

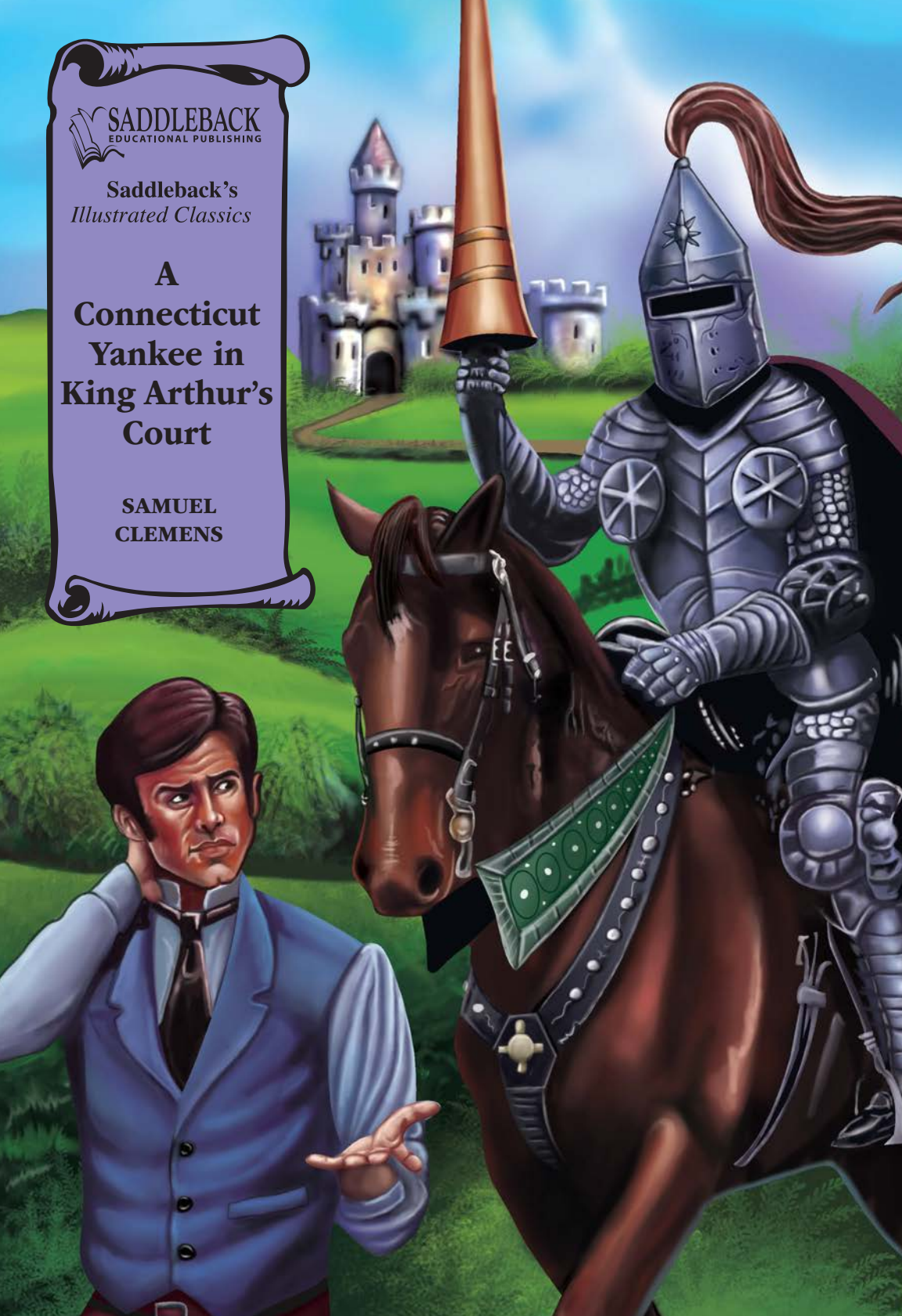


**SADDLEBACK**  
EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING

**Saddleback's**  
*Illustrated Classics*

**A  
Connecticut  
Yankee in  
King Arthur's  
Court**

**SAMUEL  
CLEMENS**



*Samuel Clemens*

# *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*



Sandy



Clarence



Hank Morgan  
"A Connecticut Yankee"

