

МАРК ТВЕН

**ПРИКЛЮЧЕНИЯ
ТОМА СОЙЕРА
И ГЕКЛЬБЕРРИ
ФИННА**

MARK TWAIN

**THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER
AND HUCKLEBERRY FINN**

ЭКСКЛЮЗИВНОЕ ЧТЕНИЕ
НА АНГЛИЙСКОМ ЯЗЫКЕ

The logo for Lingua features a stylized quill pen nib on the left, with the word "Lingua" written in a cursive script to its right.

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Романы о Томе Сойере и Гекльберри Финне являются настоящей классикой приключенческой литературы. Невероятные и опасные путешествия, веселые игры и поиски настоящего клада — жизнь двух мальчишек в маленьком городе на Юге Америки никак нельзя назвать скучной.

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THE ADVENTURES
OF TOM SAWYER

by Mark Twain

CHAPTER I

“TOM!”

No answer.

“TOM!”

No answer.

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

No answer.

Aunt Polly pulled her spectacles down and looked over them about the room; then she put them up and looked out under them. She even bent down, **poked under the bed with the broom**¹, and found nothing but the cat.

“Y-o-u-u TOM!”

There was a slight noise behind her and she turned just in time to seize a boy.

“There! What have you been doing in the pantry?”

“Nothing.”

“Nothing! Look at your hands. And look at your mouth. What IS it?”

“I don’t know, aunt.”

“Well, I know. It’s jam—that’s what it is. I’ve told you forty times not to touch it. Where’s my switch?”

“Wow! Look behind you, aunt!”

¹ **poked under the bed with the broom** — пошарила под кроватью щеткой

The old woman turned round, and the boy fled on the instant—he climbed up the high fence, and disappeared over it.

His aunt Polly stood surprised a moment, and then laughed.

“I can never learn anything! **He’s played the same trick enough for me to remember it**¹! You can’t learn an old dog new tricks. I’m sure he won’t go to school this afternoon, and I’ll just have to make him work tomorrow, to punish him. It’s hard to make him work on Saturdays, when all the boys are having a holiday. But he hates work more than he hates anything else, so I’ve GOT to find some job for him.”

She was right. Tom didn’t go to school, and he had a very good time.

While the boy was eating his dinner, and stealing sugar as opportunity offered, Aunt Polly asked him difficult questions about his classes—she wanted to make him tell her the truth.

Said she:

“Tom, it was warm in school, wasn’t it?”

“Yes, mam.”

“Powerful warm, wasn’t it?”

“Yes, mam.”

“Didn’t you want to go in a-swimming, Tom?”

Tom searched Aunt Polly’s face, but it told him nothing. So he said:

“No, ma— 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.”

Tom knew what was coming, now. So he said:

¹ **He’s played the same trick enough for me to remember it** — он проделывал этот трюк со мной достаточно много раз, чтобы я могла его запомнить

“Some of us pumped water on our heads—mine’s still damp. See?”

Aunt Polly got upset that she had overlooked that bit of circumstantial evidence. 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!”

Tom opened his jacket. His shirt collar was securely sewed.

“Bother! Well, was sure you went swimming. But I forgive ye, Tom. *This* time.”

But then Sid, Tom’s younger brother, said:

“You sewed his collar with white thread, but now 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 that¹.”

Tom was not the model boy of the village. But Sid was — and Tom hated him sometimes.

Within two minutes, or even less, he had forgotten all his troubles because he found a new interesting activity—whistling. He had learned to whistle a couple of days ago and now he decided to practise it.

The summer evenings were long so he had a lot of time ahead.

Then he saw a stranger boy a little larger than himself. Meeting a new-comer of any age of either sex was an important in the poor little village of St. Petersburg. This boy was well dressed—on a week-day. He even had shoes on—and it was only Friday. You could see that he was from the city. The more Tom stared at the stranger, the higher he turned up his nose and the

¹ I’ll lick you for that — теперь тебе мало не покажется

shabbier his own outfit seemed to him. Neither of the boys spoke. If one moved, the other moved—but only to the side; so they were moving in a circle; keeping face to face and eye to eye¹ all the time.

Finally Tom started a usual dialogue. Each of the boys said he was going to beat the other one. And each said he had an elder brother who could also beat the other's elder brother.

Finally they fought.

They were rolling in the dirt, tearing each other's hair and clothes, **covering themselves with dust and glory**².

Tom won.

The new boy went off brushing the dust from his clothes, sobbing, and shouting what he would do to Tom the "next time he caught him out"³.

When Tom's turned to go, the new boy took a stone, threw it, hit him Tom between the shoulders and then ran away as fast as he could. Tom chased him home, and waited at the gate for some time, inviting the enemy to come outside. At last the enemy's mother appeared, and called Tom a bad, evil child.

Tom got home rather late that night, and when he climbed in through the window, he was caught by his aunt immediately. When she saw the state of his clothes her resolution to turn his Saturday holiday into captivity at hard labor became set in stone.

