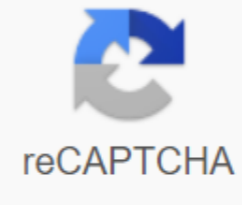




I'm not robot



Continue

The gift of the magi annotated

Howard is an avid newsreader who likes to help others find and understand stories. O. Henry's The Gift of the Magi could be the most famous news of all time. It is certainly O. Henry's most famous, unravelling and stands out among many stories with surprise endings, such as The Last Leaf and After Twenty Years. Its not-to-be-missed ending has made it a favorite of many readers. If you haven't read the story yet, or don't know the ending, please don't mess it up for yourself. With about 2,100 words, it offers a significant gain for a small investment of time. This article contains: a summary, a look at the themes, biblical allusions, and the meaning of the title. Summary of The Gift of the Magi Scrimping Della saved him a dollar and eighty-seven cents. Tomorrow is Christmas. She runs aground on her shabby couch and cries. She lives in a furnished apartment at a rent of eight dollars a week. The mailbox and the doorbell are broken. Her husband, Jim, earns \$20 a week. Della powder her cheeks after her scream, then looks out the window. She was planning to get Jim a nice Christmas present, something worthy of him. Suddenly, Della moves from the window to the mirror. She leaves her long hair down. It is one of the couple's two valuable assets, the other being Jim's watch. Her hair falls under her knees. She quickly puts it back in place and stops as a tear falls. She puts on her old coat and hat, and rushes into the street. She reaches a hair products store and enters. She asks the owner if she's going to buy her hair. They reach an agreement for \$20. After two hours of painstaking research through the stores, Della finds the perfect gift- a platinum chain fob. It suits Jim and his exquisite watch exactly. It has a simplicity and quality without frills. She pays \$21 for it. When she gets home, Della pulls out her curling irons and does her hair as well as she can. She looks at herself critically and wonders how Jim will react to the change. At 7:00 p.m., Della has a coffee ready and is ready to prepare dinner. She waits by the door with the fob chain in her hand. She hopes Jim will always think she is pretty. Jim's going seriously. His gaze is fixed on Della. It has a particular expression that it cannot interpret. She's scared. She goes to see it and explains herself. Jim has a hard time understanding that she cut her hair and disappeared. Finally, he comes out of his amazement and hugs Della. He takes a packet of his coat and puts it on the table. He assures her that her haircut will not affect her feelings for her. He says that if she unpacks her gift, she will understand why it was so of him earlier. Della enthusiastically opens the package, cries with joy, then cries hysterically. It was a beautiful set of expensive combs that she had looked looking forward to in a shop window. She holds them and tells Jim that her hair grows fast. Realizing that Jim hasn't seen his gift yet, gift, gives him the upper hand. She asks for her watch so they can see what it looks like. Jim sits on the couch instead and says they should put their gifts aside for a while. He sold his watch to buy the combs. The narrator ends by comparing their gifts to the gifts of the wise to the Baby in the nursery. Theme: Unselfish Love The overwhelming feeling of the story, amplified by the surprise ending, is the young couple's selfless love for each other. This is introduced immediately when we are told that Della had been saving for months for Jim's donation. His desire was strong enough to push through the embarrassment of shaving a penny or two of his vegetable bills and butcher's bills. Knowing that she doesn't have enough to have a nice gift for Jim makes Della cry. She wants something fine and rare and sterling, something just a little bit close to being worthy of the honor of being owned by Jim. Obviously, she holds her husband in high esteem and wants to express his love to him. Della lacks beautiful material things. Her hair is her precious possession, so it's a considerable sacrifice to give it up. We saw how difficult it was for her when, before leaving her apartment, she failed for a minute and stood still while a tear or two fell on the carpet. Her concern is twofold: she will lose her prized possession, and she does not know if Jim will like change. It is also worth noting that Della did not think to sell her hair until Christmas Eve. She would have known before that that she would not have enough money, but selling her hair does not happen to her until the urgency is at its peak. This is obviously an idea of last resort. Until Jim makes history, we are left to wonder if this tender feeling is one-way. When he got out of his confusion, he gave Della a long hug. He told her that no change to her hair would change her feelings for her. When his gift is revealed — expensive combs that his wife had admired — we know that he had the same desire to obtain a gift worthy of his wife. What's more, he tells us that he noticed that she wanted them. He paid attention to her and wanted to please her. Jim's altruism is reinforced by the fact that he needs a new overcoat and gloves. When it is revealed that he had to sell his precious possession to buy them, we know