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# HUCKLEBERRY FINN

# 哈克贝里·芬历险记

马克·吐温 著  
保琳·弗兰西斯 改编



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## *Introduction*

**M**ark Twain was born in 1835, in the American state of Missouri, which borders the great Mississippi River. His real name was Samuel Langhorne Clemens. When Samuel was only twelve years old, his father died and he left school to earn his living. After travelling around America as a printer and digging for gold, Samuel became a pilot on the steamboats which travelled up and down the Mississippi.

Then Samuel worked as a journalist and he became a famous travel writer. He decided to use the name Mark Twain. This was the call of the steamboat pilots when the depth of the water was two (twain) fathoms!

In 1876, Mark Twain wrote *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*. Eight years later, *Huckleberry Finn* was published. This book tells the adventures of Tom's friend, Huck. Huck runs away and travels down the Mississippi River on a raft with a runaway slave called Jim.

Mark Twain became famous all over the world. He died in 1910, at the age of seventy-five.

The story of *Huckleberry Finn* was set at a time (the 1850s) when slaves were bought and sold in some American states. Many tried to escape to states where slavery was not allowed. It was a crime to help a runaway slave.

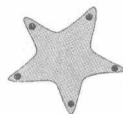
Mark Twain uses some Missouri African-American words in the

story, and other words you may not know. These are the ones I have used:

<i>bin</i>	been
<i>'cos</i>	because
<i>dah</i>	there
<i>dat</i>	that
<i>de</i>	the
<i>dey</i>	they
<i>doan</i>	don't
<i>en</i>	and
<i>git</i>	get
<i>(h)ain't</i>	hasn't/haven't
<i>injun</i>	Indian
<i>kin</i>	can
<i>mars</i>	master
<i>ole</i>	old
<i>pap</i>	father
<i>run</i>	travel, sail
<i>skiff</i>	a small, light boat
<i>warn't</i>	wasn't
<i>wuz</i>	was

Some of the characters in the book also use double negatives! So "*I hain't done nuffin*" means "I haven't done anything" and "*I hain't got no money*" means "I haven't got any money".

"Huckleberry Finn, son of the town drunkard, was hated and dreaded by all the mothers because he was idle, lawless, vulgar and bad-and because all the children wished they dared be like him."



## 引 言

马克·吐温 1835 年生于美国密西西比河畔的密苏里州，本名塞缪尔·朗赫恩·克莱门斯。塞缪尔年仅 12 岁时丧父，随后辍学谋生。他走南闯北，当过排字工人，挖过金矿，之后还在密西西比河上做过领航员。

后来，塞缪尔当了记者，成为著名的游记作家。他的笔名“马克·吐温”意为 12 英尺水深，是水手们常喊的一句话。

1876 年马克·吐温发表《汤姆·索亚历险记》，8 年后又发表《哈克贝里·芬历险记》。该书描写了汤姆的朋友哈克的冒险经历——哈克与一个逃跑的黑奴吉姆一起在密西西比河上坐着木筏漂流历险的故事。

蜚声世界文坛的马克·吐温于 1910 年去世，享年 75 岁。

《哈克贝里·芬历险记》的故事发生于 19 世纪 50 年代，那时黑奴买卖在美国一些州盛行。因此，很多黑人都设法逃到已废除蓄奴制的自由州。当时，帮助黑奴逃跑被视为非法行为。

马克·吐温创作《哈克贝里·芬历险记》时用了很多美国密苏里州黑人使用的方言俚语，还用了一些读者可能不太了解的词汇。

以下是本书使用的方言俚语：

<i>bin</i>	been
<i>'cos</i>	because
<i>dah</i>	there
<i>dat</i>	that
<i>de</i>	the
<i>dey</i>	they
<i>doan</i>	don't
<i>en</i>	and
<i>git</i>	get



(h)ain't	hasn't/haven't
injun	Indian
kin	can
mars	master
ole	old
pap	father
run	travel, sail
skiff	a small, light boat
warn't	wasn't
wuz	was