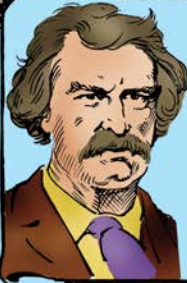


King Arthur

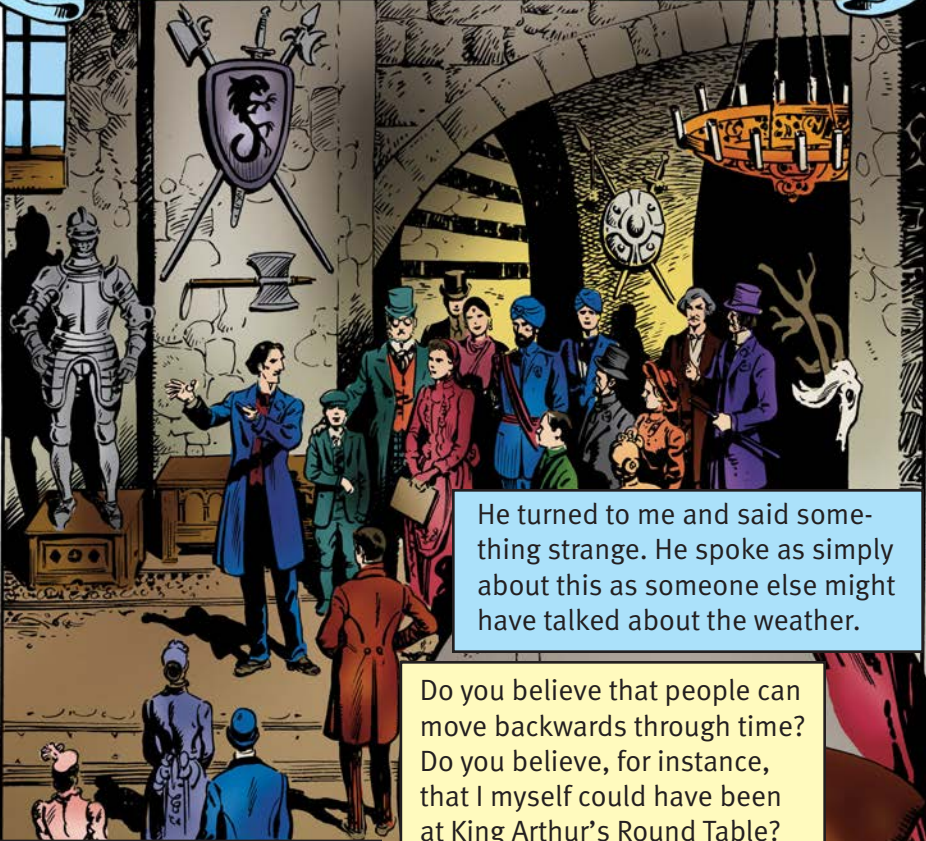


Merlin the Magician





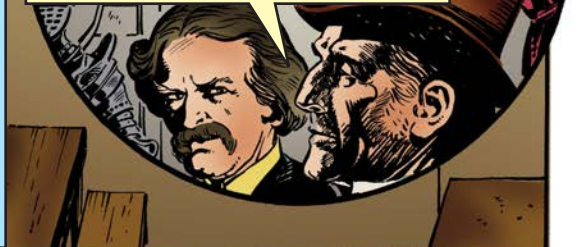
It was in Warwick, Castle, an old building in England, that I, Mark Twain, met the stranger whose story you are about to read. We were at the very edge of a group taking a tour of the castle when he began speaking to me.



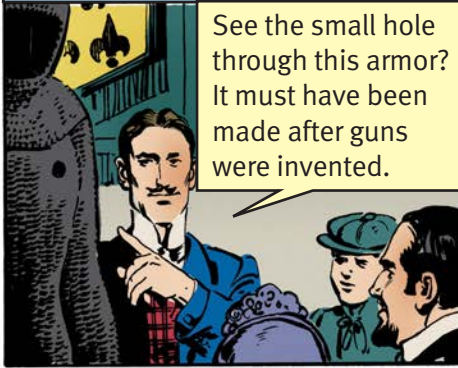
He turned to me and said something strange. He spoke as simply about this as someone else might have talked about the weather.

