***The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn***

***Chapter 11:***

***Translation:***

“Come in,” said the woman. I went in, and she said: “Have a seat.” I sat down. She looked me up and down with her shiny little eyes and said: “What might your name be?” “Sarah Williams.” “Where do you live? In this neighborhood?” “No, ma’am. I live in Hookerville, seven miles down stream. I walked all the way here, and I’m exhausted.” “You’re hungry, too, I imagine. I’ll find you something to eat.” “No, ma’am, I’m not hungry. I was so hungry that I stopped at a farm two miles back. I ate there, so I’m not hungry any more. That’s why I’m so late getting here. My mother’s sick in bed, and I’ve come here to tell my uncle Abner Moore that she’s run out of money. She said that he lives at the north end of town. I’ve never been here before. Do you know him?” “No, but I don’t know everyone in town yet. I’ve lived here just under two weeks. It’s pretty far from here to the north end of town. You better stay here tonight. Take off your bonnet.” “No,” I said. “I’ll rest awhile, I figure, and then go on. I’m not afraid of the dark.” She said she wouldn’t let me go by myself, but would have her husband go with me when he got home in about an hour and a half. Then she started talking about her husband and all her relatives up and down the river. She talked a lot about how much better off financially they used to be, but they made a mistake in moving to this town instead of staying where they were. She talked on an on, and I started to think I’d made a mistake in coming to her to find out what was going on about town. Pretty soon, though, she started talking about my pap and the murder, so I was happy to let her chatter on. She told me about how Tom Sawyer had found the six thousand dollars (only she thought it was ten thousand). Then she talked about pap and what an unpleasant character he was, and what an unpleasant sort his son, Huckleberry, was. At last she got to my murder. I said: “Who did it? We’ve heard a lot about the murder down in Hookerville, but we don’t know who killed Huck Finn.” “Well, I imagine there are quite a few people HERE who’d like to know who killed him, too. Some think old man Finn killed Huck himself.” “No—is that so?” “That’s what almost everyone thought at first. He’ll never know how close he was to being hanged. But before nightfall, they changed their minds and figured that Huck had been killed by a runaway n----- named Jim.” “But he…” I stopped myself, figuring I had better shut up. She kept on talking without noticing that I had started to interrupt her: “The n----- ran away the same night that Huck Finn was killed, so there’s a reward of three hundred dollars out for him. And there’s a two hundred dollar reward out for old man Finn, too. You see, he came in to town the morning after the murder and told everyone about it. He even went out with them on the ferryboat to hunt for the body, but right after, he left. By nightfall they wanted to hang him, but he was gone. Well, the next day they found out that the n----- was missing and hadn’t been seen since ten o’clock on the night of the murder. So they pinned it on him, you see. And that’s when old man Finn appears again and goes crying to Judge Thatcher to give him money to hunt for that n----- all over Illinois. The judge gave him some money, but that night, he got drunk and out til well past midnight with couple of tough looking men. He went off with them, and he hasn’t come back since. And he probably won’t come back until this whole thing blows over, since everyone now thinks that he killed his boy and arranged everything to look like robbers had done it. That way, he could get Huck’s money without having to waste time filing another lawsuit. Everyone says it wouldn’t be beneath him to do something like that. Oh, he’s pretty clever. He knows that no one can prove he did it. He’ll be fine if he just stays away for a year or so. Then everything will have quited down, and he’ll be able to get Huck’s money pretty easily.” “Yes, I guess so, ma’am. I don’t see what would stop him. Has everyone stopped thinking that the n----- did it, then?” “Oh, no, not everyone. A lot of people still think he did it. But they’ll catch that n----- pretty soon, and then maybe they can scare a confession out of him” “Well, have they started looking for him yet?” “Why, you’re pretty naïve, aren’t you! It isn’t every day that there’s a reward of three hundred dollars just waiting to be claimed! Some folks think the n----- isn’t far from here. That’s what I think, but I haven’t talked to many people about it. A few days ago I was talking with an older couple that lives in the log cabin next door, and they said that hardly anybody ever goes to that island over there called Jackson’s Island. Doesn’t anyone live there? I asked. No, no one, they said. I didn’t say any more, but I did some thinking. I’m pretty sure I saw some smoke at the head of the island