

1 Introduction

This document contains the annotations produced from following one annotation guideline. As each guideline has been applied three times, the same text is shown three times, possibly with diverging annotations.

How to read the annotations The begin and end of each annotated span is marked with an opening and closing bracket, highlighted in yellow. In addition, each span has a unique number (per document and annotator) that is marked as a super script after the bracket. A footnote with the same number shows the category first and all assigned features or attributes following, separated with a plus sign. For convenience, these markings are shown both on the page with the begin and end of the annotation.

2 Own

O. Henry The Gift of the Magi ————— ^{[0} ^{[1} ^{[82} O ^{[73} ne dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheeks burned with the silent imputation of parsimony that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas. There was clearly nothing to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which instigates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating. ^{]82} ^{[81} While the mistress of the home is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the home. A furnished flat at 8perweek.Itdidnotexactlybeggardescription,butitcertainlyhadthatwordonthelookoutfortheboxintowhichnoletterwouldgo,andanelectricbuttonfromwhichnomortal finger could coaxaring.Alsoapperper week. Now, when the income was shrunk to 20,thelettersof" Dillingham" lookedblurred,asthoughtheywith which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only 1.87tobuyapresentforJim.HerJim.Manyahappyhourshadsp

⁰VOICE_3

¹FOC_UNR

⁸²NARRATOR

⁷³SCENE

⁸²NARRATOR

⁸¹NARRATOR

⁸¹NARRATOR

⁸⁰NARRATOR

⁸⁰NARRATOR

⁷⁹NARRATOR

⁷⁹NARRATOR

⁷⁸NARRATOR

⁷⁸NARRATOR

⁷⁷NARRATOR

glass between the window of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier – glass in an 8 flat. A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art. Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its color within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length. ⁷⁷ ⁷⁶ Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. Had the Queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the airshaft, Della would have let her hair hang out the window some day to dry just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy. ⁷⁶ ⁷⁵ So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her, rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knee and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet. ⁷⁵ ⁷⁴ On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she fluttered out the door and down the stairs to the street. ⁷⁴ ⁷³ ⁵⁷ ⁷² Where she stopped the sign read: "Mme. Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds." One flight up Della ran, and collected herself, panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie." ⁷² ⁶⁷ ⁷⁰ ⁷¹ "Will you buy my hair?" asked Della. ⁷¹ ⁷⁰ ⁶⁸ ⁶⁹ "I buy hair," said Madame. "Take yer hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it." ⁶⁹ ⁶⁸ ⁶⁷ ⁶³ Down

⁷⁷NARRATOR

⁷⁶NARRATOR

⁷⁶NARRATOR

⁷⁵NARRATOR

⁷⁵NARRATOR

⁷⁴NARRATOR

⁷⁴NARRATOR

⁷³SCENE

⁵⁷SCENE

⁷²NARRATOR

⁷²NARRATOR

⁶⁷CHARACTERS

⁷⁰TURN

⁷¹SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Madame+Speaker=Della

⁷¹SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Madame+Speaker=Della

⁷⁰TURN

⁶⁸SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Della+Speaker=Madame

⁶⁹TURN

⁶⁹TURN

⁶⁸SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Della+Speaker=Madame

⁶⁷CHARACTERS

⁶³NARRATOR

rippled the brown cascade. [64 [65 [66 "Twenty dollars," said Madame, [66 [65 [64 lifting the mass with a practised hand. [63 [60 [61 [62 "Give it to me quick," said Della. [62 [61 [60 [59 Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor. She was ransacking the stores for Jim's present. [59 [58 She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them inside out. It was a platinum fob chain simple and chaste in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not by meretricious ornamentation—as all good things should do. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like him. Quietness and value—the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the 87 cents. With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap that he used in place of a chain. [58 [57 [46 [56 When Della reached home her intoxication gave way a little to prudence and reason. She got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task, dear friends—a mammoth task. [56 [55 Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant schoolboy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror long, carefully, and critically. [55 [52 [53 [54 "If Jim doesn't kill me," she said to herself, "before he takes a second look at me, he'll say I look like a

