

Chapter one

HUCKLEBERRY FINN

Scene: The mississippi valley

Time: Forty to fifty years ago

You don't know about me without you have read a book by the name of *the adventures of tom sawyer*; but that aint no matter. That book was made by mr. mark twain and he told the truth, mainly. There was things which he stretched, but mainly he told the truth. That is nothing. I never seen anybody but lied one time or another, without it was aunt polly, or the window or maybe mary. Aunt-polly toms aunt polly, she is –and mary , and the window douglas is all told about in that book, which is mostly a true book, with some stretchers, as I said before.

now the way that the book winds up is this; tom and me found the money that the robbers hid in the cave, and it made us rich. We got six thousand dollars apiece—all gold. It was an awful sight of money when it was piled up. Well judge thatcher he took it and put it out at interest and it fetched us a dollar a day apiece all the year round—more than a body could tell what to do with. The window douglas she took me for her son, and allowed she would civilize me; but it was rough living in the house all the time, considering how dismal regular and decent the window was in all her ways; and so when I couldn't stand it no longer I lit out. I got into my old rags and my sugar-hogshead again, and was free and satisfied. But tom sawyer he hunted me up and said he was going to start a band of robbers, and I might join if I would go back to the window and be respectable. So I went back.

The window she cried over me and called me a poor lost lamb, and she called me a lot of other names, too, but she never meant no harm by it. She put me in them new clothes again, and I couldn't do nothing but sweat and sweat, and feel all cramped up. Well then the old thing commenced again. The window rung a bell for supper, and you had to come to time. When you got to the table you couldn't go right to eating but you had to wait for the window to tuck down her head and grumble a little over the victuals, though there warent really anything the matter with them— that is, nothing only everything was cooked by itself. In a barrel of odds and ends it is different; things get mixed up and the juice kind of swaps around, and the things go better.

after supper she got out her book and learned me about moses and the bulrushers, and I was in a sweat to find out all about him; but by and by she lrt it out that moses had been dead a considerable long time; so then I didn't care no more about him, because I don't take no strock in dead people.

pretty soon I wanted to smoke, and asked the window to let me. But she wouldn't. she said it was a mean practice and wasn't clean, and I must try to not do it any more. That is just the way with some people. They get down on a thing when they don't know nothing about it. Here she was a bothering about moses, which was no kin to her, and no use to anybody, being gone, you see yet finding a power of fault with me for doing a thing that had some good in it. And she took snuff, too; of course that was all right, because she done it herself.

Her sister, miss Watson, a tolerable slim old maid, with goggles on, had just come to live with her and took a set at me now with a spelling-book. She worked me middling hard for about an hour, and then the window made her ease up. I couldn't stood it much longer. Then for an hour it was deadly dull, and I was fidgety. Miss Watson would say, don't put your feet up there, huckleberry; and don't scrunch up like that, huckleberry—set up straight; and pretty soon she would say, don't gap and stretch like that, huckleberry—why don't you try to behave? Then she told me all about the bad place, and I said I wished I was there. She got mad then, but I didn't mean no harm. All I wanted was to go somewhere; all I wanted was a change, I warnt particular. She said it was wicked to say what I said; said she wouldn't say it for the whole world; she was going to live so as to go to the good place. Well I couldn't see no advantage in going where she was going, so I made up my mind I wouldn't try for it. But I never said so, because it would only make trouble, and wouldn't do no good.

Now she had got a start and she went on and told me all about the good place. She said all a body would have to do there was to go around all day long with a harp and sing, forever and ever, so I didn't think much of it. But I never said so. I asked her if she reckoned tom sawyer would go there, and she said not by a considerable sight. I was glad about that, because I wanted him and me to be together.