书中有些人物还使用了双重否定。例如：“*I hain't done nuffin*”意思是“我什么也没做”；又如：“*I hain't got no money*”意思是“我没钱”。

“哈克贝里·芬”，一个镇上酒鬼的孩子，让天下的妈妈又恨又怕，因为他游手好闲，满口粗话，不守规矩；还因为所有的孩子都希望有勇气成为他那样的人。

## CHAPTER ONE

*Escape !*

**M**y name is Huckleberry Finn. I live by the great Mississippi River where I have had many adventures with my friend, Tom Sawyer. Our last adventure made us rich by six thousand dollars when we tracked down a gang of robbers. Judge Thatcher kept my money safe for me and the widow Miss Douglas and her sister Miss Watson took me to live with them because they thought my father was dead. They wanted to civilise me. They gave me smart clothes and read the Bible to me, but I missed the woods where I used to live.

That summer, I ran away.

Tom Sawyer found me and said I could join his gang if I came back. So I did. He called for me one night and we crept past the widow's slave, Jim, sleeping by the kitchen door. We met the others boys in a cave in the hillside.

"We'll call our gang Tom Sawyer's Gang," Tom said. "Everybody that wants to join has got to take an oath, and write his name in blood."

Everybody wanted to. We all swore to keep our gang a secret and signed our names in blood.

"Now what's this gang going to do?" one of the boys asked.

"Robbery and murder!" Tom told him. "And we could bring people here for ransom."

"*Ransom*? What's that?" the boy asked.

“I don't know,” Tom said, “but I read about it in books.”

We met in a cave for about a month until we got bored with it — and we all resigned.

Come autumn, I had to go to school anyways and soon I could spell and read and write a little. At first, I hated school and played truant. They beat me and this cheered me up 'cos I liked being bad. And I got used to living in a house, although I still missed living outdoors. Sometimes, before the cold weather came, I used to climb out of the window and sleep in the woods.

Miss Watson said if I behaved, I would go to a good place when I died.

“Will Tom Sawyer go there?” I asked her.

She shook her head. So I decided not to try to get there, because I wanted him and me to be together.

One morning, well into winter, I knocked over the salt on the table. When I reached out to throw some over my shoulder to keep off bad luck, Miss Watson stopped me. I set off for school feeling worried and shaky.

Then I saw the tracks in the snow — a cross in the left boot-heel made with big nails to keep off the devil. My pap's boot! I ran down the hill to Judge Thatcher's house and I made him swap all my money for just one dollar.

That night, when I lit the candle and went up to my room, there sat my pap. He had climbed in through the window. I used to be scared of him because he beat me. But now he just looked old.

“I hear you're high-and-mighty now,” he said. “I'll take you down a peg before I get done with you. You think you're better than your pap, don't you? Now read to me.”

I picked up a book and started to read, but he knocked the book from my hands.

"So you *can* do it," he said. He looked around the bedroom. "Ain't you comfy here, then! A bed, and bedclothes and a piece of carpet on the floor, while your own pap's sleeping with the pigs." He stared straight at me. "I come to git the money, Huck. I want it. *Now*."

"I hain't got no money, pap," I told him. "You ask Judge Thatcher. I only got a dollar."

"Give it me," he said.

He took my dollar and bit it to see if it was real. Then he went into town and got drunk.

My pap caused nothing but trouble until the spring. He thrashed me for going to school and he took Judge Thatcher to court to try to get back my money. Then he took me across the river to the Illinois side to live in a log hut.

He kept me with him all the time, and I never got no chance to run off.

During the day, we fished and hunted with his gun. At night, he locked the door and put the key under his head while he slept. It was a lazy life, smoking my pipe and fishing and no school books. I slowly got used to it again, although my clothes were ragged and dirty.

But my pap just got drunker and drunker, and he started to beat me. I couldn't stand it. And I got lonely because he sometimes locked me up for three days at a time. I was scared.