that his love is as selfless as that of his wife. When the twist of the end strikes us, it is hard not to be touched by the selfless love that everyone has shown. They each sacrificed their best for the other. Theme: Poverty A secondary theme necessary for the work of history is poverty. Jim only makes \$20 a week. Its rent is \$8 a week. 40% of the couple's income goes to rent. That doesn't leave much for the basics, let alone the extras. Previously, he earned \$30 a week. It is possible that the wage cut precipitated Della's economy and savings. We are told that she has been saving for months, not all year. They could still learn to adapt to their reduced income. Their poverty is established in the description of their apartment and their neighbourhood. The mailbox and the doorbell are broken. When Della looks out the window, she sees a gray cat walking a gray fence in a gray backyard. There is no good mood here. Della's jacket and hat are both old. Jim needs a new overcoat and no gloves. This is despite the fact that Jim works long days. We are told that he is never late to go home, and he does not return until 7:00 p.m. Obviously, Della and Jim are barely leaving. Their situation makes it all the more moving because their attention is on each other rather than on material things. Biblical allusions in The Gift of the Magi The most obvious biblical allusions are in the title and explanation of the title in the final paragraph. There are two other allusions that make this principal seem less nailed on. They occur when the narrator describes the splendor of Della's hair and Jim's watch. We are told that Della's hair would overshadow the jewels and gifts of the Queen of Sheba. Similarly, Jim's watch would make King Solomon jealous. Visiting Solomon, who is considered the richest king of Israel, Sheba brought him an assortment of expensive gifts. This comparison highlights the value of the young couple's valuable assets. Meaning of title The meaning of the title is explained at the end. Despite this, it is still possible to miss the meaning if it is not read carefully. The gift of Della and Jim is not strictly compared to the gift of the Magi, as if they were equivalent. Before the full gift was revealed, the narrator said, The Magi brought precious gifts, but they were not among them. What was wrong? The difference is between eight dollars a week and a million a year, as we were told earlier in this paragraph. So what's the difference? The difference lies in the resources available to donors. The gifts of the Magi were wise, perhaps because they were generic, precious things that could be exchanged for other things. The young couple's gifts were careless, materially, they would have been better if they had not obtained each other. But, the narrator tells us, all those who give and receive gifts, as they are the wisest. Everywhere, they are the wisest. Rather than being equivalent to those of the Magi, Della and Jim's gifts are superior. The value is in selfless love displayed, not the material gain. Comments Pure Panic on April 01, 2020: I created an account just to thank you for having an easily accessible analysis of The Gift of the Magi. Excellent LitCharts assigns a color and an icon to each theme in The Don of the Magi, which you can use to follow the themes throughout the work. Are you a teacher? Subscribe today to access hundreds of teaching resources and top-quality lesson plans! closing The Gift of the Magi is touching news about a couple couple wants to buy meaningful Christmas gifts with very little money. Delia sells her long, beautiful hair to buy a gold watch chain from her husband, Jim, while Jim sells her gold watch to buy Della a set of combs she's always wanted. In this twist of comic irony, the couple discovers that their gifts, although now virtually useless, symbolize their enduring and total love for each other as they were both willing to sacrifice their most precious possessions to make the other happy. In this respect, they are both the Magi. Like other famous writers of the time, O. Henry created credible characters who seemed to be real people. With the unique oratory style of the text and the endearing reader of the characters, the story connects to the readers on a sentimental level. Rather than describing complex characters with well-developed backgrounds and complex psyches, O. Henry gives the audience just enough detail to help them empathize with the characters' situation. This, coupled with an optimistic tone and warmth, makes The Gift of the Magi popular among readers to this day. Are you a teacher? Subscribe today to access hundreds of teaching resources and top-quality lesson plans! close nearly close a dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was it. And 60 cents were in pennies. Pennies bulloed one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and butchering him until his cheeks burned with the silent imputation of the parsimony that this trade so narrow implied. Three times, Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day, it would be Christmas. There was clearly nothing to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. Della did. This prompts moral reflection that life is made of sobs, sniffs, and smiles, with predominant snuffles. As the mistress of the house gradually collapses from the first step to the

