Mark Twain

*The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*

**Chapter XXIX**

Now there was a voice -- a very low voice -- Injun Joe's:

"Damn her, maybe she's got company -- there's lights, late as it is."

"I can't see any."

This was that stranger's voice -- the stranger of the haunted house. A deadly chill went to Huck's heart -- this, then, was the "revenge" job! His thought was, to fly. Then he remembered that the Widow Douglas had been kind to him more than once, and maybe these men were going to murder her. He wished he dared venture to warn her; but he knew he didn't dare -- they might come and catch him. He thought all this and more in the moment that elapsed between the stranger's remark and Injun Joe's next -- which was --

"Because the bush is in your way. Now -- this way -- now you see, don't you?"

"Yes. Well, there is company there, I reckon. Better give it up."

"Give it up, and I just leaving this country forever! Give it up and maybe never have another chance. I tell you again, as I've told you before, I don't care for her swag -- you may have it. But her husband was rough on me -- many times he was rough on me -- and mainly he was the justice of the peace that juggled me for a vagrant. And that ain't all. It ain't a millionth part of it! He had me horsewhipped! -- horsewhipped in front of the jail, like a nigger! -- with all the town looking on! HORSEWHIPPED! -- do you understand? He took advantage of me and died. But I'll take it out of her."

"Oh, don't kill her! Don't do that!"

"Kill? Who said anything about killing? I would kill him if he was here; but not her. When you want to get revenge on a woman you don't kill her -- bosh! you go for her looks. You slit her nostrils -- you notch her ears like a sow!"

"By God, that's -- "

"Keep your opinion to yourself! It will be safest for you. I'll tie her to the bed. If she bleeds to death, is that my fault? I'll not cry, if she does. My friend, you'll help me in this thing -- for MY sake -- that's why you're here -- I mightn't be able alone. If you flinch, I'll kill you. Do you understand that? And if I have to kill you, I'll kill her -- and then I reckon nobody'll ever know much about who done this business."

"Well, if it's got to be done, let's get at it. The quicker the better -- I'm all in a shiver."
The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn

Chapter VIII

But by and by, sure enough, I caught a glimpse of fire away through the trees. I went for it, cautious and slow. By and by I was close enough to have a look, and there lay a man on the ground. It most give me the fantods. He had a blanket around his head, and his head was nearly in the fire. I set there behind a clump of bushes in about six foot of him, and kept my eyes on him steady. It was getting gray daylight now. Pretty soon he gapped and stretched himself and hove off the blanket, and it was Miss Watson's Jim! I bet I was glad to see him. I says:

"Hello, Jim!" and skipped out.
He bounced up and stared at me wild. Then he drops down on his knees, and puts his hands together and says:

"Doan' hurt me -- don't! I hain't ever done no harm to a ghus'. I alwuz liked dead people, en done all I could for 'em. You go en git in de river agin, whah you b'longs, en doan' do nuffn to Ole Jim, 'at 'uz awluz yo' fren'."

Well, I warn't long making him understand I warn't dead. I was ever so glad to see Jim. I warn't lonesome now. I told him I warn't afraid of him telling the people where I was. I talked along, but he only set there and looked at me; never said nothing. Then I says:

"It's good daylight. Le's get breakfast. Make up your camp fire good."

"What's de use er makin' up de camp fire to cook strawberries en sich truck? But you got a gun, hain't you? Den we kin git sumfn better den strawbries."

"Strawberries and such truck," I says. "Is that what you live on?"

"I couldn' git nuffn else," he says.
"Why, how long you been on the island, Jim?"
"I come heah de night arter you's killed." 
"What, all that time?"
"Yes -- indeedy."
"And ain't you had nothing but that kind of rubbage to eat?"
"No, sah -- nuffn else."
"Well, you must be most starved, ain't you?"
"I reck'n I could eat a hoss. I think I could. How long you ben on de islan'?"
"Since the night I got killed."