⁶⁴SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Della+Speaker=Madame

⁶⁵TURN

⁶⁶CHARACTERS

⁶⁶CHARACTERS

⁶⁵TURN

⁶⁴SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Della+Speaker=Madame

⁶³NARRATOR

⁶⁰TURN

⁶¹SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Madame+Speaker=Della

⁶²CHARACTERS

⁶²CHARACTERS

⁶¹SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Madame+Speaker=Della

⁶⁰TURN

⁵⁹NARRATOR

⁵⁹NARRATOR

⁵⁸NARRATOR

⁵⁸NARRATOR

⁵⁷SCENE

⁴⁶SCENE

⁵⁶NARRATOR

⁵⁶NARRATOR

⁵⁵NARRATOR

⁵⁵NARRATOR

⁵²TURN

⁵³CHARACTERS

⁵⁴SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Della+Speaker=Della

Coney Island chorus girl. But what could I doóoh! what could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents?"]54]53]52 [51 At 7 o'clock the coffee was made and the frying-pan was on the back of the stove hot and ready to cook the chops.]51 [47 Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in her hand and sat on the corner of the table near the door that he always entered. Then she heard his step on the stair away down on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit for saying little silent prayers about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered: [48 [49 [50 "Please God, make him think I am still pretty."]50]49]48]47]46 [4 [45 The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-twoóand to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves. Jim stopped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the scent of quail. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.]45 [44 Della wriggled off the table and went for him.]44 [36 [42 [43 "Jim, darling," she cried, "don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold because I couldn't have lived through Christmas without giving you a present. It'll grow out againóyou won't mind, will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. Say 'Merry Christmas!' Jim, and let's be happy. You don't know what a niceówhat a beautiful, nice gift I've got for you."]43]42 [39 [40 "You've

⁵⁴SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Della+Speaker=Della

⁵³CHARACTERS

⁵²TURN

⁵¹NARRATOR

⁵¹NARRATOR

⁴⁷NARRATOR

⁴⁸SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Della+Speaker=Della

⁴⁹TURN

⁵⁰CHARACTERS

⁵⁰CHARACTERS

⁴⁹TURN

⁴⁸SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Della+Speaker=Della

⁴⁷NARRATOR

⁴⁶SCENE

⁴SCENE

⁴⁵NARRATOR

⁴⁵NARRATOR

⁴⁴NARRATOR

⁴⁴NARRATOR

³⁶CHARACTERS

⁴²TURN

⁴³SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Jim+Speaker=Della

⁴³SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Jim+Speaker=Della

⁴²TURN

³⁹TURN

⁴⁰SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Della+Speaker=Jim

cut off your hair?" asked Jim, ^[41] laboriously, as if he had not arrived at that patent fact yet even after the hardest mental labor. ^{]41]40]39} ^{[37 [38} "Cut it off and sold it," said Della. "Don't you like me just as well, anyhow? I'm me without my hair, ain't I?" ^{]38]37]36} ^{[35} Jim looked about the room curiously. ^{]35} ^{[28 [32 [33} "You say your hair is gone?" he said, ^{[34} with an air almost of idiocy. ^{]34]33]32} ^{[29 [30} "You needn't look for it," said Della. "It's sold, I tell you—sold and gone, too. It's Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it went for you. Maybe the hairs of my head were numbered," she went on ^{[31} with sudden serious sweetness ^{]31} , "but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?" ^{]30]29]28} ^{[27} Out of his trance Jim seemed quickly to wake. He enfolded his Della. For ten seconds let us regard with discreet scrutiny some inconsequential object in the other direction. Eight dollars a week or a million a year—what is the difference? A mathematician or a wit would give you the wrong answer. The magi brought valuable gifts, but that was not among them. This dark assertion will be illuminated later on. ^{]27} ^{[26} Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table. ^{]26} ^{[23 [24 [25} "Don't make any mistake, Dell," he