about a day or two ago. I said to myself that it’s likely the n------ is hiding over there. Anyway, I said, it’s worth the trouble to look around the island a bit. I haven’t seen any smoke since then, so I guess maybe he’s gone, if it was even him in the first place. My husband and another man went over there to check. He had been up river, but he got back today. I told him all about it as soon as he got here two hours ago.” I’d gotten so nervous I couldn’t sit still. I had to do something with my hands, so I took up a needle off the table and started threading it. My hands shook, and I was doing a pretty bad job with the needle. When the woman stopped talking, I looked up, and she was looking at me funny and smiling a little. I put down the needle and thread, and started to act more interested in what she was saying—which I was—and said: “Three hundred dollars is an awful lot of money. I wish my mother could get it. Is your husband over there tonight?” “Why, yes. He went to the north of town with the other man I was telling you about to see if they could get a boat and borrow another gun. They’ll go over after midnight.” “Won’t they be able to see better if they wait until the daytime?” “Yes, but that n----- will be able to see better too? He’ll likely be asleep after midnight, and in the dark they’ll be able to sneak through the woods and spot his camp fire better, if he has one.” “I didn’t think of that.” The woman kept looking at me funny, which made me feel really uneasy. Pretty soon she said: “What did you say your name was, honey?” “M—Mary Williams.” Somehow, Mary didn’t seem like the name I’d given before. It seemed to me I’d said it was Sarah. I sort of felt cornered and was afraid that I looked cornered too, so I didn’t look up. I wished the woman would say something—the longer she sat still the worse I felt. But then she said: “Honey, I thought you said your name was Sarah when you first came in.” “Oh yes, ma’am, I did. Sarah Mary Williams. Sarah’s my first name. Some people call me Sarah, others call me Mary.” “Oh, that’s how it is?” “Yes, ma’am.” I felt better then, but I still wished I wasn’t there anymore. I still couldn’t look up. Well, the woman started talking about what such hard times these were and how poor she and her husband were and how the rats ran around as if they owned the place. She went on an on and I started to relax again. She was right about the rats—every once in a while you could see one stick his nose out of a hole in the corner. She said she had to keep things on hand to throw at them when she was by herself or else they’d take over. She showed me a bar of lead that was twisted up into a knot. She said she was usually a pretty good shot with it, but that she’d twisted her arm a day or two ago. She didn’t know whether she could throw it at the rats anymore. She waited for an opportunity, then tried to hit a rat with it. She missed him, and said “Ouch!” from the pain in her arm. She told me to try and hit the next one. I wanted to leave before the old man got back, but I didn’t let on, of course. I picked up the lead bar and threw it at the first rat that showed its nose. If it had stayed put, it would have been badly hurt, but it got away. The woman said that that had been a fine throw and that she was sure I’d get the next one. She went and got the lead bar and brought it back along with a skein of yarn she wanted me to help her with. I held up my two hands and she started winding the yarn over them and went on talking about her husband’s business. She stopped at one point to say: “Keep your eye on the rats. You better have the lead bar ready in your lap.” Then she dropped the lead bar in my lap. I clapped my legs together to catch it as she kept on talking. She talked for only about a minute more. Then she took the yarn off my hands, looked me straight in the face, and very kindly said: “Come on now, what’s your real name?” “Wh—what, ma’am?” “What’s your real name? Is it Bill or Tom or Bob? What is it?” I likely started shaking like a leaf. I could’t figure out what to do. But I said: “Please don’t poke fun at a poor girl like me, ma’am. If I’m causing trouble, I’ll….” “No, you won’t. Sit down and stay where you are. I’m not going to hurt you, and I’m not going to tell on you. Just trust me with your secret. I’ll keep it. I’ll even help you. So will my husband, if you want. I think you’re a runaway apprentice, that’s all. That isn’t a big deal. There ain’t no harm in it. You’ve been treated poory, so you decided to run away. Bless you, child. I wouldn’t tell on you. Be a good boy, now, and tell me all about it.” So I said it wouldn’t be any use to try and fool her any longer, and that I’d get everything off my chest if she promised to never tell anyone. I told her that my father and mother were both dead. The law had sent me to work for a mean old farmer who lived out in the country thirty miles from the river. He treated me so badly that I couldn’t stand