souls, it was her pet van-

子不打不成器。我知道自己这样做是在加重我俩的罪孽和痛苦。他是鬼迷心窍,可我呢!他是我已故姐姐的孩子,可怜的小东西,我总有些不忍心揍他。每次饶了他,良心上就会感到不安,每次打了他,又总是感到心疼。罢了,罢了,《圣经》上说,人只要是妇人所生,必定只有短促的时日,且伴有苦恼,我看这话不假。今天下午他肯定又不去上学,明天我一定要强迫他干点活,惩罚惩罚他。星期六,所有的孩子们都放假了,叫他去干活是很难的,然而他又最讨厌干活,比什么事都讨厌得厉害,我不得不对他尽到我的责任,否则就会把这孩子给毁了。”

汤姆果真逃了学,而且玩得很快活。他回家很晚,勉强赶上帮黑人小男孩吉姆干活,在晚餐前锯下次日烧的柴火,劈些引火柴——至少来得及跟吉姆讲自己干的那些开心事,这样吉姆就干了四分之三的活。汤姆的弟弟西德(准确地说他是他的同父异母兄弟)已干完了他自己那份活(拾木屑),他是个乖孩子,从来也不冒险或调皮捣蛋。

汤姆吃晚饭时,一得机会就偷糖吃,鲍丽姨妈问了他一些问题,问得非常狡猾——因为她一心想让他入圈套,好探出他的秘密来。像其他许多头脑简单的人一样,她很自负,相信自己很有点子,会要

ity to believe she was endowed with a talent for dark and mysterious diplomacy, and she loved to contemplate her most transparent devices as marvels of low cunning. Said she:

“Tom, it was middling warm in school, warn’t it?”

“Yes’m.”

“Powerful warm, warn’t it?”

“Yes’m.”

“Didn’t you want to go in a-swimming, Tom?”

A bit of a scare shot through Tom—a touch of uncomfortable suspicion. He searched Aunt Polly’s face, but it told him nothing. So he said:

“No’m—well, not very much.”

The old lady reached out her hand and felt Tom’s shirt, and said:

“But you ain’t too warm now, though.” And it flattered her to reflect that she had discovered that the shirt was dry without anybody knowing that that was what she had in her mind. But in spite of her, Tom knew where the wind lay, now. So he forestalled what might be the next move:

“Some of us pumped on our heads—mine’s damp yet. See?”

Aunt Polly was vexed to think she had overlooked that bit of circumstantial evidence, and missed a trick. Then she had a new inspiration:

“Tom, you didn’t have to undo your shirt collar where I sewed it, to pump on your head, did you? Unbutton your jacket!”

The trouble vanished out of Tom’s face. He opened his jacket. His shirt collar was se-

弄叫人迷惑的手腕,喜欢把自己极易被人识破的诡计当做最高明的计策。她说:

“汤姆,学校里挺热的,是吗?”

“是的。”

“非常热,是吗?”

“是的。”

“你是不是想去游泳了,汤姆?”

汤姆猛然觉得有点恐慌——心里犯疑且不安。他细察鲍丽姨妈的脸色,但没发现有什么不对劲。于是他说:

“不——呃,不太想去。”

老太太伸出手,一面在汤姆的衬衫上摸了摸,一面说道:

“可你身上并不太热嘛。”想到自己已经发现汤姆的衬衫是干的,而别人谁也不知道她的用意,老太太心里暗自得意。可是尽管她这么想,汤姆却已经猜透了她的心思。于是他干脆来了个先发制人:

“我们几个在水泵下面淋了淋头——我的头发还湿着呢。你瞧见了没?”

这么显眼的证据居然被她给忽略以致错过了好时机,鲍丽姨妈想到这里很生气。但很快她又鼓足了信心。

“汤姆,你们淋头时,不用非得拆掉我缝在你衬衫领子上的线,是吧?你把衣服解开!”

汤姆脸上的不安马上就消失了。他解开衣服。衬衣领子上的

curely sewed.

“Bother! Well, go 'long with you. I'd made sure you'd played hookey and been a-swimming. But I forgive ye, Tom. I reckon you're a kind of a singed cat, as the saying is—better'n you look. This time.”

She was half sorry her sagacity had miscarried, and half glad that Tom had stumbled into obedient conduct for once.

But Sidney said:

“Well, now, if I didn't think you sewed his collar with white thread, but it's black.”

“Why, I did sew it with white! Tom!”

But Tom did not wait for the rest. As he wen't out at the door he said:

“Siddy, I'll lick you for that.”