"What if he never comes back and I never get out?" I asked myself.

I looked for a way to escape: the window was too small, the door was too thick to break down and the chimney was too narrow. But one day, I found an old saw in the roof rafter. I set to work. Well, it was a long job, but I cut a hole in one of the bottom logs. I hid it behind a blanket when pap came back.

“If he gets drunk tonight, I’ll leave,” I thought.

Pap did get drunk, but I fell asleep.

The next morning, when pap sent me outside to fish for breakfast, I saw that the river was rising. It always did in early summer. It was the best time, because it brought in logs which I used to sell. I stood on the bank and looked at all the rubbish in the water.

“Here comes an old canoe!” I said to myself. “And what a beauty! I’ll hide it to sell later.”

I paddled it ashore. But all day long, an idea was forming in my mind.

That afternoon, pap locked me in and went out drinking. Before he was on the other side of the river, I’d sawed the hole bigger and crawled outside. I loaded the canoe with corn and coffee and bacon, a fishing line, blankets — and my pap’s gun. I shot a wild pig. I cut its throat in the cabin and let it bleed everywhere. I filled a sack with stones and dragged it — and the pig — to the river where they sank to the bottom. Then I pulled out some of my hair and stuck it onto an axe.

It was near dark now. I sat in the canoe under some willow trees that hung over the river and smoked my pipe.

“They’ll follow the track of that sack of rocks to the river,” I thought. “Then they’ll drag the river for me — and hunt the robbers

that killed me.” I smiled. “They’ll soon get tired of that. Then nobody’ll bother about Huckleberry Finn no more!”

I decided to head for Jackson’s Island.

“I know it pretty well,” I thought, “and nobody goes there.”

But I fell asleep before I could start out. When I woke up, the moon was so bright that I could count the logs on the river. Then I heard the sound of oars. I peeped through the willow branches and there it was — a skiff on the water. It was my pap coming back.

I didn’t lose no time. I paddled down river for about two miles. Then I went out into the river to avoid the ferry landing. I lay in the bottom of the canoe and smoked my pipe. The sky looks deep when you lay on your back in the moonshine.