it any longer. I took my chance when he went away for a couple of days. I stole some of his daughter’s old clothes and ran away. It took me three nights to travel the thirty miles. I traveled at night, hiding and sleeping during the day. A bag of bread and meat that carried from the farmer’s house had lasted all this way, so I’d had plenty to eat. I said I thought my uncle Abner Moore would take care of me. That was why I was headed for the town of Goshen. “Goshen, child? This ain’t Goshen. This is St. Petersburg. Goshen’s ten miles further up the river. Who told you this was Goshen?” “Why, a man I met at dawn this morning, just as I was heading into the woods to sleep. He told me that when I came to a fork in the road I had to veer right and it would be only five miles to Goshen.” “He was drunk, I’ll bet. He told you the exact opposite of what you should have done.” “Well, he did act drunk. But it doesn’t matter now. I’d better get moving so I can reach Goshen before daylight.” “Hold on a minute. I’ll pack you a snack to eat. You might want it later.” She packed a snak for me, then said: “Hey, if a cow is lying down, which end of its body does it lift first when it gets up? Answer quickly now—don’t think. Which end gets up first?” “The rear end, ma’am.” “What about a horse?” “The front end, ma’am.” “Which side of a tree does moss grow on?” “The north side.” “If fifteen cows are grazing on a hillside, how many of them eat with their heads pointed in the same direction?” “All fifteen, ma’am.” “Well, I guess you HAVE lived in the country. I thought maybe you were lying again. What’s your real name, now?” “George Peters, ma’am.” Well, try to remember your name, George. Don’t slip and tell me it’s Alexander before you leave, then explain that it’s George Alexander when I catch you in your lie. And don’t go around women wearing that old calico. You might fool a man, but you make a pretty awful girl. Poor child, when you start to thread a needle, don’t hold the thread still and bring the needle up to it. Instead, hold the needle still and poke the thread throught it—that’s the way women usually do it, but men do it the other way. And when you throw something at a rat or anything else, stand up on your tiptoes and bring your hand up over your head as awkwardly as you can. And miss the rat by about six or seven feet. Throw stiff-armed from the shoulder, like there was a pivot for you to turn on. That’s how a girl would throw. Don’t throw from the wrist and elbow, with your arm out to one side, like a boy does. And, listen, when a girl tries to catch anything in her lap, she spreads her knees apart. Don’t clasp them together the way you did when you caught the bar of lead. Why, I could tell you were a boy when you were threading the needle. I came up with the other stuff to trick you, just to make sure. Now, go along to your uncle, Sarah Mary Williams George Alexander Peters. If you get into any trouble, send word to Mrs. Judith Loftus—that’s me—and I’ll do what I can to help. Stay on the road that runs by the river. And next time you hike thirty miles, be sure to take shoes and socks with you. The river road’s pretty rocky, and your feet will be all torn up when you get to Goshen, I bet.” I went about fifty yards up the riverbank. Then I turned around and retraced my steps back to the canoe, which was a good ways downstream from the house. I jumped in and hurry away. I went upstream far enough to reach the head of the island, and then I started paddling across. I took off the sunbonnet so that I could have a full view. About the time I reached the middle of the river, I heard the clock strike. I stopped paddling and listened. The sound was faint as it traveled over the water, but it was clear—eleven strikes. I was winded when I reached the head of the island, but I didn’t pause to catch my breath. Instead, I headed right into the woods where my old camp used to be and started a good fire there on a high and dry spot. After that, I jumped in the canoe and started paddling as hard as I could toward our new place about a mile and a half downstream. I landed and ran through the woods and up the ridge into the cave. Jim was there, lying fast asleep. I woke him up, and said: “Get up and get going, Jim! There’s not a minute to lose. They’re after us!” Jim didn’t ask any questions or say a word. The way he worked for the next half an hour demonstrated just how scared he was. Within thirty minutes we had everything we owned on our raft, and we were ready to shove off from the cove of willow trees where it was hidden. We put out the campfire in cave right away. After that, we didn’t even light a candle outside. I paddled the canoe out from the shore a little ways to see what I could see. If there was a boat nearby, I couldn’t see it by just the light of the stars and shadows. Then we untied the raft and paddled it downstream in the shade, past the foot of the island, as quietly as we could, never saying a word.

