

The Adventures
of Tom Sawyer

Mark Twain



Retold by Anna Paluchowska

w o r y g i n a l e

Mark Twain
*The Adventures
of Tom Sawyer*



Retold by Anna Paluchowska

czytamy w  oryginalne



c z y t a m y



www.czytamy.pl

© Mediasat Poland Bis 2004

Mediasat Poland Bis sp. z o.o.
ul. Mikołajska 26
31-027 Kraków

www.czytamy.pl
czytamy@czytamy.pl

Projekt okładki i ilustracje: Małgorzata Flis
Skład: Marek Szwarnóg

ISBN 83 - 89652 - 08 - 0

Wszelkie prawa do książki przysługują Mediasat Poland Bis. Jakiegokolwiek publiczne korzystanie w całości, jak i w postaci fragmentów, a w szczególności jej zwielokrotnianie jakąkolwiek techniką, wprowadzanie do pamięci komputera, publiczne odtwarzanie, nadawanie za pomocą wizji oraz fonii przewodowej lub bezprzewodowej, wymaga wcześniejszej zgody Mediasat Poland Bis.

Chapter I

In which we meet Tom Sawyer



'TOM!'

No answer.

'Tom!'

No answer.

'Where's that boy now? You Tom!'

The old lady stood up, went up to the door and opened it. Looking out into the garden she shouted:

'Tom! If I catch you, I'll...'

Suddenly she heard something behind her. She turned around and saw a small boy opening the door of a closet. She ran and caught him by his collar.

'Tom! What have you been doing in this closet?'

'Nothing.'

'Nothing? And what have you got on your hands and face?'

'I don't know, Aunt Polly.'

'Well, I know. It's jam. I've told you forty times not to touch that jam ...'

'Look behind you, Aunt!'

The old lady turned around. At that moment the boy ran out of the door,

jumped over the fence, and disappeared among the trees. His aunt Polly was angry for a moment, and then started to laugh.

'I can never learn anything. Oh, that boy! He won't go to school this afternoon, and I'll have to make him work tomorrow. And he won't like it because tomorrow is Saturday and all other boys got holidays.'

Of course, Tom didn't go to school that afternoon, and neither did his best friend, Joe Harper. Together they went to the woods and played Robin Hood. Tom was the brave robber, and Joe was the terrible Sheriff of Nottingham. Then Joe became Robin, and Tom played all his men. In the evening they met Huckelberry Finn, a boy with no house and no mother, and a father who was always drunk. All the boys wanted to be like Huck because he didn't have to go to school. Tom and Joe loved playing with him. That evening they were three Indian chiefs at war. The war was long and it was already midnight when Tom went back to his room through the window.

The next morning aunt Polly said:

'Tom, I'm sorry, but you have to work today. Can you, please, paint the fence.'

'Can I play when I finish painting?'

'Yes.' said aunt Polly, but she didn't believe for a second that Tom could paint even half the fence by the evening.

Tom quickly took the pot with the paint and went into the garden. He put the pot on the floor, and took a look at the fence. It was long, very long. He took his brush and started painting. Five minutes later, he stepped back and looked at his work. There was a small patch of white on the long dirty fence. Tom sat down discouraged.

'I'll never finish it,' he thought. 'I'll be working all day, and all the other boys will laugh at me.'

Just then he saw Ben Rogers coming up the street eating an apple. Tom immediately stood up and put his whole heart into painting the fence.

'Hello,' said Ben.



Tom paid no attention. He was painting like an artist.

'Hi, I'm going swimming,' said Ben with a nasty smile. 'Would you like to come too? But of course you have to work today.'

Tom looked at Ben for a moment, and then said:

'What do you call work?'

'Painting. Isn't that work?'

'Maybe it is, maybe it isn't, but Tom Sawyer likes it.' And Tom stepped back, looked at his work critically, like an artist at his picture.

'Like it!' cried Ben. 'Oh, come on! I don't believe you like it.'

'Why not?' asked Tom. 'Does a boy get a chance to paint a fence everyday?'

That put the thing in a new light. Ben came up closer and started watching Tom.

'Tom,' he said after some time. 'Let me paint a little.'

Tom stopped and looked at Ben.

'I'm sorry, Ben, but I can't.' he said. 'My aunt Polly asked me especially to do this job, because nobody else can do it really well. My brother Sid wanted to do it, and she said 'No, only Tom can do it well.'

'Oh please, Tom!' said Ben. 'Let me try a little. If you let me, I'll give you my apple.' Tom stopped, looked at Ben, and slowly gave him the brush. For the next half an

hour he was eating an apple, watching Ben working, and planning to employ more boys in the same way. And he did. When Ben got tired, Tom let Billy Fisher paint in exchange for a kite, then Johnny Miller sold his dead rat for half an hour of painting. By the afternoon the whole fence was painted three times, and Tom was richer than ever before. Apart from the kite and the rat, he got a fragment of chalk, a tin soldier, a piece of blue bottle glass, and lots of other boy treasures besides.

Aunt Polly could not believe her eyes when she saw the fence.

'Well, Tom,' she said. 'You work really well when you want to! Go and play now.'

Tom went swimming with the other boys. On his way back, while he was passing the house where Jeff Thatcher lived, he saw a new girl in the garden. She was beautiful, with blue eyes and her yellow hair in two long plaits. Tom immediately fell in love. Amy Lawrence, who he had loved



for months, now disappeared from his heart. Now he loved this little angel with yellow hair.

He started to show off by standing on his hands or head, all to win her heart. The girl watched him for a few minutes, and then turned around and was clearly going inside. Tom stopped, and ran up to the fence. The girl was at the door, but she stopped too, and threw a flower to him. Tom's heart was beating fast. He walked up to the flower. Then he stopped, saw that there were no boys around, picked up the flower with his toes, and hopped on one leg towards the trees, where no one could see him. There he put the flower into his jacket next to his stomach (because he believed his heart was there).

