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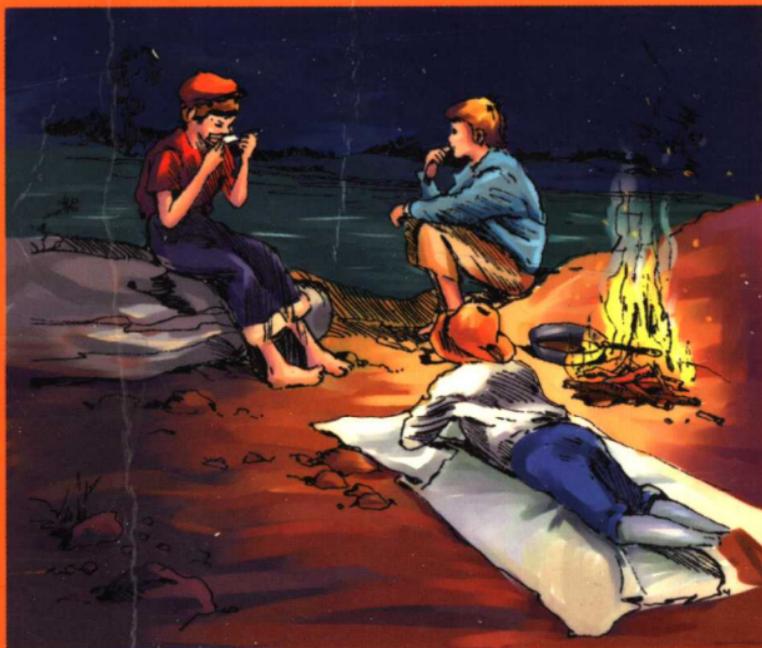
The Adventures of Tom Sawyer

汤姆·索亚历险记

MARK TWAIN

原著 马克·吐温

汤姆·索亚热爱冒险，他和小伙伴哈克贝利·费恩历经了各种各样的艰难险阻。刚开始，两个孩子想做海盗，但不久他们发现他们那位于密西西比河上的家乡小镇就充满了谜团。他们能证实被指控谋杀的罪犯是无辜的吗？失落的财宝又在哪儿？他们能找到吗？



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*Wanderings and Discoveries of
James Ross*

汤姆·索亚历险记

詹姆斯·罗斯

1818—1892

James Ross (1818–1892) was a Scottish explorer, geographer, and naturalist. He is best known for his discovery of the Ross Sea and the Ross Ice Shelf in Antarctica. He also discovered the Ross Sea current and the Ross Sea gyre. He was a member of the Royal Society and the Royal Geographical Society.



上海译文出版社

SHANGHAI TRANSLATION PUBLISHING HOUSE

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Retold by Marie Coghill

原著 马克·吐温

注释 张颖



上海外语教育出版社



MACMILLAN

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

汤姆·索亚历险记 = The Adventures of Tom Sawyer / (美) 马克·吐温 (Twain, M.) 著; (英) 科格希尔 (Coghill, M.) 改写; 张颖注释. — 上海: 上海外语教育出版社, 2003

(轻松读经典丛书)

ISBN 7-81080-731-5

I. 汤… II. ①马…②科…③张… 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(2002)第 104160 号

图字: 09-2002-684号

出版发行: **上海外语教育出版社**

(上海外国语大学内) 邮编: 200083

电 话: 021-65425300 (总机), 35051812 (发行部)

电子邮箱: bookinfo@sflep.com.cn

网 址: <http://www.sflep.com.cn> <http://www.sflep.com>

特约编辑: 陈 荣

责任编辑: 谢 宇

印 刷: 上海市印刷七厂

经 销: 新华书店上海发行所

开 本: 787×965 1/32 印张 6.125 字数 106 千字

版 次: 2003 年 2 月第 1 版 2003 年 5 月第 2 次印刷

印 数: 20 000 册

书 号: ISBN 7-81080-731-5 / I · 085

定 价: 7.20 元

本版图书如有印装质量问题,可向本社调换

出版说明

为了促进我国中学生的英语学习,培养他们的文化素养和文学修养,上海外语教育出版社经过长时间的酝酿和市场调研,决定将英国麦克米伦出版公司的一套文学名著简写本引荐给我国的中学生。

