Helping your children choose books they will love

I ♥ reading

Lovereading4kids.co.uk is a book website created for parents and children to make choosing books easy and fun

opening extract from

Tom Sawyer

written by

Mark Twain

– retold by Anna Kirwan

published by

Real Reads

All text is copyright © of the author/ illustrator

please print off and read at your leisure.

Lovereading4kids.co.uk

Published by Real Reads Ltd
Stroud, Gloucestershire, UK
www.realreads.co.uk

Text copyright © Anna Kirwan 2009
Illustrations copyright © Judith Hunt 2009
The right of Anna Kirwan to be identified as author of
this book has been asserted by her in accordance with the
Copyright, Design and Patents Act 1988

First published in 2009

All rights reserved
No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any
form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including
photocopy, recording, or any information storage and retrieval
system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

ISBN 978-1-906230-18-0

Printed in Malaysia by Imago Ltd
Designed by Lucy Guenot
Typeset by Bookcraft Ltd, Stroud, Gloucestershire

CONTENTS

The Characters 4

Tom Sawyer 7

Taking things further 55



THE CHARACTERS



Tom Sawyer

Tom, an orphan, has had to learn to be independent. Will he learn more from doing what he is told, or from taking risks?



Aunt Polly

Well-meaning Aunt Polly wants the best for her young charges, but how can she feel proud of young Tom when he keeps lying to her?



Sid Sawyer

Sid is Tom's younger half-brother. If he can get Tom into trouble when he deserves it, will that keep him from going to heaven too soon?



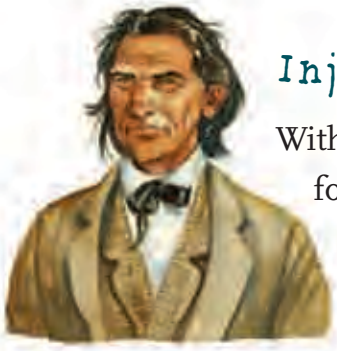
Huckleberry Finn

Huck is homeless and unschooled. He has both freedom and friendship, but is that enough?



Becky Thatcher

Becky is new in town, and is intrigued by Tom. She knows he is a rascal and a hero, but can he be a proper sweetheart?



Injun Joe

Without tribe or loyalty, Injun Joe thirsts for revenge. People are afraid of him, but is that the same as respect?



Muff Potter

Muff wouldn't hurt a flea, but could drink turn him into a murderer? If only he could remember!



TOM SAWYER

'Tom!'

No answer.

'Tom! What's wrong with that boy? You – *Tom!*' Aunt Polly caught Tom Sawyer escaping.

'Hand me that switch,' she ordered.

'My, look behind you!' Tom cried out. Then he fled, disappearing over the fence.

'He's played me tricks before,' Aunt Polly complained, 'but he's my dead sister's boy, poor thing. He knows if he can make me laugh, I can't hit him. Well, I'll make him work tomorrow.'

At supper, Aunt Polly checked to see if Tom had cut class to go swimming. She'd sewn his loose button on that morning, and stitched his collar closed. Pulling off his shirt to swim would have broken the thread. But his collar remained stitched.

'Warm today, warn't it, Tom?' she said.

'Yes'm.' A scare shot through Tom. 'Ben pumped on our heads – mine's damp yet. See?'

Aunt Polly took this as gospel truth until Sid, Tom's younger half-brother, observed, 'I thought you used white thread. Now, it's black.'

Tom's ploy was exposed. Sid would catch it later. Now, Tom was out the door.



Saturday he surveyed the fence, and all gladness left him: thirty yards long and mighty high. Life seemed hollow. Sighing, he passed his brush along the first plank, compared the streak with the un-whitewashed continent, and sat down, discouraged. He thought of fun he'd planned. Soon his schoolmates would come and make fun of him working.

Just then inspiration struck. He took up his brush. Ben hove into sight, eating an apple and making whooping and ding-dong sounds to impersonate a steamboat. Tom whitewashed, surveyed the effect with an artist's eye. Ben stared. 'Got to work, Tom?'

No answer. Tom went on working until he

wheeled suddenly. 'Why, it's you, Ben! I warn't noticing.'

'I'm going a-swimming. 'Course, you'd druther work – wouldn't you?'

Tom contemplated. 'What do you call work?'

'Ain't that work?'

Tom resumed whitewashing, and answered carelessly, 'Well, maybe it is, maybe it ain't. Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day?'

