**Friend or Scapegoat**

From: Mark Twain

A few minutes passed and Muff moved a little and opened his eyes.

He pushed the doctor's body away.

He looked at the knife in his hand.

"What – what happened, Joe?" he asked slowly.

Injun Joe said, "Something very bad, Muff. Why did you kill him?"

"I didn't kill him!" said Muff. He was very confused, "I drank too much whiskey last night. I don't remember anything! Tell me, Joe. What happened?"

"You fought with the doctor. He hit you on the head and you fell to the ground. Then you got up, took your knife and killed him," said Injun Joe.

"I don't understand, Joe. I never fight with a knife. I didn't want to kill Dr. Robinson. He was young and he had a future. Oh, this is terrible! It was the whiskey," cried Muff, "Joe, don't tell anyone, please."

"I won't tell anyone, Muff. But now you must leave this graveyard quickly. Go!" said Injun Joe.

"Thank you, Joe," said Muff, "You're a friend."

Muff Potter ran away and Injun Joe watched him.

Then he carefully put Muff's knife near the doctor's body and left the graveyard.

Tom and Huck were terrified.

It was a terrible scene.

They silently moved away from the trees.

Then they ran out of the graveyard and back to the village.

They arrived at an old house and decided to hide there.

"What are we going to do?" asked Tom, "We saw everything. Injun Joe killed the doctor."

"What can we do? We can't tell anyone," said Huck. "Injun Joe is dangerous. I'm afraid of him. Do you want a knife in your heart?"

"I'm afraid of Injun Joe too," said Tom, "You're right, we can't tell anyone about Injun Joe."

"Promise not to tell anyone!" said Huck.

"I promise," said Tom.