



Learn English Through Stories.

B Series

B21

**Adapted and modified by**

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## Chapter Three: On Jackson's Island

The summer holidays came, and there was no school. Tom didn't want to think about Muff Potter and Injun Joe, but it wasn't easy. At night, when he was in bed, he saw Injun Joe's face in the dark, and he couldn't sleep. But he couldn't talk to anyone about it.

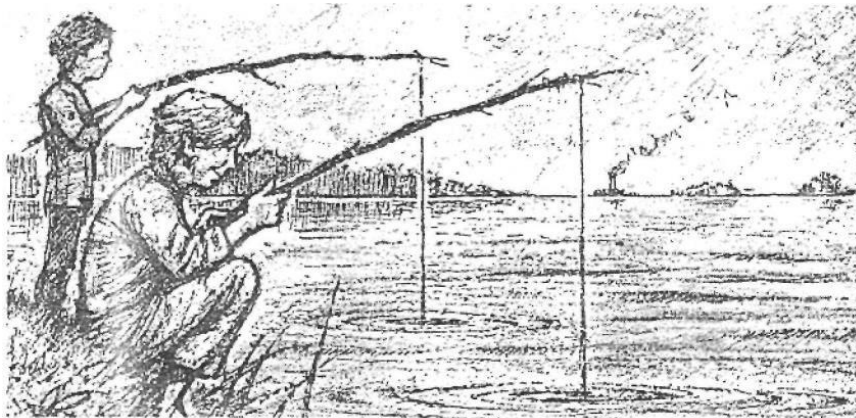
One hot summer's day he and Joe Harper were down by the Mississippi River.

They sat and watched the boats, and fished and talked.

'Let's get away from here!' said Tom, suddenly. 'Let's go and do something exciting somewhere.'

'OK,' said Joe. 'But what? And where?'

I know,' Tom said. 'Let's run away. Let's go and live on Jackson's Island. We can sleep out, under the trees.'



*They watched the boats, and fished and talked.*

Jackson's Island was in the Mississippi, three miles south of St Petersburg. Nobody lived there.

'Let's ask Huck Finn, too,' said Tom. 'But don't tell your mother or father or anyone. Go home and get some food to eat, and meet me here at midnight.'



*They cooked some of the meat over the fire.*

So that night three boys in a small boat went down the river to Jackson's Island. They had some bread and some meat, and Huck had his pipe, too. When they got there, they carried everything on to the island and made a fire, under a big old tree. Then they cooked some of the meat over the fire, and oh, that meat was good — the best dinner in the world! Soon, they stopped talking, their eyes closed, and they slept.



*The three boys ran down to the river to swim.*

The next morning Tom woke up with the sun on his head and a smile on his face. Then Huck and Joe woke up, and the three boys ran down to the river to swim. After that, they fished, and soon they had about six big fish for their breakfast. They cooked the fish on their fire and ate them all. They were very hungry.

‘That,’ said Joe happily, ‘was a wonderful breakfast!’

After breakfast they walked through the island, swam some more, talked, fished, and swam again. They came back to their fire in the afternoon. Suddenly, Tom looked up and said, ‘Listen. Can you hear boats?’

They listened, and then ran across the island to look down the river. There were twenty or more boats on the water. Every boat in St Petersburg was out.

‘What are they doing?’ asked Joe.

‘They’re looking for a dead body, I think,’ said Huck. ‘They did that last summer when Bill Turner fell in the river and drowned.’

‘Who’s dead, do you think?’ asked Joe.

The boys watched the boats. Suddenly, Tom cried, I know who’s dead! It’s us!

They’re looking for us!’

This was wonderful. Tom looked at his friends. ‘We’re famous!’ he said. ‘Everybody in St Petersburg is talking about us. And they all feel sorry for us!’

Night came, and the boys went to sleep. But Tom did not sleep, and when morning came, he wasn’t there!

‘Huck, where’s Tom?’ cried Joe.

‘I don’t know,’ Huck began, ‘but — Look! There, he is swimming across to the island now. Hey, Tom!’

At breakfast Tom told his story. ‘I went home last night,’ he said, ‘and listened at the window. Joe, your mother was there, too, and she and Aunt Polly cried and cried. I heard some very interesting things. On Sunday there’s going to be a big funeral at the church — for us! And listen — I’ve got a wonderful idea.’

