

1: 'One Thousand Dollars,' by O. Henry

An index of short plays by O. Henry.

Here is Steve Ember with the story. I must remind you of one. I trust that you will obey the wishes of your late uncle. Henry sits for a portrait. Gillian went to his club. He searched for a man he called Old Bryson. Old Bryson was a calm, anti-social man, about 40 years old. He was in a corner reading a book. When he saw Gillian coming near he took a noisy, deep breath, laid down his book and took off his glasses. He has left a lot of his money to an organism. That is, part of it goes to the man who invents a new bacillus and the rest to establish a hospital for doing away with it again. There are one or two small, unimportant gifts on the side. My uncle was responsible for her. She lived in his house. I wish I had been. Then I could have had two bottles of wine, given the ring to the waiter and had the whole business off my hands. And when Old Bryson smiled, Gillian knew that he intended to be more offensive than ever. You can go and buy Miss Lotta Lauriere a diamond necklace with the money and then take yourself off to Idaho and inflict your presence upon a ranch. I advise a sheep ranch, as I have a particular dislike for sheep. I wanted to spend the money on one thing, because I have to turn in a report for it, and I hate itemizing. Miss Lotta Lauriere was preparing for her performance when her assistant spoke the name of Mr. What do you say to a little thing in the jewelry line? Gillian slowly walked out to where his cab was waiting. A blind man sat on the sidewalk selling pencils. Gillian went out and stood in front of him. The blind man took a small book from his coat pocket and held it out. Gillian opened it and saw that it was a bank deposit book. Gillian returned the bank book and got back into the cab. Miss Hayden was writing letters in the library. The small, thin woman wore black clothes. But you would have noticed her eyes. Gillian entered the room as if the world were unimportant. Tolman asked me to bring you the money. Miss Hayden turned white. In a low voice he said, "I suppose, of course, that you know I love you. Miss Hayden supplied him with paper and pen, and then went back to her writing table. He bowed to Miss Hayden and left. His cab stopped again at the offices of Tolman and Sharp. Without touching the envelope, Mr. Tolman went to a door and called his partner, Sharp. Together they searched for something in a large safe. They brought out a big envelope sealed with wax. As they opened the envelope, they shook their heads together over its contents. Then Tolman became the spokesman. I will explain to you the spirit of its contents. Tolman reached for the envelope. Gillian was a little quicker in taking it up. He calmly tore the report and its cover into pieces and dropped them into his pocket. Good-day to you, gentlemen. They heard him whistling happily in the hallway as he waited for the elevator. In the comments section, write a sentence using one of these words and we will provide feedback on your use of vocabulary and grammar.

2: O. Henry's Full House () - IMDb

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.

This section needs additional citations for verification. Please help improve this article by adding citations to reliable sources. Unsourced material may be challenged and removed. He changed the spelling of his middle name to Sydney in . His parents were Dr. When William was three, his mother died after birthing her third child, and he and his father moved into the home of his paternal grandmother. He then enrolled at the Lindsey Street High School. His aunt continued to tutor him until he was . At the drugstore, he also showed his natural artistic talents by sketching the townsfolk. Hall to Texas in March , hoping that a change of air would help alleviate a persistent cough he had developed. While on the ranch, he learned bits of Spanish and German from the mix of immigrant ranch hands. He also spent time reading classic literature. Porter resided with the Harrells for three years. He went to work briefly for the Morley Brothers Drug Company as a pharmacist. He also began writing as a sideline and wrote many of his early stories in the Harrell house. As a young bachelor, Porter led an active social life in Austin. He was known for his wit, story-telling and musical talents. He played both the guitar and mandolin. He sang in the choir at St. Porter family in early s Athol, Margaret daughter , William Porter met and began courting Athol Estes, 17 years old and from a wealthy family. Her mother objected to the match because Athol was ill, suffering from tuberculosis. Smoot, pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church , where the Estes family attended church. The couple continued to participate in musical and theater groups, and Athol encouraged her husband to pursue his writing. Athol gave birth to a son in , who died hours after birth, and then daughter Margaret Worth Porter in September . The salary was enough to support his family, but he continued his contributions to magazines and newspapers. The castle-like building he worked in was even woven into some of his tales such as "Bexar Scrip No. His job at the GLO was a political appointment by Hall. Hall ran for governor in the election of but lost. Porter resigned on January 21, , the day after the new governor, Jim Hogg , was sworn in. The bank was operated informally, and Porter was apparently careless in keeping his books and may have embezzled funds. In , he was accused by the bank of embezzlement and lost his job but was not indicted at the time. He then worked full-time on his humorous weekly called The Rolling Stone, which he started while working at the bank. Although eventually reaching a top circulation of 1,, The Rolling Stone failed in April because the paper never provided an adequate income. However, his writing and drawings had caught the attention of the editor at the Houston Post. Porter and his family moved to Houston in , where he started writing for the Post. Porter gathered ideas for his column by loitering in hotel lobbies and observing and talking to people there. This was a technique he used throughout his writing career. While he was in Houston, federal auditors audited the First National Bank of Austin and found the embezzlement shortages that led to his firing. A federal indictment followed, and he was arrested on charges of embezzlement. He was due to stand trial on July 7, , but the day before, as he was changing trains to get to the courthouse, an impulse hit him. He fled, first to New Orleans and later to Honduras, with which the United States had no extradition treaty at that time. William lived in Honduras for only six months, until January . There he became friends with Al Jennings , a notorious train robber, who later wrote a book about their friendship. Unfortunately, Athol became too ill to meet Porter in Honduras as he had planned. When he learned that his wife was dying, Porter returned to Austin in February and surrendered to the court, pending trial. Athol Estes Porter died from tuberculosis then known as consumption on July 25, . He was sentenced to five years in prison and imprisoned on March 25, , at the Ohio Penitentiary in Columbus, Ohio. Porter was a licensed pharmacist and was able to work in the prison hospital as the night druggist. He was given his own room in the hospital wing, and there is no record that he actually spent time in the cell block of the prison. He had 14 stories published under various pseudonyms while he was in prison but was becoming best known as "O. A friend of his in New Orleans would forward his stories to publishers so that they had no idea that the writer was imprisoned. Porter was released on July 24, , for good behavior after serving three years. Margaret

