THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER

BY

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INTRODUCTION TO SERIES

ENGLISH books are written for the English, who have spoken English since they began to speak, and have read English since they began to read. They are not written for the foreigner.

And with few exceptions he will not get from them what the Englishman gets from them; his vocabulary is too small. Books that are written in a vocabulary simple enough for him to read with ease, are written for English children, and deal with subjects that only children and the childlike are interested in. Those that deal with subjects that the adolescent is interested in, are written in a vocabulary of such vastness that the adolescent foreigner cannot read them without constant recourse to a dictionary and consequent loss of just that pleasure that the books were written to give.

In every school in the world in which foreigners are learning English, the teacher is crying out for books that will bring to the foreigner who is learning English some of the pleasures that the English classics bring to the English boy and girl.

This series is intended as an answer to that cry. It is a series based on a few simple principles:

(1) Common words are more important than less common words; *see* and *touch* than *glare* and *fondle*.

(2) Common words should be and can be more easily learnt than less common words.

(3) Modern scholars like Professor Thorndike and Dr. Michael West have at least begun to determine with precision which are the more common and which the less common words.

(4) It is possible to "translate" any story of action in a vocabulary of less than two thousand words, into language which is genuine, idiomatic English, and which retains some of the individual charm of the original.

(5) For the sake of the millions of bilingual readers, this should be done on a large scale.

(6) With the example of Shakespeare and the Bible before him, no scholar need consider adaptation and translation beneath his dignity.

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CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	"FULL OF MISCHIEF"	1
2.	THE FENCE IS WHITEWASHED	5
3.	JOYS AND SORROWS	9
4.	TOM IS "ILL"	13
5.	THE QUARREL: OUTLAWS	20
6.	IN THE GRAVEYARD	24
7.	TOM AND HUCK SWEAR AN OATH	30
8.	POTTER IS ARRESTED	33
9.	MEDICINE	36
10.	PIRATES	39
11.	ON THE ISLAND	45
12.	WHAT TOM OVERHEARD	50
13.	HOMESICK: JOE "LOSES HIS KNIFE"	53
14.	THE STORM	57
15.	BACK FROM THE DEAD	61
16.	TOM'S "DREAM": BECKY'S REVENGE	63
17.	AUNT POLLY'S TEARS	69
18.	"HOW COULD YOU BE SO NOBLE!"	71
19.	PRIZE DAY	74
20.	THE TRIAL OF POTTER	77

CHAPTER PAGE

21. DIGGING FOR TREASURE . . . 82
22. IN THE HAUNTED HOUSE . . . 87
23. "TRACK THE MONEY!" . . . 92
24. THE PICNIC: HUCK ON THE TRACK . . 97
25. HUCK QUESTIONED: TOM AND BECKY MISSING 101
26. LOST IN THE CAVE 105
27. SAVED 111
28. THE TREASURE FOUND 114
29. HUCK "CAN'T BEAR THOSE WAYS" . . 121
QUESTIONS 125

CHAPTER 1

"FULL OF MISCHIEF"

"TOM!"

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[1] 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[2] down and pushing the sweeping-brush under the bed. She disturbed[3] 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[4] noise behind her, and she turned just in time to seize a small boy and prevent him from running away.

"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.[1] 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.

[1] Jam = fruit boiled with sugar.

1.很少 2.弯下 3.扰乱 4.轻微的 5.材料

"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[1] 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."

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.

[1] A whip=a stick with a string on the end; to whip=to beat with a whip or a stick.

9. ji huih 10. 服从
1. 转 2. 抢 3. 逃 4. 淘气鬼 5. 责罚 6. destory. 7. pi kai 8. taov yunh de

"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."

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."

"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.

"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.

CHAPTER 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.

"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 anyone."

"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."[1]

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 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.

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

[1] A marble=a small stone or glass ball played with by children.

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?"

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."

"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 down-

By the middle of the afternoon Tom was wealthy.

fall 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.

CHAPTER 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."

She was so astonished at Tom's performance that she took him to the cupboard and picked out the finest apple for him.

He danced out into the garden and saw Sid. In a moment the air was full of lumps of earth. They flew round Sid's ears, and before Aunt Polly could come to the rescue six or seven had hit him and Tom was over the fence and gone. There was a gate, but generally he was too short of time to make use of it. He was satisfied, since he had punished Sid for calling attention to the black thread and getting him into trouble.

As he was passing the house where Jeff Thatcher lived, he saw a new girl in the garden. She was a lovely little blue-eyed angel with two long tails of yellow hair. At once a girl called Amy Lawrence vanished completely out of Tom's heart.

He worshipped this new angel till he saw that she had discovered him. Then he pretended that he did not know she was present, and began to act in all sorts of silly boyish ways in order to win her admiration. While he was in the midst of some dangerous tricks, he glanced[1] aside and saw that the little girl was going towards the house. Tom came up to the fence and leaned on it, hoping that she would wait a little longer. Tom sighed as she put her foot on the doorstep, but his face lit up at once, for she threw a rose over the fence just before she disappeared. The boy ran round, picked up his treasure, and buttoned it inside his coat next to his heart, or next to his stomach possibly, for he was not quite sure where the one began and the other ended.

All through supper he was so gay that his aunt won-

[1] To glance=to give a quick look at.

dered why. She scolded him for throwing lumps of earth at Sid, but he did not seem to mind in the least. He tried to steal sugar under his aunt's very nose, and got a tap on his fingers with a spoon.

"Aunt, you don't hit Sid when he takes sugar," he said.

"Well, Sid doesn't worry me as you do. You would be always stealing sugar if I didn't watch you."

Sid smiled in a self-satisfied way, and when the old lady went into the kitchen he reached for the sugar-basin. But his fingers slipped, and the basin dropped and broke. Now it was Tom's turn to smile, but he controlled his tongue and kept silent. He said to himself that he would not say a word, even when his aunt came in, but would sit perfectly still till she asked who had broken the basin. Then he would tell, and it would be delightful to see that model boy get a good beating. He was so wild with joy that he could hardly keep still when the old lady came back and stood above the broken pieces, looking angrily over her spectacles. He said to himself, "Now she's going to hit Sid." And the next instant he was flat on the floor! Her palm was uplifted to strike again, when Tom cried out:

"Hi! Why are you hitting me? Sid broke it!"

Aunt Polly paused, puzzled, and Tom looked at her for healing pity. But when she had recovered from her surprise she only said:

"H'm! Well, I'm sure you deserved it. No doubt you were in some mischief while I was in the kitchen."

Then her conscience pricked her, and she longed to say something kind and loving; but she judged that this would be taken as a confession that she had been in the wrong, and discipline forbade that. So she kept silent, and went about her housework with a troubled heart. Tom sat gloomily in a corner and nursed his sorrows. He knew, through tearful eyes, that she glanced tenderly at him now and again, asking for forgiveness; but he refused to take any notice. He