Huck and Joe listened and laughed, and yes, it was a wonderful idea.

That night the boys cooked some more fish, and after dinner Huck got out his pipe and began to smoke.

‘Can we smoke, too?’ asked Tom. ‘I want to learn.’

So Huck made pipes for Tom and Joe, and the three boys sat and smoked. 'Hey, pipe smoking,' said Tom. 'It's easy!'

'It's nothing!' said Joe. 'I'm going to smoke every day.'

But after ten minutes Tom and Joe got quieter and quieter and their faces went an interesting colour.

'I'm going for a little walk now,' said Tom. He stood up, carefully, and walked away into the trees.

'Me too,' said Joe, quickly.

The two boys came back an hour later. But they didn't smoke their pipes again...

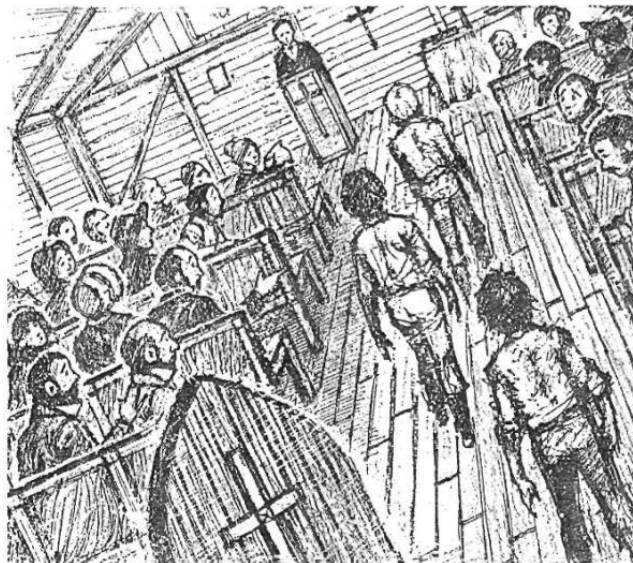
On Sunday morning there were no happy faces in St Petersburg. Aunt Polly and Joe's mother and father were in the church, and all the boys' friends. The minister said some very nice things about the three boys, and the boys' families cried and cried.

Everybody cried. And little Becky Thatcher did not stop crying for one second.

There was a small noise at the back of the church, but at first nobody heard it.

Then the minister looked up — and suddenly stopped speaking. Everybody turned to look. Their mouths opened, and stayed open.

And into the church came the three dead boys — Tom first, Joe next, and then Huck.



*And into the church came the three dead boys.*

For a second nobody moved or spoke, and then the noise began. Aunt Polly and Joe's mother ran to the boys, and took them in their arms. Aunt Polly cried, and laughed, and cried again.

'Oh, Tom!' she said. 'You're a bad boy, but I love you!'

Suddenly, the minister called out, 'Oh, happy days! Sing, good people of St Petersburg! Sing and be happy!'

And everybody sang, and smiled, and laughed for a long time. It was St Petersburg's happiest funeral.

The weeks went by, and the judge came to St Petersburg. On the day before Muff Potter's trial, Huck and Tom met in the street near Tom's house. Huck was unhappy.

'Tom, you didn't tell anyone about — you know?'

'No, I didn't. But Huck, what about Muff? People are saying he's the killer. And he's going to die!'

'But we can't tell anyone about Injun Joe,' said Huck. 'I don't want to die, too! Do you?'

No, Tom didn't want to die. But he couldn't forget Muff Potter's face in the jail — old, tired, and unhappy. And Injun Joe was a free man. It wasn't right.