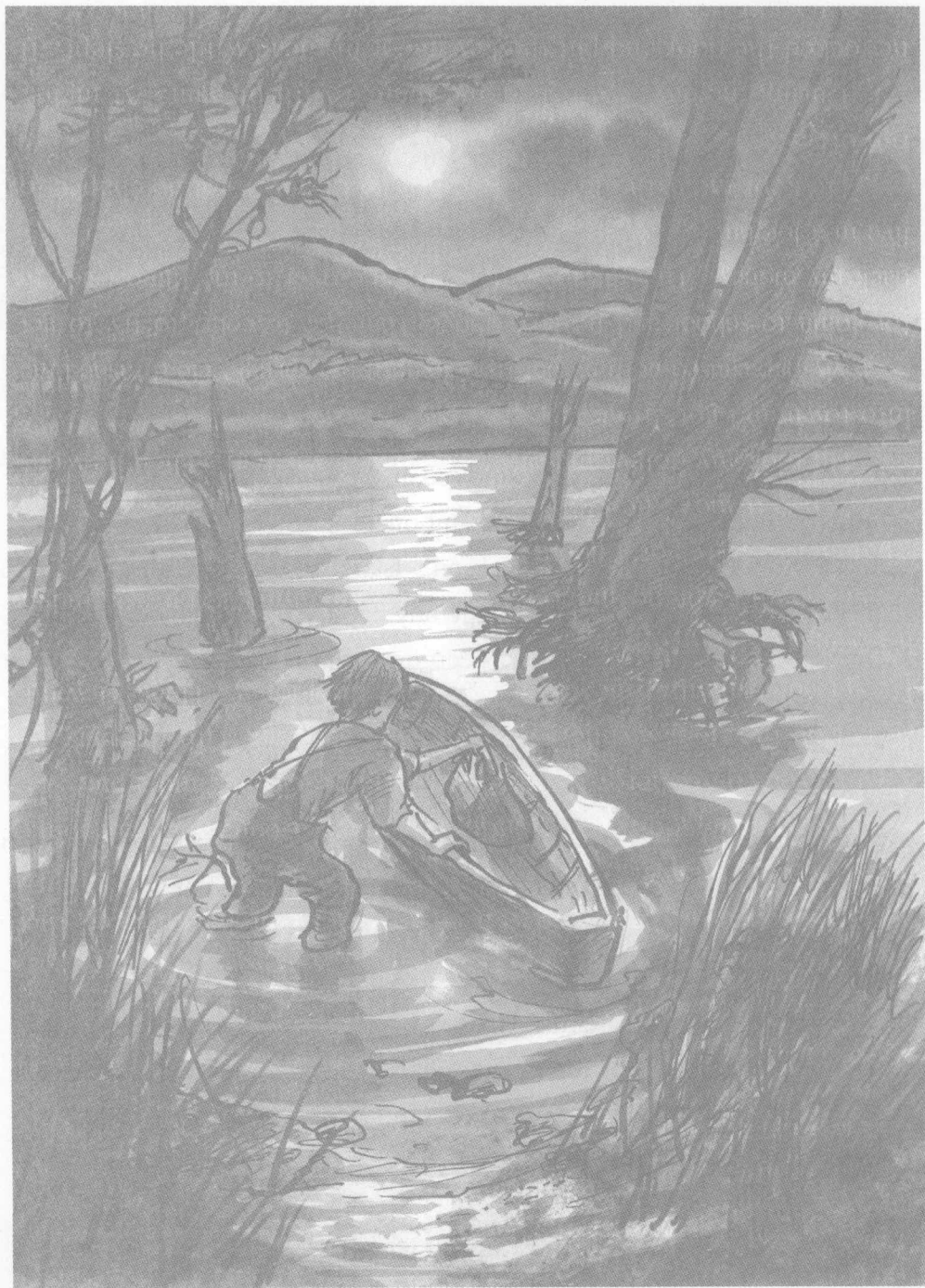
The canoe drifted on and Jackson’s Island rose up before me — big and dark, like a steamboat without any lights. I landed on the side facing the Illinois bank and fell asleep until the boom of a cannon gun from a boat woke me up.

“They’re trying to make my body float to the surface,” I thought.

I watched that ferry boat all morning. It came so close that I could see them all: Pap, Judge Thatcher, Tom Sawyer and plenty more. Everybody was talking about my murder. By evening, they’d gone home.

When it was dark, I lit a fire, smoked my pipe and counted the stars. I was happy, but lonesome. Three days went by. I explored the island and collected grapes and strawberries and green raspberries. Then, the next day, I came across the warm ashes of a camp fire.

There was somebody else on the island.





## 第一章 逃跑！

我叫哈克贝里·芬，住在密西西比河边上。在那里，我和朋友汤姆·索亚有很多冒险故事。上次冒险时我们跟踪了一伙强盗，发了财，得了6000美元。萨切尔法官替我把钱保管着。道格拉斯寡妇和她姐姐华森小姐以为我爸死了，就让我和她们住在一起。她们想让我受点教化，还把我打扮得体面讲究，给我念《圣经》，可我还老惦记着我住过的林子。

那年夏天，我溜掉了。

汤姆·索亚找到了我，说要是我肯回来，就让我入伙，所以我又回到了道格拉斯寡妇身边。一天晚上，汤姆来接我。我俩蹑手蹑脚地从吉姆身边溜过去。吉姆是寡妇家的黑奴，他那时正在厨房门边睡觉。我们在山坡上的岩洞里和其他几个男孩碰了头。

“我们的帮派就叫汤姆·索亚帮。”汤姆说，“要入伙的都得发誓才行，还得用血写上名字。”

大伙儿都想入伙，于是就发誓绝不泄密，不让外人知道我们的团伙，还用血签上了自己的名字。

“那咱们这个帮要干什么？”一个男孩问。

“抢劫杀人！”汤姆说，“我们可以把人扣在这里，等赎金。”