⁴¹NARRATOR

⁴¹NARRATOR

⁴⁰SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Della+Speaker=Jim

³⁹TURN

³⁷TURN

³⁸SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Jim+Speaker=Della

³⁸SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Jim+Speaker=Della

³⁷TURN

³⁶CHARACTERS

³⁵NARRATOR

³⁵NARRATOR

²⁸CHARACTERS

³²TURN

³³SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Della+Speaker=Jim

³⁴NARRATOR

³⁴NARRATOR

³³SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Della+Speaker=Jim

³²TURN

²⁹TURN

³⁰SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Jim+Speaker=Della

³¹NARRATOR

³¹NARRATOR

³⁰SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Jim+Speaker=Della

²⁹TURN

²⁸CHARACTERS

²⁷NARRATOR

²⁷NARRATOR

²⁶NARRATOR

²⁶NARRATOR

²³SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Della+Speaker=Jim

²⁴CHARACTERS

²⁵TURN

said, "about me. I don't think there's anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less. But if you'll unwrap that package you may see why you had me going a while at first."]²⁵]²⁴]²³ [²² White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.]²² [²¹ For there lay The Combsóthe set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshipped long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise shell, with jeweled rimsójust the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now, they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone.]²¹ [¹⁷ But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and [¹⁸ [¹⁹ [²⁰ say: "My hair grows so fast, Jim!"]²⁰]¹⁹]¹⁸]¹⁷ [¹³ And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat and [¹⁴ [¹⁵ [¹⁶ cried, "Oh, oh!"]¹⁶]¹⁵]¹⁴]¹³ [¹² Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.]¹² [⁹ [¹⁰ [¹¹ "Isn't it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You'll have to look at the time a hundred times a day

²⁵TURN

²⁴CHARACTERS

²³SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Della+Speaker=Jim

²²NARRATOR

²²NARRATOR

²¹NARRATOR

²¹NARRATOR

¹⁷NARRATOR

¹⁸SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Jim+Speaker=Della

¹⁹TURN

²⁰CHARACTERS

²⁰CHARACTERS

¹⁹TURN

¹⁸SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Jim+Speaker=Della

¹⁷NARRATOR

¹³NARRATOR

¹⁴SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Jim+Speaker=Della

¹⁵TURN

¹⁶CHARACTERS

¹⁶CHARACTERS

¹⁵TURN

¹⁴SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Jim+Speaker=Della

¹³NARRATOR

¹²NARRATOR

¹²NARRATOR

⁹SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Jim+Speaker=Della

¹⁰CHARACTERS

¹¹TURN

now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it.”]¹¹]¹⁰]⁹ [⁸ Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.]⁸ [⁵ [⁶ [⁷ ”Dell,” said he, ”let’s put our Christmas presents away and keep ’em a while. They’re too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on.”]⁷]⁶]⁵]⁴ [² [³ The magi, as you know, were wise men—wonderfully wise men—who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house. But in a last word to the wise of these days let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the magi.]³]²]¹]⁰ ———— - https://en.wikisource.org/wiki/The_Gift_of_the_Magi

3 Foreign

O. Henry The Gift of the Magi ———— - [⁵³ [⁵⁴ One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one’s cheeks burned with the silent imputation of parsimony that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas. There was clearly nothing to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which instigates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniff-

¹¹TURN
¹⁰CHARACTERS
⁹SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Jim+Speaker=Della
⁸NARRATOR
⁸NARRATOR
⁵TURN
⁶SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Della+Speaker=Jim
⁷CHARACTERS
⁷CHARACTERS
⁶SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Della+Speaker=Jim
⁵TURN
⁴SCENE
²SCENE
³NARRATOR
³NARRATOR
²SCENE
¹FOC_UNR
⁰VOICE_3
⁵³VOICE_3
⁵⁴NARRATOR

fles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.]⁵⁴]⁵³]⁵² While the mistress of the home is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the home.]⁵²

[¹]⁵¹ A furnished flat at 8 per week. *It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the look of a box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also a pepper* per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to 20, *the letters of "Dillingham"* looked blurred, as though they were written with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only 1.87 *to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. Many happy hours she had spent* glass between the window of the room. *Perhaps you have seen a pier – glass in an 8 flat. A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art. Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its color within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length. Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. Had the Queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the airshaft, Della would have let her hair hang out the window some day to dry just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy. So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her, rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knee and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet. On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she fluttered out the door and down the stairs to the street. Where she stopped the sign read: "Mme. Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds." One flight up Della ran, and collected herself, panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie."*]⁵¹ [⁴⁹]⁵⁰ "Will you buy my hair?"]⁵⁰]⁴⁹