麦克米伦出版公司是从20世纪初开始陆续出版这套文学名著简写本的。为了满足世界各地英语为非母语国家、也包括英语国家不同程度中学生的阅读需要,他们请专家对一些大家耳熟能详的世界文学名著进行了改写,在保留原著的故事情节和原著者的创作风格的同时,适当地降低了语言的难度,至今已经推出了200多本。若干年过去了,这些书仍然受到世界各地读者的欢迎。

外教社从麦克米伦出版公司的这套文学名著简写本中精心挑选了40本,汇成一套“轻松读经典丛书”,难易程度跨越“英语课程标准”的3级—8级。这套丛书选编了英、美、法等国文学大师的经典之作,包括莎士比亚、狄更斯、马克·吐温、哈代、大仲马等著名作家的作品。为了让中学生在阅读过程中更好地把握原书的精髓和作家的创作历程,外教社还特地对读物中的语言难点做了注释;并加入了一篇关于作家、作品的背景介绍。

我们衷心希望“轻松读经典丛书”能够有助于提高我国中学生的文学欣赏水平,陶冶他们的道德情操,增强他们的英语阅读能力,为开启中学生英语文学名著阅读之门的金钥匙。

外教社编辑部

2002年11月

简 介

马克·吐温(1835—1910)原名塞缪尔·朗赫恩·克莱门斯,是美国文学史上著名的幽默大师和小说巨匠。他的作品带有明显的美国特色,开创了美国现实主义小说的新阶段,深受读者欢迎。他的主要作品有《汤姆·索亚历险记》、《哈克贝利·费恩历险记》、《镀金时代》等。

他的幼年在密苏里州的小镇汉尼拔及佛罗里达镇度过,日后他把这段无忧无虑的日子写进了《汤姆·索亚历险记》。十三岁那年,马克·吐温辍学,随后在印刷厂当印刷学徒工。几年后,他在美国东部和西部许多城市当过印刷工人。1856年,他乘船沿密西西比河南下,开始在这条大河上领航。尔后他为报章写过一些幽默的小故事。1869年他的诙谐游记《傻子国外旅行记》出版,这本书获得了很大成功,马克·吐温成为了一位小说家。他与奥莉维亚·兰顿结婚,并在康涅迪克州的哈特福德定居。

在1873年与1875年间,马克·吐温写出了《汤姆·索亚历险记》,这本书深为他自己的孩子们所喜爱。由于此书巧妙有趣地把恶作剧与幻想搀杂在一起,为全世界读者所钟爱。故事在马克·吐温自己的年少时期经历的基础上加以夸张,因此显得颇为真实,

例如，那个满是蝙蝠的洞穴在现实生活中就在汉尼拔镇下游三英里处，小塞缪尔·克莱门斯对此了如指掌。这部小说最成功之处在于生动地刻画了汤姆·索亚与波莉姑妈、与哈克贝里芬之间的关系，并成功再现了19世纪中期美国中西部小镇生活的各个侧面。

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CHAPTER ONE

A YOUNG BATTLER

‘TOM!’

No answer.

‘Tom!’

No answer.

‘What’s happened to that boy, I wonder?
You, Tom!’

No answer.

The old lady pulled her spectacles¹ down and looked over them about the room. For a moment she looked puzzled. Then she said to herself, not fiercely, but still loud enough for the furniture to hear, ‘If I do get hold of you, I’ll’

She did not finish, for by this time she was bending down and pushing under the bed with the broom. She disturbed nothing but the cat.

‘Never did I see such a boy!’ she exclaimed².

She went to the open door and looked out

1 spectacles: 眼镜 2 exclaim: 呼喊, 惊叫, 大声叫

towards the tomato vines in the garden.