“赎金？啥叫赎金？”那男孩又问。

“我也不知道。”汤姆说，“可我在书里看到过。”

大约有1个月工夫，我们经常岩洞里碰面，后来当强盗玩烦了，大家都不干了。

秋天一到，不管怎样我都得上学了。很快我就能凑合着拼拼单词、念念书、写写字了。一开始，我讨厌那个学校，常常逃学，可逃学就得挨揍。不过挨了揍倒也觉得痛快，要知道我就是不想学好。现在我倒也习惯睡在屋里，可还是忘不了在露天地方里睡觉的滋味。天还不大冷的时候，有时我就从窗子爬出去，溜到树林子里去睡。

华森小姐说我要是规规矩矩的，死后就能去个好地方。

“汤姆·索亚能不能上那儿去呀？”我问她。

她摇了摇头。于是我决定不争取去那儿，因为我就喜欢和汤姆在一块儿。

差不多已经进入严冬了。一天早上，我把桌子上的盐罐儿打翻了，我



赶紧伸手，想捏点盐往肩膀后一撒，好避避邪运，可是被华森小姐拦住。我去上学，可心里很犯愁，吓得直发抖。

就在这时，我看到雪地上的脚印——左靴子后跟上有个用大钉子钉成的十字架，那是用来避邪的。那是我爸的靴子！我冲下山，跑到了萨切尔法官那儿，让他用一块钱把我所有的钱都换去了。

那天晚上，我点着蜡烛进了屋，老爸就坐在那里。他是从窗子外爬进来的。我以前老是怕他，他太爱揍我。可他现在看起来老了。

“我听说你现在趾高气扬的。”他说，“我非得杀杀你的威风不可，不然就和你没个完。你觉得你比老子我都强，对不对？现在给我念一段儿。”

我拿起一本书念了起来，他一巴掌把我的书给打飞了。

“原来如此，你还真会念呐。”他四下打量着我的卧室，接着说，“瞧瞧，你在这儿舒服得很哪！又是床又是铺盖的；地板上还铺着地毯，可是你的亲老子跟猪睡在一块儿！”他直勾勾地盯着我说，“我是来要钱的，哈克，我要钱，马上。”

“我没钱，老爸。”我对他说，“你去问萨切尔法官吧，我就有一块钱。”

“把那一块钱给我。”他说。

他接过钱咬了一下，瞧瞧是不是真的。然后他就去了镇上，喝了个烂醉。

我那老爸整个冬天除了惹是生非没干别的事。他狠狠地揍我，怪我不退学；还把萨切尔法官告了，想要回我的钱。后来，他带我过河，跑到伊利诺斯州那边，在一个小木屋里住下来。

我爸总把我拴在身边，我根本就找不到逃跑的机会。

他有杆枪，白天我们捉鱼打猎。一到晚上，他老是把门锁上，睡觉时把钥匙搁在头底下。日子过得懒洋洋的，抽抽烟，钓钓鱼，也不用念书。我那衣服又脏又破，可慢慢地，我又习惯了这样的日子。

可是我爸喝酒越喝越醉，现在又开始打我了。我受不了啦。有时他把我锁在屋里，一锁就是3天，那可真让人闷得要命。我害怕了。

“他要是再也不回来，我就再也出不去了，那可怎么办？”我心里嘀咕。

我得找个法子逃出去：窗子太小；门太厚实，砸不开；烟囱又太窄。可是一天，我在屋顶的椽子上找到了一把旧木锯，就动手干起来。哎哟，这可费了我不少工夫，好在我把底下的一块大木头锯了个洞。老爸回来的时候，我就用毯子把洞盖起来。

“要是他今儿晚上喝醉了，我就逃出去。”我想。

他果然喝醉了，可我也睡着了。

第二天，老头子让我到外面钓鱼，好做早饭。我看到河水在涨，一到