⁵⁴NARRATOR

⁵³VOICE_3

⁵²AUTHOR

⁵²AUTHOR

¹VOICE_3

⁵¹NARRATOR

⁵¹NARRATOR

⁴⁹CHARACTERS

⁵⁰SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee+Speaker=Della

⁵⁰SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee+Speaker=Della

⁴⁹CHARACTERS

[48] asked Della.]48 [46 [47 "I buy hair,"]47]46 [45 said Madame.]45 [44 "Take yer hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it."]44 [43 Down rippled the brown cascade.]43 [42 "Twenty dollars,"]42 [41 said Madame, lifting the mass with a practised hand.]41 [40 "Give it to me quick,"]40 [39 said Della.]39 [38 Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor. She was ransacking the stores for Jim's present. She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them inside out. It was a platinum fob chain simple and chaste in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not by meretricious ornamentation—as all good things should do. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like him. Quietness and value—the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the 87 cents. With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap that he used in place of a chain. When Della reached home her intoxication gave way a little to prudence and reason. She got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task, dear friends—a mammoth task. Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant school-boy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror long, carefully, and critically.]38 [37 "If

⁴⁸NARRATOR

⁴⁸NARRATOR

⁴⁶SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Madame Sofronie+Speaker

⁴⁷CHARACTERS

⁴⁷CHARACTERS

⁴⁶SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Madame Sofronie+Speaker

⁴⁵NARRATOR

⁴⁵NARRATOR

⁴⁴CHARACTERS

⁴⁴CHARACTERS

⁴³NARRATOR

⁴³NARRATOR

⁴²CHARACTERS

⁴²CHARACTERS

⁴¹NARRATOR

⁴¹NARRATOR

⁴⁰CHARACTERS

⁴⁰CHARACTERS

³⁹NARRATOR

³⁹NARRATOR

³⁸NARRATOR

³⁸NARRATOR

³⁷CHARACTERS

Jim doesn't kill me,"]³⁷ [³⁶ she said to herself,]³⁶ [³⁵ "before he takes a second look at me, he'll say I look like a Coney Island chorus girl. But what could I doóoh! what could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents?"]³⁵ [³⁴ At 7 o'clock the coffee was made and the frying-pan was on the back of the stove hot and ready to cook the chops. Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in her hand and sat on the corner of the table near the door that he always entered. Then she heard his step on the stair away down on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit for saying little silent prayers about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered:]³⁴ [³³ "Please God, make him think I am still pretty."]³³ [³² The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-twoóand to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves. Jim stopped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the scent of quail. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face. Della wriggled off the table and went for him.]³² [³¹ "Jim, darling,"]³¹ [³⁰ she cried,]³⁰ [²⁹ "don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold because I couldn't have lived through Christmas without giving you a present. It'll grow out againóyou won't mind, will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. Say 'Merry Christmas!' Jim, and let's be happy. You don't know what a niceówhat a beautiful, nice gift I've got for you."]²⁹ [²⁸ "You've cut off your hair?"]²⁸ [²⁷ asked Jim, laboriously, as if he had not arrived at that patent fact yet even after the hardest mental labor.]²⁷ [²⁶ "Cut it off and sold

