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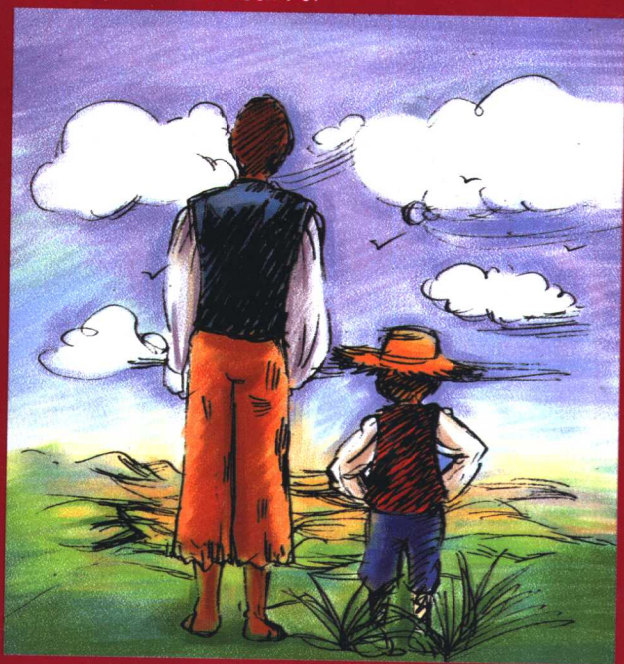
The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn

哈克贝里·费恩历险记

MARK TWAIN

原著 马克·吐温

小男孩哈克和黑奴沿密西西比河漂流南下寻找自由——但是他们能逃脱男孩残忍的父亲和疯狂的暴民吗？



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Adapted by Kerry Edwards

Series Editor Dr Colin Swatridge

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注释 刘思远



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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,成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(原名塞缪尔·郎赫恩·克莱门斯)的生活多姿多彩,他成功地将他的生活变成了文学作品。马克·吐温于1835年出生在密苏里州佛罗里达,父亲开着一家小店铺。在他四岁的时候,全家搬迁到距密西西比河三十英里的汉泥巴尔小镇。他的小说《汤姆·索亚历险记》和《哈克贝里·费恩历险记》都生动地反映了他在小镇的童年生活。1847年马克·吐温离开学校后在报社工作了十年,在此期间他接受训练成了船上的一名舵手。内战爆发后,他去了内华达州寻找银矿。可是整整两年他一无所获,而且身边那些为了发财可以不择手段的人们让他感到很失望,最后他又回到报社做他的新闻记者。在1863年他写了第一本幽默的作品,到1865年马克·吐温已经以他的幽默成为全国闻名的作家和演说者。虽然由于债务的增多,在晚年他为了赚钱仓促完成了一些不近如人意的作品,但是直到1910年去世,马克·吐温都广受读者的欢迎。

正如马克·吐温的前一本小说《汤姆·索亚历险记》一样,《哈克贝里·费恩历险记》也是以马克·吐温早年在汉泥巴尔小镇生活时了解的美国南部为故事背景。他做轮船舵手时的各种经历使他对密西西比河上生活的描写详细而精彩。这两个故事都发生在南方



奴隶制度盛行的时代,即使小家庭也有一两个奴隶,而大家庭则更多。北方人对南方白人雇主忽视黑人奴隶应得权利非常不满,这也就是内战中南北双方关注的核心问题。马克·吐温本人对奴隶制度的看法很复杂。出生在南方的他过去习惯了白人比黑人高一等的看法,但是在后来的日子里,他为反对奴隶制度做了许多工作。在这本书里,他的观点已经反映在他对一个黑奴的描写之中。

在《哈克贝里·费恩历险记》中,马克·吐温继续讲述《汤姆·索亚历险记》里的故事,当然这本书也可以单独阅读。在前一本书中,哈克和汤姆因发现了强盗藏匿的宝藏而发了财。在《哈克贝里·费恩历险记》的开头,曾经过着流浪生活的哈克被寡妇道格拉斯收留,和她及她的姐姐沃森小姐生活在一起。

《汤姆·索亚历险记》和《哈克贝里·费恩历险记》是马克·吐温最著名也是最受欢迎的作品,是当时很有影响的小说,而且孩子们都爱读。特别是更为现实的《哈克贝里·费恩历险记》,小说很多描写都反映了马克·吐温对他所见到的人性贪婪与残酷的憎恶,同时也是对美国社会深入而动情的评述。

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Chapter 1

ONE morning, well into the winter, I happened to turn over the salt pot at breakfast. I reached for some of it as quickly as I could, to throw over my left shoulder and keep off the bad luck, but Miss Watson said 'Take your hands away, Huckleberry — what a mess you are always making!' I started out, after breakfast, feeling worried and shaky, and wondering where the bad luck was going to fall on me, and what it was going to be. There are ways to keep off some kinds of bad luck, but this wasn't one of them; so I never tried to do anything, but just walked along in low spirits and watched out.

