

Chapter 1 : Radio Theatre | Audio Theatre Central

*The Gift of the Magi/Cassette [O. Henry] on calendrierdelascience.com \*FREE\* shipping on qualifying offers.*

Henry, a master of the story with the twist ending. Many of these stories are set in New York City, and it was fun to get a glimpse of New York society a hundred years ago from someone who lived there. Henry generally writes light fiction, sometimes sentimental, usually with well-drawn, appealing characters, and typically with a surprise ending. This is a collection of 16 short stories by O. Henry generally writes light fiction, sometimes sentimental, usually with well-drawn, appealing characters, and typically with a surprise ending. As a collection, this is a mixed bag. There are several gems in it, but also some mediocre stories, and a few that I thought were complete duds. Given that these stories are all in the public domain, I would recommend picking the best stories and reading them online, or buying a different collection of his stories, rather than this particular set although it was only 50 cents for the Kindle version. Della and Jim, a young married couple, poor as church mice. All Della wants is to buy her beloved Jim a wonderful Christmas present But I still found myself sniffing and wiping my eyes as I read the classic words: 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 Everywhere they are the wisest. They are the magi. Soapy the homeless guy just wants to get arrested so he can spend the cold winter months in a nice warm cell on the Island. Why does Fate seem to be conspiring against him? Another story of romance, with fate and an adventurous spirit teaming up. Fine but not really memorable. A poignant story of friendship and the changes that can happen over time. Maudlin and infused with bathos. Old West tale about a cowboy and a sheep man competing for the same woman Humorous but a little silly. I kind of got the impression O. Henry was scraping the bottom of the Inspiration Barrel here. Way to fake me out view spoiler [with the double twist hide spoiler ]. A guy and a girl meet in the park and start chatting, and I was all, yeah, I know where this one is going! Well, I was half right. Jimmy Valentine, safecracker extraordinaire, gets a pardon from jail and promptly returns to his safecracking ways, until I really liked this one; the ending gave me warm fuzzies. Although I have to wonder view spoiler [what happened immediately after the story ends. I like to think he fesses up but they forgive him his past. A literary magazine sends a man to Nashville to try to sign an exclusive contract with a lady to write articles for them. The situation turns out to be far more complicated than he expected. An exercise in imagining how a newspaper could affect lives in unexpected ways. Not much of a story. The classic humorous tale of a kidnapping for ransom gone bad. The ending totally cracked me up. A fluffy story about desirable vs. Rheumatism makes strange bedfellows. Apparently commiserating over shared ailments that have no reliable medical treatment results in instant friendship. My ratings average out to 3. Henry, whose real name was William Porter, was a prolific author during his short life, writing or more short stories. He spent some time in jail for embezzlement, which may explain the sympathetic view he often takes of convicts and criminals in his stories.

**Chapter 2 : Editions of The Gift of the Magi and Other Short Stories by O. Henry**

*Note: Citations are based on reference standards. However, formatting rules can vary widely between applications and fields of interest or study. The specific requirements or preferences of your reviewing publisher, classroom teacher, institution or organization should be applied.*

WHEN in the course of human Events, it becomes necessaryâ€¦. Instead some mountain god of the great north woods throws open the door to Canada late one night. When you step out the next morning your scrotum promptly goes into hibernation somewhere around your arm pit. The cold gets hammered down tight. And it stays that way. Until, oh, somewhere in the middle of March. I stepped outside into the New England winter this morning and between the door and the car I knew, based on testicle retraction velocity, that my coat had nothing to say to this winter. I might as well have packed and dressed in a Speedo. At least I would have been rapidly arrested and taken to a warm jail cell until my need for medication could be determined. I was only going to be here for a few weeks before going back to the temperate zone of Seattle. Wal-Mart, the greatest thing to happen for working people in the United States since trade unions and, today, a lot more beneficial to them as well. It was bracketed with them. I set off confident I could get a temporary coat at an affordable price. Little did I know. I pulled into the vast parking lot and got out. Inside the store stretched out before me like a land of dreams so wonderful so various so newâ€¦. I got distracted at first in the food area of the store that could have held six of my local Seattle market inside it. Above the racks was the simple sign in red and it said: Yes, I blinked and looked away. Serious zipper for closing. Nice shade of blue. And reversible to another nice shade of lighter blue with ample pockets on that side as well. I zipped it up and felt my temperature rise until it was uncomfortable to keep on. As I checked out I noted that the milk, water and jam had cost more than the winter coat. I put it on in the doorway and walked back across the lot to the car not feeling the cold at all from my thighs to my neck. Is there some darkened cavern that stretches for miles under the Gobi desert in which harvested brains in wired jars control robotic Chinese infant arms that stitch endless winter coats from the sheets of polyester that flow in a dark river beneath the factory floor? And then they price them at less than a small bag of groceries? We just walk into any one of the thousands of Wal-Mart stores and buy a winter coat for what it would take a homeless beggar about thirty minutes to cadge out of passing people on a downtown street on an average afternoon. And tens of thousand of other people too.