In a safe place Tom examined two large needles which were thrust into the lapels of his jacket, and had thread bound about them—one needle carried white thread and the other black. He said:

“She'd never noticed if it hadn't been for Sid. Confound it! sometimes she sews it with white, and sometimes she sews it with black. I wish to geeminy she'd stick to one or t'other—I can't keep the run of 'em. But I bet you I'll lam Sid for that. I'll learn him!”

He was not the Model Boy of the village. He knew the model boy very well though—and loathed him.

Within two minutes, or even less, he had forgotten all his troubles. Not because his troubles were one whit less heavy and bitter to him than a man's are to a man, but because a new and powerful interest bore them down

线缝得好好的。

“真是怪事! 得, 算了吧。我敢肯定你是旷课去游泳了。不过这次我饶了你, 汤姆。我看你就像俗话说的烧掉了毛的猫那样——外表并不那么坏。但下不为例。”

她一边为自己的计谋失败而难过, 一边又为汤姆高兴, 这一次他居然破天荒地听话。

可是西德尼说:

“不过, 我仿佛记得他的领子缝的是白线, 然而此时却是黑线。”

“真的, 我明明缝的是白线呀! 汤姆!”

可是汤姆没有等她说完话。走到门口时, 他说:

“西德, 为了这我得揍你一顿。”

汤姆来到一个安全的地方, 把插在上衣领子上的两根大针打量了一番, 两根针上都绕着线——一根上面是白线, 另一根上面是黑线。他说:

“要不是西德告发, 她才不会注意到呢。他妈的! 有时用白线, 有时用黑线。我真希望她干脆就用一种线——要不可真把我搞糊涂了。我说为这我非得揍西德一顿不可。我要教训教训他!”

他不是村里的模范儿童。可他非常了解那位模范儿童——而且很讨厌他。

不到两分钟, 甚至更短, 他已将所有的烦恼全都忘了。他忘记烦恼并不是因为他的烦恼对他不如大人們的烦恼对大人們那么沉重和难受, 而是因为一种新的、更

and drove them out of his mind for the time—just as men's misfortunes are forgotten in the excitement of new enterprises. This new interest was a valued novelty in whistling, which he had just acquired from a negro, and he was suffering to practise it undisturbed. It consisted in a peculiar bird-like turn, a sort of liquid warble, produced by touching the tongue to the roof of the mouth at short intervals in the midst of the music—the reader probably remembers how to do it, if he has ever been a boy. Diligence and attention soon gave him the knack of it, and he strode down the street with his mouth full of harmony and his soul full of gratitude. He felt much as an astronomer feels who has discovered a new planet—no doubt, as far as strong, deep, unalloyed pleasure is concerned, the advantage was with the boy, not the astronomer.

The summer evenings were long. It was not dark, yet. Presently Tom checked his whistle. A stranger was before him—a boy a shade larger than himself. A new-comer of any age or either sex was an impressive curiosity in the poor little shabby village of St. Petersburg. This boy was well dressed, too—well dressed on a week-day. This was simply astounding. His cap was a dainty thing, his closebuttoned blue cloth roundabout was new and natty, and so were his pantaloons. He had shoes on—and it was only Friday. He even wore a necktie, a bright bit of ribbon. He had a citified air about him that ate into Tom's vitals. The more Tom stared at the splendid marvel, the higher he turned up his nose at his finery and the shabbier and shab-

强烈的兴趣暂时压倒并驱散了他心中的烦闷——就像大人们在新奇感受的兴奋之时,也会暂时忘却自己的不幸一样。这种新的兴趣是一种特别新奇的吹口哨的方法,他刚从一个黑人那儿学来,想要认真地练一练,不被别人打搅。那是一种特别像鸟叫的声音,是一种清脆的颤音,吹奏的时候来来回回把舌头抵着口腔的上部就可以发出这种声音——读者也许还记得这种吹法,如果你也曾走过少年时代的话。汤姆专心致志、十分用功地练,所以很快就得了窍门,于是他沿街漫步,吹出的曲子悦耳动听,心里充满快慰之情。他的感觉就和发现了新行星的天文学家一模一样——要是以那股热烈、深邃和单纯的愉快而论,恐怕天文学家还不及这孩子。

夏日的午后是漫长的。这天还没黑下来。汤姆突然停止了吹奏。他的前面走过来一个陌生的家伙——是个比他稍大一些的男孩。在小得可怜的圣彼得堡镇,任何一个新来的人,无论年龄多大性别如何,都会引来人们强烈的好奇。这个男孩穿得非常讲究——在平常工作日竟穿戴如此整齐。仅此一点就让汤姆对他刮目相看。他的帽子很精致,蓝色的上衣扣得紧紧的,又新又整洁,他的裤子也是一样。他还穿着鞋——要知道,今天只不过是星期五。他甚至还打了条领带,那是条颜色鲜亮的丝质领带。他摆出一副城里人的样子,使汤姆嫉妒得要

bier his own outfit seemed to him to grow. Neither boy spoke. If one moved, the other moved—but only sidewise, in a circle; they kept face to face and eye to eye all the time. Finally Tom said:

“I can lick you!”