I went down the front garden and climbed over the stile¹, where you go through the high board fence. There was an inch of new snow on the ground, and I saw somebody's tracks. They had stood around the stile a while, and then went on around the garden fence. It was funny they hadn't come in, after standing around so. I was going to follow around, but I bent to look at the tracks first. I didn't notice anything

1 stile: 篱两侧的台阶

at first; then I did. There was a cross in the boot-heel made with nails, to keep off the devil.

I was up in a second and running down the hill. I looked over my shoulder every now and then, but I didn't see anybody. I was over at Judge Thatcher's as quickly as I could get there. He said, 'Why, my boy, you are all out of breath. Did you come for your interest?'

'No, sir,' I said. 'Is there some for me?'

'Oh, yes. Over a hundred and fifty dollars. Quite a fortune for you. You'd better let me invest it along with your six thousand, because if you take it you'll spend it.'

'No, sir,' I said, 'I don't want to spend it. I don't want it at all — nor the six thousand, neither. I want you to take it. I want to give it to you — the six thousand and all.'

He looked surprised. He couldn't seem to make it out. He said, 'Why, what can you mean, my boy?'

I said, 'Don't you ask me any questions about it, please. You'll take it — won't you?'

He said, 'Well, I'm puzzled. Is something the matter?'

'Please take it,' said I, 'and don't ask me anything — then I won't have to tell any lies.'

He thought a while, and then he said, 'Oho-o. I think I see. You want to sell all your property to me — not give it. That's the correct idea.'

Then he wrote something on a paper and read it over, and said, 'There. That means I have bought it



from you and paid you for it. Here's a dollar for you. Now, you sign it. '

So I signed it, and left.

Miss Watson's slave, Jim, had a hair-ball as big as your fist, which had been taken out of the fourth stomach of an ox, and he used to do magic with it. He said there was a spirit inside it, and it knew everything. So I went to him that night and told him Pap¹ was here again, because I found his tracks in the snow. What I wanted to know was, what was he going to do, and was he going to stay? Jim got out his hair-ball, and said something over it, and then he held it up and dropped it on the floor. It fell pretty solidly, and only rolled about an inch. Jim tried it again, and then another time, and it acted just the same. Jim got down on his knees and put his ear against it and listened. But it was no use; he said it wouldn't talk. He said sometimes it wouldn't talk without money, so I told him I had a quarter². Jim put the quarter under the hair-ball and got down and listened again. This time he said the hair-ball was all right. He said it would tell my whole fortune if I wanted it to. I said, go on. So the hair-ball talked to Jim, and Jim told it to me. He said, 'Your old father doesn't know, yet, what he's going to do. Sometimes he thinks he'll go away, and then again he thinks he'll stay. The best way is to rest easy and let the old man take his own way. '

When I lit my candle and went up to my room

1 pap: 爸爸 2 quarter: 二十五美分的硬币

that night, there sat Pap himself! I had shut the door. Then I turned around, and there he was. I used to be scared of him all the time, he beat me so much. I reckoned I was scared now, too; but in a minute I saw I was mistaken. That is, after the first jolt¹, because he was so unexpected, I saw I wasn't scared of him enough to be worth bothering about.

He was about fifty, and he looked it. His hair was long and greasy², and hung down, and you could see his eyes shining through. It was all black, no grey; so was his long, mixed-up beard. There was no colour in his face, where his face showed. It was white; not like another man's white, but a white to make you sick, a white to make your flesh crawl³ — a tree-frog white, a fish-belly white. As for his clothes — just rags, that was all. He had one ankle resting on the other knee. Two of his toes stuck through the boot on that foot, and he worked them now and then. His old black hat was lying on the floor.

I stood looking at him; he sat there looking at me, with his chair tilted back a little. I put the candle down. I noticed the window was up, so he had climbed in by the shed. He kept looking at me all over. Soon he said, 'Smart clothes — very. You've put on some frills⁴ since I've been away. You're educated too, they say; can read and write. You think you're better than your father, now, don't you, because he can't? I'll take it out of you. Who told you

1 jolt: 震惊 2 greasy: 油污的 3 crawl: 这里是起鸡皮疙瘩的意思 4 frill: 衣服的饰边



you could meddle¹ with such foolishness, hey? — who told you you could?’

‘The widow. She told me.’

‘The widow, hey? — and who told the widow she could bother about a thing that’s none of her business?’

‘Nobody ever told her.’

‘Well, I’ll teach her not to meddle. And look here — you drop that school, you hear? I’ll teach people to bring up a boy to pretend to be better than his own father. Your mother couldn’t read, and she couldn’t write, either, before she died. None of the family could, before they died. I can’t. Say — let me hear you read?’

I took up a book and began something about General Washington and the wars. When I’d read about half a minute, he knocked the book with his hand across the house. He said, ‘It’s so. You can do it. I had my doubts when you told me. Now look here; you stop putting on frills. I won’t have it. If I catch you about that school I’ll beat you. I never saw such a son.’