³⁷CHARACTERS

³⁶NARRATOR

³⁶NARRATOR

³⁵CHARACTERS

³⁵CHARACTERS

³⁴NARRATOR

³⁴NARRATOR

³³CHARACTERS

³³CHARACTERS

³²NARRATOR

³²NARRATOR

³¹CHARACTERS

³¹CHARACTERS

³⁰NARRATOR

³⁰NARRATOR

²⁹CHARACTERS

²⁹CHARACTERS

²⁸CHARACTERS

²⁸CHARACTERS

²⁷NARRATOR

²⁷NARRATOR

²⁶CHARACTERS

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²⁶CHARACTERS

²⁵NARRATOR

²⁵NARRATOR

²⁴CHARACTERS

²⁴CHARACTERS

²³NARRATOR

²³NARRATOR

²²CHARACTERS

²²CHARACTERS

²¹NARRATOR

²¹NARRATOR

²⁰CHARACTERS

²⁰CHARACTERS

¹⁹NARRATOR

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¹⁴CHARACTERS

¹⁴CHARACTERS

¹³NARRATOR

¹³NARRATOR

¹²CHARACTERS

¹²CHARACTERS

¹¹NARRATOR

and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat. For there lay The Combsóthe set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshipped long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise shell, with jeweled rimsójust the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now, they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone. But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say:]¹¹ [¹⁰ "My hair grows so fast, Jim!"]¹⁰ [⁹ And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat and cried,]⁹ [⁸ "Oh, oh!"]⁸ [⁷ Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.]⁷ [⁶ "Isn't it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You'll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it."]⁶ [⁵ Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.]⁵ [⁴ "Dell,"]⁴ [³ said he,]³ [² "let's put our Christmas presents away and keep 'em a while. They're too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on."]² [⁰ The magi, as you know, were wise menówonderfully wise menówho brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house. But in a last word to the wise of these days let it be

¹¹NARRATOR

¹⁰CHARACTERS

¹⁰CHARACTERS

⁹NARRATOR

⁹NARRATOR

⁸CHARACTERS

⁸CHARACTERS

⁷NARRATOR

⁷NARRATOR

⁶CHARACTERS

⁶CHARACTERS

⁵NARRATOR

⁵NARRATOR

⁴CHARACTERS

⁴CHARACTERS

³NARRATOR

³NARRATOR

²CHARACTERS

²CHARACTERS

⁰NARRATOR

said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the magi.]¹]⁰
 ———— https://en.wikisource.org/wiki/The_Gift_of_the_Magi

4 Student

O. Henry The Gift of the Magi ———— [116 [117 [118 One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheeks burned with the silent imputation of parsimony that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas. There was clearly nothing to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which instigates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating]¹¹⁸]¹¹⁷ .]¹¹⁶ [113 [114 [115 While the mistress of the home is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the home. A furnished flat at 8perweek.Itdidnotexactlybeggardescription,butitcertainlyhadthatwordonthelookoutforthemendicancysq
 boxintowhichnoletterwouldgo,andanelectricbuttonfromwhichnomortalfingercouldcoaxaring.Alsoapper
 per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to 20,thelettersof”Dillingham”lookedblurred,asthoughthey
 with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only 1.87tobuyapresentforJim.HerJim.Manyahappyhourshadsp
 glassbetweenthewindowsoftheroom]¹¹²]¹¹¹]¹¹⁰ . [108 [109 Perhapsyouhaveeseenapier—

¹VOICE_3
⁰NARRATOR
¹¹⁶VOICE_3
¹¹⁷FOC_UNR
¹¹⁸NARRATOR
¹¹⁸NARRATOR
¹¹⁷FOC_UNR
¹¹⁶VOICE_3
¹¹³FOC_EXT
¹¹⁴NARRATOR
¹¹⁵VOICE_3
¹¹⁵VOICE_3
¹¹⁴NARRATOR
¹¹³FOC_EXT
¹¹⁰VOICE_3
¹¹¹NARRATOR
¹¹²FOC_UNR
¹¹²FOC_UNR
¹¹¹NARRATOR
¹¹⁰VOICE_3
¹⁰⁸NARRATOR
¹⁰⁹VOICE_3

*glassinan*8 flat.]¹⁰⁹]¹⁰⁸ [¹⁰⁵ [¹⁰⁶ [¹⁰⁷ A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art. Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its color within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length. Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. Had the Queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the airshaft, Della would have let her hair hang out the window some day to dry just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy. So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her, rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knee and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet. On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she fluttered out the door and down the stairs to the street. Where she stopped the sign read: "Mme. Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds." One flight up Della ran, and collected herself, panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie."]¹⁰⁷]¹⁰⁶]¹⁰⁵ [¹⁰² [¹⁰³ [¹⁰⁴ "Will you buy my hair?" asked Della]¹⁰⁴ .]¹⁰³]¹⁰² [⁹⁹ [¹⁰⁰ [¹⁰¹ "I buy hair," said Madame. "Take yer hat off and let's have a sight at

