

## 5 The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn

8 By Mark Twain

## 10 CHAPTER I.

24 You don't know about me, without you have read a book by the name  
37 of "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer"; but that ain't no matter. That book  
51 was made by Mr. Mark Twain, and he told the truth, mainly. There was  
65 things which he stretched, but mainly he told the truth. That is nothing. I  
79 never seen anybody but lied one time or another, without it was Aunt Polly,  
93 or the widow, or maybe Mary. Aunt Polly—Tom's Aunt Polly, she is—and  
108 Mary, and the Widow Douglas is all told about in that book, which is mostly  
118 a true book, with some stretchers, as I said before.

133 Now the way that the book winds up is this: Tom and me found the  
149 money that the robbers hid in the cave, and it made us rich. We got six  
163 thousand dollars apiece—all gold. It was an awful sight of money when it  
180 was piled up. Well, Judge Thatcher he took it and put it out at interest, and it  
196 fetched us a dollar a day apiece all the year round—more than a body could  
211 tell what to do with. The Widow Douglas she took me for her son, and  
226 allowed she would sivilize me; but it was rough living in the house all the  
239 time, considering how dismal regular and decent the widow was in all her  
257 ways; and so when I couldn't stand it no longer I lit out. I got into my old

270 rags and my sugar-hogshead again, and was free and satisfied. But Tom  
286 Sawyer he hunted me up and said he was going to start a band of robbers,  
303 and I might join if I would go back to the widow and be respectable. So I  
305 went back.

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

468         After supper she got out her book and learned me about Moses and  
486 the Bulrushers, and I was in a sweat to find out all about him; but by and by  
502 she let it out that Moses had been dead a considerable long time; so then I  
517 didn't care no more about him, because I don't take no stock in dead people.

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

642            Her sister, Miss Watson, a tolerable slim old maid, with goggles on,  
659 had just come to live with her, and took a set at me now with a spelling-  
673 book. She worked me middling hard for about an hour, and then the widow  
689 made her ease up. I couldn't stood it much longer. Then for an hour it was  
703 deadly dull, and I was fidgety. Miss Watson would say, "Don't put your feet  
714 up there, Huckleberry;" and "Don't scrunch up like that, Huckleberry—set  
728 up straight;" and pretty soon she would say, "Don't gap and stretch like that,  
742 Huckleberry—why don't you try to behave?" Then she told me all about the  
759 bad place, and I said I wished I was there. She got mad then, but I didn't  
774 mean no harm. All I wanted was to go somewheres; all I wanted was a  
789 change, I warn't particular. She said it was wicked to say what I said; said  
807 she wouldn't say it for the whole world; she was going to live so as to go to

821 the good place. Well, I couldn't see no advantage in going where she was  
838 going, so I made up my mind I wouldn't try for it. But I never said so,  
849 because it would only make trouble, and wouldn't do no good.