¹ **keeping face to face and eye to eye** — держались лицом к лицу, глаза в глаза друг с другом

² **covering themselves with dust and glory** — покрываясь грязью и славой

³ **next time he caught him out**— когда его в следующий раз поймает

CHAPTER II

Saturday morning came, and all the summer world was bright and fresh. There was a song in every heart and a smile on every face.

But Tom was not very happy when he appeared in the street with a bucket of whitewash and a brush with a long handle. When he looked at the fence, so long and high, he felt depressed. Sighing, he dipped his brush and passed it along the top plank; repeated the motion; did it again; compared the insignificant whitewashed streak with the enormous continent of unwhitewashed fence, and sat down in the shade, discouraged.

Then he saw Jim, a slave boy, who was running out of the gate with a bucket. Tom himself had always hated bringing water from the town pump. But it seemed better than whitewashing. Tom said:

“I say, Jim, I’ll bring the water if you whitewash a part of the fence.”

Jim shook his head and said:

“I can’t, master Tom. Your aunt said you had to do it all. She’ll be angry if she learns that I helped you.”

“Oh, never you mind what she said, Jim. That’s the way she always talks. Gimme the bucket—I will be gone only a minute. She won’t ever know.”

When the boys noticed Aunt Polly coming out of the house Jim ran away with his bucket and Tom **got back to whitewashing**¹. But his energy did not last. He began to think of the fun he had planned for this day. He got out his wealth out of his pocket and examined it—bits of toys, marbles, and trash; enough to buy an exchange of work, maybe, but not enough to buy even half an hour of pure freedom.

At this dark and hopeless moment he found a way out.

¹ got back to whitewashing — принялся красить

He took up his brush and went to work. Ben Rogers—the very boy, of all boys, whose ridicule Tom had been dreading—was walking along the street eating an apple. From time to time he produced melodious sounds: ding-dong-dong, ding-dong-dong, for he was **impersonating a steamboat**¹. As he came closer, he called:

“Tom!”

No answer. Tom was whitewashing the fence; he surveyed his last touch with the eye of an artist, then gave his brush another gentle sweep and surveyed the result, as before. Tom’s mouth watered for the apple, but he continued working. Ben said:

“Hello, old chap!”

Tom turned to Ben.

“Why, it’s you, Ben! I didn’t notice you.”

“I’m going swimming. Don’t you wish you could? But of course you’d rather *work*—wouldn’t you? Course you would!”

“What do you call work?”

“Why, isn’t **THAT** work?”

Tom continued his whitewashing, and answered carelessly:

“Well, maybe it is, and maybe it isn’t. All I know is it suits Tom Sawyer.”

“Don’t say you **LIKE** it. I won’t believe you!”

The brush continued to move.

“Like it? Well, does a boy get a chance to white-wash a fence every day?”

That put the thing in a new light. Ben stopped biting his apple. He was watching Tom’s every move and was getting more and more interested. At last he said:

“Tom, let **ME** whitewash a little.”

Tom considered it, and then said:

¹ he was impersonating a steamboat — изображал пароход

“If it was the back fence I wouldn’t mind and Aunt Polly wouldn’t. But it’s the front fence; it must be done very carefully. There isn’t one boy in a thousand, maybe two thousand, that can do it the way it should be done.”

“Oh, let me just try. Only just a little. I’ll give you the **core of my apple**¹.”

“No, Ben, I’m afraid—”

“I’ll give you **ALL** of it!”

Tom gave the brush to Ben with reluctance in his face, but cheerfulness in his heart. And while the boy worked and sweated in the sun, the retired artist sat on a barrel in the shade close by, dangled his legs, ate his apple, and planned. By the time Ben got tired, Tom had traded the next chance to Billy Fisher for a kite; and when he finished, Johnny Miller bought in for a dead rat and a string to swing it with—and so on, and so on, hour after hour. By the afternoon, Tom had become a wealthy boy. Besides the before mentioned things, he had twelve marbles, a piece of blue bottle-glass to look through, a key that wouldn’t unlock anything, a tin soldier, a kitten with only one eye, the handle of a knife, and a lot of other valuable things.

He had had a nice, good, time, plenty of company—and the **fence had three coats of whitewash on it**².

CHAPTER III

Tom came to the living-room which was their bedroom, breakfast-room, dining-room, and library at the same time. Aunt Polly was sitting by an open window. She was sure that Tom had left long ago, and she was surprised at seeing him.

“May I go and play now, aunt?” he asked.

¹ **core of an apple** — сердцевина яблока

² **fence had three coats of whitewash on it** — забор был покрашен в три слоя

“What, already? How much have you done?”

“It’s all done, aunt.”

“Tom, don’t lie to me—I can’t bear it.”

“I ain’t, aunt; it is all done.”

Aunt Polly went out to see for herself. When she found the whole fence whitewashed thoroughly, her astonishment was almost unspeakable.

She said:

“So, you can work when you decide to do so, Tom.” And then she added: “But you **seldom feel like working**¹. Well, you can go and play.”

She even gave him an apple as a reward.

Tom climbed over the fence and was gone. There was a gate, but usually he preferred to leave this way.

