***The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn***

***Chapter 7:***

***Translation:***

“Get up! What are you doing?” I opened my eyes and looked around, trying to figure out where I was. The sun had come up, and I had been sound asleep. Pap was standing over me with a sour, sick look on his face. He said: “What are you doing with that gun?” I figured that he didn’t remember what he’d done last night, so I said: I figured that he didn’t remember what he’d done last night, so I said: “Well, I tried to, but I couldn’t because you wouldn’t budge.” “Well, alright. Don’t stand there babbling away all day. Go outside and see if there’s a fish on the fishing line that we can eat for breakfast. I’ll be out in a minute.” He unlocked the door, and I headed out up the riverbank. I noticed some tree branches and debris floating down the river along with a sprinkling of tree bark, so I knew that the river had begun to rise. I figured I’d be having a lot of fun if I were back in town righ now. The annual rising of the river every June was always a time of good luck for me, because of the [cordwood](javascript:void(0);)that floats down the river when the water begins rising. Sometimes pieces of log rafts made up of a dozen logs tied together would float down. I could catch them and then sell them to the lumber yards and sawmill. I walked along the bank, keeping one eye out for Pap and the other for anything good that might float by. Just then, a canoe came floating down. It was a beauty, about thirteen or fourteen feet long with a shallow draft, like a duck. I jumped—clothes on and all—head-first off into the water, like a frog, and swam toward the canoe. I expected there would be somebody lying down inside it, like people sometimes do as a prank, waiting for a boat to pull up to them so that they could pop out and laugh. But that wasn’t the case this time. Sure enough, it was a canoe, so I climbed in and paddled it to the shore. My old man will be glad when he sees this, I thought, because it’s worth about ten dollars. I started paddling up a little side creek, with vines and weeping willow branches hanging overhead. But when I saw that pap hadn’t arrived, I got another idea. I figured, rather than run off to the woods where I’d have to go a long way on foot, I’d hide the canoe, then use it to go down river about fifty miles and set up a permanent camp far away. I was pretty close to the cabin, and I kept thinking I heard my old man coming. But I managed to hide the canoe. When I was done, I peered through the willows and saw the old man down the path a little bit, aiming at a bird with his gun. Great—he hadn’t seen anything. When he finally showed up, I was working hard to make a “trot” line, and he chewed me out a little for having taken so long. I knew he’d start asking questions when he saw that I was wet, so I told him I’d fallen in the river. We pulled five catfish off the fishing lines and then went home. When we both settled down for a nap after breakfast—we were so worn out. I started thinking that I should come up with a plan to keep pap and the widow from looking for me after I ran away. This would give me more time to get far away before they realized I was gone. I didn’t want to leave this up to chance, since a lot of things could go wrong. I was struggling with a plan when pap got up to drink another barrel of water. He said: “Next time someone comes prowling around here you wake me up, okay? That guy from last night wasn’t up to any good. I would have shot him. Next time, you wake me up, okay?” Then he lay back down and went to sleep again. What Pap had said, though, had given me an idea of how to make it so that no one would think of following me. Around noon we woke up and went back out along the riverbank. The river was rising pretty quickly, and lots of driftwood was floating down. Pretty soon, part of a log raft made up of nine logs tied together came floating past. We used the skiff to intercept it and tow it ashore. Then we ate lunch. If pap were any other man, he would have waited by the shore to see what else floated down—but that’s not how pap’s style. He figured nine logs was enough for one day, and he needed to head to town right away to sell them. Around half-past three he locked me in the cabin, took the skiff, and towed the raft downstream to town. I figured he wouldn’t be back that night. I waited until I thought he was far enough away, then pulled out the saw and finished cutting that hole in the wall. I’d scurried out before pap had even made it across the river—he was just a speck way out on