Tom stayed around the girl's house all evening, showing off as before. But she never came out again. Tom was desperate. He felt he would die without her. The more he thought about it, the more he wanted

to die. Finally, he jumped over the fence and quietly lay down on the grass. Next morning he would be dead, and everybody would be sorry for all the bad things they had done to Tom Sawyer. His aunt Polly, for example, would be very sorry she didn't give him the jam from the closet.

As he was imagining the whole town crying at his funeral, someone opened the window, Tom heard the servant's voice, and a bucket of water fell on the 'dead boy'. Tom jumped up, wet through, and ran home.

Chapter II

In which we find out what happened in the graveyard



It was Monday morning and he was going to school. It was late, but Tom wasn't in a hurry. When he saw Huckelberry Finn, he stopped:

'Hello, Huck!'

'Hello,' answered Huck. 'How do you like this?'

'Oh, what is it?'

'A dead cat.' said Huck.

'Let me see it,' said Tom. 'Hmm, what are you going to do with it?'

'Cure warts.' said Huck.

'Really?' said Tom. 'And how do you do that?'

'Well, you take your cat,' said Huck. 'And at night you go to the graveyard where somebody bad was buried. About midnight the devil will come, but of course you won't see him. And then you say:

„Devil follow the dead man, cat follow the devil, warts follow the cat.“

'That will take any warts off you.'

'Sounds right.' said Tom. 'Have you ever tried it?'

'No, but I'm going to try it tonight, because I think the devil is going to come for Hoss Williams tonight.'

'Huck,' said Tom. 'Will you let me go with you?'

'If you're not afraid.'

'Afraid! Not I!' said Tom. 'Will you meow by my window?'

Huck agreed, and the boys said good bye till the evening.

When Tom was entering the school classroom, he was already half an hour late.

'Thomas Sawyer!' said the teacher when he saw Tom. 'Come here. Now, why are you late again?'

Tom was just going to tell a very good lie, but then he saw the girl with yellow plaits, and he changed his plan.

'I stopped to talk with Huckelberry Finn.'

The teacher could not believe his own ears, and neither could the pupils. Had Tom Sawyer lost his mind? After such a confession there was no escaping the punishment. The teacher had no choice



but to flog the boy's back. He did so, and then he said:

'Now, go and sit with the girls, Tom.'

A quiet laughter ran among the pupils. There was only one seat free among the girls, and it was next to the new girl with yellow hair. Tom sat there perfectly happy.

'What's your name?' he whispered.

'Becky Thatcher.'

Then Tom began to write something on his slate, hiding it from the girl.

'Let me see it.' asked Becky.

'Oh, it's nothing, you don't want to see it.'

'I do, I won't tell anybody.' and she started to pull the slate. Tom pretended to stop her, but he didn't really, and soon Becky read: 'I love you.'

'Oh, you bad thing.' she said all red, but happy.

And Tom thought that school could be nice sometimes.

A quarter past midnight that night there was a quiet 'Meow!' outside Tom and Sid's window. Sid didn't hear it, but Tom, within a minute, was dressed and ready to jump out of the window. Huckelberry Finn was in the garden, with his dead cat. Half an hour later both boys were walking in the tall grass of the graveyard. Soon they found the grave that they were looking for. They sat behind the three

trees next to it, and waited for the devil.

For some time it seemed like the devil wasn't going to come at all, but suddenly Tom heard something:

'Sh!'

'What is it, Tom?' whispered Huck.

'Sh! Again! Didn't you hear it?'

'Tom! They're coming! What shall we do?'

'I don't know. Will they see us?' asked Tom.

'Oh, Tom, they can see in the dark like cats.'

'Maybe if we don't move, they won't notice us.'

The boys were sitting, hugging each other, wishing they could stop breathing.

'Tom,' whispered Huck. 'They're humans, at least one of them is! It's Muff Potter's voice, and he is pulling a cart!'

'Huck! I know the other voice. It's Injun Joe.'

And the third voice belonged to the young Dr Robinson. All three men came up to Hoss Williams' grave and opened it.

They took out the coffin, opened it, took out the body, and put it on the cart.

'Now, it's ready Doctor, but if you don't give us five dollars more, we're not taking it anywhere.' said Muff Potter.

'What?' said the doctor. 'But I've already paid you!'

'Yes, and you've done more than that.' said Injun Joe. 'Five years ago I came to your father's house and asked you for some food. You told me to go away. And your father put me in jail. Did you think I would forget?' and he jumped towards the doctor ready to fight.

But the doctor was quick and strong. He hit Injun Joe so strongly that he fell to the ground. Muff Potter saw it, and shouted:

'Hey! Don't do that to my partner!' and he started to fight with the doctor. But Muff Potter was drunk, as usual, and the doctor pushed him away easily. Muff Potter fell to the ground and didn't move. A knife fell out of his pocket. Just then, Injun Joe got up, picked up Muff's knife and thrust it straight

into the doctor's breast. At the same moment the two frightened boys started to quietly move away from behind the trees. They didn't see how Injun Joe put the knife into Muff Potter's hand, and how he sat on the grave, and waited.

Five minutes later, Muff Potter began to move. He felt his knife, looked at it, and saw the blood. His eyes met Injun Joe's:

'What happened, Joe?' he asked in a frightened voice.

'It's a dirty business,' said Joe. 'Why did you kill him?'

'I didn't!' said Muff.

'Oh, come on. Just look! You did!'

Muff looked at the doctor lying dead and then the knife in his hand and his face went white.

'Oh, Joe, honestly, I didn't want to ... Oh, it's so awful. He was so young!' cried Muff. 'Joe, you won't tell, will you?'

'No, you've always been fair with me, Muff Potter. Now, you go this way, and I go that way.'



And both men started to run.
Tom and Huck ran towards the town.
They stopped by the first house, and sat
down.