***Summary:***

* Huck comes up with a fun little name and story: he—ahem, she—is Sarah Williams, his/her mother is sick, etc., etc.
* The woman is a chatty bird and tells "Sarah" all about the big news in town: the murder of Huck Finn.
* At first, she says, everyone thought Huck's Pap was the man responsible, but then they decided it was Jim, since he ran away on the same night of the murder.
* There's a reward out for both men: $200 for Pap, who ran away, afraid of getting lynched, and $300 for Jim.
* But woman is sure that Huck's father will wait for the murder business to die down, come back after about a year, and get Huck's $6,000 cool as you please.
* Oh, and the hunting party is going to check out Jackson's Island this very night, since she's recently seen smoke coming from that direction.
* Huck gets all nervous and fidgety. The woman isn't as naïve as she seems, and she asks for the girl's name again. Huck answers: "Mary Williams."
* Oops.
* He backtracks quickly and clarifies: Mary is his middle name, so he sometimes goes by that.
* The woman goes back to talking about herself and her family and her personal problems, and the two of them have some fun throwing lead at the various rats infesting her house.
* Unfortunately, Huck does an all-around awful job of acting like a girl, and the jig is up. The woman calls him out, saying she knows he is a runaway apprentice.
* Huck is all, "Aw, shucks, you caught me" and spins another yarn about being mistreated.
* Still, the women isn't yet satisfied. She asks Huck a series of questions about country life to test his new story.
* Of course, Huck knows all about cows and horses and so on, so he passes with flying colors.
* The woman, who finally introduces herself as Mrs. Judith Loftus, tells "George Peters" (Huck's new fake name) that next time he wants to pretend to be a girl, he should thread a needle properly.
* Good advice, lady. Meanwhile, Huck hauls it back to Jackson's Island and tells Jim that they have to get out.

Analysis:

Dressed as a girl, Huck knocks on the door of the house. The woman lets him in, believing him to be a young girl. Huck inquires about the area, and the woman talks for over an hour about her problems. She finally gets to the news about [Jim](https://www.gradesaver.com/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/study-guide/character-list#jim) and Huck and tells him that there is a three hundred dollar bounty for capturing Jim. Apparently some of the townspeople believe that Jim killed Huck and ran away, while other people believe that [Pap](https://www.gradesaver.com/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/study-guide/character-list#pap) killed Huck. She tells Huck that she personally believes Jim is hiding out on Jackson's Island.

Huck becomes nervous at this news and picks up a needle and thread. He does such a poor job of threading the needle that the woman gets suspicious of his gender. Without Huck knowing he is being tested, the woman has him throw a piece of lead at a rat in order to judge his aim. Afterwards, she reveals where Huck went wrong with his "girl" behavior and asks him what his real name is, telling him to be honest. Huck cleverly pretends to be an escaped apprentice hiding in women's clothes to avoid detection.

Huck is finally able to extricate himself from the woman and immediately returns to the island. He tells Jim to grab everything and put it in the canoe. Together they shove off, after piling their belongings onto the raft, which they then tow behind them.

