



F r e e a t L a s t

WE HAD JIM OUT OF THE CHAINS AND OUT OF THAT CABIN IMMEDIATELY. Aunt Polly, Aunt Sally, and Uncle Silas were good to him and invited him to visit Tom in his bedroom and gave him good food to eat. Tom gave Jim forty dollars for being such a good prisoner.

Jim was very pleased and said, "Huck, I told you when we began our trip that I was rich before and would be rich again. Now that has come true."

Tom talked and talked and said that the three of us should now buy horses and travel to the Indian Territory and live a life of much adventure for a few weeks. I said that would be fine, but I had no money. I said that I was sure that I couldn't get money from Judge Thatcher because Pap must have all the money by now.

Tom said, "Your Pap doesn't have your money, Huck. Judge Thatcher still has all of it. Your Pap hasn't been seen since the day you disappeared."

Jim looked at me sadly and said, "He's never returning, Huck."

"How do you know, Jim?"

"Do you remember that house we found floating on the river?"

There was a dead man in that house. I looked carefully at his face, and the man was your Pap.”

Tom’s feeling well now, and there’s nothing more to write about, and I’m happy to stop. If I had known what trouble it was to make a book, I would not have begun the job. I may leave for the Indian Territory without waiting for Tom and Jim because Aunt Sally wants to make me her son and raise me in a proper manner, and I cannot endure that. I’ve been there before.