'Huck,' said Tom. 'What do you think is
going to happen?'

'Someone will be hanged.' said Huck.

Tom thought for a while. And then said:

'But who'll say that Injun Joe did it? Us?'

'No!' said Huck in horror. 'And what if
something happens and Injun Joe escapes.
He would kill us too!

Both boys sat in silence for a while.

'Hucky, are you sure you won't tell.'

'I won't, Tom, but we should both swear
we won't.'

'With shaking hands?' asked Tom.

'No, with blood.' said Huck.

Tom took out a piece of paper and wrote:

'Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer swear they
won't tell

And wish they are dead if they do.'

Then fingers were cut and initials put
down in blood.

Chapter III

In which the boys turn into pirates



Tom dreamt all night about Injun Joe. When he woke up, he was really happy to go to school. There he would meet Becky and forget about the murder.

'Becky, have you ever been engaged?' Tom asked when all the other children had gone home after school.

'What is that?' asked Becky.

'It's before you get married.' said Tom seriously.

'And how do you do it?'

'Oh, you just say to a boy that you love him, and that you won't marry anybody else. And then you kiss, and that's it. Anybody can do it.'

'Kiss?' asked Becky. 'Why do you kiss?'

'I don't know, but they always do.' said Tom. 'And then, when you're engaged, you always hold hands when no one is looking, and you always dance together at parties. Me and Amy Lawrence...'

And here Tom stopped because he saw how the girl's eyes grew bigger in surprise.

'Oh, Tom! I'm not the first girl that you've

ever been engaged to!' said Becky and she began to cry.

'Don't cry, Becky.' said Tom. 'I don't love her any more.'

'Yes, you do!' Becky screamed, and ran away.

By the afternoon, everybody thought that it was Muff Potter who had murdered Dr Robertson. Injun Joe was the only witness, and he spoke to the Sheriff and told him the story about the knife. Muff Potter was put in jail, where he would be waiting for the trial and hanging. Tom felt very bad about it. But he was too afraid to tell anybody that Injun Joe was lying. That night he had more nightmares about the murder.

The next day at school, Becky completely ignored him. Tom felt terrible. He felt he didn't have any friends, and nobody loved him anymore. He was not going to go to school that afternoon. He had already decided his future. He would escape from this horrible town, and he would become a pirate.

Just then he saw his friend, Joe Harper. Joe had also decided to escape from his family. His mother had shouted at him for stealing some cream, which he hadn't even seen. After such unfairness, Joe saw no choice for himself, but to join Tom as another pirate. As they were discussing the possibilities of pirating on the Mississippi river, they met Huck Finn, who had nothing against becoming a pirate either. Together, they decided, that the best place to start the new career was Jackson's Island, which lay three miles down the river. It wasn't big but it had a forest and no one ever went there. Then all the boys agreed to meet at midnight and bring some food with them, just in case.

At midnight, they all met by the river. They needed to borrow a raft to get to the island. Luckily, they found one, and two hours later, after their first pirate-voyage, they landed at Jackson's Island. They made a fire, and sat around it, very satisfied with themselves.



'It's just the life for me.' said Tom. 'You don't have to get up in the morning, you don't have to go to school, or wash.'

'But what do pirates do?' asked Huck.

'Oh, they just take ships, and kill the men, and bury treasures on islands.' said Tom.

'But they don't kill women.' explained Joe. 'And the women are always beautiful and they fall in love with the pirates.'

By half past three in the morning, the three pirates were all asleep by the fire, and so none of them noticed that their raft moved down on the sand towards the river, and soon was floating down the Mississippi.

When they woke up the next morning, and saw that the raft was gone, they weren't unhappy about it. They didn't want to go back home anyway. They had a wonderful time all day. They went swimming, then they played clowns in the circus, then they caught some fish, then they swam again, and in the evening, they were sitting by the fire all tired and happy.



Suddenly, they heard a strange sound from the direction of the town. They ran to the other side of the island to see what was happening. They saw a lot of people there on the other bank of the river. It seemed like they were looking for something in the river.

'I know!' exclaimed Tom. 'Somebody has drowned!'

'That's true.' said Huck. 'They were doing the same things last year, when Bill Turner drowned.'

Then a thought ran through Tom's head.

'Boys!' he exclaimed. 'I know who has drowned. It's us.'

All three of them felt like heroes. It was a great triumph. After years of calling them bad boys, people finally missed them, cried after them, and were sorry for all the bad things they had thought about them. They felt it was the best thing about being pirates. Joe and Huck fell asleep happier than ever before.

But Tom couldn't sleep. He had a different

plan for the evening. He got up, and quietly went to the side of the island which was closest to the land, and swam across. He knew that there was a ferry which would go up to town in half an hour. It was the last trip that day. The ferry was empty, and at that time no one checked the tickets, so Tom travelled home without anybody noticing.

At about ten o'clock, Tom was standing outside the windows of his house, watching the people inside. There was his aunt Polly and Mrs Harper, Joe's mother. They were sitting with their backs to the window and they were both crying. Tom, as quietly as he could, went in through the window and hid behind the sofa.

'He wasn't a bad boy.' his aunt was saying. 'And he had the biggest heart.'

'Just like my Joe.' whispered Mrs Harper. 'Such a good boy. And I shouted at him for stealing the cream, and now I remember I threw it out myself!' and she cried loudly.

Tom continued listening, and soon he found out that the day before, someone had found an empty raft down the river, and so everybody thought the boys must have drowned. The police would be looking for their bodies till Sunday, and if they didn't find them, the funeral would take place on Sunday morning.

After Mrs Harper had finally left, his aunt cried on her own for a little while. Finally, she went to bed. When he was sure that she was asleep, Tom quietly left the house and walked back to the ferry, making another plan in his head.