Do you believe that people can move backwards through time? Do you believe, for instance, that I myself could have been at King Arthur's Round Table?

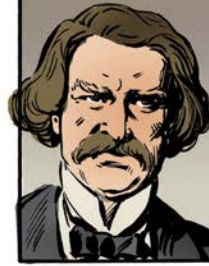
As he talked, he seemed to drift in and out of this world and time. He spoke as though he had known Sir Lancelot, Sir Galahad, and all the other great men of King Arthur's court.



Before I could answer, the tour guide spoke up.



My friend smiled a strange smile.



Believe it or not, I saw it happen!



By the time I got over my surprise at what he had said, he was gone. But later that night he came to see me.

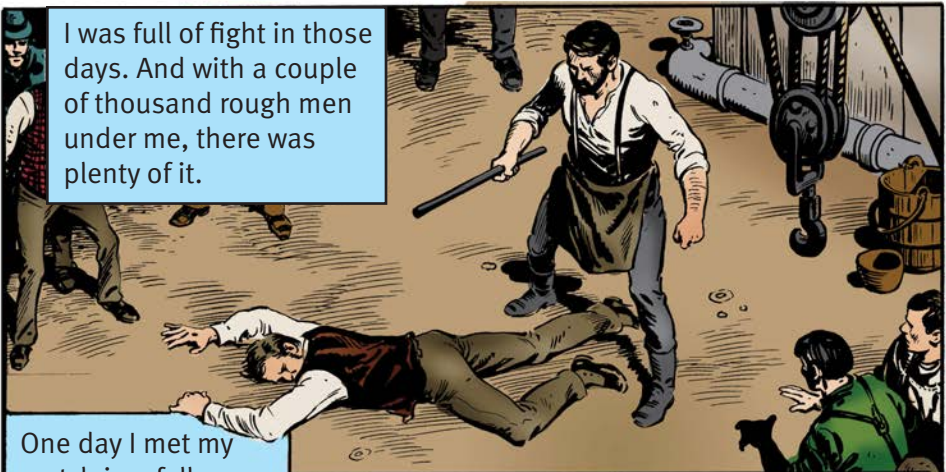
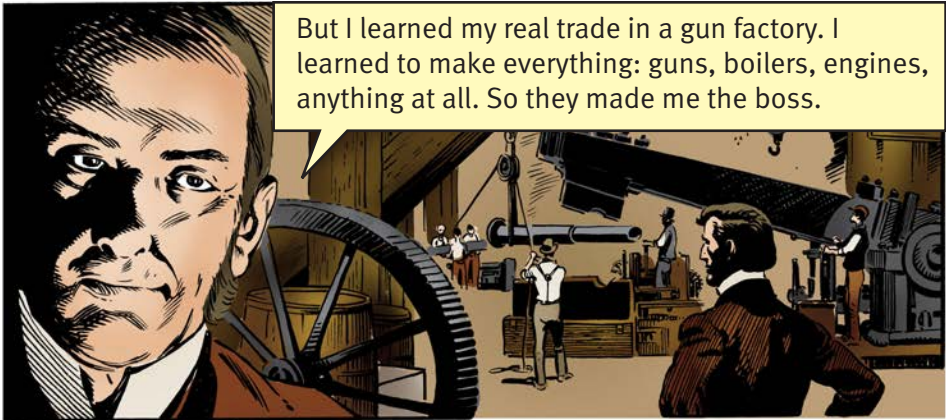


I made him welcome and gave him a hot drink, hoping he would tell his story. He soon began.



I am a Yankee from Connecticut and a very handy man. My father was a blacksmith and my uncle was a horse doctor. I started work as both.