He took up a little blue and yellow picture of some cows and a boy, and said, ‘What’s this?’

‘It’s something they gave me for learning my lessons well.’

He tore it up, and said, ‘I’ll give you something better — I’ll give you a beating.’

He sat there growling a minute, and then he

1 meddle: 乱弄

said, 'A bed, and bedclothes, and a mirror, and a carpet on the floor — and your own father has to sleep with the pigs in the yard. I never saw such a son. I'll take some of these frills out of you before I've finished with you. Why, they say you're rich. Hey? — how's that?'

'They lie — that's how.'

'Look here — mind how you talk to me. I'm standing about all I can stand, now. I've been in town two days, and I haven't heard anything except about you being rich. I heard about it away down the river, too. That's why I came. You get me that money tomorrow — I want it.'

'I haven't got any money.'

'It's a lie. Judge Thatcher's got it. You get it. I want it.'

'I haven't got any money, I tell you. You ask Judge Thatcher. He'll tell you the same.'

'All right. I'll ask him. Say — how much have you got in your pocket? I want it.'

'I've only got a dollar, and I want that to...'

'It doesn't make any difference what you want it for. You just get it out.'

He took it and bit it to see if it was good, and then he said he was going down town to get some whisky. He said he hadn't had a drink all day. When he had got out on the shed, he put his head in again, and told me to mind about that school, because he was going to beat me if I didn't drop that.

Chapter 2

NEXT day he was drunk. He went to Judge Thatcher's and tried to make him give up the money, but he couldn't, and then he swore he'd make the law force him. He went for Judge Thatcher in the courts to make him give up the money, and he went for me, too, for not stopping school. He caught me a couple of times and beat me, but I went to school just the same, and dodged¹ him or out-ran him most of the time. I didn't want to go to school much before, but I reckoned² I'd go now to spite Pap. Every time he got money he got drunk, and every time he got drunk he made trouble around town. And every time he made trouble he got jailed.

He started hanging around the widow's too much, and so she told him at last, that if he didn't stop coming around there she would make trouble for him. Well, he was mad. He said he would show who was Huck Finn's boss. So he watched out for me one day in the spring, and caught me, and took me up the river about three miles in a small boat. He crossed

1 *dodge*: 闪开, 躲开 2 *reckon*: 认为, 想

over to the Illinois¹ shore where there were no houses except an old log hut. The timber was so thick there you couldn't find it if you didn't know where it was.

He kept me with him all the time, and I never got a chance to run off. We lived in that old cabin, and he always locked the door and put the key under his head at night. He had a gun which he had stolen, I reckon, and we fished and hunted, and that was what we lived on. Every little while he locked me in, and went down to the store. He traded fish and game for whisky and brought it home and got drunk and had a good time, and beat me. The widow soon found out where I was, and she sent a man over to try to get hold of me, but Pap drove him off with the gun. It wasn't long after that till I was used to being where I was, and liked it, all except the beatings.

It was kind of lazy and jolly², lying about comfortably all day, smoking and fishing, and no books nor study. Two months or more passed, and my clothes got to be all rags and dirt. I didn't see how I'd ever got to like it so well at the widow's, and I didn't want to go back any more. They were pretty good times up in the woods there, all round.

But soon I couldn't stand Pap's beatings. He went away so much, too, and locked me in. Once he locked me in and was gone three days. I was dreadfully lonely. I thought he had drowned and I wasn't ever going to get out any more. I was scared. I made up my mind I would fix up some way to leave

1 Illinois: (美国)伊利诺斯州 2 jolly: 兴高采烈的,快活的



there. I had tried to get out of that cabin many times, but I couldn't find a way. There wasn't a window big enough for a dog to get through. I couldn't get up the chimney, it was too narrow. The door was thick solid oak. Pap was pretty careful not to leave a knife or anything in the cabin when he was away. I was searching the place all the time, because it was about the only way to pass the time. But this time I found something at last. I found an old rusty¹ woodsaw without any handle. I greased it up and went to work. There was an old horse-blanket nailed against the logs at the far end of the cabin behind the table, to keep the wind out. I got under the table and raised the blanket and went to work to saw a section of the big bottom log out, big enough to let me through. Well, it was a long job, but I was getting towards the end of it when I heard Pap's gun in the woods. I got rid of the signs of my work, and dropped the blanket and hid my saw, and pretty soon Pap came in.

Pap wasn't in a good humour. He said he had been down to town, and everything was going wrong. His lawyer said he reckoned he would win his law case and get the money, if they ever got started on the trial²; but there were ways to put it off a long time, and Judge Thatcher knew how to do it. And he said people thought there'd be another trial to get me away from him and give me to the widow for my guardian. This shook me up considerably, because I didn't want to go back to the widow's any more. The old man

1 rusty: 生锈的, 破旧的 2 trial: 审理