was never told that her father had been in prison—just that he had been away on business. While there, he wrote short stories. His wit, characterization, and plot twists were adored by his readers but often panned by critics. Porter married again in to childhood sweetheart Sarah Sallie Lindsey Coleman, whom he met again after revisiting his native state of North Carolina. Sarah Lindsey Coleman was herself a writer and wrote a romanticized and fictionalized version of their correspondence and courtship in her novella *Wind of Destiny*. In , Sarah left him, and he died on June 5, , of cirrhosis of the liver , complications of diabetes , and an enlarged heart. She married cartoonist Oscar Cesare of New York in ; they were divorced four years later. She died of tuberculosis in and is buried next to her father. Stories[edit] Portrait of Porter used as frontispiece in the posthumous collection of short stories *Waifs and Strays* O. In his day he was called the American answer to Guy de Maupassant. While both authors wrote plot twist endings, O. Many take place in New York City and deal for the most part with ordinary people: Henry had an inimitable hand for isolating some element of society and describing it with an incredible economy and grace of language. Some of his best and least-known work is contained in *Cabbages and Kings* , a series of stories each of which explores some individual aspect of life in a paralytically sleepy Central American town, while advancing some aspect of the larger plot and relating back one to another. *Cabbages and Kings* was his first collection of stories, followed by *The Four Million*. Henry, everyone in New York counted. He had an obvious affection for the city, which he called "Bagdad-on-the-Subway", [7] and many of his stories are set there—while others are set in small towns or in other cities. His final work was "Dream", a short story intended for the magazine *The Cosmopolitan* but left incomplete at the time of his death. The essential premise of this story has been copied, re-worked, parodied, and otherwise re-told countless times in the century since it was written. Despite efforts at petty theft, vandalism, disorderly conduct, and "flirting" with a young prostitute, Soapy fails to draw the attention of the police. Disconsolate, he pauses in front of a church, where an organ anthem inspires him to clean up his life; ironically, he is charged for loitering and sentenced to three months in prison. He goes to a town bank to case it before he robs it. They immediately fall in love and Valentine decides to give up his criminal career. He moves into the town, taking up the identity of Ralph Spencer, a shoemaker. Just as he is about to leave to deliver his specialized tools to an old associate, a lawman who recognizes him arrives at the bank. Knowing it will seal his fate, Valentine opens the safe to rescue the child. In later film and TV depictions, the Kid would be portrayed as a dashing adventurer, perhaps skirting the edges of the law, but primarily on the side of the angels. In the original short story, the only story by Porter to feature the character, the Kid is a murderous, ruthless border desperado, whose trail is dogged by a heroic Texas Ranger. The twist ending is, unusually for Porter, tragic. Pen name[edit] Porter used a number of pen names including "O. Henry" or "Olivier Henry" in the early part of his writing career; other names included S. Dowd, and Howard Clark. Henry" seemed to garner the most attention from editors and the public, and was used exclusively by Porter for his writing by about He gave various explanations for the origin of his pen name. It was during these New Orleans days that I adopted my pen name of O. I said to a friend: Help me pick out a good one. In the society columns we found the account of a fashionable ball. I want something short. None of your three-syllable names for me. I replied, "O stands for Olivier, the French for Oliver. Dispensary which Porter used working in the prison pharmacy. Henry Award is a prestigious annual prize named after Porter and given to outstanding short stories. A film was made in featuring five stories, called *O. Henry House* and *O. Henry Hall* , both in Austin, Texas, are named for him. Henry was convicted of embezzlement.

