

<<汤姆.索亚历险记>>

图书基本信息

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作者：马克·吐温

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前言

POST of the adventures recorded in this book really occurred; one or two were experiences of my own, the rest those of boys who wereschoolmates of mine. Huck Finn is drawn from life; TomSawyer also, but not from an individual: he is a combination of the characteristics of three boys whom I knew, and there fore belongs to the composite order of architecture. The odd superstitions touched upon were allprevalent among children and slaves in the West at the period of this story;that is to say, thirty or forty years ago. Although my book is intended mainly for theentertainment of boys and girls, I hope it will not be shunnedby men and women on that account, for part of my planhas been to try pleasantly to remind adults of what theyonce were themselves, and of how they felt and thought and talked, and what queer enterprises they sometimes engagedin.

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内容概要

汤姆·索亚是个聪明、机智的孩子，既对束缚心智的课堂有所不满，又不甘心受制于小镇小落后，褊狭的民风的桎梏，他开始逃学，并仿照行侠仗义的好汉故事在小伙伴们中组成了一个天真烂漫的强盗帮，经历了一次又一次滑稽幽默、充满童趣的冒险。

《汤姆·索亚历险记》是世界上最伟大的儿童文学作品之一，素有美国“黄金时代”的田园牧歌之称。

作者以欢快而富有本土特色的笔调生动，细致地描绘出这群少年儿童自由活泼的心灵，同时对庸俗鄙陋的社会习俗、伪善的宗教教义和刻板无趣的学校教育给予了尖锐、辛辣的讽刺，用作者的话说，这部小说主要是为了娱乐孩子们，但同时也希望成年人不要因为是一本童书而将其束之高阁。

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作者简介

马克·吐温 (Twain, M), Samuel Langhorne Clemens (1835-1910), better known by the pen name Mark Twain, was an American author and humorist. Twain is most noted for his novels *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, which has since been called the Great American Novel, and *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*. He is extensively quoted. During his lifetime, Twain became a friend to presidents, artists, industrialists, and European royalty. Twain enjoyed immense public popularity. His keen wit and incisive satire earned him praise from both critics and peers. American author William Faulkner called Twain "the father of American literature".

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章节摘录

ATURDAY MORNING was come, and all the summer world was bright and fresh, and brimming with life. There was a song in every heart; and if the heart was young the music issued at the lips. There was cheer in every face and a spring in every step. The locust-trees were in bloom and the fragrance of the blossoms filled the air. Cardiff Hill, beyond the village and above it, was green with vegetation, and it lay just far enough away to seem a Delectable Land, dreamy, reposeful, and inviting. Tom appeared on the side-walk with a bucket of whitewash and a long-handled brush. He surveyed the fence and the gladness went out of nature, and a deep melancholy settled down upon his spirit. Thirty yards of board-fence nine feet high. It seemed to him that life was hollow, and existence but a burden. Sighing, he dipped his brush and passed it along the topmost plank; repeated the operation; did it again; compared the insignificant whitewashed streak with the far-reaching continent of unwhitewashed fence, and sat down on a tree-box discouraged. Jim came skipping out at the gate with a tin pail, and singing Buffalo Gals. Bringing water from the town pump had always been hateful work in Tom's eyes, before, but now it did not strike him so. He remembered that there was company at the pump. White, mulatto, and negro boys and girls were always there waiting their turns, resting, trading playthings, quarrelling, fighting, skylarking. And he remembered that although the pump was only a hundred and fifty yards off, Jim never got back with a bucket of water under an hour; and even then somebody generally had to go after him. Tom said: 'Say, Jim, I'll fetch the water if you'll whitewash some.' whitewashing with vigor, and Aunt Polly was retiring from the field with a slipper in her hand and triumph in her eye. But Tom's energy did not last. He began to think of the fun he had planned for this day, and his sorrows multiplied. Soon the free boys would come tripping along on all sorts of delicious expeditions, and they would make a world of fun of him for having to work — the very thought of it burnt him like fire. He got out his worldly wealth and examined it — bits of toys, marbles, and trash; enough to buy an exchange of Work, maybe, but not enough to buy so much as half an hour of pure freedom. So he returned his straitened means to his pocket, and gave up the idea of trying to buy the boys. At this dark and hopeless moment an inspiration burst upon him! Nothing less than a great, magnificent inspiration. He took up his brush and went tranquilly to work. Ben Rogers hove in sight presently; the very boy, of all boys, whose ridicule he had been dreading. Ben's gait was the hop-skip-and-jump — proof enough that his heart was light and his anticipations high. He was eating an apple, and giving a long, melodious whoop at intervals, followed by a deep-toned ding-dong-dong, ding-dong-dong, for he was personating a steamboat. As he drew near, he slackened speed, took the middle of the street, leaned far over to starboard and rounded to ponderously and with laborious pomp and circumstance, for he was personating the Big Missouri, and considered himself to be drawing nine feet of water.

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编辑推荐

Not counting *The Gilded Age*, which was co-authored with Charles Dudley Warner, *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* was Mark Twain's first novel. By the time MT died, it had become an American classic, and it remains perhaps the best loved of all his books among general readers. When it first came out in 1876, however, it was comparatively a failure. Despite MT's determination "that Tom shall outsell any previous book of mine," the American Publishing Co. sold less than 24,000 copies in the book's first year (compared, for example, to 70,000 for *Innocents Abroad* in a comparable period). As an imaginative act, Tom Sawyer led directly on to the greatness of *Huckleberry Finn* and MT's other fictions of childhood or the Mississippi valley. As a commercial disaster, it pushed MT in the direction that would lead him to create his own publishing company.

THE old lady pulled her spectacles down and looked over them about the room; then she put them up and looked out under them. She seldom or never looked through them for so small a thing as a boy; they were her state pair, the pride of her heart, and were built for "style", not service—she could have seen through a pair of stove-lids just as well. She looked perplexed for a moment, and then said, not fiercely, but still loud enough for the furniture to hear: "Well, I lay if I get hold of you I'll—"

—She did not finish, for by this time she was bending down and punching under the bed with the broom, and so she needed breath to punctuate the punches with. She resurrected nothing but the cat. "I never did see the beat of that boy!"

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