***Synopsis:***

Huck Finn's portrayal of a young girl seems to be making a good impression after a woman lets him into a small shanty and allows him to spin his fantasy about his mother's bad luck and how he has come to the town to visit his Uncle Abner. The woman then relates to him the story of his murder and how Jim is one of the main suspects. She thinks that she saw smoke coming up from Jackson's Island. Meanwhile, as they talk, Huck obliges the woman by throwing a bar of lead at a rat as they're talking. His manner of throwing the lead, as well as method of threading a needle, gives him away as a boy. The woman buys his next story as having run away from bondage to a mean old farmer. But now Huck knows that the authorities are after them.

Huck's adventure across the river pays off despite his ruse unraveling. He now knows that he and Jim are fugitives and that their pursuers are not far away. This discovery is the spark that ignites their next level of adventures on the river.

***Critical Analysis:***

The woman lets Huck into the shack but eyes him suspiciously. Huck introduces himself as “Sarah Williams” from Hookerville. The woman chatters about a variety of subjects and eventually gets to the topic of Huck’s murder. She reveals that Pap was a suspect and that some townspeople nearly lynched him. Then, people began to suspect Jim because he ran away the same day Huck was killed. Soon, however, suspicions again turned against Pap, after he squandered on alcohol the money that the judge gave him to find Jim. Pap left town before he could be lynched, and now there is a $200 reward being offered for him. Meanwhile, there is a $300 bounty out for Jim. The woman has noticed smoke over Jackson’s Island and has told her husband to look for Jim there. He plans to go there tonight with another man and a gun.

The woman looks at Huck suspiciously and asks his name. He replies, “Mary Williams.” When the woman asks about the change, he tries to cover himself by saying his full name is “Sarah Mary Williams.” She has him try to kill a rat by throwing a lump of lead at it, and he nearly hits the rat, increasing her suspicions. Finally, she asks him to reveal his real male identity, saying she understands that he is a runaway apprentice and claiming she will not turn him in to the authorities. Huck says his name is George Peters and describes himself as an apprentice to a mean farmer. She lets him go after quizzing him on several farm subjects to make sure he is telling the truth. She tells Huck to send for her, Mrs. Judith Loftus, if he has trouble.

Back at the island, Huck builds a decoy campfire far from the cave and then returns to the cave to tell Jim they must leave. They hurriedly pack their things and slowly ride out on a raft they found when the river flooded.

***Critical Study:***

Still in disguise, [Huck](https://www.cliffsnotes.com/literature/a/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/character-analysis/huckleberry-finn) enters the woman's house and introduces himself as "Sarah Williams from Hookerville." Accepting Huck as a girl, the woman talks freely about the town's events and eventually reaches the subject of Huck and [Tom](https://www.cliffsnotes.com/literature/a/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/character-analysis/tom-sawyer), the reward money, and Huck's "murder." Suspicion began with Pap Finn, she says, but after [Jim](https://www.cliffsnotes.com/literature/a/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/character-analysis/jim) escaped, the town decided that the runaway slave had murdered Huck. With both Pap and Jim still suspects, the town has announced a reward of $300 for Jim and $200 for Pap.

The woman tells Huck she thinks she knows where Jim could be hiding, for she is sure she has seen smoke over at Jackson's Island. Huck becomes nervous when he learns that the woman's husband and another man are heading for Jackson's Island to search for Jim. Before Huck can leave, the woman figures out that he is not a girl, and Huck makes up yet another wild tale for explanation.

Huck rushes back to Jackson's Island and wakes Jim with the news that "There ain't a minute to lose. They're after us!" In complete silence, the two runaways pack their camp and head down the river on the raft.

Chapter 11 displays yet another facet of *Huck Finn's*humor; that is, the ability of Huck to disguise himself and convince gullible adults to believe his preposterous stories. Huck is, indeed, an imaginative trickster who lies and fibs his way along the Mississippi. (These traits are one reason that authors such as Louisa May Alcott condemned his character as being unsuitable for young readers.) Huck is also prone, however, to forget his early stories, and therefore he is forced to invent new tales in order to continue his deception. The constantly changing fabrication is certainly comical and displays the creative ability of Huck as well as the ignorance of the people he meets.