No Tom.

So she lifted up her voice at an angle calculated for distance¹, and shouted.

‘Y-o-u, Tom!’

There was a slight noise behind her, and she turned just in time to seize a small boy by the edge of his jacket and arrest his flight².

‘There! I should have thought of that cupboard. What have you been doing in there?’

‘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, that’s what it is. Forty times I’ve said if you didn’t let that jam alone I’d skin³ you. Hand me that stick.’

The stick hovered in the air⁴ —the peril was desperate—

‘My⁵! Look behind you, Aunt!’

The old lady whirled round and snatched her skirts out of danger. The boy fled at that instant, scrambled over the board fence, and disap-

1 angle calculated for distance: 提高嗓门,以便她的声音能传出

2 arrest his flight: 抓住他,不让他逃跑 3 skin: 剥你的皮,美国俗语,指用责打来惩罚人 4 The stick hovered in the air: 棍子从汤姆头顶递过

5 My: 呼语,嗷呀! 啊呀!



peared.

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

‘ Hang the boy¹, can’t I ever learn anything? He’s played enough tricks on me before. But they’re always different, so how is a body to know what’s coming? And he knows how long he can tease me before I get angry. Then he makes me laugh, and I can’t be cross. He’ll play hook-ey² this afternoon, and I’ll be obliged to make him work tomorrow, to punish him. It’s hard to make him work Saturdays, when all the boys are having holiday, but he hates work more than he hates anything else, and I’ve got to do my duty by him, or I’ll be the ruination³ of that child. ’

Tom did play hookey, and he had a very good time. He got back home barely in time to help Jim, the small servant boy, saw next-day’s wood, and split kindlings⁴ before supper. At least, he was there in time to tell his adventures to Jim while Jim did most of the work. Tom’s younger brother (or rather half-brother⁵) Sid was already through with his part of the work (pick-

1 Hang the boy: 此处并不是字面上的“吊死那男孩”之意,而是波莉姨妈表示恼怒无奈之意,类似于中文中的“该死的” 2 play hookey: 逃学 3 ruination: 毁灭,灭亡 4 kindlings: (总称)引火柴 5 half-brother: 同父异母或同母异父兄弟

ing 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 offered¹, Aunt Polly asked him questions, believing them to be cunning, and ones that would trap him.

Said she, 'Tom, it was warm in school, wasn't it?'

'Yes, aunt.'

'Very warm, wasn't it?'

'Yes, aunt.'

'Didn't you want to go swimming, Tom?'

A bit of a scare shot through Tom²—a touch of uncomfortable suspicion. He searched Aunt Polly's face, but it told him nothing. So he said, 'No, aunt—well, not very much.'

The old lady reached out her hand, felt Tom's shirt, and said, 'But you aren't too warm now, though.' It pleased her to think that she had discovered that his shirt was dry without anyone knowing what was in her mind.

But Tom guessed her purpose, and said hurriedly, 'Some of us pumped water on our heads—mine's still damp. See?'

Aunt Polly was annoyed that she had over-

1 as opportunity offered: 一有机会 2 scare shoot through Tom: 汤姆突然感到一阵害怕



looked that bit of evidence. But then she had a new idea.

‘Tom, you didn’t have to undo your shirt collar where I sewed it, to pump water 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.

‘Bother¹! Well, go along with you. I was sure you’d played hookey and been swimming. I reckon you’re better than you look—this time.’

She was half angry that her cleverness had miscarried², and half glad that Tom had been of good 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 didn’t wait for the rest. As he went out of the door, he said, ‘Siddy³, I’ll lick⁴ you for that.’

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

1 Bother: (表示不高兴的强调用语)讨厌 2 miscarry: (意向、计划等)失败 3 Siddy: 西德尼的简称 4 lick: 此处指责打或惩罚

said to himself, 'She'd never have noticed if it hadn't been for Sid. Sometimes she sews it with white thread, and sometimes with black. I wish she'd stick to one or the other. But I'll lick Sid for that. I'll teach him.'