the water. I put a sack of cornmeal, a side of bacon, and the whisky jug in the canoe, shoving the vines and branches aside as did so. I also took all the coffee and sugar, all the ammunition, the wadding for the gun, the bucket and the gourd, a dipper and tin cup, the saw, two blankets, a frying pan, and the coffee pot. I grabbed some fish lines and matches and everything else that was worth any money. And finally, I put the gun in the canoe. I cleaned out the place. I wanted to take an axe, but the only one we had was the one next to the woodpile, and I had a reason for leaving that behind. I’d worn a pretty clear path in the ground crawling out of the hole and dragging so many things down to the canoe, so I fixed it as best I could by scattering dust all over the place. This covered up the sawdust and the worn dirt. Then I put back the piece of wall that I’d cut out, and put two rocks under it one against it, to hold it up since it didn’t quite touch the ground. When I finished, you couldn’t even tell there was a hole unless you already know it was there and were standing about four or five feet away. Besides, the hole was in the rear of the cabin, and it wasn’t likely that anyone would go poking around back there. The ground from the cabin and the canoe was covered in grass, so I didn’t have to worry about leaving tracks. I went back to check, though. I stood on the riverbank and looked out. It looked safe, so I tok the gun and went up into the woods a little bit. I was hunting around for some birds, when I saw a wild pig. Hogs would go wild pretty soon after they’d gotten away from prarie farms. I shot him and took him back to the cabin. I took the axe and hacked down the door into pieces. I brought the pig in, took him to the back of the cabin near the table, and cut his throat with the axe. Then I set him on the ground—I say ground because the floor was just hard packed dirt without any boards—to let the blood drain. Then I took an old sack, placed it next to the pig, and filled it with as many big rocks as I could handle. Then I dragged the sack from the pig across the cabin to the door, through the woods, and down to the river, where I dumped it and watched it sink out of sight. When I was done, you could easily see that something had been dragged across the ground. I wished Tom Sawyer were there because I knew he’d be interested in my plan and would add the finishing touches. Nobody was better with those little details than Tom Sawyer. Finally, I pulled out some of my hair and stuck it to the back of the axe with some pig blood, then put the axe in the corner of the cabin. I picked up the pig, held him to my chest with my jacket so the blood wouldn’t drip, and walked down stream a good ways from the house before dumping it in the river. Then I had another thought, so I went back to the canoe to grab the bag of cornmeal and the saw. I took the cornmeal back to its place in the cabin and used the saw to cut a hole in the bottom of the sack. I had to use the saw because there weren’t any knives or forks around—pap just used his pocket knife to do the cooking. Then I carried the sack about a hundred yards across the grass and through the willows east of the house to a shallow lake. The lake was about five miles wide and full of reeds—ducks, too, when they’re in season. On the other side of the lake there was a slough or creek that lead miles and miles away. I’m not sure where it went, but it didn’t lead toward the river. The cornmeal spilled out of the hole I’d cut, and made a little trail all the way down to the lake. I dropped pap’s [whetstone](javascript:void(0);)there too and made it looked like he’d left it accidentally. Then I used some string to tie up the hole in the sack so that it wouldn’t leak any more, and carried it and the saw back to the canoe. It was almost dark now, so I hid the canoe downriver under some willows that hung over the riverbank and waited for the moon to rise. I huddled up against a willow and a bit of food. Pretty soon, I lied down in the canoe to smoke my pipe and finish making my plans. They’ll follow the track made from the sack of rocks to the shore and then dredge the river looking for me, I said to myself. And they’ll follow that trail of cornmeal to the lake and go looking up the creek for the robbers that killed me and stole all the stuff. They won’t bother looking in the river except to find my dead body. They’ll get tired of that pretty quickly, and will then stop looking for me. This is great—I can now go anywhere I want. Jackson’s Island will suit me just fine; I know that