

Story/Plot

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_

# The Fence

## From *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* by Mark Twain

Saturday morning was come, and all the summer world was bright and fresh, and brimming with life. There was a song in every heart . . . there was cheer in every face and a spring in every step.

Tom appeared on the sidewalk with a bucket of whitewash and a long-handled brush. He surveyed the fence, and all gladness left him and a deep sadness settled down on his spirit. Thirty yards of board fence nine feet high. Life to him seemed 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 small streak with the far-reaching continent of fence, and sat down on a tree-box discouraged.