The fact that the woman fools Huck into revealing his identity as a boy also provides much of the humor in the chapter. Despite his maverick nature, Huck is a product of the environment and thus is subject to the same type of manipulation that he performs on others. The tricks that the woman uses force Huck to reveal his male nature, his "boy" characteristics (the inability to thread a needle, for example). Even though the woman discovers Huck is not a girl, Huck is still able to save his story by donning another disguise as an orphaned and mistreated apprentice. The added story is yet another example of Huck's ability to succeed and adapt in a world of scams and con artists.

The readers should note that Chapter 11 ends with Huck and Jim functioning as a team. When Huck discovers that Jim is in danger, he does not think about society's judgment and simply reacts. In Huck's view, the pursuing men are after both of them, even though the consequences for Huck would be minimal. In other words, Huck unconsciously places Jim's safety above his own, and their separate struggles for freedom become one. As Huck and Jim slip "past the foot of the island dead still, never saying a word," [Twain](https://www.cliffsnotes.com/literature/a/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/mark-twain-biography) takes another step away from the childish adventures of [Tom Sawyer](https://www.cliffsnotes.com/literature/a/the-adventures-of-tom-sawyer/book-summary) and cements the relationship between the two outcasts.

***Significance:***

The woman, Mrs. Loftus, invites [Huck](https://www.coursehero.com/lit/The-Adventures-of-Huckleberry-Finn/character-analysis/#Huck) in. He says his name is Sarah Williams and tells her a story about his circumstances. She starts talking and eventually gets to the news of the day, which includes his death, [Jim](https://www.coursehero.com/lit/The-Adventures-of-Huckleberry-Finn/symbols/#Jim)'s escape, and [Pap](https://www.coursehero.com/lit/The-Adventures-of-Huckleberry-Finn/character-analysis/#Pap)'s disappearance.

Mrs. Loftus fills in the details. At first the townspeople suspected Pap as the killer, and he was nearly lynched. After [Jim](https://www.coursehero.com/lit/The-Adventures-of-Huckleberry-Finn/character-analysis/#Jim) escaped the townspeople believed he killed Huck. There are rewards out for the capture of both men. Mrs. Loftus has seen smoke coming from Jackson's Island and suspects Jim is hiding there. Her plan is to tell her husband when he gets home, so he can go search the island.

The news shakes Huck up. He picks up a needle and thread and does a poor job threading it. Mrs. Loftus gets suspicious and asks Huck his name again. Huck gives a different name than the first time. He realizes his mistake right away but is unable to cover up. Mrs. Loftus continues to test him and eventually recognizes he is a boy. Huck confesses that he is and comes up with another story. Shortly afterward Huck leaves and rushes back to Jackson's Island.

While at the island Huck tells Jim what is going on. They quickly pack their things and set off on the raft they rescued from the river. Huck leaves a decoy campfire burning.

Once again [Huck](https://www.coursehero.com/lit/The-Adventures-of-Huckleberry-Finn/character-analysis/#Huck) shows his intelligence. His ability to think on his feet and come up with a logical story is impressive. His resourcefulness is a skill that he will use throughout the novel. A reader cannot help but wonder if the listeners' belief of Huck's stories is an indicator of their gullibility or naïveté. In a "smaller" world where information travels slowly, people are less worldly, cynicism is not as rampant, and lies are more easily passed off as truth. Once Huck is thrown off his game by Mrs. Loftus's suspicion about [Jim](https://www.coursehero.com/lit/The-Adventures-of-Huckleberry-Finn/symbols/#Jim) being on Jackson's Island, he forgets his own story. One challenge with lying is remembering the truth from the lies.

