

Penguin



Readers

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The Adventures of
**HUCKLEBERRY
FINN**



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CHAPTER ONE

Meet Huck Finn

Do you know a book called *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*? It is about me, Huckleberry Finn, my friend Tom Sawyer, and the village of St. Petersburg. We found \$6,000.



Judge Thatcher took the money to the bank, and the bank gave us a dollar every day. That is more money than one boy can use.

Tom Sawyer's mother and father were **dead**, and my mother was dead, too. My father was never there. I had no home, and I was often hungry. But I was **free** and happy. Nobody told me to wash or go to school or wear shoes. I could fight and go to sleep late. I could do everything my **way**.

But after our **adventures**, I lived with Widow Douglas. She was a kind, old woman, but living her way was difficult for me. After a year, it was a little easier.

Widow Douglas and I lived with her sister, Miss Watson. There was also a black man called Jim. He was Miss Watson's **slave**, and he worked for the family.

Sometimes, I went to school, and now I could read and write a little.

One morning, I left the house, and I saw footprints in the snow near the front door. I knew these footprints—they were my father's.



I ran to Judge Thatcher's house.

"Are you here for your money?" he asked.

"No," I said. "I don't want any of it. I want to give it to you—all six thousand dollars."

He did not understand. "What's the matter, boy?"

"Please. You take it all. And don't ask me any questions."

"Oh, I think I understand," he said.

Judge Thatcher wrote something on paper, and then he said, "I'll give you one dollar for all your money."

I wrote my name on the paper.

That night, I went up to my bedroom. There, on my bed, sat my father.

Dad was an old man now. His hair was long and dirty, and his face was very white.



“They’re very nice clothes,” he said. “You’re a big man now, aren’t you?”

“Maybe I am; maybe I’m not,” I said.

“Shut up! I’ll tell you now. You’re *nothing*!”

He was quiet again. Then he said, “Can you read now? Show me!”

I opened a book and read something about George

Washington. Dad took the book, and he hit me on the head with it.

“You stop going to that school, boy, do you understand? Your mother couldn’t read. I can’t read. You’re not better than any of us. And look at you. You’ve got this bed, and your father sleeps with animals on the ground. And you’re rich!”

“It’s not true,” I said.

“I heard about it everywhere. I came here because of that money. Give it to me tomorrow.”

“I don’t have any money. Ask Judge Thatcher,” I said.

“I will. And he’ll give it to me, or . . . How much money have you got now?” he asked.

“I’ve only got a dollar, and I want that to—”

“Give it to me.”

He took the money, and he went out of the window.

CHAPTER TWO

Escape!

Judge Thatcher did not give Dad any money. I went to school nearly every day now, because Dad told me not to go. He hit me, and I went to school more.

Dad often came to Widow Douglas's house. **Finally**, she said to him, "You have to leave. Go or I'll make problems for you. I'll get Judge Thatcher."

Well, Dad did not like that. "You're not Huck's parent," he said. "*I'm* Huck's parent. I'll show you."

One day in the spring, Dad waited for me after school, and he caught me. He took me across the river to a hut in the trees. I could not **escape** because he was always with me. At night, he closed the door, and he put the key under his head in bed. He also had a gun.