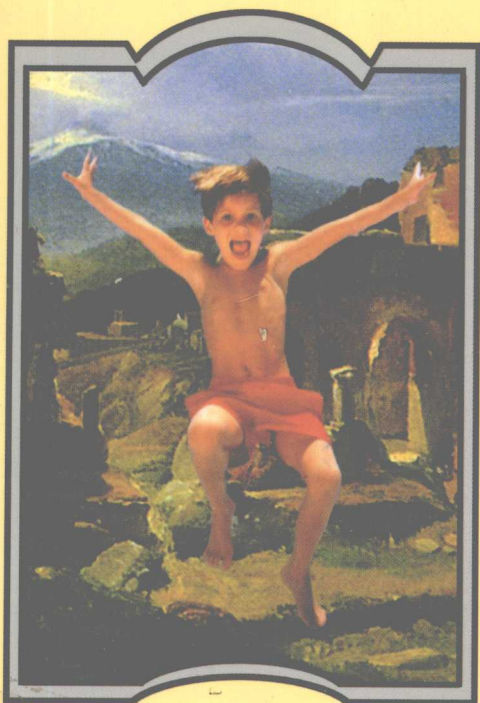


5元丛书

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer

汤姆·索亚历险记

Mark Twain



中国对外经济贸易出版社

5 元丛书第七辑 英文经典名著丛书(1)

丛书主编 范希春 马德高

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer

汤姆·索亚历险记

(美) Mark Twain 著

中国对外经济贸易出版社

J51C
X51C
(2)
J13k

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

汤姆·索亚历险记: 英文 / (美) 马克·吐温 (Mark Twain) 著. —北京: 中国对外经济贸易出版社, 2000. 10

(5 元丛书. 第七辑. 英文经典名著丛书(I)/范希春, 马德高主编)

ISBN 7-80004-840-3

I. 汤... II. 马... III. 英语-语言读物, 小说
IV. H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2000)第 53092 号

5 元丛书第七辑
英文经典名著丛书(I)
丛书主编 范希春 马德高
--The Adventures of Tom Sawyer
汤姆·索亚历险记
(美) Mark Twain 著

中国对外经济贸易出版社出版
(北京安定门外大街东后巷 28 号)
邮政编码: 100710

新华书店发行
山东省日照日报社印刷厂印刷
787×1092 毫米 36 开本
印张: 47.75 字数: 1 278 千字
2000 年 10 月第 1 版
2000 年 10 月第 1 次印刷

ISBN 7-80004-840-3
H·137

全套定价: 40.00 元

前言

在中国,汤姆·索亚是个家喻户晓的人物,一提起这个名字,人们自然会想到一个机智活泼、勇敢正直、可爱,又有些顽皮的少年形象;会想起有关他的一系列故事。

汤姆·索亚不是一个好学生,他厌烦枯燥无味的功课,空洞虚假的教义和不近人情的清规戒律,但是,他又是一个耽于幻想的少年,渴望成为传说中的英雄。无论是在校内还是在校外,他都是一个到处惹事的淘气鬼。在学校里,因其太过顽皮,老师经常鞭答他,他便在发奖日那天,当着全村人的面捉弄了那位老师。虽然,汤姆是调皮捣蛋鬼,但他又是正直的——他和知心朋友曾经目睹了一起人命案,但警察却将村民波特误认为是凶手,在审判的现场,汤姆勇敢地站出来;指证真正的杀人凶手,为被诬陷的无辜的波特洗刷了不白之冤。同时,汤姆又表现出了他那个年龄的人少有的机智和沉着,在一次郊游中,汤姆和法官的女儿贝吉在山洞中迷了路,但汤姆临危不乱、沉着冷静,使凶狠的杀人犯死在山洞中,他和小朋友却安然无恙。在一次寻宝活动中,汤姆和好友哈克找到了一大笔财宝,全村人都轰动了,人们都纷纷汇入了寻宝的热潮中,而汤姆却视财宝若无物,依旧满心向往自由的英雄生活。——《汤姆·索亚历险记》这部小说,绘声绘色地描述了理想主义浓郁的少年世界和贪婪、庸俗、保守的小市民世界,两者相较,给人以更为深刻的印象和启示。