Mrs. Loftus is genuinely kind toward Huck even when she catches him in a lie. She accepts his second story and offers her assistance. However, her kindness ends when it comes to [Jim](https://www.coursehero.com/lit/The-Adventures-of-Huckleberry-Finn/character-analysis/#Jim). His servitude and ill treatment are something one would expect a kind woman to be concerned about. But Mrs. Loftus is a product of her times, so Jim is automatically viewed as a slave and someone's property. As a result his feelings and concerns are not taken into account.

From one perspective Huck has no need to be concerned about leaving. If he were found people would be happy to see him. From another perspective, however, Huck sees no alternative but to leave, especially once he realizes that some men will be visiting Jackson's Island to find and capture Jim. By escaping with Jim, Huck is choosing to abandon the morals of his society.

***Summary and Analysis Part by Part:***

***Summary Part 1:***

[Judith](https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/characters) answers the door and asks [Huck](https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/characters/huckleberry-finn) his name and where’s he’s from. Huck lies to the woman, giving a girl’s name. The woman is hospitable, and she begins to talk about herself and the goings-on in town, including Huck’s alleged murder. She says some people think that Pap murdered Huck, while others think that Jim murdered Huck. There is a reward for the capture of either. In fact, the woman’s husband went to Jackson’s Island to hunt for [Jim](https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/characters/jim), which makes Huck very uneasy. The woman begins to look at Huck curiously. She asks Huck’s name again, and Huck accidentally gives a different name from what he gave at first. The woman points out as much, so Huck comes up with another lie to account for his self-contradiction, wishing very badly to leave.

***Analysis Part 1:***

Huck is very good at lying and, though once in a while he contradicts himself, as when he identifies himself to Judith by two different names, his fibs are often effective. This is because Huck has an uncanny ability to put himself in other people’s shoes and imagine what life would be like from perspectives other than his own. That being said, Huck doesn’t lie for pleasure or even profit, but only practical reasons, as when he lies to Judith to get information so that he can protect his and Jim’s freedom.

***Summary Part 2:***

[Judith](https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/characters) then tells [Huck](https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/characters/huckleberry-finn) how hard times are for her and her family, how poor they are and how the rats “was as free as if they owned the place.” She’s right: there are rats everywhere. The woman shows lump of lead she uses to throw at rats and kill them. After throwing the lump, she invites Huck to do so. Huck throws the lump very well. Having retrieved the lump, and after talking for a bit, the woman drops the lump of lead in Huck’s lap. Huck claps his legs around the falling lump. The woman asks Huck, again, for his real name. She reveals that she knows he’s a boy, but promises not to hurt him or tell on him, thinking him a runaway apprentice whose master treated him badly. Huck plays along with the woman’s assumption, lying more.

***Analysis Part 2:***

Ms. Loftus reveals herself to be as clever as Huck in exposing Huck’s real identity, and also moral in protecting Huck from what she thinks is his master’s cruelty. Of course, she is really protecting Huck from a much more desperate condition, the loss of his freedom. It is sad that, although Judith is among the most moral characters in the novel, Huck does not trust her enough to give her his real name, reflecting his deep lack of trust in other people, which itself originates from Huck’s bad experiences with a broken society and people like the murderous Pap.

***Summary Part 3:***

[Judith](https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/characters) gives [Huck](https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/characters/huckleberry-finn) a snack and some advice. She tells him to remember his name next time, that he plays a girl poorly, though he might be able to fool men, and she gives him some pointers on acting like a girl. Judith also tells him to contact her if he gets into any trouble. Huck leaves Judith’s house, returns to his canoe, and paddles back to Jackson’s Island, where he tells [Jim](https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/characters/jim) that people are hunting them. The pair rushes to load the [raft](https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/symbols/the-raft) and silently paddles into the darkness of the river.

***Analysis Part 3:***

Judith is very much like Huck, only female and more mature. She even coaches Huck in how to be better than he is in crossing boundaries, how to imagine what it’s like to be a woman even more vividly than he already does. While respecting Huck’s freedom, Judith also offers Huck a helping hand, which no other adult figure save Jim does for Huck in the novel.