Ben stopped nibbling. Tom swept his brush back and forth – stepped back – added a touch. Ben said, 'Tom, let me whitewash a little.'

Tom considered. 'No, it wouldn't do, Ben. Aunt's awful particular.'

'Lemme just try. Only just a little – I'd let you, Tom.'

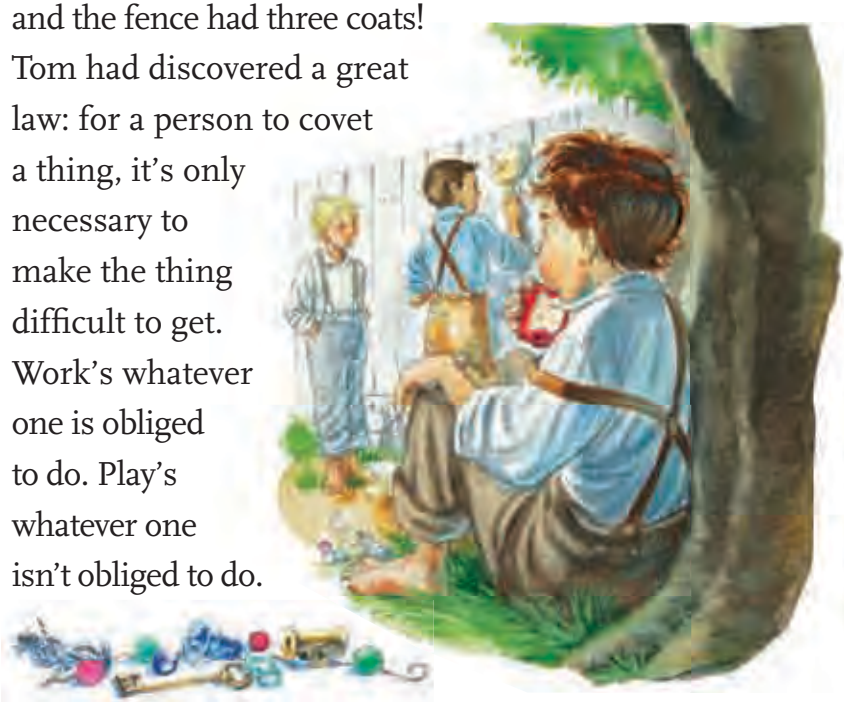
'Ben, honest; if anything was to happen ... '

'I'll give you my apple.'

Tom gave up the brush, reluctance in his face but alacrity in his heart. While Ben worked, other boys happened along; they came to jeer, but remained to whitewash. Ben wore out;

Tom traded next to Billy for a kite. Johnny bought in for a dead rat – and so on. By afternoon, Tom was rolling in wealth – marbles, blue glass, a key, chalk, a tin soldier, tadpoles, firecrackers, a one-eyed kitten, a brass doorknob, a dog collar (no dog), a knife handle, orange peel, and an old window sash.

He'd had a nice time – plenty of company – and the fence had three coats! Tom had discovered a great law: for a person to covet a thing, it's only necessary to make the thing difficult to get. Work's whatever one is obliged to do. Play's whatever one isn't obliged to do.





Before school Monday, Tom encountered Huckleberry Finn, son of the town drunkard. Huck didn't attend school or church. Homeless, he came and went of his own free will. Mothers hated and dreaded him, but the children all admired and wished they dared be like him. Tom was no different.

'Hello, Huckleberry. What's that?'

'Dead cat, to cure warts.'

Tom had never heard that method, although he knew several, involving beans and particular words.

'You go to the graveyard,' Huck explained, 'at midnight, when somebody wicked's been buried. Devils will come take the dead. Throw the cat after them, and the warts will follow. Hoss Williams was buried Saturday. He warn't likely goin' to heaven, so I aim to watch his grave.'

'Lemme go with you?' Tom asked.

'I'll meow outside your window tonight.'



At school, Tom sat next to Becky Thatcher, the new girl he'd been showing off for. He gave her a peach and then he drew a picture and wrote some words, which he hid. Becky made him show her. He had written, 'I LOVE YOU.'



'Oh, you bad thing!' Becky said, but she blushed and looked pleased.

Come recess, when everyone else went to lunch, they met in the lane, walked, talked, shared chewing gum, and got engaged.

'Do you remember what I wrote?' asked Tom. 'Can I say it?'