

I Join the Robber Gang

I'm Huck Finn. If you read *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, you know who I am. That book was made by Mr. Mark Twain. He told the truth, mostly. That book ended when Tom and I got rich. We found some gold in a cave. Some robbers had put it there. We got \$6,000 each! Judge Thatcher kept the money for us. We get a dollar a day. That's a lot of money!

Now I live with the Widow Douglas

and her sister, Miss Watson. They are trying to teach me manners. I ran away once, but Tom found me. He said I could be in his robber gang. But only if I went back to the widow's.

The widow read the Bible to me. She meant well. But those stories are about dead people. I didn't care much about them. Miss Watson was worse. "Don't put your feet up there," she'd yell. She'd frown. Sometimes she called me wicked. It made me tired.

I was in my room one night. A spider crawled up my arm. I flicked it off. It landed on a candle and burned up! That was a bad sign. I knew I would have bad luck. Then I heard a noise.

“Me-yow! Me-yow!”

It was Tom. I climbed out the window. Tom and I ran. I tripped and fell. Miss Watson’s slave Jim was sitting in the doorway. “Who’s there?” he called. We stayed quiet. Then Jim started snoring.

Tom and I went on our way. We met some other boys. We took a boat down the river. Tom showed us a cave in the hill. We crawled in.

“We’ll start a gang of robbers,” Tom said. “We’ll call it Tom’s Gang.”

Everyone had to swear an oath. No one could tell the gang’s secrets. If they did, we would kill their families.

Then someone said, “What about Huck? He doesn’t have any family.”

I wanted to join them so badly. I *did* have a father. But he was never around. So I said, “I’ll give you Miss Watson. You can kill *her* if I talk.” They all agreed!

We stuck a pin in our fingers. And we made a mark on a paper with the blood. We wrote our names on the cave wall in blood too. Then we went home.

I climbed in my window. The sun was coming up. My good clothes were dirty. I was dog-tired.

Miss Watson yelled about my clothes. She took me in the closet to pray. One

time I tried praying for what I wanted. But it didn't work. What good is a fishing line without hooks?

I hadn't seen my pap for more than a year. That was fine with me. He was always hitting me. I wished he'd never come back.

The gang played robbers for about a month. Then our gang broke up. We hadn't robbed anybody. We just pretended.

One night, I lit the candle in my bedroom. There was Pap. Sitting on the bed waiting for me.