island pretty well, and nobody ever goes there. If I lived there, then I could paddle back to town in the canoe at night and prowl around and take things that I find. Yep, Jackson Island is the place. I was pretty tired, and before I knew it, I’d fallen asleep. When I woke up, I didn’t know where I was for about a minute. I sat up and looked around, feeling a little bit scared. Then I remembered. The river looked like it was miles and miles wide. The moon was shining so brightly that I could have counted the logs that went drifting by, all black and still and hundreds of yards away from the shore. It was late—everything was dead quiet and it looked and even SMELLED like it was late. I don’t know quite how to put it, but you know what I mean. I yawned a big yawn and stretched. I was just going to unhitch the canoe and head out when suddenly I heard a sound out on the water. I listened, and pretty soon I heard it again. It was that dull kind of sound that oars make in the still of the night when they work against the rowlocks of a rowboat. I peered out through the willow branches, and saw a skiff out on the water, though, I couldn’t tell how many people where in it. It kept coming toward me, and when it had pulled up near the canoe I could see that there was only one man in it. Maybe it’s pap, I thought to myself, though I wasn’t expecting him. The man in the boat floated past me with the current and soon started rowing toward the shore when he was in calmer water. He went so close past me that I could have reached out with the gun and touched him. Turns out it WAS pap—and I could tell that he was sober by the way he laid his oars in the boat. I didn’t lose any time—the next minute I was paddling down stream in the shade of the riverbank quietly but quickly. I went about two-and-a-half miles, then paddled about a quarter of a mile or so toward the middle of the river, to avoid the people at the nearby ferry landing that might see me and call out. I mixed in with the driftwood, lay down in the bottom of the canoe, and floated downstream. I laid there looking up at the cloudless sky, relaxing and smoking my pipe. I never knew how deep the sky looks in the moonlight when you lay down on your back. And I was surprised by how much I could hear out there on the water at night! I heard people talking at the ferry landing. I could hear every word they were saying! One man said it was getting to be that time of year when the days are long and the nights are short. Another one said that he reckoned tonight wasn’t one of the shorter ones. Then they laughed and said the same thing over again and laughed again. Then they woke up another guy and said it to him and laughed, but he didn’t laugh back. He snapped at them and told them to leave him alone. The first guy said he’d tell it to his old lady because she’d think it was funny, even though it wasn’t nearly as funny as some of the other things he’d told her. I heard one man say it was nearly three o’clock in the morning and that he hoped it’d be light soon. After that I drifted farther and farther away and couldn’t make out any more of the words. I could still hear the murmer of voices and the laughter every now and then, but it seemed a long way off. I was pretty far downstream from the ferry now. I sat up and saw Jackson’s Island rising up out of the middle of the river about two-and-a-half miles downstream. It was big and dark and solid, and covered in trees. There weren’t any signs of the sandbar up ahead because it was all under water now. It didn’t take me long to make my way to the island. The current was so swift that I quickly shot past the head of the island. Then I reach the still waters and landed the canoe on the side of the island toward the Illinois shoreline. I parted the willow branches and ran the canoe into a deep dent in the riverbank that I knew about. Nobody could have seen the canoe from the water once I’d secured it in place. I went up the riverbank, sat down on a log at the head of the island. I looked out over the big river and the black driftwood, and I could see three or four lights twinkling in the town about three miles away. About a mile upriver I could see a giant log raft with a lantern in the middle. I watched it float slowly down. When it was almost directly in front of me I heard a man say, “[Stern](javascript:void(0);)oars, there! Turn the boat to [starboard](javascript:void(0);)!” just as clearly as if he was standing right next to me. The sky had turned a little bit gray by this time, so I stepped into the woods and lay down for a nap before breakfast.

