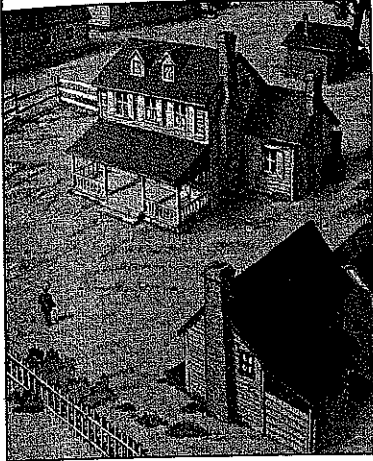


The Phelps plantation



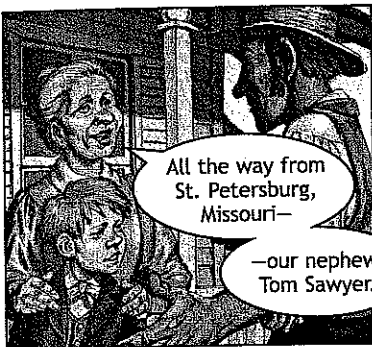
You dogs quit your barking, now.

We thought you'd never get here!



As I approached the Phelps house I was suddenly surrounded by dogs. A slave woman came out to quiet them, and then Mrs. Phelps appeared.

She started hugging me and told me that she was my Aunt Sally. Who did she think I was?

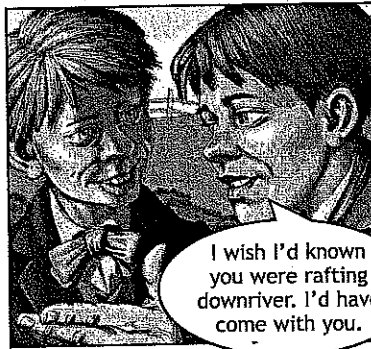


All the way from St. Petersburg, Missouri—

—our nephew, Tom Sawyer.



Huck! You're alive!



I wish I'd known you were rafting downriver. I'd have come with you.

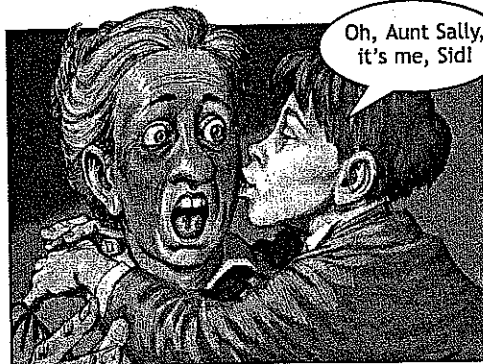
When Mr. Silas Phelps appeared, Aunt Sally introduced me. She thought I was Tom Sawyer! I could easily go along with that.

On the next day I ran into the real Tom Sawyer! He thought I was dead, so once again I had some explaining to do.

I told Tom of my plan to steal Jim and help him escape. I was surprised when Tom offered to help me.



I'm much obliged for the offer, sir.

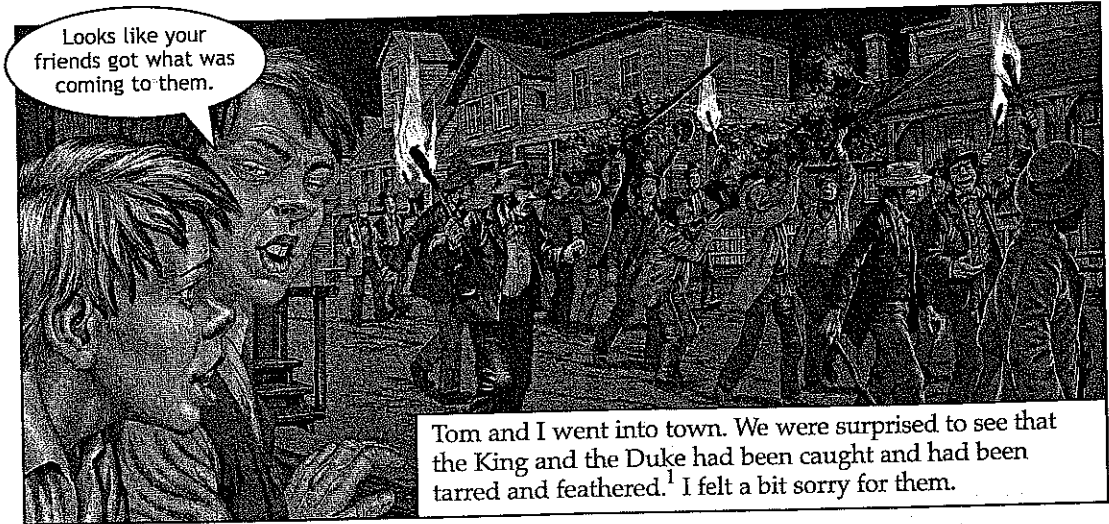


Oh, Aunt Sally, it's me, Sid!

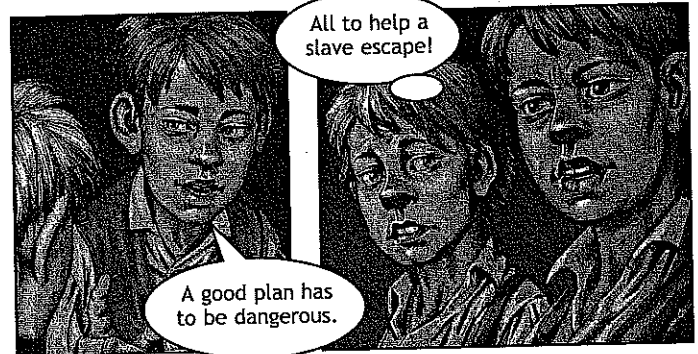
Tom appeared at the Phelps house later that day, calling himself William Thompson from Ohio and pretending to be lost. Uncle Silas invited him to stay for supper.

Tom accepted—and then leaned over and kissed Aunt Sally on the cheek. She turned bright red and Tom laughed, saying he was really Sid Sawyer—Tom's brother.

# FINDING JIM



Later we found the cabin on the Phelps plantation where Jim was being held. I suggested we steal the key and break Jim out.



But this plan wasn't good enough for Tom. He offered to think up a more exciting one.

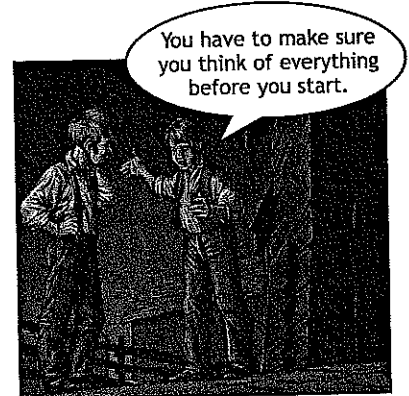
It shocked me that a respectable young man was willing to shame himself and his family just to help a slave.



Tom's plan was to dig Jim out. That would take at least a week, but Tom was sure it was the only way.



The next morning, when Aunt Sally's slave brought Jim his breakfast, I told him that we were going to help him escape.



When I asked Tom about his plan, he said it would take weeks to work out the details. I didn't care. As long as Jim was safe, it didn't matter how long it took.



At first Tom said we ought to dig a moat around the cabin, and then he suggested making a saw to cut the bed Jim was chained to.

And we couldn't use shovels to dig Jim out, because the proper way was to use table knives.

It took three weeks to tunnel under the wall using knives. Tom was in his glory, but I was sure there had to be an easier way.

Sid to