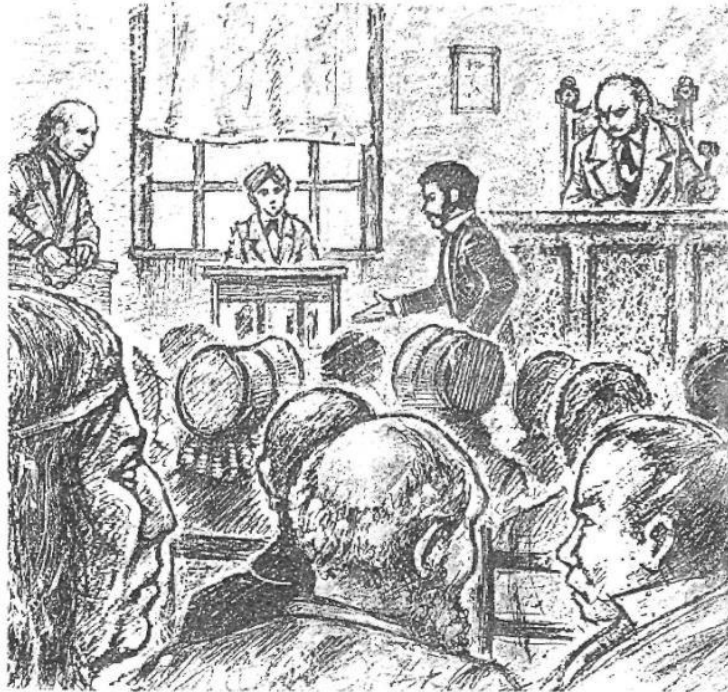
That night Tom came home late, and very excited. He could not sleep for two or three hours.

The next morning all the village was at Muff Potter's trial. Injun Joe was there, too. Muff waited, a tired old man with a dirty face. The judge began the trial.

Questions, questions, questions. Answers, answers, answers. And the answers were all bad for Muff Potter.

'Yes, I found the knife in the graveyard, next to Doctor Robinson's body.' 'Yes, that's Muff Potter's knife. He always carries it,'

'Yes, I saw Muff Potter in the village that afternoon. He had the knife with him then.'



*Questions, questions, questions...*

Muff Potter began to look more and more unhappy. Then the judge said: 'Call Thomas Sawyer!'

St Petersburg sat up. What did young Tom Sawyer know? Everybody looked at him, and waited.

'Thomas Sawyer, where were you on the seventeenth of June, at the hour of midnight?'

In the graveyard.'

'Why?'

'I went there to see ghosts. With a - a - dead cat.'

St Petersburg laughed, and the judge looked angry. 'And where were you in the graveyard, Thomas?'

'Behind the trees near Hoss Williams' grave.'

Injun Joe's face suddenly went white.



'Now, my boy,' said the judge. 'Tell us your story.'

And so Tom told his story, and St Petersburg sat and listened to him with open mouths.

'... and then Muff Potter fell, and Injun Joe jumped with the knife and —' Crash! Injun Joe jumped through the window, and was out and away in a second.

St Petersburg loved Tom for a week. But Tom was not happy. Injun Joe was not in jail, and he was a dangerous man. Tom slept badly for weeks.

The slow summer days went by. Injun Joe did not come back to St Petersburg, and Tom began to forget.

## Chapter Four: Treasure

There is a time in every boy's life when he wants to go and dig for treasure. And that time came for Tom.

So, one hot summer's day, he went to find Huck.

Huck liked the idea of treasure. 'Where are we going to dig?' he asked. 'An old dead tree is best.'

'Who puts the treasure under old trees?'

'Robbers,' said Tom. 'And then they go away, or they forget to come back for the treasure.'

'There's a dead tree on Cardiff Hill,' said Huck. 'Let's go there! I've got an old pick and shovel.'

It was three miles to the old tree, and the boys arrived tired and hot. They dug for an hour or two, but they didn't find any treasure. Then they stopped, and Tom looked down at an old house at the foot of the hill.



*I've got an old pick and shovel.'*

'Hey, look!' he said. 'Nobody lives in that old house. Let's go there. Old houses are always good for treasure.'

‘Good for ghosts, too!’ said Huck.

They took the pick and shovel with them, went down the hill, and into the old house. They looked in all the rooms downstairs, and then went upstairs. But there was no treasure, and no ghosts. Then they heard a noise.

‘Sh!’ said Tom, suddenly. ‘What’s that?’

‘Ghosts!’ whispered Huck.

There were holes in the floor, and through them the boys could see into the rooms downstairs.

‘No,’ Tom whispered. ‘It’s two men. One is the old Spaniard. He came to live in the village last week. I don’t know the other man. Sh! Let’s listen to them.’

The two men sat down on the floor. The Spaniard had a green hat and long white hair; the other man was small and dark. He took out a bag and began to open it.

‘It’s hot in here,’ the Spaniard said. He took off his green hat — and then he took off his long white hair!

‘Tom!’ Huck whispered upstairs. ‘That’s Injun Joe!’

‘We took six hundred and fifty dollars when we robbed that house,’ said the second man. He took some money out of the bag. ‘We can take fifty dollars with us now. What are we going to do with the six hundred?’