Tom went to the town square, where two “armies” were preparing for battle. Tom was the General of one of them. Tom and his friend Joe Harper, commanding officer of the other army, ordered their soldiers to fight and then sat by the side chatting.

Tom’s army won a great victory, after a long and hard battle. Then the dead were counted, prisoners exchanged, and the day for the next battle was chosen; the armies walked away, and Tom **went homeward**².

On his way back, he passed the house of his schoolmate Jeff Thatcher. In the yard, he saw a new girl in the garden—a lovely little blue-eyed creature with yellow hair. The hero fell without firing a shot. A certain Amy Lawrence vanished out of his heart and left not even a memory of herself behind.

He looked at her, till he saw that she had discovered him; then he pretended he did not know she was present, and began to “show off” in all sorts of absurd boyish ways, in order to win her admiration. Although

¹ **seldom feel like working** — у тебя редко бывает желание работать

² **went homeward** — двинулся по направлению к дому

the girl seemed not to pay attention, she threw a flower to him just before she went into the house.

Tom tried to act indifferent, but then he ran and took the flower between his toes when he was sure that the girl was gone.

He stayed around the house for the rest of the evening, hoping to see more of the girl, but she did not return, so he went back home.

Tom was so happy with his new love that he even wasn't offended when Aunt Polly accused him of stealing sugar. (Actually, Sid had committed this crime). When the old lady shouted at him and hit him he cried:

"Sid was stealing sugar and brought the shugar-bowl!"

Aunt Polly stopped, embarrassed and only said:

"I'm sure you have done something worth this, only I don't know what it was!"

CHAPTER IV

On Sunday after breakfast Tom went to learn "**his verses**"¹ from the Bible. Sid had learned his lesson days before. At the end of half an hour Tom had a general idea of his lesson, but no more.

Mary, his elder cousin, promised to give him a present if he learned the lesson well.

That made Tom do his best—and be a success. Mary gave him a brand-new "Barlow" knife worth twelve and a half cents; and the convulsion of delight that swept his system shook him to his foundations. True, the knife would not cut anything, but it was a "sure-enough" Barlow. He was going to try the knife

¹ went to learn 'his verses' — пошел учить стихи (в Библии — группа слов из текста главы, имеющих полный смысл)

on the furniture when he was called off to dress for Sunday-school.

Mary took care of the process. She made Tom put on a suit that had been used only on Sundays during two years. He now looked much better and felt very uncomfortable. He hoped that Mary would forget his shoes, but she asked Tom to put them on:

“Please, Tom—**that’s a good boy.**’

So he got into the shoes. Mary was soon ready, and the three children went to Sunday-school—a place that Tom hated with his whole heart; but Sid and Mary were fond of it.

At the door Tom asked another pupil:

“I say, Billy, have you got a yellow ticket?”

“Yes.”

“What’ll you take for it?”

“What’ll you give?”

“Piece of liquorish and a fish-hook.”

So he exchanged one of his “treasures” for a yellow ticket. Then Tom traded a couple of other small things for three red tickets, and a couple of blue ones. He went on buying tickets of different colours ten or fifteen minutes longer.

Then the lesson began. Almost all the children in Tom’s class were noisy, and troublesome. When they came to recite their lessons, no one knew his verses well. However, each pupil got his reward—in small blue tickets; each blue ticket was pay for two learned verses. Ten blue tickets could be exchanged for a red one; and ten red tickets could be exchanged for a yellow one. For ten yellow tickets Mr. Walters (the teacher) gave a very cheap Bible (worth forty cents) to the pupil. So, to get it a pupil had to learn two thousand verses. Mary had collected two Bibles in this way—it cost her two years of work.

Frankly speaking, Tom has never been interested in getting such a prize, but he wanted the glory and success.

In the middle of the lesson Mr. Walters said to the pupils:

“Now, children, I want you all to sit up as straight and nice as you can. We are going to have important visitors.”

The visitors were: Judge Thatcher, brother of the village lawyer and a well-dressed lady, his wife. The lady was leading a child—the girl whom he had already met once and who became his “new love”. When Tom saw this girl he began showing off **with all his might**¹—beating other boys, pulling hair, making faces—in a word, he did everything he could to win the girl’s heart.

The visitors were given **the seat of honor**². They were from Constantinople, twelve miles away—so they had travelled, and seen the world. Jeff Thatcher, Tom’s classmate, immediately went forward, to be familiar with the great man and be envied by the school.

Mr. Walters tried to show how good he was at teaching. There was one thing that could make his success complete. It was a chance to call an excellent pupil and award him or her with a Bible. He asked the class if anyone had ten yellow tickets. Several pupils had a few yellow tickets, but none had enough.

And now at this moment, when hope was almost dead, Tom Sawyer came forward with nine yellow tickets, nine red tickets, and ten blue ones, and demanded a Bible. **This was a thunderbolt out of a clear sky**³. Mr. Walters was shocked, because he had never expected that Tom could win a prize; but he was glad

¹ **with all his might** — изо всех сил

² **the seat of honor** — посадили на почетное место

³ **This was a thunderbolt out of a clear sky** — Это был гром среди ясного неба (*половица*)