Miss Watson she kept pecking at me, and it got tiresome and lone some. By and by they fetched the niggers in and had prayers, and then everybody was off to bed. I went up to my room with a piece of candle, and put it on the table. Then I set down in a chair by the window and tried to think of something cheerful, but it warnt no use. I felt so lonesome I most wished I was dead. The stars were shining, and the leaves rustled in the woods ever so mournful; and I heard an owl, away off, who-whooping about somebody that was dead and a whippowill and a dog crying about somebody that was going to die; and the wind was trying to whisper something to me and I couldn't make out what it was and so it made the cold shivers run over me. Then away out in the woods I haed that kind of a sound that a ghost makes when it wants to tell about something that's on its mind and cant male itself understood, and so cant rest.

Easy in its grave, and has to go about that way every night grieving. I got so down-hearred and scared I did wish I had some company. Pretty soon a spider went crawling up my shoulder, and I flipped it off and it lit in the candle; and before I could budge it was all shriveled up. I didn't need anybody to tell me that was an awful bad sign and would fetch me some bad luck, so I was scared and most shool the clothes off of me. I got up and turned around in my tracks three times and crossed my breast every times; and then I tied up a little lock of my hair with a thread to keep witches away. But I hadn't no confidence. You do that when you've lost a horseshoe that you've found, instead of nailing it up over the door, but I hadent ever heard anybody say it was any way to keep off bad luck when youd killed a spider.

I set down again, a-shaking all over, and got out my pipe for a smoke; for the house was all as still as death now, and so the window wouldn't know. Well, after a long time I heard the clock away off in the town go boom—boom—boom—twelve licks; and all still again—stiller than ever. Pretty soon I heard a twig snap down in the dark amongst the trees—some thing was a stirring. I set still and listened. Directly I could just barely hear a me-yow me-yow down there. That was good. Says I me-yow me-yow as soft as I could and then I put out the light and scrambled out of the window on to the shed. Then I slipped down to the ground and crawled in among the trees and sure enough there was tom sawyer waiting for me.

CHAPTER TWO

We went tiptoeing along a path amongst the trees back towards the end of the windows garden, stooping down so as the branches wouldnt scraps our heads. when we was passing by the kitchen I fell over a root and made a noise. We scrouched down and iaid still. Miss Watsons big nigger, named jim, was setting in the kitchen door; we could see him pretty clear, because there was a light behind him. He got up and stretched his neck out about a minute, listening. Then he says:
"who dah?"

He listened some more; then he come tiptoeing down and stood right between us; we could a touched him, nearly. Well, likely it was minutes and minutes that there warent a sound , and we all there so close together. There was a place on my ankle that got to itching, but I dasnt scratch it; and then my ear begun to itch; and next my back, right between my shoulders. Seemed like id die if I couldn't scratch. Well, ive noticed that thing plenty times since. If you are with the quality, or at a funeral, or trying to go to sleep when you aint sleepy- if you are any wheres where it wont do for you to scratch, why you will itch all over in upwards of a thousand places. Pretty soon jim says:

"say ,who is you? Whar is you? Dog my cats ef I didn't hear sum-f'n. Well I know what is gwyne to do :is gwyne to set down here and listen tell I hears it agin.

so he set down on the ground betwixt me and tom. He leaned his back up against a tree, and stretched his legs out till one of them.

Most touched one of mine. My nose begun to itch. It itched till the tears come into my eyes. But I dasnt scratch. Then it begun to itch on the inside. Next I got to itching underneath. I didn't know how I was going to set still. This miserableness went on as much as six or seven minures; but it seemed a sight longer than that. I was itching in eleven different places now. I reckoned I couldn't stand it moren a minute longer, but I set my teeth hard and got ready to try. Just then jim begun to breathe heavy; nex he begun to snore—and then I was pretty soon comfortable again.

Tom he made a sign to me –kind of a little noise with his mouth—and we went creeping away on our handa and knees. When we was ten foor off tom whispered to me, and wanted to tie jim to the tree for fun. But I said no; he might wake and make a disturbance, and then theyd find out I warnt in. then tom said he hadn't got candles enough, and he would slip in the kitchen and get some more. I didn't want him to try. I said jim might wake up and come. But tom wanted to resk it; so we slid in there and got three candles, and tom laid five cents on the table for pay. Then we got out, and I was in a sweat to get away; but nothing would do tom but he must crawl to where jim was, on his hands and knees, and play something on him. I waited, and it seemed a good while, everything was so still and lonesome.