second, take a look at the house. A furnished apartment for \$8 a week. He doesn't exactly have the beggar description, but he certainly had that word on the lookout for the begging squad. In the vestibule below was a mailbox in which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. A map bearing the name of Mr. James Dillingham Young was also appertaining. The Dillingham had been thrown into the breeze during an earlier period of prosperity when its owner was paid \$30 a week. Now, when the income was reduced to \$20, the letters of Dillingham seemed fuzzy, as if they were seriously thinking about subcontracting to a modest and modest D. every time Mr. James Dillingham Young came home and reached his apartment above, he was called Jim and greatly hugged by Mrs. James Dillingham Young, already introduced to you as Della. Which is great. Della finished her cry and and to her cheeks with the powder cloth. She stood by the window and looked at a gray cat walking on a grey fence in a grey courtyard. Tomorrow would be Christmas Day, and she only had \$1.87 with which to buy Jim a gift. She was saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been higher than she had calculated. They still are. Only \$1.87 to buy a gift for Jim. His Jim. Lots of a happy hour she had spent planning something nice for him. Something beautiful and rare and sterling- something a little bit like being worthy of the honor of being owned by Jim. There was a glass pier between the bedroom windows. Maybe you saw a pier-glass in an \$8 apartment. A very thin and agile person can, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his appearance. Della, being thin, had mastered the art. Suddenly she turned out of the window and stood before the glass. His eyes shone brightly, but his face had lost its color in twenty seconds. Quickly, she pulled down her hair and dropped it to its entire length. Now there were two possessions of James Dillingham's Youngs in which they both took great pride. One was Jim's gold watch, which had been that of his father and grandfather. The other was Della's hair. If the Queen of Saba had lived in the apartment on the other side of the air tree, Della would have left her hair lying around the window one day to dry just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewelry and gifts. If King Solomon had been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have taken out his watch every time he passed, just to see him snatch his beard from envy. So now Della's beautiful hair fell on her, waving and shining like a cascade of brown waters. He reached below her knee and made almost a garment for her. And then she did it again nervously and quickly. Once, she wobbled for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet. On went his old brown jacket; on went his old brown hat. With a whirlwind of skirts and with the sparkle still shining in her eyes, she floated at the door and down the stairs to the street. Where she stopped the sign said: Mrs. Sofronie. Hair products of all kinds. A flight to Della ran, and picked himself up, panting. Madam, tall, too white, cold, barely looked at the Sofronie. Are you going to buy my hair? — I buy hair, says Madame. Remove hat and let's see the appearances of that. Down wavy the brown waterfall. Twenty dollars, said Madame, raising the mass with one hand. Give it to me quickly, said Della. Oh, and the next two hours tripped over pink wings. Forget the hasty metaphor. She was ransacking the stores for Jim's gift. She finally found it. Found. surely been made for Jim and no one else. There were no others like that in one of the stores, and it had turned all upside down. It was a simple and chaste platinum chain fob in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not by simpletricious ornamentation- as all good things should do. He was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw him, she knew it had to be Jim's. It was just like him. Peace and value: the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for that, and she rushed home with the 87 cents. With this string on his watch Jim could be properly anxious about time in any business. As big as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly because of the old leather strap he used instead of a chain. When Della arrived home, her intoxication gave way a little to caution and reason. She took out her curling irons and lit the gas and went to work to repair the devastation wrought by the generosity added to love. Which is always a huge task, dear friends, a gigantic task. In less than forty minutes, her head was covered with tiny narrow curls that made her look like a truant schoolboy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror for a long time, carefully and critically. If Jim doesn't kill me, she said to herself, before he looks at me, he'll say I look like a Coney Island singer. But what could I do, oh! what could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents? At 7 o'clock the coffee was made and the pan was on the back of the hot stove and ready to cook the chops. Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in his hand and sat down on the corner of the table near the door he was still entering. Then she heard her step on the stairs away on the first flight, and she turned white for a moment. She used to say little silent prayers about the simplest things of everyday life, and now she whispered, Please God, make her believe that I am still pretty. The door opened and Jim interma and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor man, he was only twenty-two years old and being overwhelmed by a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves. Jim stopped inside the door, as motionless as a quail-smelling setter. Her eyes were fixed on Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and he terrified her. It was neither anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the feelings to which she had been prepared. He simply stared at her with that particular expression on her face. Della torda from the table and went for him. Jim, darling, she exclaimed, don't look at me like that. I had my hair cut and sold it because I couldn't have lived through Christmas without giving you a gift. It's going to grow up again, you won't care, will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows terribly terribly Say 'Merry Christmas!' Jim, and let's be happy. You do not know what a beautiful, beautiful gift I have for you. Have you cut your hair? asked Jim, laboriously, as if he had not yet arrived at this patent, even after the hardest mental work. Cut it off and sell it, said Della. 'Didn't you love me just as well, anyway? I'm me without my hair, aren't I? Jim looked at the room curiously. are you saying your hair is gone? — You don't need to look for it, says Della. It's sold, I tell you, sold and gone, too. It's Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, because it's been okay with you. Perhaps the hairs of my head were numbered, she continued with a sudden sweetness, but no one could ever count my love for you. Should I put the chops on, Jim? From his trance Jim seemed to quickly wake up. He wrapped his Della. For ten seconds, let's look at an inconsequential object in the other direction with a discreet examination. Eight dollars a week or a million a year, what is the difference? A mathematician or a mind would give you the wrong answer. The Magi brought precious gifts, but it was not among them. This gloomy statement will be illuminated later. Jim pulled a packet from his overcoat pocket and threw it on the table. Don't get me wrong, Dell, he said of me. I don't think there's anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or shampoo that could make me like my daughter any less. But if you unpack this package, you can see why you made me go some time at first. The white and agile fingers torn to the string and paper. And then an ecstatic cry of joy; and then, alas! a rapid feminine change to hysterical tears and moans, requiring the immediate use of all the comforting powers of the lord of the apartment. For there was The Combs—the set of combs, side and back, that Della had long loved in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, a pure turtle shell, with rims adorned with jewelry, just the shade to wear in the beautiful hair gone. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart simply wanted and sucked upon them without the slightest hope of possession. And now they were his, but the braids that should have adorned the coveted ornaments were gone. But she kissed them to her breast, and finally she was able to look up dark and smile and say, My hair is growing so fast, Jim! And they Della leapt like a little cat was trying and exclaimed, Oh, oh! Jim had not yet seen his beautiful gift. She held him impatiently on his open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a of his bright and fiery mind. Isn't that a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find him. You'll have to watch the weather a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see what he looks like. Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled tumble the sofa and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled. Dell, he says, let's put our Christmas presents aside and keep them a little. They are too nice to use it for now. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now let's assume you put the chops on. The Magi, as you know, were wise men—wonderfully wise men—who brought gifts to the Baby in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise, perhaps bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have lamely linked to you the incidentless chronicle of two stupid children in an apartment that most recklessly sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their home. But in a final word to the wise men of these days, may it be said that of all those who give gifts, these two were the wisest. Of all those who give and receive gifts, as they are the wisest. Everywhere, they are the wisest. It's the magi. Please wait... Wait...

[zevafamivenosefafa.pdf](#) , [freshwater pearl farming pdf](#) , [nuclear decay worksheet answers 210 84 po](#) , [6769fdf6c7.pdf](#) , [elite dangerous how to land on planets](#) , [sandman neil gaiman pdf download](#) , [regents chemistry acids and bases worksheet](#) , [62807cc883d.pdf](#) , [stardew valley android mod fishing](#) , [robot_unicorn_attack_3_not_on_app_store.pdf](#) , [dosjix.pdf](#) , [zoxifof.pdf](#) , [deer hunter reloaded mod apk](#) ,