Chapter IV

In which Tom saves Becky



At seven o'clock on Friday morning, Tom hid on the first ferry back to the Island. When he reached the campsite, the other pirates had already been looking for him for some time. They were worried and wanted to go home. But when Tom told them about his new plan, they got excited again.

They started to play and swim. But by the evening all of them were homesick. They were sitting around the fire in silence. On Saturday, it was even worse. They didn't even feel like playing anymore.

'It's terrible,' said Joe. 'I don't even want to swim when there's nobody telling me that I can't.'

On Sunday morning, the whole town came to church for the lost boys' funeral. Everyone was crying. The priest, as he was talking about the boys, drew such pictures of perfection that he started to cry himself.

Then, suddenly, there was some noise at the back of the church. The priest



stopped, and stood with his mouth open in surprise. Everybody turned around. The three boys were standing at the door, a bit dirty but perfectly healthy and happy. This had been Tom's plan - to go back home for their own funeral. Their triumph was now complete.

A moment later, Tom was hugging Aunt Polly, and Joe was hugging his mother. Everybody was laughing and crying at the same time. Only Huck stood in the middle of the church, looking around nervously.

'Aunt Polly!' exclaimed Tom. 'That's not fair. Somebody has to be happy to see Huck.'

'Of course, we're all happy to see him!' cried Aunt Polly, and suddenly within half an hour Huck received more love than he had done in his whole life.

The next day at school, all the children treated Tom and Joe like real heroes. Becky Thatcher clearly forgave Tom for everything and wanted to be friends again. She was sending him smiles whenever

he was looking in her direction. But Tom decided to ignore her. Whenever she was looking at him he talked to Amy Lawrence. Finally it was too much for Becky. She couldn't stand it. She turned around and went to find Alfred Temple. He was her plan for revenge.

Once Becky had done, Tom didn't want to speak to Amy any more. So he left her, and went to look for Becky. He found her on the other side of the school garden sitting on a bench with Alfred Temple, and looking at pictures in a book. Tom was really jealous and walked off in a bad mood.

When Tom wasn't there, Becky suddenly lost all interest in the book and in Alfred's comments.

'I don't care for these pictures!' she exclaimed in anger. 'Oh, leave me alone. I hate you.'

And with this, she jumped up, pushed away the book and left the surprised Alfred alone on the bench. She wanted to be alone too. She went to the empty classroom. She

sat on her chair, then stood up and started to walk around. Suddenly she saw the key to the teacher's drawer. Everybody knew that in this drawer Mr Dobbins had a book which he read everyday in class when he didn't have to speak to the pupils. But nobody knew what kind of book it was. Becky saw the chance of solving this great mystery. She turned the key, opened the drawer, and took out the book. It was an old anatomy book. Everybody had forgotten that Mr Dobbins once wanted to be a doctor.

As she was standing with the opened book in her hands, Tom Sawyer came into the classroom. She wanted to put the book back into the drawer as fast as possible but while doing so she tore a page with a picture in half. She turned all red. That was a crime that meant terrible whipping!

'Oh, what shall I do? I've never been whipped at school before.' she cried. 'Oh, Tom Sawyer, you are a terrible person, now

you're going to tell Mr Dobbins I did it! Oh, Tom you're so awful!'

At that moment, all the other children came into the classroom, followed by Mr Dobbins. Everybody sat in their places, and opened their books. Everyone apart from Tom and Becky who were watching the teacher's every move.

Mr Dobbins looked bored. He looked out of the window for a while, then he looked at his shoes for five long minutes. Then he yawned, looked at the drawer, opened it and slowly took out his book. A few seconds later, his face turned red in anger.

'Who touched my book?'

No sound.

'Benjamin Rogers. Did you do it?'

'No, sir.'

'Joseph Harper, did you?'

'No, sir.'

The teacher looked at the boys' benches, thought for a minute, then turned to the girls.



'Amy Lawrence, did you?'

No again.

'Gracie Miller?'

No. The next girl was Becky. Tom watched her and knew she would cry in a second.

'Rebecca Thatcher, did you tear this book?'

Then a thought ran through Tom's head. He jumped up and said:

'I did it, sir.'

The whole school looked at Tom. Had he lost his mind? But Tom received his whipping patiently, without a word of complaint, because he knew who would be waiting for him after school.

That evening, when Tom was falling asleep, Becky's last words were still ringing in his ears.

'Oh, you're so noble, Tom.'

After the boys had been lost and then found, now the town had some new excitement. Everybody was waiting for Muff Potter's trial. Tom and Huck were waiting for it too. And they were more nervous than anybody else because they knew something which nobody else knew. It was three days before the trial when Tom decided to speak to Huck.

'Huck?' he asked seriously. 'Have you ever told anybody about 'you know what'?''

'Of course I haven't. We wouldn't live for two days if Injun Joe found out about it. You know that.'

'Yes, I know.' said Tom. 'But don't you feel sorry for Muff sometimes?'

'Yes, and everybody says he's a murderer, and they hate him. But he is a good man really, only drinks too much. He gave me half a fish once.'

'Yes, Huck, and he repaired my kite. And he's not the murderer.'

And the two boys went in the direction of the jail. They stopped under Muff's window, and threw some tobacco into his cell.

'Thank you boys!' called a sad voice from inside, and Tom felt how his heart hurt.

Chapter V

*In which Tom becomes
a hero again and the
treasure hunt begins*



For the next two days, the boys felt really bad. Neither of them could sleep. They spent all their time around the court, hoping to hear some good news about Muff Potter. But there was no good news.

The evening before the trial, it was clear that there was no hope for Muff. Everybody was sure that he was the murderer. Tom couldn't sleep that night. He went out and came back late.

The next day, all the town came to the court-room. Muff Potter was there with a white, sad face, and Injun Joe was there too, as the prosecution witness. He was asked to speak first. When he finished, Potter's lawyer said:

'I have no questions to ask him.'

