

each. Judge Thatcher put my money in the bank. Widow Douglas took me to her house. She said I could be her son. She was very nice and kind, but I wasn't happy. She wanted me to wear new clothes. And I had to be good all the time!

One day I put on my old clothes and ran away. Then Tom found me. He told me to go back to Widow Douglas.

"I don't want to wear new clothes, Tom," I said.

"I hate new clothes too," said Tom. "But you must go back. Widow Douglas is very sad and cries all the time."

"I don't like her sister, Miss Watson. She is always telling me what to do. She says 'Don't do this, Huckleberry' and 'Don't do that, Huckleberry'. It's terrible."

"Yes, I know what you mean. Listen, Huck, you can be in my gang," said Tom.

"What gang?" I asked. Now I was excited.

"I have a gang of robbers," said Tom. "Come on. Let's go back to Widow Douglas."

So I went back to Widow Douglas. She cried and I put on new clothes again. That night I sat in a

each	כל אחד	terrible	נורא
could	יכול להיות	gang	חבורה, כנופיה
kind	טובה לב	excited	התלהבתי
ran away	ברחתי	robbers	שודדים
told	אמר		
hate	שונא		
cries	בוכה		