¹⁰⁹VOICE_3

¹⁰⁸NARRATOR

¹⁰⁵VOICE_3

¹⁰⁶FOC_EXT

¹⁰⁷NARRATOR

¹⁰⁷NARRATOR

¹⁰⁶FOC_EXT

¹⁰⁵VOICE_3

¹⁰²TURN

¹⁰³CHARACTERS

¹⁰⁴SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee+Speaker

¹⁰⁴SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee+Speaker

¹⁰³CHARACTERS

¹⁰²TURN

⁹⁹CHARACTERS

¹⁰⁰TURN

¹⁰¹SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee+Speaker

the looks of it.”¹⁰¹ ¹⁰⁰ ⁹⁹ ⁹⁶ ⁹⁷ ⁹⁸ Down rippled the brown cascade ⁹⁸ ⁹⁷ ⁹⁶ .
⁹³ ⁹⁴ ⁹⁵ ”Twenty dollars,” said Madame ⁹⁵ ⁹⁴ ⁹³ , ⁹⁰ ⁹¹ ⁹² lifting the mass with
a practised hand ⁹² ⁹¹ ⁹⁰ . ⁸⁷ ⁸⁸ ⁸⁹ ”Give it to me quick,” said Della. ⁸⁹ ⁸⁸ ⁸⁷
⁸⁴ ⁸⁵ ⁸⁶ Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed
metaphor. She was ransacking the stores for Jim’s present. She found it at last. It
surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of
the stores, and she had turned all of them inside out. It was a platinum fob chain
simple and chaste in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not
by meretricious ornamentation—as all good things should do. It was even worthy of
The Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim’s. It was like him.
Quietness and value—the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from
her for it, and she hurried home with the 87 cents. With that chain on his watch Jim
might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the watch was,
he sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap that he used
in place of a chain. When Della reached home her intoxication gave way a little to
prudence and reason. She got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to
work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremen-

¹⁰¹SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee+Speaker

¹⁰⁰TURN

⁹⁹CHARACTERS

⁹⁶NARRATOR

⁹⁷FOC_EXT

⁹⁸VOICE_3

⁹⁸VOICE_3

⁹⁷FOC_EXT

⁹⁶NARRATOR

⁹³SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee+Speaker

⁹⁴TURN

⁹⁵CHARACTERS

⁹⁵CHARACTERS

⁹⁴TURN

⁹³SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee+Speaker

⁹⁰FOC_EXT

⁹¹NARRATOR

⁹²VOICE_3

⁹²VOICE_3

⁹¹NARRATOR

⁹⁰FOC_EXT

⁸⁷CHARACTERS

⁸⁸SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee+Speaker

⁸⁹TURN

⁸⁹TURN

⁸⁸SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee+Speaker

⁸⁷CHARACTERS

⁸⁴NARRATOR

⁸⁵VOICE_3

⁸⁶FOC_EXT

dous task, dear friendsó a mammoth task. Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant schoolboy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror long, carefully, and critically. "If Jim doesn't kill me," she said to herself, "before he takes a second look at me, he'll say I look like a Coney Island chorus girl. But what could I doóoh! what could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents?" At 7 o'clock the coffee was made and the frying-pan was on the back of the stove hot and ready to cook the chops. Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in her hand and sat on the corner of the table near the door that he always entered. Then she heard his step on the stair away down on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit for saying little silent prayers about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered: "Please God, make him think I am still pretty." The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-twoó and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves. Jim stopped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the scent of quail. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on