提起汤姆·索亚,人们自然会想到它的作者马克·吐温,这位以幽默著称的作家。马克·吐温(Mark Twain 1835—1910),原名塞缪尔·朗荷恩·克莱门斯,出生于密苏里州偏僻的弗罗里达镇,4岁时举家迁到了密西西比河边的哈尼波尔城,热爱密西西

比河的克莱门斯最大的愿望便是当一名轮船上的驾驶员,航行于这条大河上。不久,做地方法官的父亲去世了,克莱门斯只好辍学谋生,那一年,他只有12岁。

1854年,克莱门斯离开家乡,先后在美国东部、中西部和密西西比河沿岸当排字工人。1856年,克莱门斯终于实现了童年时代的梦想,在密西西比河上当上了一名领航员。此后,他又被编入南方军队当兵,到西部的内华达州当淘金工人。在内华达为报纸写文章,以马克·吐温的笔名发表,不久,移居旧金山。1865年至1870年,马克·吐温以记者身份游历了欧洲和中东地区,在国内的报纸上发表旅游见闻。到他回国时,马克·吐温已是家喻户晓的幽默作家了。

马克·吐温这一笔名源于他在密西西比河上当领航员的经历,因为当时在密西西比河,当水深三呎(一呎为6英尺)时,船只是绝对安全的,当水深达到二呎时,船尚处于安全水深,这时测水手便要高声通报“水深二呎”,而“水深二呎”的英语术语就是“马克·吐温”,为了怀念自己热爱的密西西比河和那段生活经历,马克·吐温便以此为笔名了。

马克·吐温的作品,笔调轻松幽默,诙谐有趣,但是,这种幽默中总是蕴含着深刻的社会内容和对现世的批判态度。所以在美国,有人将马克·吐温称为“黑色幽默”之父,并将其称之为“我们民族文学的真正开创者”。

马克·吐温的作品著名的有《百万英镑》、《竞选州长》、《镀金时代》、《哈克贝里·芬历险记》和《汤姆·索亚历险记》。他的后两部小说,虽然是以青少年读者为主要对象,但也是其它年龄阶段的读者所喜爱的,正如马克·吐温在该书自序中所说的那样:

虽然我这部书主要是打算供男女少年们欣赏的,但是我希望成年男女们并不因此而不看它,因为我的计划中有一部分是想使成年人轻松愉快地回忆起他们曾经如何生活,怎样感觉,怎样思

考,怎样谈吐,以及有些时候,干些什么稀奇古怪的冒险事情。

假如你打开这本书并阅读它,或许会寻到自己少年时代的某些影子和梦想?

范希春

2000年7月18日

于中国社会科学院研究生院



邮购书目



5元丛书

第一辑:英语精粹文丛(I)

英语散文名篇赏析	5.00
英语名诗赏析	5.00
英语小说名篇赏析	5.00
英语名作佳译赏析	5.00
英语演说辞精粹	5.00
英语幽默精粹	5.00
英语名言精粹	5.00
英语奇闻趣事集锦	5.00

第二辑:英语精粹文丛(II)

英语幽默笑话精粹	5.00
英语文笔精华	5.00
英语谚语精粹	5.00
模范英语文选	5.00
英语网上文摘	5.00
英语报刊文摘	5.00
英语知识小品	5.00
英语科学随笔	5.00

第三辑:英语名人名篇

名人英文情书	5.00
名人英文家书	5.00
名人英文回忆录	5.00
名人英文日记	5.00
名人英文游记	5.00
名人英文妙论	5.00
名人英文传记	5.00
名人英文随笔	5.00

第四辑:英语经典漫忆丛书

圣经典故(Ⅰ)	5.00
圣经典故(Ⅱ)	5.00
希腊罗马神话故事	5.00
伊索寓言故事	5.00
格林童话故事	5.00
莎士比亚戏剧故事	5.00
福尔摩斯探案故事	5.00
天方夜谭故事	5.00
安徒生童话选粹	5.00