“I’d like to see you try it.”

“Well, I can do it.”

“No you can’t, either.”

“Yes I can.”

“No you can’t.”

“I can.”

“You can’t.”

“Can!”

“Can’t!”

An uncomfortable pause. Then Tom said:

“What’s your name?”

“Tisn’t any of your business, maybe.”

“Well I ’low I’ll make it my business.”

“Well why don’t you?”

“If you say much, I will.”

“Much—much—MUCH. There now.”

“Oh, you think you’re mighty smart, don’t you? I could lick you with one hand tied behind me, if I wanted to.”

“Well why don’t you do it? You say you can do it.”

“Well I will, if you fool with me.”

“Oh yes—I’ve seen whole families in the same fix.”

命。汤姆越是瞪着眼睛瞧着这个了不起的家伙，他就越把鼻子往上翘，看着他那身漂亮衣服，汤姆觉得自己的衣着好像显得越来越寒酸。两个孩子都没吭声。要是——一个走动，另一个也会走动——但只是向一边转了一圈；他们始终是面对面，眼对眼。最后汤姆说道：

“我能揍你一顿！”

“我倒想叫你揍给我看看。”

“好，我就揍给你看。”

“不，你无论如何不敢那样做的。”

“是的，我敢。”

“不，你不敢。”

“我敢。”

“你不敢。”

“敢！”

“不敢！”

两人都不自在地停了下来。

接着汤姆说：

“你叫什么名字？”

“这好像不关你的事。”

“哼，我敢说我就要管。”

“好，谁让你不管呢？”

“你再多说，我会管的。”

“偏要说——偏要说——偏要说。看你能怎么样。”

“噢，你觉得自己怪漂亮，是不是？我把一只手捆在背后，就可以揍你一顿，只要我愿意。”

“哼，你为什么不要那样做呢？你说你能做到呀。”

“哼，你要是还敢耍我，我就动手。”

“噢，是吗？——你这号人我见的多了。”

“Smarty! You think you're some, now, don't you? Oh, what a hat!”

“You can lump that hat if you don't like it. I dare you to knock it off—and anybody that'll take a dare will suck eggs.”

“You're a liar!”

“You're another.”

“You're a fighting liar and dasn't take it up.”

“Aw—take a walk!”

“Say—if you give me much more of your sass I'll take and bounce a rock off'n your head.”

“Oh, of course you will.”

“Well I will.”

“Well why don't you do it then? What do you keep saying you will for? Why don't you do it? It's because you're afraid.”

“I ain't afraid.”

“You are.”

“I ain't.”

“You are.”

Another pause, and more eying and sidling around each other. Presently they were shoulder to shoulder. Tom said:

“Get away from here!”

“Go away yourself!”

“I won't.”

“I won't either.”

So they stood, each with a foot placed at an angle as a brace, and both shoving with might and main, and glowering at each other with hate. But neither could get an advantage. After struggling till both were hot and flushed, each relaxed his strain with watchful caution, and Tom said:

“You're a coward and a pup. I'll tell my

“瞧你那德性! 你以为自己了不起, 是吗? 嘻, 什么帽子嘛!”

“你不喜欢这帽子, 也只好忍着。你敢不敢把它敲下来——谁敢上来谁倒霉。”

“你是个吹牛大王!”

“你也是。”

“你光讲大话, 不敢动手。”

“噢——滚你的蛋吧!”

“告诉你——你要是再骂我, 我就用石头砸碎你的脑袋。”

“噢, 你当然会的。”

“对, 我就会。”

“那好哇, 你怎么不动手呀? 你可要记住你说过的话。你为什么不动手呀? 因为你害怕了。”

“我不怕。”

“你怕。”

“我不怕。”

“你怕。”

又歇了一会儿, 他们俩互相瞪着, 并侧着身子走了几步。接着他们肩碰了肩。汤姆说:

“快从这儿滚开!”

“你滚开!”

“我不。”

“我也不。”

于是他们站住了, 各人把一只脚斜过来, 站稳了架势, 两人同时使劲撞, 彼此怀恨, 恶狠狠地瞪着对方。可是谁也撞不过谁。他们斗了一阵, 一直斗到双方都浑身发热, 满脸通红, 各人才仔细提防着把劲头松下来, 然后汤姆说道:

“你是个胆小鬼, 是个小狗。”

big brother on you, and he can thrash you with his little finger, and I'll make him do it, too."

"What do I care for your big brother? I've got a brother that's bigger than he is—and what's more, he can throw him over that fence, too." [Both brothers were imaginary.]