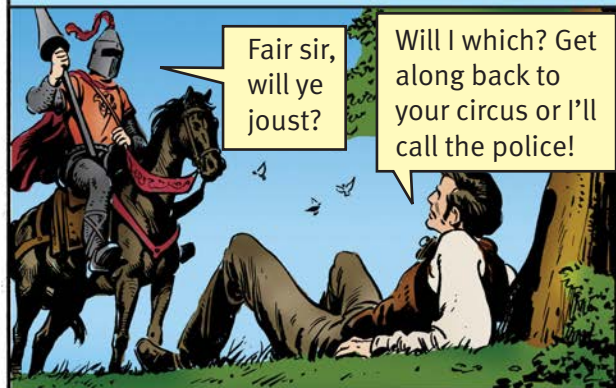


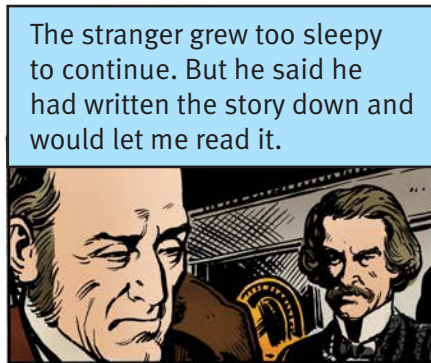
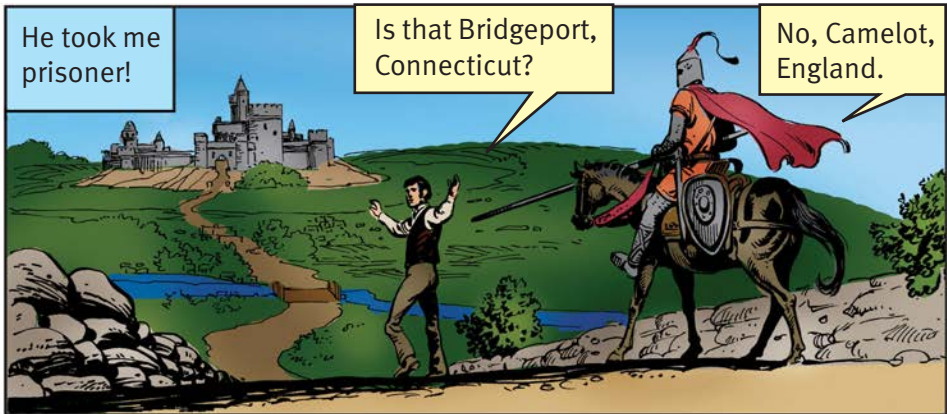


One day I met my match in a fellow named Hercules. We used iron bars against each other, and he gave me a blow on the head that knocked me out.

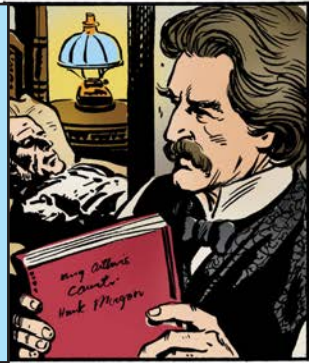


When I awoke, a man on a horse, right out of a story book, was looking down at me.

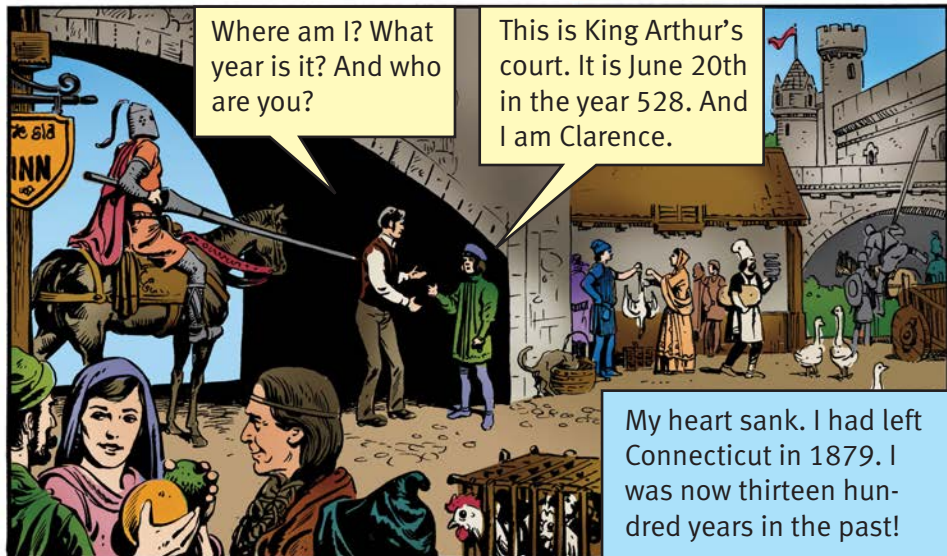





After taking him to his room and helping him to bed, I returned to my own room with the story. I began reading as follows:



The knight took me to a castle where we entered a huge paved court. I spoke to a young lad standing near me.