As soon as tom was back we cut along the path, around the garden fence, and by and by fetched up on the steep top of the hill the other side of the house. Tom said he slipped jims hat off of his head and hung it on a limb right over him, and jim stirred a little, but he didn't wake. Afterwards jim said the witches bewitched him and put him in a trance, and rode him all over the state, and then set him under the trees again, and hung his hat on a limb to show who done it. And next time jim told it he said they rode him down to new Orleans; and, after

that, every time he told it he spread it more, and more, till by and by he said they rode him all over the world, and tired him most to death, and his back was all over saddle-boils. Jim was monstrous proud about it, and he got so he wouldn't hardly notice the other niggers. Niggers would come miles to hear Jim tell about it, and he was more looked up to than any nigger in that country.

Strange niggers would stand with their mouths open and look him all over, same as if he was a wonder. Niggers is always talking about witches in the dark by the kitchen fire; but whenever one was talking and letting on to know all about such thing, Jim would happen in and say, "Hm! What you know bout witches?" And that nigger was corked up and had to take a back seat. Jim always kept that five-cent piece round his neck with a string, and said it was a charm the devil give to him with his own hands, and told him he could cure anybody with it and fetch witches whenever he wanted to just by saying some thing to it; but he never told what it was he said to it. Niggers would come from all around there and give Jim anything they had, just for a sight of that five-cent piece; but they wouldn't touch it, because the devil had had his hands on it. Jim was most ruined for a servant, because he got stuck up on account of having seen the devil and been rode by witches.

Well, when Tom and me got to the edge of the hill-top we looked away down into the village and could see three or four lights twinkling, where there was sick folks, maybe; and the stars over us was sparkling ever so fine; and down by the village was the river, a whole mile broad, and awful still and grand. We went down the hill and found Jo Harper and Ben Rogers, and two or three more of the boys hid in the old tanyard. So we unhitched a skiff and pulled down the river two miles and a half, to the big scar on the hillside, and went ashore.

We went to a clump of bushes, and Tom made everybody swear to keep the secret, and then showed them a hole in the hill, right in the thickest part of the bushes. Then we lit the candles, and crawled in on our hands and knees. We went about two hundred yards, and then the cave opened up. Tom poked about amongst the passages, and pretty soon ducked under a wall where you wouldn't have noticed that there was a hole. We went along a narrow place and got into a kind of room, all damp and sweaty and cold, and there we stopped.

Tom says:

"Now, we'll start this band of robbers and call it Tom Sawyer's gang. Everybody that wants to join has got to take an oath, and write his name in blood."

Everybody was willing. So Tom got out a sheet of paper that he had wrote the oath on, and read it. It swore every boy to stick to the band, and never tell any of the secrets; and if anybody done anything to any boy in the band, whichever boy was ordered to kill that person and his family must do it, and he mustn't eat and he mustn't sleep till he had killed them and hacked a cross in their breasts, which was the sign of the band. And nobody that didn't belong to the band could use that mark, and if he did he must be sued; and if he done it again he must be killed. And if anybody that belonged to the band told the secrets, he must have his throat cut, and then have his carcass burnt up and the ashes scattered all around, and his name bottled off of the list with blood and never mentioned again by the gang, but have a curse put on it and be forgot forever.

Everybody said it was a real beautiful oath, and asked Tom if he got it out of his own head. He said, some of it, but the rest was out of pirate books and robber-books, and every gang that was high-toned had it.

Some thought it would be good to kill the families of boys that told the secrets. Tom said it was a good idea, so he took a pencil and wrote it in. Then Ben Rogers says;

"Heres huck finn, he haint got no family; what you going to do bout him?"

