

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*. *It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the lookout for the* *box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also apper* *per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to 20, the letters of "Dillingham" looked blurred, as though they* 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 a happy hour she had sp*

⁰VOICE_3
¹FOC_UNR
⁸²NARRATOR
⁷³SCENE
⁸²NARRATOR
⁸¹NARRATOR
⁸¹NARRATOR
⁸⁰NARRATOR
⁸⁰NARRATOR
⁷⁹NARRATOR
⁷⁹NARRATOR
⁷⁸NARRATOR
⁷⁸NARRATOR
⁷⁷NARRATOR

glassbetweenthewindowsoftheroom.Perhapsyouhaveseenapier – glassinan8 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

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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

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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
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and reason. She got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing
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kill me," she said to herself, "before he takes a second look at me, he'll say I look like a

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

65 TURN

66 CHARACTERS

66 CHARACTERS

65 TURN

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

63 NARRATOR

60 TURN

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

62 CHARACTERS

62 CHARACTERS

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

60 TURN

59 NARRATOR

59 NARRATOR

58 NARRATOR

58 NARRATOR

57 SCENE

46 SCENE

56 NARRATOR

56 NARRATOR

55 NARRATOR

55 NARRATOR

52 TURN

53 CHARACTERS

54 SPEAKER-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

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[¹]⁵¹ A furnished flat at 8perweek. *It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the loose box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also a penny per week.* Now, when the income was shrunk to 20, *the letters of "Dillingham" looked blurred, as though they were* 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 windows 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

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⁴⁸NARRATOR

⁴⁸NARRATOR

⁴⁶SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Madame Sofronie+Speaker

⁴⁷CHARACTERS

⁴⁷CHARACTERS

⁴⁶SPEAKER-ADDRESSEE+Addressee=Madame Sofronie+Speaker

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⁴²CHARACTERS

⁴²CHARACTERS

⁴¹NARRATOR

⁴¹NARRATOR

⁴⁰CHARACTERS

⁴⁰CHARACTERS

³⁹NARRATOR

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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

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³⁶NARRATOR
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³⁵CHARACTERS
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³³CHARACTERS
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³²NARRATOR
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²⁸CHARACTERS
²⁷NARRATOR
²⁷NARRATOR
²⁶CHARACTERS

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²⁶CHARACTERS

²⁵NARRATOR

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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 Combs—the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshipped long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise shell, with jeweled rims—just 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 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

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 *Sperweek*. *It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the lookout for the mendicancy square into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also a paper* per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to 20, *the letters of "Dillingham" looked blurred, as though they were* 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 a happy hour she had spent* *glass between the window of the room*]¹¹²]¹¹¹]¹¹⁰ .]¹⁰⁸]¹⁰⁹ *Perhaps you have seen a pier—*

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

glassinan8 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.⁸⁶ ⁸⁵ ⁸⁴ ⁸¹ ⁸² ⁸³ 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. ⁸³ ⁸² ⁸¹ ⁷⁹ ⁸⁰ "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?"⁸⁰ ⁷⁹ ⁷⁶ ⁷⁷ ⁷⁸ 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: ⁷⁸ ⁷⁷ ⁷⁶ ⁷⁴ ⁷⁵ "Please God, make him think I am still pretty." ⁷⁵ ⁷⁴ ⁷¹ ⁷² ⁷³ 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

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

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

wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication]⁸]⁷ .]⁶
³ ⁴ ⁵ And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish
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gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the magi.]²]¹]⁰
————— 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