⁸⁶FOC_EXT
⁸⁵VOICE_3
⁸⁴NARRATOR
⁸¹FOC_EXT
⁸²VOICE_3
⁸³NARRATOR
⁸³NARRATOR
⁸²VOICE_3
⁸¹FOC_EXT
⁷⁹TURN
⁸⁰CHARACTERS
⁸⁰CHARACTERS
⁷⁹TURN
⁷⁶VOICE_3
⁷⁷NARRATOR
⁷⁸FOC_UNR
⁷⁸FOC_UNR
⁷⁷NARRATOR
⁷⁶VOICE_3
⁷⁴CHARACTERS
⁷⁵TURN
⁷⁵TURN
⁷⁴CHARACTERS
⁷¹NARRATOR
⁷²FOC_UNR
⁷³VOICE_3

his face. Della wriggled off the table and went for him]⁷³]⁷² .]⁷¹ [68 [69 [70 "Jim, darling," she cried, "don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold because I couldn't have lived through Christmas without giving you a present. It'll grow out againóyou won't mind, will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. Say 'Merry Christmas!' Jim, and let's be happy. You don't know what a niceówhat a beautiful, nice gift I've got for you."]⁷⁰]⁶⁹]⁶⁸ [65 [66 [67 "You've cut off your hair?" asked Jim]⁶⁷]⁶⁶]⁶⁵ , [62 [63 [64 laboriously, as if he had not arrived at that patent fact yet even after the hardest mental labor.]⁶⁴]⁶³]⁶² [59 [60 [61 "Cut it off and sold it," said Della. "Don't you like me just as well, anyhow? I'm me without my hair, ain't I?"]⁶¹]⁶⁰]⁵⁹ [56 [57 [58 Jim looked about the room curiously]⁵⁸ .]⁵⁷]⁵⁶ [54 [55 "You say

⁷³VOICE_3
⁷²FOC_UNR
⁷¹NARRATOR
⁶⁸CHARACTERS
⁶⁹TURN
⁷⁰SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee+Speaker
⁷⁰SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee+Speaker
⁶⁹TURN
⁶⁸CHARACTERS
⁶⁵CHARACTERS
⁶⁶SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee+Speaker
⁶⁷TURN
⁶⁷TURN
⁶⁶SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee+Speaker
⁶⁵CHARACTERS
⁶²NARRATOR
⁶³FOC_UNR
⁶⁴VOICE_3
⁶⁴VOICE_3
⁶³FOC_UNR
⁶²NARRATOR
⁵⁹CHARACTERS
⁶⁰TURN
⁶¹SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee+Speaker
⁶¹SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee+Speaker
⁶⁰TURN
⁵⁹CHARACTERS
⁵⁶FOC_EXT
⁵⁷NARRATOR
⁵⁸VOICE_3
⁵⁸VOICE_3
⁵⁷NARRATOR
⁵⁶FOC_EXT
⁵⁴CHARACTERS
⁵⁵TURN

your hair is gone?" he said]⁵⁵]⁵⁴ , [⁵¹ [⁵² [⁵³ with an air almost of idiocy]⁵³]⁵²]⁵¹ .
[⁴⁸ [⁴⁹ [⁵⁰ "You needn't look for it," said Della. "It's sold, I tell youósold and gone,
too. It's Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it went for you. Maybe the hairs
of my head were numbered,"]⁵⁰]⁴⁹]⁴⁸ [⁴⁵ [⁴⁶ [⁴⁷ she went on with sudden serious
sweetness]⁴⁷]⁴⁶]⁴⁵ , [⁴² [⁴³ [⁴⁴ "but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall
I put the chops on, Jim?"]⁴⁴]⁴³]⁴² [³⁹ [⁴⁰ [⁴¹ Out of his trance Jim seemed quickly
to wake. He enfolded his Della. For ten seconds let us regard with discreet scrutiny
some inconsequential object in the other direction. Eight dollars a week or a million a
yearówhat is the difference? A mathematician or a wit would give you the wrong answer.
The magi brought valuable gifts, but that was not among them. This dark assertion will
be illuminated later on. Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon
the table]⁴¹]⁴⁰ .]³⁹ [³⁶ [³⁷ [³⁸ "Don't make any mistake, Dell," he said, "about me.
I don't think there's anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could

