

CHAPTER TWO: TOM AND HUCK

The next day was Sunday. Tom wore clean Sunday clothes – he hated them! Tom, Sid and Mary always went to Sunday school on Sunday morning. But Tom was not a good student and never listened to the teacher.

After Sunday school Tom and his family went to the church. This Sunday he had a big black beetle in his pocket. When the Reverend started speaking, Tom took the black beetle out of his pocket. He put it on the floor. There was a little dog in the church. It saw the beetle and wanted to play with it. Suddenly the beetle bit the dog's nose. The little dog barked and everyone looked at it. It jumped and ran after the black beetle. It ran all about the church barking and making a lot of noise.

The people in the church laughed silently. Their faces were red. The Reverend continued talking but no one listened to him. Tom was happy because he had an interesting morning in church. On Monday morning Tom did not want to get up. 'Get up immediately, Tom, get ready for school!' Aunt Polly cried. On his way to school he met his friend Huckleberry Finn. Huck's father drank whisky all the time and did not work. Huck had no mother and no home. He lived in the streets and did not go to school. His clothes were old and dirty. He went fishing and swimming when he wanted. Huck was happy.

All the mothers of the village hated him because he was lazy and used bad language. Occasionally he smoked like his father. Huck's only clothes are the worn-out rags that others have discarded and that seldom fit him. He lives without bathing except in the Mississippi River during warm weather, has no bed to sleep in, and no regular food--only that which he can obtain by his own wits. He does not attend school or church, and he has no regular chores to perform. Because he is completely free to do anything he likes, boys admire him, and all the boys enjoy his company. They admired him.

'Hello, Huckleberry! What's that?' 'It's a dead cat,' said Huck.

'What will you do with it?' asked Tom. 'I want to take it to the graveyard after midnight,' Huck said, 'A dead cat can call ghosts out of their graves.'

'Really?' asked Tom. 'Well, old Mrs. Hopkins told me. She's a witch and she knows about these things,' said Huck.

'Can I come with you?' asked Tom. 'Of course! Or are you afraid of ghosts?' asked Huck. 'Afraid of ghosts! Of course not!' said Tom. 'Come and call me at my window at eleven o'clock tonight.'

Tom was late for school. The teacher was angry and said, 'Thomas Sawyer! Why are you late again?' Suddenly Tom saw a new girl in the classroom. She had blue eyes and long blonde hair. She was very beautiful. Tom looked at her. He was in love! There was a free chair next to her and Tom wanted to sit there. But how? Tom thought quickly and said, 'I stopped to talk to Huckleberry Finn.'

The teacher was angry. 'You know you must never talk to that boy!' The teacher took his stick and hit Tom. 'Now go and sit with the girls!' said the teacher. The children laughed at Tom. Tom sat down next to the new girl. He looked at her. Then he drew a picture of a house.

'Let me see it,' she whispered. Tom put the picture in front of her. 'It's nice. Draw a man,' she said. Tom drew a house near the house. It was a terrible picture, but the girl liked it. 'You draw beautifully. I can't draw,' said the girl. 'I can teach you after school,' said Tom. 'Oh, thank you!' 'Becky Thatcher. I know your name. It's Tom Sawyer.'

That night Tom and Sid were in bed at half past nine. Sid was soon asleep but Tom was not. At eleven o'clock he heard Huck meow. He dressed quickly and went out of the bedroom window. 'Let's go!' whispered Huck. He had his dead cat. Tom and Huck walked down the dark road. They walked for about half an hour.

The graveyard was on a hill. There were a lot of trees and a lot of graves; everything was dark and scary. The wind made strange noises and dark clouds covered the moon.

'Are the ghosts making these noises?' thought Tom. He was afraid but he said nothing. 'Now let's find the grave of Hoss Williams,' said Huck.

They soon found the grave. 'Here it is. He died last week,' said Huck. 'Do you think Hoss Williams can hear us?' asked Tom. 'Well, I think his ghost can hear us,' said Huck. 'Then let's call him Mr. Williams,' said Tom. 'Alright,' said Huck, 'But everybody called him Hoss.' 'Sh!' 'What is it, Tom?' asked Huck. 'Do you hear the noise? Look over there, Huck! Oh, no!' said Tom.