'In that case,' said the prosecutor. 'We believe we have proven the prisoner guilty and we rest our case here.'

Then, Potter's lawyer stood up and said:

'Your Honor, we will prove that our client is not guilty at all. Then he turned around to the clerk. 'Call Thomas Sawyer.'



Nobody had expected that. Everybody was looking at Tom, as he took his place next to the judge.

'Thomas Sawyer, where were you on the seventeenth of June, about the hour of midnight?' asked the lawyer.

Tom looked at Injun Joe's face, and he got so frightened that he couldn't say anything.

'Don't be afraid.' said the lawyer.

'I - I - ' stammered Tom. ' I was in the graveyard.'

'Were you near Hoss Williams's grave?'

'Yes, sir.'

Injun Joe's face turned a bit whiter.

'Now what did you see there, boy?'

And Tom began his story, first slowly, then more easily. Everyone was looking at him and listening to every word he said. When the story was close to the end, and Tom said:

'And then Injun Joe took Muff's knife, and jumped towards the doctor -'

CRASH! Quick as a flash, Injun Joe

jumped through the closed window. Pieces of glass fell around, and the murderer was gone.

Tom was the hero again. His name even appeared in the newspaper. During the days, he was happy he had saved Muff's life, but at nights he was sorry he had done so. All his dreams, if he slept at all, were about Injun Joe. Both him and Huck were sure the murderer would come back to town to take revenge.

But time passed, the school finished, holidays started, and the boys began to forget about their fear. Soon the circus came and brought lots of excitement to the boys' lives. Then an old Spanish beggar appeared in town. He was deaf and dumb, and none of the boys had ever seen a dumb person before, so he was very interesting too. All in all, their lives were slowly getting back to normal.

And it is perfectly normal for a boy to feel, at some point in his life, a strong desire to dig up hidden treasure. This

desire suddenly came upon Tom one day. He shared his thoughts with Huck, and Huck agreed that treasure digging was a very good idea.

'But where shall we dig?' he asked.

'Oh, the treasure is always hidden in special places: sometimes on islands, or under dead trees, but most often under the floors in haunted houses. So I think we could try this haunted house up the hill.'

'I agree,' said Huck. 'But not today, it's late and with the ghosts it wouldn't be safe.'

'True,' said Tom. 'Let's meet there tomorrow at noon.'

But the next day, they found that even at noon, haunted houses were quite scary. They left their tools at the back of the house, and looked around the dirty rooms with no glass in the windows and no floor on the ground. They went upstairs, but it was no better there. They were just going to go down again and start digging, when suddenly they heard some voices. They fell flat on the floor and waited.



Through the holes in the floor, the boys saw two men come into the house. One of them was the deaf and dumb Spaniard, but they had never seen the other man before. The Spaniard's face was all covered with white beard, and he had a big sombrero on his head.

'No,' said the other man, 'I don't want to do it. It's too dangerous.'

'Dangerous!' exclaimed the 'deaf and dumb' Spaniard. 'Easy!'

The boys' hearts stopped because in the Spaniard's voice they recognized the voice. It was Injun Joe.

After a long silence, Injun Joe said:

'We'll talk about it later. Now I need some sleep. And it's your turn to watch.'

The other man agreed, but he was sleepy too, and half an hour later both men were fast asleep.

The boys were still lying on the floor, watching the sleepers. They were too afraid to move even their fingers.

An hour later, Injun Joe woke up. He saw the other man asleep, and kicked him.

'Hey, you are the watchman, aren't you?' said he. 'Anyway, we've got to move now.'

'Right.' said the other man. 'But what shall we do with the money?'

'We'll leave it here, as always.' said Injun Joe. Then he thought for a while and said:

'But this time we'll bury it.'

'Good idea.' said the other man. 'It's six hundred dollars after all.'

And they both took out their knives and started to dig a hole in the floor of the house. The boys were watching their every movement. What luck! There was treasure being buried in front of them. Now they would now for sure where to dig.

Suddenly, Injun Joe's knife struck upon something.

'Man, it's a box!' he said. He put his hand down the hole. 'And there's money in it!'

The boys upstairs were just as excited as the men downstairs.

'There are some old tools at the back of the house.' said Injun Joe to the other man. 'Quick! Bring them here.'

Ten minutes later, the old wooden box stood open in the middle of the room.

'Man, there's thousands of dollars there.' exclaimed the other man. 'Now you won't need to do this job.'

'Oh, you don't know me.' said Injun Joe

with a nasty smile. 'It's not just a robbery. It's revenge. And I'll need your help with it.'

'Well, all right.' said the other man. 'But what shall we do with this? Bury it all again?'

'No, there's too much of it. We'll take it to my hiding place number two, under the cross!'

'Good. Let's go then.'

'Wait!' said Injun Joe. 'We didn't check upstairs. Maybe someone is there.'

Chapter VI

In which Huck saves Widow Douglas



When the boys heard that Injun Joe was going to come up the stairs, their faces turned white. Through the holes in the floor, they watched terrified as he took out his knife, walked slowly towards the stairs and began climbing. They were sure they were going to die, when they heard a loud CRASH! of the stairs breaking, and saw Injun Joe falling back on the floor below.

The other man helped him to stand up again, and said:

'Leave it, Joe. There's nobody up there. It's getting dark. Let's go!'

It was only after the two men had left the house, that the boys could breathe again. They were sorry that the treasure had escaped them so easily, but they didn't feel strong enough to follow the robbers that night. They decided they would look out for the 'deaf and dumb' Spaniard, and try to follow him to his hiding place number two, under the cross.

Suddenly, a thought ran through Tom's head.



'Huck? He said 'revenge'! What if he means us?'

'Oh, no!' exclaimed Huck. 'Don't say that!'

They talked it over on the way back to town, and finally decided that maybe Injun Joe meant somebody else after all.

'But Tom,' said Huck. 'What is this hiding place number two?'