3: Top 10 Greatest Shakespeare Plays - Listverse

O. Henry Series from Heuer Publishing - www.enganchecubano.com - O. Henry Series Here they are! Selections from O. Henry's short stories in our popular ten minute play format. Selections from O. Henry's short stories in our popular ten minute play format.

One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Three times Della counted it. And the next day would be Christmas. There was clearly nothing left 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 look-out 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 grey cat walking a grey fence in a grey 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 honour 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. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its colour 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. 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 cluttered out of 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 78 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 of saying little silent prayers 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 with out gloves. Jim stepped 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 a 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 for 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. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the magi. The Gift of the Magi.

4: Goodreads Top Stage Plays of All Time (books)

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You may sit down, if you like. I would like very much to have you do so. The light is too bad for reading. I would prefer to talk. Well, if you insist. I had my eye on you since yesterday. Whoever you are, you must remember that I am a lady. I asked you to sit down; if the invitation must constitute me your honeysuckle, consider it withdrawn. Abandon the subject, if you please. Of course I know. Now, tell me about these people passing and crowding, each way, along these paths. Where are they going? Why do they hurry so? The wonderful drama of life. I come here to sit because here, only, can I be near the great, common, throbbing heart of humanity. My part in life is cast where its beating is never felt. Can you surmise why I spoke to you, Mr. No, you would recognize it immediately. They furnish me with an incog. You should have seen the chauffeur staring when he thought I did not see. Candidly, there are five or six names that belong in the holy of holies, and mine, by the accident of birth, is one of them. I spoke to you, Mr. And of the men who surround me, dancing like little marionettes all cut from the same pattern. I am sick of pleasure, of jewels, of travel, of society, of luxuries of all kinds! I always had the idea that money must be a pretty good thing. A competence is to be desired, certainly. Drives, dinners, theatres, balls, suppers, balls, dinners, more balls, followed of course by dinners and suppers, with the gilding of superfluous wealth over it all. Sometimes the very tinkle of the ice in my champagne glass nearly drives me mad. I consider myself a bit of a connoisseur on the subject. But I like to have my information accurate. Now, I had formed the opinion that champagne is cooled in the bottle and not by placing ice in the glass. You must understand that we of the non-useful class depend for our amusement upon departure from precedent. Just now it is a fad to put ice in champagne. The idea was originated by a visiting Prince of Tartary while dining at the Waldorf. It will soon give way to some other whim. Just as, at a dinner party this week on Madison Avenue, a green kid glove was laid by the plate of each guest to be put on and used while eating olives. These special diversions of the inner circle do not become familiar to the common public, of course. We are drawn to that which we do not understand. For my part, I have always thought that if I should ever love a man it would be one of lowly station. One who is a worker and not a drone. But, doubtless, the claims of caste and wealth will prove stronger than my inclination. Just now I am besieged by two suitors. One is Grand Duke of a German principality. I think he has, or has had, a wife, somewhere, driven mad by his intemperance and cruelty. The other is an English Marquis, so cold and mercenary that I prefer even the diabolical nature of the Duke. What is it that impels me to tell you these things, Mr. A very humble one. But I hope to rise in the world someday. I admire your enthusiasm. I, myself, can find very little to be enthused about, burdened, as I am, by the constant pleasures and diversions of my class. Did you really mean it, before, when you said you could love a man of lowly station? Well, there is the Grand Duke and the Marquis to think of, you know. I am sure you understand when I say there are certain expectations of a young lady in my position. It would be such a disappointment to certain members of my family if I were to marry a commoner as we like to call them. You simply cannot imagine the scandal it would cause. All the magazines would remark upon it. I might even be cut off from the family fortune. And yet — no calling could be too humble were the man I loved all that I wish him to be. I work in a restaurant. Not as a waiter? She rises with a start. — I am late for an important engagement. Will I see you again? I do not know. I must go quickly now. The same old round! Perhaps you noticed an automobile at the upper corner of the park as you came. One with a white body. I always come in that. Pierre waits for me there. He supposes me to be shopping in the department store across the square. Conceive of the bondage of the life wherein we must deceive even our chauffeurs. I mean — no. If you have the slightest regard for my wishes, you will remain on this bench for ten minutes after I have left. I do not mean to question your intentions, but you are probably aware that autos generally bear the monogram of their owner. What on earth are you doing out here?! To whom am I — to you! Who do you think, you ninny?! Have you been drinking?! Why are you wearing that ridiculous hat?!