***Summary:***

* Huck falls asleep holding the gun and is woken by his father; he lies and says he was guarding against a robber in the night.
* Pap, in the midst of one extraordinary hangover, doesn't remember the night before anyway, so it's all good.
* Outside, Huck sees the river rising and knows it's June. He implies that he's starting to miss town.
* As luck would have it, he finds a drift-canoe coming down the river (that is, a canoe with no one in it, for those of you who don't speak Huck).
* He hides it away for later.
* Back at home, Pap gathers up some lumber and takes it to town to sell for money (read: whiskey). While he's gone, Huck gathers up supplies and leaves through the hole he sawed in the back of the cabin.
* Then he does what every normal boy dreams about at least once in his childhood: he fakes his own death.
* He beats down the door to the cabin and spreads pig's blood everywhere to make the cabin look like a robbery/murder-scene.
* Then it's into the canoe and out on the river in the pitch black darkness.
* In the nail-biting scene that follows, Huck has to lie down still in his canoe as his father paddles by right next to him.
* Because of the darkness and also possibly his stupidity, Pap is oblivious to the empty canoe less than six inches from his path.
* Once he is out of danger's way, Huck chills out in his canoe, smokes a pipe, looks at the stars, and eavesdrops on the nearby ferry full of men. It's all very picturesque and beautiful.
* He then paddles out to the uninhabited Jackson's Island, an all-inclusive resort destination in the middle of the river.

***Synopsis:***

When Pap awakes, he finds Huck holding a gun at him. Huck tells his father that there has been some kind of interloper and Huck has been waiting for him. Pap tells him to go get some fish. On the way, Huck finds a canoe and hides it. The old man comes, they find five catfish on their lines, and they have breakfast. Later on, they find nine sellable logs, but then Pap stops looking for more, even though they might do very well. He locks Huck inside and goes off to sell the logs, but Huck, using his saw, finally escapes, taking corn meal and bacon and whisky with him, along with ammunition, coffee, sugar and other things.

He finds a wild hog and kills it, cutting its throat with an axe. He plans on making it look like he was murdered, like someone dragged his body to the lake. Then smashes in the door with an ax and made more of a mess. Finally, he floated off in his canoe to Jackson's Island, passing his Pappy on his way to freedom.

By this time, Pappy has nearly beat Huck and tried to kill him, kept him locked up like a prisoner and taken away his home with the Widow, his relationship with his friends and ended his official schooling. Huck begins to plot his escape, finally deciding on arranging things to look like he was murdered. One of Huck's main character traits is his ability to assess other people's characters and to predict the outcome of his own actions. In this scenario, he very much fools the townspeople and his Pappy into thinking that he is dead.

Unaware of his earlier drunken rage, Pap wakes up and sends Huck out to check to see if any fish have been caught on the lines out in the river. Huck finds a canoe drifting in the river and hides it in the woods. When Pap leaves for the day, Huck finishes sawing his way out of the cabin. He puts food, cookware, and everything else of value from the cabin into the canoe. He then covers up the hole he cut in the wall and shoots a wild pig outside. Huck smashes the cabin door with an ax, cuts the pig’s throat so it bleeds onto the cabin’s dirt floor, and makes other preparations to make it seem as if robbers have broken into the cabin and killed him. Huck goes to the canoe and waits for the moon to rise, planning to paddle to Jackson’s Island out in the river. Huck falls asleep and wakes to see Pap rowing by. Once Pap has passed, Huck quietly sets out downriver. He pulls into Jackson’s Island, careful not to be seen.

***Analysis (Ch1-6):***

The next day [Huck](https://www.cliffsnotes.com/literature/a/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/character-analysis/huckleberry-finn) finds a drifting canoe on the rising river. When Pap leaves for the night to go drinking, Huck escapes through a hole he sawed in the cabin wall. He takes all the cabin's supplies and puts them in the canoe; he then shoots a wild hog and uses its blood to make it look as if he were murdered. By staging his own murder, Huck thinks he can escape without the threat of being followed. At dark, he leaves in the canoe and eventually lands downstream at Jackson's Island.

[Twain](https://www.cliffsnotes.com/literature/a/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/mark-twain-biography) gives the readers another literary glimpse of the river that enchanted him throughout his life and career. The quiet Mississippi quickly lulls Huck to sleep. The river becomes symbolic of Huck's more peaceful, natural life. The description is important, because it underscores the serenity of the river and of nature in general as opposed to thc harsh and chaotic world on shore. Throughout the novel, Twain continues to outline the difference between the two worlds, and the juxtaposition of the peaceful river and brutal shore has often been described as the "raft/shore dichotomy."