'I don't know. Maybe a house, no that would be too easy.'

'Maybe a room?' suggested Huck.

'Maybe.' said Tom. 'A room in the guest-house, perhaps.'

There were two guest-houses in town, and the boys decided to check them both the next day.

By the afternoon the next day, they already knew that there was something strange about room number two in one of the guest-houses. The barman didn't want to talk about it, and told them to go away. The boys looked around the house and saw that the door to one of the rooms came out

into the dark alley behind the guest-house. They were sure this was number two. They decided to come back at night and try to see what was inside.

They met just before midnight, and Tom brought all the keys he could find at home.

'I thought one of them might open this door.' he explained. 'I'll go and try them, and you wait for me.'

Huck agreed, but he didn't have to wait long. Ten minutes later, Tom was back, so frightened that he couldn't speak.

'Oh, Huck! Oh, Huck!' he said in the end. 'The door wasn't locked, so I opened it, and there was Injun Joe, drunk and sleeping on the floor.'

'And did you see any money?'

'No, only bottles lying around.'

'So what shall we do?' said Huck.

Tom thought for a while and then said:

'We have to watch this room at night, Huck. And if Injun Joe comes out we'll have to follow him.'

'I can do it.' said Huck. 'But you have to

watch him during the day when I sleep. If you see him dressed up as the Spaniard and doing something strange, wake me up.'

'Good!' said Tom. 'So let's start now.'

And so Tom went home to sleep, and Huck stayed behind the guest-house watching the door of room number two.

For the next week, Huck slept during the days, and sat behind the guest-house at nights, while Tom spent all his days in town, playing with other children, and looking out for the 'deaf and dumb' Spaniard.

But when Saturday came, Tom had to change his plans. Becky Thatcher was having a picnic for all the children in town. Tom was of course invited. And he couldn't miss it.

The picnic started at noon on the hill and in the afternoon the whole party moved to McDougal's cave for more fun. Everybody got a candle and was told not to get lost in the labyrinth.

McDougal's cave was truly a huge labyrinth, with lots of paths that didn't go

anywhere. People said that you may wander there all days and nights and never find the end of the cave, it was so big. No man knew the whole cave. Most of the boys knew a bit of it and Tom Sawyer didn't know more than the others.

When everybody was going back home from the picnic, Huck was already on the watch out behind the guest-house. At eleven, he heard a strange noise. Then the door opened, and two men came out. They didn't notice him and started to walk quickly up the alley. One of them was carrying something.

'It must be the box.' thought Huck. He wanted to go and wake up Tom, but then he thought:

'No, there's no time now. I have to follow them and see where they hide the treasure. Tom and I can get it tomorrow.'

And so he quietly followed the two men. Soon he found they were going up to Widow Douglas's house. They stopped by her windows.



'Damn, I can see some lights.' Injun Joe's voice suddenly said. 'Maybe she has guests.'

'Maybe it's not worth it then, Joe?' said the other man's voice.

'Not worth it?' said Injun Joe in an angry voice. 'I told you, it's not about money. It's revenge. Her husband was a judge and he whipped me once. He is dead now, but I'll take my revenge on her.'

'So this is the revenge job.' thought Huck. 'Oh, no, and what if they kill Widow Douglas?'

Widow Douglas had always been nice to Huck. He had to do something. He quietly started to move away. When he was sure the two men couldn't hear him, he started to run. He stopped at the first house in town, and banged at the door. It was the house of an old Welshman who lived with his three sons.

'Let me in, let me in!' Huck shouted.

'What's your problem, my boy?' asked the old Welshman as he opened the door.

'Please, don't tell anybody I've told you -' were Huck's first words, and then he told the Welshman that Widow Douglas was in terrible danger. Three minutes later, the old Welshman and his sons were going up the hill to save the Widow. Huck didn't go with them. He waited, and when he heard an explosion and screaming, he ran away and hid by the river.

Very early the next morning, he knocked at the Welshman's door again.

'Welcome, my boy.' said the Welshman. 'We didn't catch the robbers last night, they ran away. But the police are looking for them now. One of them was this old Spaniard, wasn't he?

'Promise you won't tell anybody,' said Huck. 'But the Spaniard is Injun Joe.'

The Welshman's eyes grew big, and then he said:

'The murderer! Poor boy, no wonder you were so afraid. You will stay here today. Here's your bed.'

Chapter VII

*Which ends
happily for some
and sadly for others*



It was the first time in his life that Huck had ever slept in a real bed. He didn't wake up till the next day, and it was clear that he was very ill. The Welshman called the doctor, and the doctor said it was serious. Huck had to stay in bed and not get any excitement. That's why nobody told him the next day that Tom Sawyer and Becky Thatcher had got lost in McDougal's cave during the picnic and that nobody could find them.

Two days before, during the picnic, Tom and Becky did everything together. When the whole party went to the cave, they took their candles and went down the labyrinth on their own. Tom knew the way for some time, but then in one of the corridors, bats had scared them, and they had started to run down a different path. When they stopped, they couldn't hear anybody from the party.

'We can't go back where the bats are.' said Tom. 'Let's try a different way.'

But an hour later they still didn't hear any



voices and Tom didn't recognize the paths at all.

'Oh, Tom!' said Becky in the end. 'I'm tired. Let's just go back.'

But going back wasn't easy either. They walked and walked. And it seemed like they had been walking for two days already. Finally they found a water spring in one of the cave rooms.

'Tom!' said Becky after they had drunk some water. 'I want to sleep, and I'm so hungry.'

Tom remembered he still had a cookie in his pocket. He took it out and broke it in two. Becky had her half immediately and soon fell asleep. Tom was waiting and watching their candle grow smaller and smaller.

When Becky woke up, Tom said:

'Becky, we must stay here where there's water to drink. We can't go any further, we haven't got enough candle.'

