

*The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*  
汤姆·索亚历险记

[美] 马克·吐温 著  
王勋 纪飞 等 编译



插图·中文导读英文版

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## 内 容 简 介

《汤姆·索亚历险记》是世界上最伟大的少年文学名著之一。这是一部现实主义描绘和浪漫主义抒情交相辉映的作品,讲述了以汤姆为首的几个少年为了追求自由生活所经历的惊险离奇的故事。故事发生在美国内战前的南方,主人公汤姆·索亚是个聪明活泼、富于幻想、有正义感的孩子。他对家庭死板严格的生活和学校枯燥乏味的功课感到厌烦,于是和他的小伙伴哈克贝利·费恩等离家出走。他们偷偷来到密西西比河的荒岛上,过着自由自在的流浪生活。他们去墓地探险,目睹了一起凶杀案,在无辜者即将受到审判时,汤姆勇敢地站了出来,指证杀人真凶,成了一位了不起的英雄。郊游时,汤姆用智慧和胆识拯救了自己和小伙伴。他们依靠自己的聪明和机智,破解了强盗们的藏宝之谜,找到了宝藏,赢得了镇上居民的赞赏和敬佩。

本书一经出版,很快就成为当时最受关注和最畅销的少年文学作品,至今已被译成世界上几十种文字,曾经先后十多次被改编成电影、话剧和舞台剧。无论作为语言学习的课本,还是作为通俗的文学读本,本书对当代中国的青少年都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况,进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平,在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。同时,为了读者更好地理解故事内容,书中加入了大量插图。

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马克·吐温（Mark Twain，1835—1910），美国著名作家，19 世纪后期美国现实主义文学的杰出代表，被誉为“美国文学中的林肯”、“美国文学之父”。马克·吐温是他的笔名，他的原名塞缪尔·朗荷恩·克列门斯。

1835 年 11 月 30 日，马克·吐温出生于美国密西西比河畔小城汉尼拔。他的父亲是当地的律师，收入微薄，家境拮据。在他四岁的时候，母亲去世，他们一家迁往密苏里州密西西比河的一港口，而这就成为了他后来的著作《汤姆·索亚历险记》和《顽童流浪记》中圣彼得堡的城市的灵感。那时的密苏里州是联邦的奴隶州，而年轻的吐温开始了解奴隶制，这成为了往后在他的历险小说中的主题。十二岁时，父亲去世，他从此开始了独立的劳动生活，当过排字工人、密西西比河水手、士兵和记者，还经营过木材业、矿业和出版业，但他最出色的工作是从事文学创作。

马克·吐温一生著作颇丰，代表作有《汤姆·索亚历险记》、《哈克贝利·费恩历险记》、《竞选州长》、《百万英镑》等。他的创作大致可分为三个时期：早期作品表现了对美国民主所存的幻想，以短篇为主，幽默与讽刺结合，如短篇小说《竞选州长》、《哥尔斯密的朋友再度出洋》等；中期以长篇小说为主，讽刺性加强，如《镀金时代》、《哈克贝里·费恩历险记》及《傻瓜威尔逊》等；后期作品则由幽默讽刺转到愤怒的揭发、谴责，甚至有悲观的情绪，如《赤道环行记》、《败坏了哈德莱堡的人》、《神秘来客》等。他的作品对后来的美国文学产生了深远的影响，人们普遍认为马克·吐温是美国文学史上里程碑式的人物。美国著名作家威廉·福克纳称马克·吐温为“第一位真正的美国作家，我们都是继承他而来”。著名盲人作家海伦·凯勒说：“我喜欢马克·吐温——谁会不喜欢他呢？即使是上帝，亦会钟爱他，赋予其智慧，并于其心灵里绘画出一道爱与信仰的彩虹”。他的主要作品大多已有中文译本。





在马克·吐温的众多杰作中,《汤姆·索亚历险记》是他最重要的代表作之一,这部作品取材他的童年生活,尤其是他在密西西比河上的生活。该作品已成为世界儿童(少年)文学宝库中的经典之作,作者用其脍炙人口的幽默与讽刺以及对儿童世界的精细刻画,使其“顽童”的文学形象一百多年来享誉世界,这部文学巨著也因此成为世界上最受欢迎的儿童小说之一。在这部传世之作中,儿童的灵动、活泼和周围现实生活的陈腐、刻板形成了鲜明的对照,书中对自然景色的描绘和对人物的刻画十分细致逼真,对家乡密西西比河上的风光描写尤其饱含深情。这部小说和《哈克贝利·费恩历险记》并列作为美国文学史上的一个辉煌的里程碑,对美国文学,乃至世界文学的发展都产生了深刻的影响。

在中国,《汤姆·索亚历险记》同样是最受广大青少年读者欢迎的经典小说之一。目前在中国出版的各类版本总计不下50种。作为世界文学宝库中的传世经典之作,它影响了一代又一代人的美丽童年、少年直至成年。目前,在国内数量众多的《汤姆·索亚历险记》书籍中,主要的出版形式有两种:一种是中文翻译版,另一种是中英文对照版。其中的中英文对照读本比较受读者的欢迎,这主要是得益于中国人热衷于学习英文的大环境。从英文学习的角度来看,直接使用纯英文的学习资料更有利于英语学习。考虑到对英文内容背景的了解有助于英文阅读,使用中文导读应该是一种比较好的方式,也可以说是该类型书的第三种版本形式。采用中文导读而非中英文对照的方式进行编排,这样有利于国内读者摆脱对英文阅读依赖中文注释的习惯。基于以上原因,我们决定编译《汤姆·索亚历险记》,并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中,我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓,也尽可能保留原作的风格。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前,可以先阅读中文导读内容,这样有利于了解故事背景,从而加快阅读速度。同时,为了读者更好地理解故事内容,书中加入了大量插图。我们相信,该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者,特别是青少年读者的人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书主要内容由王勋、纪飞编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有郑佳、刘乃亚、熊金玉、赵雪、李丽秀、熊红华、王婷婷、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、贡东兴、陈楠、邵舒丽、冯洁、王业伟、徐鑫、王晓旭、周丽萍、熊建国、徐平国、肖洁、王小红等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平,书中难免会有不当之处,衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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# 第一章