Huck's flight shows his creativity and cleverness, but it also establishes a logical method of escape. Every action Huck performs, from placing blood on an axe to dragging a bag full of meal, is practical and works to help his plan. The escape is efficient, and although Huck wishes [Tom](https://www.cliffsnotes.com/literature/a/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/character-analysis/tom-sawyer) were there to "throw in the fancy touches," readers realize that Tom's additions would create more problems than solutions. Huck's practicality is evident not only in his narrative reaction to events but also in his physical actions. The self-reliant characteristic aids Huck well in the future, as he faces decisions that require individual thought and rejection of accepted beliefs.

Glossary

**palavering**talking or idly chattering.

**trot line**a strong fishing line suspended ove the water, with short, baited lines hung at intervals.

**slough**a place, as a hollow, full of soft, deep mud; a swamp, bog, or marsh, especially one that is part of an inlet or backwater.

**stabbord**starboard, the right side of a ship or boat or boat as one faces forward.

***Critical Study:***

[Pap](https://www.coursehero.com/lit/The-Adventures-of-Huckleberry-Finn/character-analysis/#Pap) wakes the next morning and does not recall what occurred the previous night. When [Huck](https://www.coursehero.com/lit/The-Adventures-of-Huckleberry-Finn/character-analysis/#Huck) awakes Pap asks him why he has a gun. Huck tells Pap that someone came around and tried to get in.

Pap sends Huck out to check to see if they have any fish on their line. Huck finds a canoe drifting along the rising river. He takes the canoe and hides it from Pap with the intention of using it to escape.

Later Huck tries to come up with a plan that will keep Pap and the widow from following him when he escapes. That afternoon, after Pap sets out for town and locks Huck in the cabin, Huck puts his plan into action. First Huck saws out of the cabin and fills the canoe with supplies. He then stages his own death by smashing the cabin door with an ax, cutting the throat of a wild pig, and letting the blood drip on the cabin floor. He puts some of his hair on the bloodied ax and makes a trail of flour leading to a lake.

Huck goes to the canoe and falls asleep. When he awakens it's night and he hears another boat. He recognizes Pap who passes him by. Huck takes off and makes it to his destination: Jackson's Island.

[Huck](https://www.coursehero.com/lit/The-Adventures-of-Huckleberry-Finn/character-analysis/#Huck) shows his intelligence and self-reliance by the plan he conceives and puts into action. He not only wants to get away but wants to avoid being searched for. When Huck needs to come up with a plan he has the patience to spend time formulating an idea. This is in contrast to [Pap](https://www.coursehero.com/lit/The-Adventures-of-Huckleberry-Finn/character-analysis/#Pap). As soon as Pap gets the wood that he can sell, he heads straight to town to sell it. An intelligent person is generally more patient as he or she is able to foresee consequences and act accordingly. Huck shows adult qualities by delaying gratification, while Pap is childlike in his need for instant gratification.

While making his plan to leave, Huck notes that he wants to be free of his father and the widow. He wants to be in charge of his own destiny and has had enough of adults. One tries to change him by civilizing him, while the other uses force to uncivilize him. Huck does not want to be with either one of them or even in the world of adulthood. Rather, Huck seeks comfort in the river, something he finds instantly as he falls asleep just after getting into the canoe. The water/canoe will come to be a place where decency rules and there is freedom from the rules of society.

***Critical Analysis:***

Pap and Huck go out into the woods to hunt for game. While there, Huck sees an abandoned canoe on the river and jumps in to get it. When he realizes that Pap did not see him snare the canoe, he hides it in a little stream for future use and returns to Pap. Next, Huck fetches a wooden raft from the river with timber that is worth about ten dollars. Pap locks Huck into the cabin and takes the raft to town in order to sell it.