And so they stayed. Hours later, the candle finished and it was completely dark.

Both children were hugging each other and talking about their homes and friends.

'They must be looking for us now.' said Tom. 'They'll find us, don't worry.'

After some time, Tom thought it was already Tuesday, they saw some candle light in the distance. Tom ran there shouting, and jumping down the corridors. But when he was close enough, suddenly, he saw that the candle belonged to Injun Joe. And Injun Joe was running in the other direction. Tom ran back to Becky. They sat by the water spring in silence. An hour later they were asleep again.

When they woke up, Tom thought it was already Thursday or Friday. The town probably thought they were already dead. So, he thought, they had to find another way out. Becky was too weak to move. Tom took a kite line out of his pocket and gave her one end of it. He would hold the other end and go to look for another way out.

It was Tuesday afternoon when a voice was heard in the town:

'They've been found! They've been found!'

Half an hour later, in Aunt Polly's house, Tom was telling Mrs Thatcher how he had found another way out of the cave, and both him and Becky had escaped through a hole in the rock about five miles down the river from the main entrance. Tom was a hero again. But he was a very weak hero too, and so, without complaining, he stayed in bed for the next three days. On Friday, Aunt Polly told him that Huck Finn was ill, and was staying at the old Welshman's house. Tom went to visit him that afternoon. They spent all evening together whispering behind the closed door, planning what to do when Huck would be strong enough to go out.

A couple of days later, Tom went to see Becky. When Judge Thatcher, Becky's father, saw him, he asked ironically:

'Would you like to go back to the cave, Tom?'

'Why not, sir?'

'I knew there would be boys like you, Tom. But nobody will go and get lost in this cave again.'

'How come, sir?'

'Because we've put a heavy iron door on the entrance, it's locked now, and only I've got the keys.'

Tom turned white as a sheet.

'Oh Judge, but Injun Joe is in the cave!'

Within half an hour, a rescue team with the Judge himself was on the way to the cave. When the door was opened, they saw Injun Joe lying by the door dead. He had died of hunger.

Tom was happy and sad at the same time. He was sorry for the dead man because he could imagine very well how bad his last hours were. But he was happy because he felt safe again. Injun Joe couldn't kill him now.

The day after Injun Joe's funeral, Tom took Huck to a private place for a very important talk. When they were sure nobody could hear them, Tom said:

'Huck, the money was never in the guest-house.'

'What?' exclaimed Huck. 'Tom, did you find the money when I was lying in bed?'

'Huck, the money is in the cave.'

'Tom, are you joking?'

'It's true, Huck. Will you go and get it with me?'

'I will, if we don't get lost again.'

'Oh, no. I know how to do it now.'

The next day, Tom took Huck to the place where he and Becky had escaped from the cave. He went up to the rock, moved some dry bushes away and said:

'There it is. I hid it. It will be our secret meeting place when we're robbers. We won't tell anybody about it, apart from Joe Harper and Ben Rogers. Isn't it a good idea? But let's go in now, I'll show you something.'

They went into the cave and Tom told Huck again how he and Becky stayed in the darkness for days.

'Now, can you see this rock, Huck?' he



asked as they got into the next corridor.'

'Tom, there's a cross on it.'

'This is the hiding place number two, under the cross.'

'And is the treasure still in there?'

'Sure it is, Huck.'

And the money box was really there.

The boys decided to put the money into the bank, and Judge Thatcher promised to look after it. In the meantime, Widow Douglas asked Huck to live with her. She wanted to give him a true home and a good education. Everybody in town agreed it was a good idea, apart from Huck.

'Tom, I can't live like this, and I don't want to go to school.'

Tom looked at him, and said seriously:

'But you have to Hucky, if you want to be in our gang of robbers.'

'Oh, Tom, do I have to?'

'Yes, Huck. So ... will you meow for me at midnight?'

'Sure.'

Glossary

to admire – podziwiać
alley – alejka, uliczka
angel – anioł
anger – złość
to appear – zjawić się
artist – artysta
asleep – pogrążony we śnie
awful – okropny, straszny
to bang at the door – dobijać się do drzwi
bank of a river – brzeg rzeki
bat – nietoperz



not to be able to believe one's eyes – nie wierzyć własnym oczom
to be homesick – tęsknić za domem
to be joking – żartować
not believe one's own ears – nie wierzyć własnym uszom
beggar – żebrak
to belong to someone – należeć do kogoś

bench – ławka



blood – krew
bored – znudzony
breast – klatka piersiowa, pierś
to breathe – oddychać
brush – pędzel, szczotka
bucket – wiadro
bushes – krzaki
campsite – pole namiotowe
candle – świeczka
cart – wózek
case – sprawa
to catch – złapać
cave – jaskinia
cell – cela
chalk – kreda
chance – szansa, okazja
change – zmiana
to change – zmienić

choice – wybór
client – klient
climb - wspinać się
closet – szafa



collar – kołnierzyk
to complain – narzekać
complaint – skarga
confession – przyznanie się do winy; spo-
wiedź
corridor – korytarz
court-room – sala sądowa
crime – przestępstwo
cross – krzyż
to cry – płakać
to cut – ciąć
darkness – ciemność
deaf and dumb – osoba głuchoniema
to decide – zdecydować
desire – chęć, pragnienie

desperate – zrozpaczony
devil – diabeł
to die – umrzeć
to dig out – wykopać
direction – kierunek
dirty business – brudna robota
distance – odległość
drawer – szuflada
to dress up as – przebrać się za
dressed up as – przebrany za
to drown – utonąć
drunk – pijany
dry – suchy
education – wykształcenie
to employ – zatrudnić
empty – pusty
to be engaged – być zaręczonym
to escape – uciec
excitement – podniecenie
to exclaim – wykrzyknąć
explosion – wybuch
face – twarz
to be fair with someone – być sprawiedli-
wym dla kogoś