"well, haint he got a father?" says tom sawyer.

"yes ,he's got a father, but you can't never find him these days. He used tolay drunk with the hogs in the tanyard, but he hain't been seen in these parts for a year or more."

They talked it over, and they was going to rule me out, because they said every boy must have a family or somebody to kill, or else it wouldn't be fair and square for the others. Well nobody could think of anything to do –everybody was stumped, and set still. I was most ready to cry; but all at once I thought of a way, and so I offered them miss Watson--they could kill her. Everybody said;

"oh, shell do. That's all right. Huck can come in."

Then they all stuck a pin in their fingers to get blood to sign with and I made my mark on the paper.

"Now" says ben rogers," whats the line of business of this gang?"

"Nothing only robbery and murder", Tom said.

"But who are we going to rob?—houses, or cattle, or—"

"Stuff. Stealing cattle and such things aint robbery ; its burglary" say tom sawyer. "We aint burglars. That aint no sort of style. We are highwaymen. We stop stages and carriages on the road, with masks on, and kill the people and take their watches and money."

"Must we always kill the people?"

"Oh certainly. Its best. Some authorities think different, but mostly its considered best. To kill them –wxcept some that you bring to the cave here, and keep them till theyere ransomed."

"Ransomed? Whats that?"

"I don't know. But that's what they do. Ive seen it in books; and so of course that's what weve got to do"

"But how can we do it if we don't know what it is?"

"Why, blame it all, weve *got* to do it. Don't I tell you its in the books? Do you want to go to doing different from whats in the books and get things all muddled up?"

"oh, that's all very fine to say tom sawyer, but how in the nation are these fellows going to be ransomed if we don't know how to do it to them? – that's the thing I want to get at. Now, what do you reckon it is?:

"well, I don't know. But peraps if we keep them till theyere ransomed, it means that we keep them till theyre dead."

"Now, that's something like. Thatll answer. Why couldn't you said that before?wehh keep them till theyere ransomed to death; and a bothersome lot they'll be, too – eating up everything, and always trying to get loose."

"How you talk, ben rogers. How can they get loose when theres a guard over them, ready to shoot them down if they move a peg?"

"A guard! well, that is good. So somebodys got to set up all night and never get any sleep, just so as to watch them. I think that's foolishness. Why cant a body take a club and ransom them as soon as they get here?"

"Because it aint in the books so – that's why. Now, ben rogers, do you want to do things regular, or don't you? – that's the idea. Don't you reckon that the people that made the books knows whats the correct thing to do ? do you reckon you can learn em anything? not

CHAPTER THREE

Well I got a good doing-over in the morning from old miss Watson on account of my clothes; but the window she didn't scold, but only cleaned off the grease and clay, and looked so sorry that I thought I would behave awhile if I could. Then miss Watson she took me in the closet and prayed, but nothing come of it. She told me to pray every day, and whatever I asked for I would get it. But it warnt so. I tried it. Once I got a fish-line but no hooks. It warnt any good to me without hooks. I tried for the hooks three or four times, but somehow I couldn't make it work. by and by, one day, I asked miss Watson to try for me, but she said I was a fool. She never told me why, and I couldn't make it out no way.

I set down one time back in the woods, and had a long think about it. I says to myself, if a body can get anything they pray for, why don't deacon winn get back the money he lost on pork? Why cant the window get back her silver snuffbox that was stole? Way cant miss Watson far up? No, says I to myself, there aint nothing in it. i went and told the window about it, and she said thething a body could get by praying for it was "spiritual gifts". This was too many for mw, but she told me what she meant—I must help other people, and do everything I could for otherpeople, and look our for them all the time, and never think about myself. this was including miss Watson, as I took it. I went out in the woods and turned it over in my mind a long time, but icouldnt see no advantage about it – except for the other people; so at last i reckoned i wouldnt worry abput it any more, but just let it go. Sometimes the window would take me one .