## Chapter I



老太太喊着汤姆，可是一直没有回应。她仔细地环视了房子一圈，还是没有发现小汤姆。老太太有些生气了，边大声说着威胁的话边拿扫帚往床底下乱捅一气，却只赶出了一只猫。

老太太走到敞开的门口处，观察外面的园子，也没见着他。于是她再次提高音量叫喊，身后忽然传来细小的声音。她一转身正好逮住了想要偷偷溜走的小汤姆。那家伙衣服上的果酱暴露了他刚才做的好事，老太太气得拿起鞭子就要抽。老太太是汤姆的包莉姨妈。小汤姆灵机一动，骗姨妈说她身后有东西，趁着姨妈转身的工夫转眼便脚底抹油溜走了。

包莉姨妈对小汤姆的行为又恨又怜，因为那是她的亲外甥。她觉得是因为自己太溺爱他了，他才会这么顽皮。于是包莉姨妈决定如果小汤姆再逃学，就让他周六干麻烦的活儿。

而汤姆又逃学去玩尽兴了才回家，正好碰上黑孩子杰姆在锯木材和劈引火柴，于是一边帮忙一边讲述他今天的冒险故事。汤姆的表弟锡德在一边捡劈柴碎片。他不爱说话，也不会因为调皮捣蛋而闯祸。

吃晚饭的时候，包莉姨妈开始盘问小汤姆。小家伙心里七上八下，嘴里却对答如流。正当他暗自得意时，锡德指出了问题，使得包莉姨妈肯定汤姆是逃学游泳去了。汤姆一见事情暴露，赶紧逃出门去并扬言要好好揍表弟一顿。



包莉姨妈拿扫帚往床下乱捅一气

可没过一会儿汤姆就忘记了他的烦恼，吹着口哨在街上闲逛着。忽然他遇到一个比他稍微大些的陌生男孩，衣着很体面。汤姆看不惯他自以为城里人的神气模样，便上去和他扭打成一团，最终那孩子哭着说饶命之后汤姆才放过他。哪知那孩子脱身后，捡起石子就往汤姆身上扔，然后逃之夭夭。愤怒的汤姆没追上那孩子，而他回到家时已经很晚了。看到汤姆玩得浑身脏兮兮的，包莉姨妈下定决心要让汤姆在周末干活了。

“TOM!”

No answer.

“TOM!”

No answer.

“What’s gone with that boy, I wonder? You TOM!”

No answer.

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 coloured boy, saw nextday'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 revealments. 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 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 man’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 newcomer 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 close-buttoned blue cloth roundabout was new and natty, and so were his pantaloons. He had shoes on—and yet 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 sideways, 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 eyeing 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, and he can thrash you with his little finger, and I’ll make him do it, too.”

“What do I care for your big brother? I’ve got a brother that’s bigger than he is; and, what’s more, he can throw him over that fence, too.” [ Both brothers were imaginary.]

“That’s a lie.”

“*Your* saying so don’t make it so.”

Tom drew a line in the dust with his big toe, and said:

“I dare you to step over that, and I’ll lick you till you can’t stand up. Anybody that’ll take a dare will steal sheep.”

The new boy stepped over promptly, and said:

“Now you said you’d do it, now let’s see you do it.”

“Don’t you crowd me, now; you better look out.”

“Well, you *said* you’d do it—why don’t you do it?”

“By jingo! for two cents I *will* do it.”

The new boy took two broad coppers out of his pocket, and held them out with derision. Tom struck them to the ground. In an instant both boys were rolling and tumbling in the dirt, gripped together like cats; and for the space of a minute they tugged and tore at each other’s hair and clothes, punched and scratched each other’s nose, and covered themselves with dust and glory. Presently the confusion took form, and through the fog of battle Tom appeared, seated astride the new boy, and pounding him with his fists.

“Holler ’nuff!” said he.

The boy only struggled to free himself. He was crying—mainly from rage.

“Holler ’nuff!”—and the pounding went on.

At last the stranger got out a smothered “’Nuff!” and Tom let him up, and said:



“Now that’ll learn you. Better look out who you’re fooling with next time.”

The new boy went off brushing the dust from his clothes, sobbing, snuffling, and occasionally looking back and shaking his head, and threatening what he would do to Tom the next time he caught him out”. To which Tom responded with jeers, and started off in high feather; and as soon as his back was turned the new boy snatched up a stone, threw it, and hit him between the shoulders, and then turned tail and ran like an antelope. Tom chased the traitor home, and thus found out where he lived. He then held a position at the gate for some time, dating the enemy to come outside; but the enemy only made faces at him through the window, and declined. At last the enemy’s mother appeared, and called Tom a bad, vicious, vulgar child, and ordered him away. So he went away, but he said he “’lowed” to “lay” for that boy.

He got home pretty late that night, and when he climbed cautiously in at the window, he uncovered an ambushade in the person of his aunt; and when she saw the state his clothes were in, her resolution to turn his Saturday holiday into captivity at hard labour became adamantine in its firmness.