第五辑:英语经典演说辞

世界经济论坛英文经典演说辞	5.00
商界名家英文经典演说辞	5.00
美国总统英文经典演说辞	5.00
联合国论坛英文经典演说辞	5.00
诺贝尔奖受奖英文经典演说辞	5.00
著名政治家英文经典演说辞	5.00
世界文化名人英文经典演说辞	5.00
法律界名家英文经典演说辞	5.00

第六辑:福尔摩斯探案故事丛书

失去的世界	5.00
毒带	5.00
福尔摩斯归来	5.00
血字的研究	5.00
恐怖谷	5.00
巴斯克维尔猎犬	5.00
四签名	5.00
福尔摩斯探案故事集(上)	5.00
福尔摩斯探案故事集(下)	5.00

第七辑:英语经典名著丛书(Ⅰ)

汤姆·索亚历险记	5.00
哈克贝里·芬历险记	5.00
金银岛	5.00

所罗门王的宝藏	5.00
神秘花园	5.00
鲁宾逊漂流记	5.00
格列佛游记	5.00
野性的呼唤	5.00

第八辑:英语经典名著丛书(Ⅱ)

一个青年画家的肖像	5.00
红字	5.00
艰难时世	5.00
丛林之书	5.00
查太莱夫人的情人	5.00
卡斯特桥市长	5.00
呼啸山庄	5.00
麦琪的礼物	5.00

8 元丛书

英汉对照注释本莎士比亚经典剧作丛书

罗密欧与朱丽叶	8.00
哈姆雷特	8.00
李尔王	8.00
麦克白	8.00
奥瑟罗	8.00
第十二夜	8.00
皆大欢喜	8.00
威尼斯商人	8.00
仲夏夜之梦	8.00

10 元丛书

第一辑:英文经典名著丛书(Ⅲ)

吉姆老爷	10.00
傲慢与偏见	10.00
苔 丝	10.00
还 乡	10.00

佳莉妹妹	10.00
儿子与情人	10.00
雾都孤儿	10.00
爱 玛	10.00
马丁·伊登	10.00
双城记	10.00
第二辑:英文经典名著丛书(IV)	
弗罗斯河上的磨房	10.00
恋爱中的女人	10.00
月亮宝石	10.00
汤姆叔叔的小屋	10.00
简·爱	10.00
小妇人	10.00
贵妇画像	10.00
白衣女人	10.00
飘(上)	10.00
飘(下)	10.00

欲邮购者,请汇款至:邮编 250014 济南市历山路 148 号星火系列读者服务部收。

邮购须知:一般邮购外加 15% 邮资;整辑邮购免收邮资;量大从优。

服务热线:(0531)2947458, 01366416708

服务承诺:如果您对我部邮购的任何图书觉得不满意,只要您在收到书后 20 天内寄回,我们将无条件地为您退款或换书。

CONTENTS

Chapter 1	1
Chapter 2	7
Chapter 3	11
Chapter 4	16
Chapter 5	24
Chapter 6	28
Chapter 7	37
Chapter 8	41
Chapter 9	45
Chapter 10	51
Chapter 11	56
Chapter 12	59
Chapter 13	63
Chapter 14	65
Chapter 15	69
Chapter 16	73
Chapter 17	80
Chapter 18	84
Chapter 19	87
Chapter 20	94
Chapter 21	96
Chapter 22	99
Chapter 23	104
Chapter 24	107
Chapter 25	112
Chapter 26	113
Chapter 27	118
Chapter 28	125
Chapter 29	127
Chapter 30	129

Chapter 31	135
Chapter 32	142
Chapter 33	149
Chapter 34	152
Chapter 35	160
Chapter 36	162

Chapter 1

"TOM!"

No answer.

"TOM!"

No answer.

"What's gone with that boy, I wonder? You TOM!"

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 "jimpson" 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!"

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 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 I'll just be obleeged to make him work, to-morrow, 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 vanity 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 securely 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 went 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 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 shabbier 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."

"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 big brother on you,