Taking advantage of Pap's absence, Huck quickly finishes his sawing and climbs out of the cabin, taking everything worth any money to his canoe. He axes down the front door and goes hunting for game. Huck shoots a wild pig, butchers it inside the cabin, and spreads the blood on his shirt and the floor. He also carefully lays some of his hairs on the now bloody ax to make it appear as if he has been killed. Huck cuts open a sack of flour and marks a trail indicating that the killer left via a lake that does not connect to the river. Thus, he prevents anyone from searching along the river for anything more than his dead body.

As Huck is finishing, a man appears nearby in a skiff. Huck recognizes that it is Pap returning early and that he is sober. Immediately, Huck jumps into the canoe and pushes off. He floats downstream until he reaches Jackson's Island, a deserted stretch of land in the middle of the river. Huck ties up the canoe and satisfied with his work, settles down to get some sleep.

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

***Summary Part 1:***

Pap wakes [Huck](https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/characters/huckleberry-finn), who fell asleep in the night, and asks him what he’s doing with the gun. Huck lies and says that someone tried to break in and that Huck was lying in wait for the intruder, which Pap accepts. He tells Huck to go check the fishing line for breakfast. Huck does so, scanning as he does the rising [river](https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/symbols/the-mississippi-river). Seeing a passing canoe, Huck jumps into it and paddles it ashore, thinking Pap will be pleased. But then another idea strikes Huck: he decides to hide the canoe and use it in his escape.

***Analysis Part 1:***

Huck tells many lies in the novel, usually, as here, white lies that are practical and motivated by Huck’s desire to protect people, including, sometimes, himself. His lie to Pap here no doubt protects Huck from an undeserved beating. Huck’s skill in lying is part of his adaptability and love of freedom. When rigidly adhering to the truth would cause undo harm, Huck sacrifices the truth.

***Summary Part 2:***

After [Huck](https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/characters/huckleberry-finn) returns to shore, [Pap](https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/characters/pap) berates him for taking so long with the fish. Huck lies that he fell in the [river](https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/symbols/the-mississippi-river). Huck and Pap get five catfish off the fishing lines and head hone. As the two Finns lay about and Pap says that Huck should rouse him the next time an intruder comes prowling, Huck has an idea to prevent Pap and the Widow from pursuing him after he makes his escape.

***Analysis Part 2:***

As earlier, Huck again tells a white lie to Pap to cover up his escape plans. Huck is more committed to freedom than he is even to truth. But Huck is not committed to freedom in an idealistic, impractical way: he is willing to do whatever it takes to execute his escape plan efficiently, without a trace.

***Summary Part 3:***

Pap and [Huck](https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/characters/huckleberry-finn) collect nine logs from the [river](https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/symbols/the-mississippi-river) to sell and then eat dinner. Pap is content to do so, even though any other man would keep scanning the river for things to sell from it. After dinner, Pap locks Huck up in the cabin again and boats to town to sell the nine logs. After Pap has gotten a ways, Huck retrieves his saw from its hiding place and finishes making his hole in the cabin, through which he then escapes. Huck takes provisions from the cabin, anything “worth a cent,” and stores them in his hidden canoe. He hides any trace of his escape by covering his tracks and sealing the hole he made in the cabin.

***Analysis Part 3:***

Pap, like Huck, proves himself to be practical, collecting only as many logs to sell as he needs before quitting. But, unlike Huck, Pap’s practicality serves self-destructive ends, like the purchase of whiskey, as opposed to a nobler end like freedom. This is the end Huck’s practicality serves as Huck takes what he needs from Pap’s cabin and hides all traces of his escape by covering his tracks, literally and otherwise.

***Summary Part 4:***

[Huck](https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/characters/huckleberry-finn) takes [Pap](https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/characters/pap)’s gun into the nearby woods, kills a hog, and takes the hog back to his camp. He smashes in the door of the cabin with an ax, takes the pig inside, and slits its throat so that its blood covers the dirt floor of the cabin. Huck wishes [Tom](https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/characters/tom-sawyer) could join him to “throw in the fancy touches.” Huck then bloodies the ax, sticks some of his own pulled-out hair onto the blade, and slings the tool into a corner of the cabin. He also takes a sack full of rocks and the pig carcass and dumps both in the [river](https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/symbols/the-mississippi-river). Finally, Huck takes the bag of meal out of his canoe and back to the house, rips it open, and carries the sack about a hundred yards from the house, trailing meal as he does so. He also drops Pap’s whetstone at the spot where he stops trailing the grain. Then Huck ties the bag of meal so it stops sifting out and returns to his canoe.