It was hard to believe, but I remembered that on June 21, 528, a total eclipse of the sun had taken place.

If I am really back in King Arthur's time, I will be able to tell the future!

As for the Round Table, it looked like a circus to me. The knights were taking turns bragging to the king about all the great things they had done.

Then it was time for Sir Kay to tell his story. He was the knight who had brought me here.

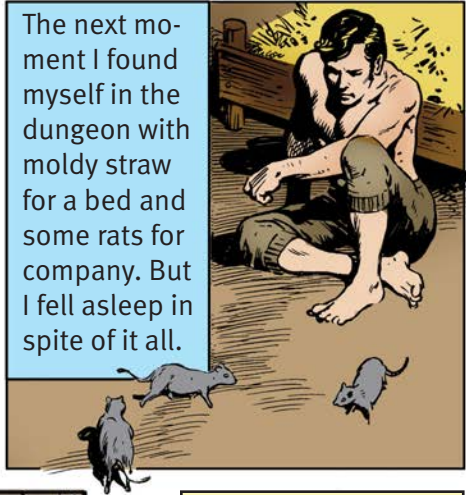


What lies he told! He claimed that he had seen me kill thirteen brave knights before he had captured me.

Before I could speak, the king sentenced me to die at noon on June 21st. My clothes were taken from me.



The next moment I found myself in the dungeon with moldy straw for a bed and some rats for company. But I fell asleep in spite of it all.

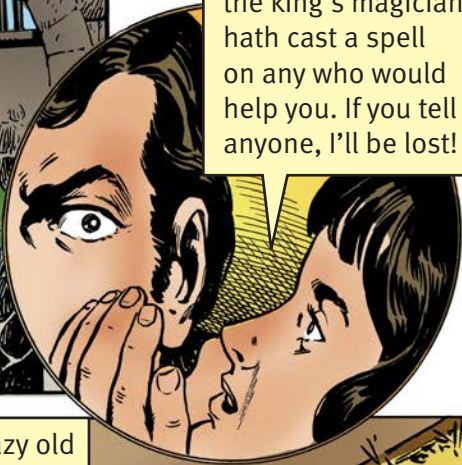


Am I still dreaming?

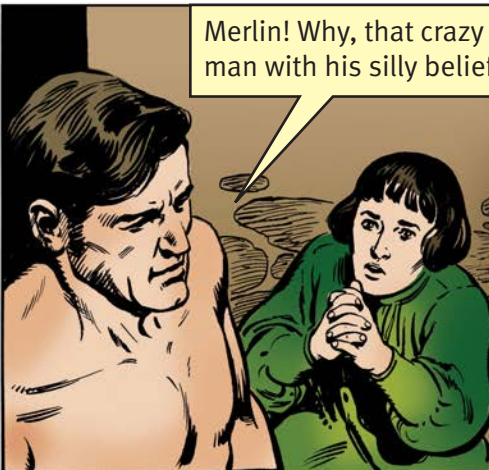
It's no dream that you're to be burned at the stake!



Worse still, Merlin, the king's magician, hath cast a spell on any who would help you. If you tell anyone, I'll be lost!



Merlin! Why, that crazy old man with his silly beliefs!



But it suddenly came to me that if everyone here was so afraid of Merlin's magic, perhaps I could work out a plan.





The plan had worked.  
By the time they got  
me untied, the eclipse  
was total.

Let the magic  
pass away!



But though I was  
dressed in silk and  
had the best rooms  
in the castle, there  
were few comforts that  
make for an easy life.

There was no soap, no sugar,  
no coffee, no tea, no tobacco,  
and no glass in the windows.



I saw that I was  
just another  
Robinson  
Crusoe.

I began to see that to make life  
better, I must invent many things.  
I must set brain and hand to work  
and keep them busy.