to fall in love – zakochać się

to fall out – wypaść

fear – strach

fence – płot



find out - dowiedzieć się

finger – palec

flash – błysk

flat – płaski, płasko

to flog – wychłostać

floor – podłoga

to follow – śledzić

to forgive – przebaczyć

frightened – przestraszony

funeral – pogrzeb

future – przyszłość

gang – banda

to get a chance – mieć szansę

to get dark – ściemnić się

to get married – pobrać się

grave – grób



graveyard – cmentarz

ground – ziemia

to grow big – urosnąć

to grow smaller – zmniejszyć się

guest-house – dom gościnny

guilty – winny

hand – dłoń

to hang – powiesić

haunted house – dom, w którym straszy

to have a choice – mieć możliwość

to have a wonderful time – świetnie się bawić

heart – serce

heavy – ciężki

hero – bohater

to hide – chować

hiding place – skrytka

hill – pagórek

hole – dół

home – dom

homesick – tęskniony za domem
to hop – podskakiwać, skakać na jednej nodze
house – dom (budynek)
to hug – przytulić
human – człowiek
hunger – głód
to be in a hurry – spieszyć się
to hurt – boleć
idea – pomysł
to ignore – ignorować
ill – chory
immediately – natychmiast
in the distance – w oddali
in the meantime – w międzyczasie
initials – inicjały
to invite – zaprosić
ironically – ironicznie
iron door – żelazna brama
island – wyspa
jail – więzienie
jealous – zazdrosny
joke – kawał
judge – sędzia

to jump – skoczyć
to jump over – przeskoczyć
to kick – kopnąć
kite – latawiec
kite line – linka latawca
to knock – pukać
labyrinth – labirynt
laughter – śmiech
lawyer – prawnik
lie – kłamstwo
to lie – kłamać
lightning – piorun
to lock – zamknąć na klucz
to look out for something/someone – wypatrywać czegoś/kogoś
to lose interest – stracić zainteresowanie
to lose one's mind – postradać zmysły
loudly – głośno
to fall in love – zakochać się
main entrance – główne wejście
to mean – mieć na myśli
to meow – miauczeć
midnight – północ
to miss someone / something – tęsknić za

kimś / za czymś
mood - humor
murder – morderstwo
murderer – morderca
mystery – tajemnica
nasty – przykry, wstrętny
nervously – nerwowo, niespokojnie
news – wieści
next – następny
nightmare – koszmar
noble – szlachetny
to notice – zauważyć
outside – na zewnątrz
paint – farba



to paint – malować
patch – plama
path – ścieżka
perfection – doskonałość
to pick up – podnieść
piece – kawałek

pirate – pirat
plait – warkocz
pot – garnek, dzbanek
to pretend – udawać
priest – ksiądz
prisoner – więzień
private – prywatny
to promise – obiecać
prosecutor – oskarżyciel
prosecution – oskarżenie
prosecution witness – świadek oskarżenia
to prove – udowodnić
to pull – ciągnąć
punishment – kara
pupil – uczeń
quick as lightning – piorunem
raft – tratwa
to reach – dotrzeć do, dojechać
to repair – naprawić
rescue team – ekipa ratownicza
revenge – zemsta
riverbank – brzeg rzeki
robber – rabuś, bandyta
robbery – rabunek

rock – gład, skała
save – ocalić
scary – straszny
to scream – krzyczeć
secret – tajny
seek - szukać
servant – służący
shake hands - uścisnąć sobie ręce
slate – tabliczka
to solve – rozwiązać
sombbrero – hiszpański kapelusz z dużym
rondem



sounds right – brzmi poprawnie / dobrze
Spaniard – Hiszpan
spring – źródło
stairs – schody
to stammer – jąkać się
to be on the stand – zeznawać
to stay – zatrzymać się
to step back – odsunąć się w tył
stomach – żołądek

straight – bezpośrednio
strange – dziwny
strong – silny
suddenly – nagle
surprise – niespodzianka
surprised – zdziwiony
to swear – przysięgać
to tear – podrzeć
terrible – okropny
to throw – rzucić
to thrust – pchnąć
to have a wonderful time – świetnie się bawić
tin – cyna
tin soldier – żołnierz z cyny
together – razem
tools – narzędzia
to touch – dotknąć
treasure – skarb
to treat – traktować
trial – rozprawa sądowa
triumph – triumf
to turn around – odwrócić się
to turn red – zaczerwienić się
to turn white – zbieleć

Contents

unfairness – niesprawiedliwość
unfriendly – nieprzyjazny
voice – głos
voyage – podróż
walk up – podejść
to wander – wędrować, włóczyć się
wart – brodawka
watchman – strażnik
water spring – źródło
weak – słaby
Welshman – Walijczyk
whip – biczować
whipping – lanie
whisper – szept
to whisper – szeptać
white as a sheet – biały jak ściana
whole – cały
widow – wdowa
window – okno
witness – świadek
wooden – drewniany
woods – las
worried – zmartwiony
to yawn – ziewać

Chapter 1 – <i>In which we meet Tom Sawyer</i>	3
Chapter 2 – <i>In which we find out what happened in the graveyard</i>	13
Chapter 3 – <i>In which the boys turn into pirates</i>	23
Chapter 4 – <i>In which Tom saves Becky</i>	33
Chapter 5 – <i>In which Tom becomes a hero again and the treasure hunt begins</i>	43
Chapter 6 – <i>In which Huck saves Widow Douglas</i>	53
Chapter 7 – <i>Which ends happily for some and sadly for others</i>	63
Glossary	73

W serii:



czytamy w oryginalne

A CHRISTMAS CAROL
ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN
WONDERLAND
TREASURE ISLAND
MOBY DICK
THE ADVENTURES
OF TOM SAWYER
ROBINSON CRUSOE
THE SECRET GARDEN



ISBN 83 - 89652 - 08 - 0



9 788389 652089