"That's a lie."

"Your saying so don't make it so."

Tom drew a line in the dust with his big toe, and said:

"I dare you to step over that, and I'll lick you till you can't stand up. Anybody that'll take a dare will steal sheep."

The new boy stepped over promptly, and said:

"Now you said you'd do it, now let's see you do it."

"Don't you crowd me now; you better look out."

"Well, you said you'd do it—why don't you do it?"

"By jingo! for two cents I will do it."

The new boy took two broad coppers out of his pocket and held them out with derision. Tom struck them to the ground. In an instant both boys were rolling and tumbling in the dirt, gripped together like cats; and for the space of a minute they tugged and tore at each other's hair and clothes, punched and scratched each other's nose, and covered themselves with dust and glory. Presently the confusion took form, and through the fog of battle Tom appeared, seated astride the new boy, and pounding him with his fists. "Holler

我要到我大哥那儿去告你,他只用一根小指头就能揍你一顿,我一定得叫他来收拾你。"

"我会在乎你大哥?我有个哥哥块头比他还大——不光块头大,还能把他扔过那道围墙哩。"(两个哥哥都是信口胡诌的)

"你撒谎。"

"你说我撒谎就是撒谎?"

汤姆用大脚趾在土里划了一条线,说:

"只要你敢跨过这条线,我就揍得你爬不起来。谁敢过来谁就要挨揍。"

那新来的孩子马上跨了过去,说:

"你说你敢打我,现在让我瞧瞧你怎么打法。"

"你不要逼我;你最好还是当心点儿。"

"哼,你不是说要打我吗?——你为什么不动手啊?"

"得了!你要是肯给我两个分币,我就动手。"

那新来的孩子从口袋里掏出二个硬币,洋洋得意地拿到汤姆面前。汤姆一下子把硬币打落在地。一刹那间,两个孩子就滚翻在尘土中,像猫一样地打了起来;他们折腾了约莫一分钟左右,互相扯头发、撕衣裳,抓伤了彼此的鼻子。他们被尘土和英勇精神覆盖了。没多久,混战就有了分晓,从战斗的尘雾中露出了汤姆,他正骑在那新来的孩子身上,用拳头狠狠地捶他。"说'饶了我吧!'"他说。

'nuff!" said he.

The boy only struggled to free himself. He was crying—mainly from rage.

"Holler 'nuff!"—and the pounding went on.

At last the stranger got out a smothered "Nuff!" and Tom let him up and said:

"Now that'll learn you. Better look out who you're fooling with next time."

The new boy went off brushing the dust from his clothes, sobbing, snuffling, and occasionally looking back and shaking his head and threatening what he would do to Tom the "next time he caught him out." To which Tom responded with jeers, and started off in high feather, and as soon as his back was turned the new boy snatched up a stone, threw it and hit him between the shoulders and then turned tail and ran like an antelope. 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 declined. At last the enemy's mother appeared, and called Tom a bad, vicious, vulgar child, and ordered him away. So he went away; but he said he "lowed" to "lay" for that boy.

He got home pretty late that night, and when he climbed cautiously in at the window, he uncovered an ambuscade, in the person of his aunt; and when she saw the state his clothes were in her resolution to turn his Saturday holiday into captivity at hard labor became adamant in its firmness.

那孩子只顾挣扎着想脱身。他在哭——主要是由于愤怒。

“说‘饶了我吧!’”——捶打仍然在继续。

最后那陌生的孩子憋住气勉强说了一声“饶了我吧!”汤姆才把他放开,说道:

“好吧,给你一次教训。下次你最好搞清楚在和谁开玩笑。”

那新来的孩子一边拍着衣服上的尘土,一边哭哭啼啼地走开了,走着走着还不时回过头来看一看,摇头晃脑地威胁说,下次再碰到汤姆,将如何对付他。汤姆只用讥笑的话回敬他,并洋洋得意地走开,可他刚刚转过身去,那新来的孩子就捡起一块石扔过来,打在汤姆的背上,然后就飞快地逃跑了。汤姆一直追到这个叛徒的家里,就这样知道了他的住处。然后,他在门口摆了一会儿架势,挑逗仇敌出来,但是,仇敌只是隔着窗户向他扮鬼脸,不出来。后来仇敌的母亲出现了,骂汤姆是坏孩子,恶毒而下流,并命令他滚开。这样汤姆就走开了;可是他说一定要找个机会好好修理那孩子。

那天晚上汤姆回家很晚,他小心翼翼地爬进窗户,发现自己遭到姨妈的伏击;看到他的衣服搞得这样邋遢,她原先做出的利用星期六放假把他关在家里做苦工的打算,立即便化作坚如磐石的决心了。