Tom was not the model boy of the village. He knew the model boy very well though—and disliked him.

He got home fairly late that night, and when he climbed cautiously in at the window, he bumped right into his aunt who was waiting to catch him. When she saw the state his clothes were in, she was more than ever determined that Saturday would be a working day for Tom.

Saturday morning came, and all the summer world was bright and fresh, and brimming with life¹. There was a song in every heart, cheer in every face, and a spring in every step.

Tom appeared with a bucket of whitewash and a long-handled brush. He looked at the fence, and all gladness left him. Thirty yards of board fence several feet high.

Sighing, he dipped his brush and passed it along the topmost plank; repeated the operation; did it again; compared the whitewashed streak² with the great expanse of Aunt Polly's unwhite-

1 brim with life: 充满生机 2 streak: 条纹



washed fence, and sat down discouraged.

Jim came skipping out at the gate with a tin pail, singing happily. Bringing water from the town pump had always been hateful work in Tom's eyes before, but now it did not strike him so. He remembered that there was company at the pump. Boys and girls were always there waiting their turn, resting, trading playthings, quarrelling, fighting, skylarking¹. And he remembered that although the pump was only a short distance away, Jim never got back with a bucket of water under an hour. Even then someone usually had to go after him.

Tom said, 'I say, Jim, I'll fetch the water if you'll whitewash some of the fence.'

Jim shook his head. 'Can't, Tom. Miss Polly told me to get this water. She said, she expects Tom will ask me to whitewash, and she told me to attend to my own business.'

'Oh, never mind what she said, Jim. That's the way she always talks. Give me the bucket. *She* won't know.'

'Oh, I daren't. Lick me she would.'

'*She!* She never licks anybody—whacks² them over the head with a thimble—and who cares for that! She talks, but talk doesn't hurt—

1 skylark: 嬉戏, 欢笑 2 whack: 敲, 击

as long as she doesn't cry. Jim, I'll give you a marble. I'll give you a white alley¹.

Jim began to weaken.

'White alley, Jim!'

Jim stared longingly at the marble.

'And besides, if you will, I'll show you my sore toe, too.'

This attraction was too much for Jim. He put down his pail, took the white alley, and bent over the toe with great interest while the bandage was unwound.

In another moment, he was flying down the street with his pail, and a stinging behind; Tom was whitewashing with vigour, and Aunt Polly was retiring from the field of battle with a slipper in one hand, and triumph in her eye.

But Tom's energy did not last. He began to think of the fun he had planned for this day, and his sorrows multiplied. Soon the free boys would be coming; tripping along on all sorts of exciting expeditions, and they would make the world of fun of him for having to work. The thought burned him like fire. He got out all his worldly wealth² and examined it; bits of toys, marbles, and rubbish; enough to buy an exchange of work, maybe, but

1 white alley: 在玩弹子游戏中用的小圆玻璃珠 2 worldly wealth: 此处指汤姆的小收藏



not half enough to buy as much as half an hour of freedom. He gave up the idea of trying to buy the boys.

At this dark and hopeless moment an idea burst upon him!

He took up his brush and went on quietly with his work. A few moments later, Ben Rogers came in sight—the very boy whose ridicule he had been dreading.

Ben was eating an apple, and giving a long, melodious whoop at intervals¹, followed by a deeptoned ding-dong-dong, ding-dong-dong, for he was pretending to be a steamboat. He was boat and captain and engine bell combined, and he had to imagine himself standing on his own deck, giving orders and, at the same time, obeying them.

‘Stop her, sir! Ting-a-ling-a-ling! Get out that headline. Lively, now! Take a turn round that stump. Stand by the stage. Done with the engines, sir! Ting-a-ling-a-ling. . . .’

Tom went on whitewashing—paid no attention to the steamboat.

Ben stared a moment and then said, ‘Hi-Yi! You’re up a stump², aren’t you?’

No answer. Tom looked over his last effort

1 at intervals: 不时地 2 up a stump: 有麻烦