***Analysis Part 4:***

Freedom, as Huck’s actions prove here, is not free. Huck literally sacrifices a hog to make sure that his escape goes unnoticed, and that he himself can successfully disappear into his newfound freedom. Though Huck now wishes his escape to be stylish as Tom would have it, later, when freeing Jim from the Phelps Farm, Huck will wish Tom were more practical, suggesting that he has an immature attitude about style now that he grows out of over the course of the novel. Certainly, though Huck has what could be called a “practical imagination”—he thinks of how to tie up every loose end in his escape.

***Summary Part 5:***

As [Huck](https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/characters/huckleberry-finn) waits for the moon to come out so that he can travel by its light, he eats, smokes, and thinks to himself that people looking for him after his escape, thinking him dead, will follow the trail left by the sack full of rocks to the [river](https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/symbols/the-mississippi-river) and afterwards dredge the river for his body, as well as the trail of meal in order to find the “robbers that killed [him].” He is sure, though, that nobody will think that he is alive, much less find him. He plans to paddle to a place called Jackson’s Island on the river, and to visit towns at night to stock up on supplies. Huck soon falls asleep, only to soon wake. It looks late to Huck, and “smelt late” too, though Huck acknowledges that he doesn’t know how to put the sensation in words.

***Analysis Part 5:***

Huck reveals himself to be very empathetic here. He imagines how people would react to a set of circumstances, like the trail left by the rocks leading down to the river. However, Huck’s empathy is limited. It may extend to a search party, for example, but it will not extend to people like Jim, who Huck thinks of as being, in some ways, inferior to white people, until Huck matures. That being said, Huck does have a unique imagination that will enable him to so mature, as indicated by the strangely imagined sensation he has of “smelling” lateness.

***Summary Part 6:***

[Huck](https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/characters/huckleberry-finn) hears a sound. It is [Pap](https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/characters/pap) paddling back to the cabin. Huck loses no time in slipping quietly down the [river](https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/symbols/the-mississippi-river) in his canoe, shaded by the bank. He paddles down the center of the river to avoid being hailed by people on the ferry landing before, at last, reaching Jackson’s Island, “like a steamboat without any lights.” Huck lands and conceals his canoe. In the darkness, he sees a [raft](https://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-adventures-of-huckleberry-finn/symbols/the-raft) go by the island and hears a man on the raft shout commands to someone onboard with him. Huck goes into the woods to get some sleep before breakfast.

***Analysis part 6:***

Huck at last stages his escape into freedom. The place he lands, Jackson’s Island, is hospitable to him, as a steamboat is hospitable, but is not functional as society is, and it is also lonely for Huck. This is all indicated by the fact that Jackson’s Island is like a steamboat without lights, lights being a sign of human presence. Nature offers Huck a society consisting only of himself.

***Quotations:***

***Quotation 1:***

"No! W'y, what has you lived on? But you got a gun. Oh, yes, you got a gun. Dat's good. Now you kill sumfn en I'll make up de fire." (8.39)

***Explanation 1:***

Check this out: Huck has the gun, and Jim has the fire. Alone, they're useless (although at least Jim would be warm.) But together, they have heat, food, and companionship—everything a guy needs, right?

***Quotation 2:***

Well, I warn't long making him understand I warn't dead. I was ever so glad to see Jim. I warn't lonesome now. I told him I warn't afraid of HIM telling the people where I was. I talked along, but he only set there and looked at me; never said nothing. (8.25)

***Explanation 2:***

Huck may be enjoying his frolic on the island, but he's lonely. Is he glad to see Jim because he already considers Jim a friend—or is he just glad to see anyone?