‘Leave it here,’ said Injun Joe. ‘We can come back and get it next week. Here, give me the bag.’

He walked across the room to the fireplace, moved two big stones from the floor, and began to dig with his knife.

Upstairs, the two boys watched excitedly. Treasure! Six hundred dollars of wonderful treasure!

Injun Joe stopped digging. ‘Hello, what’s this?’ he said. ‘There’s something here. It’s an old box.’

The two men got the box out and opened it. ‘It’s money!’ said Injun Joe’s friend.

Injun Joe put his hand into the box. ‘There are thousands of dollars here!’ he said, and the two men looked at the money with happy smiles.

‘But who —’ began Injun Joe’s friend.

‘Don’t ask,’ Injun Joe said. ‘It’s our money now.’

‘We can’t take it with us today,’ said his friend. ‘What can we do with it? Put it back under the floor?’

'Yes,' said Injun Joe. (Happy faces upstairs.) 'No! (Very unhappy faces upstairs.) Let's put it under the cross — nobody goes there. We can take it there tonight.'

When night came, the two men carried all the money away. The boys did not go after them because they were afraid of Injun Joe. But they wanted very much to find that 'cross'.

For a week the two boys thought and thought about the treasure. It was 'under the cross, but where was the cross? In St Petersburg the boys watched the 'Spaniard' carefully, but they didn't see a cross, and they didn't find the treasure.

## 2. Sentences 2

### Kinds of Sentences

There are four kinds of sentences.

**A. A declarative sentence** makes a statement.

1. The children are swimming.
2. The telephone rang.
3. Everyone sat down.
4. I like fantasy novels.
5. There is a white house around the corner.

**B. An interrogative sentence** asks a question.

1. Where are the twins?
2. Are you going shopping today?
3. What is your name?
4. Can I come with you to the book fair?
5. What is the name of the movie you were watching?

**C. An exclamatory sentence** expresses strong emotion.

1. What lovely weather!
2. The silly girl!
3. How stupid I am!
4. Wow, how good this is!
5. That was a great match!

**D. An imperative sentence** gives an order.

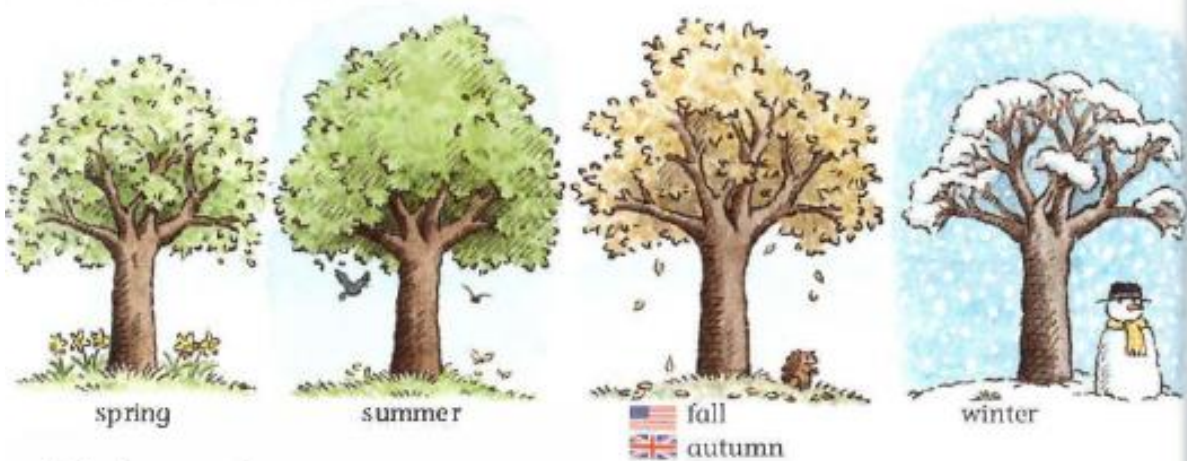
1. Please sit down.
2. Tell me the truth.
3. Speak up!
4. Close the door.
5. Please pick up the notes when you come.

Using **do** or **please** before an imperative is more polite.

1. Do sit down.
2. Do check these figures again.
3. Please help yourselves to some food.
4. Please don't change anything on my computer.
5. Would you please talk quietly?

### 3. Picture Dictionary Page

## Seasons



## Weather