**Chapter 3 : The Gift of the Magi and Other Stories by O. Henry**

*The Gift of the Magi by O. Henry, Winifred Phillips (Narrator). (Audio Cassette ) We see that javascript is disabled or not supported by your browser - javascript is needed for important actions on the site.*

Summary[ edit ] Mr. James Dillingham Young "Jim" and his wife, Della, are a couple living in a modest apartment. Unusually late, Jim walks in and immediately stops short at the sight of Della, who had previously prayed that she was still pretty to Jim. Della then admits to Jim that she sold her hair to buy him his present. Jim gives Della her present – an assortment of combs, useless now that her hair is shortened. Della then shows Jim the chain she bought for him, to which Jim says he sold his watch to get the money to buy her ornamental combs. Although Jim and Della are now left with gifts that neither one can use, they realize how far they are willing to go to show their love for each other, and how priceless their love really is. The story ends with the narrator comparing the sacrificial gifts of love with those of the Biblical Magi. Raincoat , a Hindi film directed by Rituparno Ghosh is an adaptation of the story. There is also a Bulgarian short film adaptation known as "Darovete na vlahvite" [8] directed by Ivan Abadjiev. Written by Mark St. Germain and Randy Courts , the play is regularly produced in schools and regional theaters. Without money, he pawns his prized bowling ball to buy her an expensive gift, only to find out in the end that she bought him a custom bowling ball bag. The twins both believe the sacrifice is the greatest gift of all, leaving Angelica in bitter Christmas spirits until she returns the original gifts. The special premiered on HBO on December 17, The special later aired on ABC in and on Nickelodeon in the s. The special features several original songs written by songwriter Paul Williams. The television series My Little Pony: Ichinen ni Tsuki, Ichimanen de" by Sugaru Miaki, English title "I sold my life for ten thousand yen per year", features a bittersweet adaptation where a year-old man with no hope for the future sells his remaining 30 years of lifespan. The animated sketch comedy series Robot Chicken features a parody of the story in its fourth season, except that Jim does not sell his watch and instead buys Della lingerie, much to her consternation. Joni Mitchell wrote and performed, but never recorded, a song based on the story.

**Chapter 4 : The Gift of the Magi**

*THE GIFT OF THE MAGI - Paperback Audio - EXCELLENT CONDITION Cassette - \$ For your consideration, we are pleased to offer the following cassette tape:AUTHOR: O. HENRYTITLE: THE GIFT OF THE MAGIREAD BY: WINIFRED PHILLIPSMANUFACTURED: USA ( )CONDITION: EXCELLENTNOTE: Comes with cardboard outer sleeve as pictured.*

Henry One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. 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. While the mistress of the home is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the home. It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the lookout for the mendicancy squad. In the vestibule below was a letter-box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereunto was a card bearing the name "Mr. James Dillingham Young came home and reached his flat above he was called "Jim" and greatly hugged by Mrs. James Dillingham Young, already introduced to you as Della. Which is all very good. Della finished her cry and attended to her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a gray cat walking a gray fence in a gray backyard. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. Many a happy hour she had spent planning for something nice for him. Something fine and rare and sterling--something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honor of being owned by Jim. There was a pier-glass between the windows of the room. 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. 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. 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. 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: Hair Goods of All Kinds. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie. Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor. 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. 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 schoolboy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror long, carefully, and critically. But what could I do--oh! 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 prayer about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered: He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two--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 his face. Della wriggled off the table and went for him. I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. Be good to me, for it went for you. Maybe the hairs of my head were numbered," she went on with sudden serious sweetness, "but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim? 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. Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! 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 jewelled 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: 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. I hunted all over town to find it. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on. 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. O all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the magi. One hundred hours is a conservative estimate for how long it we take to get any etext selected, entered, proofread, edited, copyright searched and analyzed, the copyright letters written, etc.

#### Chapter 5 : The gift of the Magi | Open Library

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*Get this from a library! The gift of the Magi. [Jerry Hunter; O Henry; Barbara Caruso] -- A simplified version of the well-known tale in which a husband and wife sacrifice treasured possessions so that they may buy each other Christmas presents.*

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*The Gift of the Magi The Gift of the Magi O. NE DOLLAR AND EIGHTY-SEVEN CENTS. That was all. She had put it aside, one cent and then another and then.*

#### Chapter 9 : The Gift of the Magi - Wikipedia

## DOWNLOAD PDF THE GIFT OF THE MAGI/CASSETTE

*"The Gift of the Magi" with "The Last Leaf," is the best of them all. But I'm afraid I wasn't too impressed with the other short stories featured in this collection. Although the stories use a vocabulary and style that are reflective of the author's own era (O. Henry lived from 1862 to 1902), the humor and irony of the A young woman makes a*