⁵⁵TURN
⁵⁴CHARACTERS
⁵¹FOC_UNR
⁵²NARRATOR
⁵³VOICE_3
⁵³VOICE_3
⁵²NARRATOR
⁵¹FOC_UNR
⁴⁸SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee+Speaker
⁴⁹TURN
⁵⁰CHARACTERS
⁵⁰CHARACTERS
⁴⁹TURN
⁴⁸SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee+Speaker
⁴⁵NARRATOR
⁴⁶VOICE_3
⁴⁷FOC_UNR
⁴⁷FOC_UNR
⁴⁶VOICE_3
⁴⁵NARRATOR
⁴²CHARACTERS
⁴³SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee+Speaker
⁴⁴TURN
⁴⁴TURN
⁴³SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee+Speaker
⁴²CHARACTERS
³⁹VOICE_3
⁴⁰FOC_UNR
⁴¹NARRATOR
⁴¹NARRATOR
⁴⁰FOC_UNR
³⁹VOICE_3
³⁶CHARACTERS
³⁷TURN
³⁸SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee+Speaker

make me like my girl any less. But if you'll unwrap that package you may see why you had me going a while at first."]³⁸]³⁷]³⁶ [³³ [³⁴ [³⁵ White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat]³⁵]³⁴ .]³³ [³⁰ [³¹ [³² For there lay The Combsóthe set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshipped long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise shell, with jeweled rimsójust the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now, they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone. But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say]³²]³¹]³⁰ : [²⁷ [²⁸ [²⁹ "My hair grows so fast, Jim!"]²⁹]²⁸]²⁷ [²⁴ [²⁵ [²⁶ And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat and

³⁸SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee+Speaker

³⁷TURN

³⁶CHARACTERS

³³VOICE_3

³⁴FOC_EXT

³⁵NARRATOR

³⁵NARRATOR

³⁴FOC_EXT

³³VOICE_3

³⁰FOC_UNR

³¹NARRATOR

³²VOICE_3

³²VOICE_3

³¹NARRATOR

³⁰FOC_UNR

²⁷TURN

²⁸CHARACTERS

²⁹SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee+Speaker

²⁹SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee+Speaker

²⁸CHARACTERS

²⁷TURN

²⁴FOC_EXT

²⁵VOICE_3

²⁶NARRATOR

cried]²⁶]²⁵]²⁴,]²¹]²²]²³ "Oh, oh!"]²³]²²]²¹]¹⁸]¹⁹]²⁰ Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit]²⁰ .]¹⁹]¹⁸]¹⁵]¹⁶]¹⁷ "Isn't it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You'll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it."]¹⁷]¹⁶]¹⁵]¹²]¹³]¹⁴ Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.]¹⁴]¹³]¹²]⁹]¹⁰]¹¹ "Dell," said he, "let's put our Christmas presents away and keep 'em a while. They're too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on."]¹¹]¹⁰]⁹]⁶]⁷]⁸ The magi, as you know, were wise men—wonderfully wise men—who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt

²⁶NARRATOR
²⁵VOICE_3
²⁴FOC_EXT
²¹TURN
²²CHARACTERS
²³SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee+Speaker
²³SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee+Speaker
²²CHARACTERS
²¹TURN
¹⁸VOICE_3
¹⁹NARRATOR
²⁰FOC_UNR
²⁰FOC_UNR
¹⁹NARRATOR
¹⁸VOICE_3
¹⁵TURN
¹⁶CHARACTERS
¹⁷SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee+Speaker
¹⁷SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee+Speaker
¹⁶CHARACTERS
¹⁵TURN
¹²VOICE_3
¹³NARRATOR
¹⁴FOC_EXT
¹⁴FOC_EXT
¹³NARRATOR
¹²VOICE_3
⁹TURN
¹⁰SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee+Speaker
¹¹CHARACTERS
¹¹CHARACTERS
¹⁰SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee+Speaker
⁹TURN
⁶NARRATOR
⁷VOICE_3
⁸FOC_UNR

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 [³ [⁴ [⁵ And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish
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 —————- https://en.wikisource.org/wiki/The_Gift_of_the_Magi

⁸FOC_UNR
⁷VOICE_3
⁶NARRATOR
³VOICE_1
⁴FOC_UNR
⁵NARRATOR
⁵NARRATOR
⁴FOC_UNR
³VOICE_1
⁰NARRATOR
¹VOICE_3
²FOC_UNR
²FOC_UNR
¹VOICE_3
⁰NARRATOR