5: While the Auto Waits - a short comedy in one act by O. Henry

5 by O. Henry Plays For ten performances every September, Greensboro's own William Sidney Porter takes the stage to retell five of his engaging tales filled with laughs, lessons and surprises. You'll also enjoy the vintage music that helps make this event a banquet for the senses.

Like many other writers, O. Henry's first creative expressions came while working in the pharmacy where he would sketch the townspeople that frequented the store. The customers reacted warmly to his drawings and he was admired for his artistry and drawing skills. Henry moved to Texas in March of hoping to get rid of a persistent cough that he had developed. While there, he took up residence on a sheep ranch, learned shepherding, cooking, babysitting, and bits of Spanish and German from the many migrant farmhands. He had an active social life in Austin and was a fine musician, skilled with the guitar and mandolin. Over the next several years, Porter -- as he was still known -- took a number of different jobs, from pharmacy to drafting, journalism, and banking. Banking, in particular, was not to be O. Henry's father-in-law posted bail for him, but he fled the day before the trial in , first to New Orleans, then to Honduras, where there was no extradition treaty. He befriended a notorious train robber there, Al Jennings, who later wrote a book about their friendship. Henry sent his wife and daughter back to Texas, after which he holed up in a hotel to write his first collection of short stories, *Cabbages and Kings* published in . He learned his wife was dying of tuberculosis and could not join him in Honduras, so he returned to Austin and turned himself in to the court. His father-in-law again posted his bail so he could remain with his wife until her death in . He was sentenced and served in Federal prison in Ohio for five years from . During his jail time, he returned to practicing pharmacy and had a room in the hospital, never having to live in a cell. Henry was always a lover of classic literature, and while pursuing his many ventures, O. Henry had begun writing as a hobby. Henry collected ideas for his column by loitering in hotel lobbies and observing and talking to people there. He relied on this technique to gain creative inspiration throughout his writing career; which is a fun fact to keep in mind while reading an imaginative masterpiece of a story like *Transients in Arcadia*. The stories were set in a midwestern American town in which sub-plots and larger plots are interwoven in an engaging manner. His second collection of stories, *The Four Million*, was released in . The stories are set in New York City, and the title is based on the population of the city at that time. The collection contained several short story masterpieces, including *The Gift of the Magi* , *The Cop and the Anthem* , and many others. Henry had an obvious affection for New York City and its diversity of people and places, a reverence that rises up through many of his stories. His most famous short story, *The Gift of the Magi* , epitomizes his style. That problem -- their lack of funds -- finds a famously endearing and ironic resolution. *The Cop and the Anthem* is about a New York City hobo with a creative solution for dealing with the cold city streets during winter. Another story, *A Retrieved Reformation* , is about a safecracker, Jimmy Valentine, fresh from prison, whose life takes an unexpected turn while trying to come clean or is he casing his next crime scene? *The Ransom of Red Chief* , a story about two hapless kidnappers who snatch a heinous boy whose menacing ways turn the tables on them. By , his health had deteriorated and his writing dropped off accordingly. He died in of cirrhosis of the liver, complications of diabetes, and an enlarged heart. The funeral was held in New York City, but he was buried in North Carolina, the state where he was born. He was a gifted short story writer and left us a rich legacy of great stories to enjoy. Enjoy some illustrated Short Stories from O. Henry; click to read.

6: Ten Plays from O. Henry: Authorized Dramatizations - Addison Geery Smith, O. Henry - Google Books

espn top 10 play. This feature is not available right now. Please try again later.

Share1 Shares 3K There is no doubt that Mr Shakespeare is the greatest writer of modern English to date – his plays have been made into movies, his sonnets have appeared in books and music, and his works translated in to hundreds of different languages. His contribution to the English language is probably larger than that of anyone else. If you have not read all of the plays below, you should certainly try – I definitely will be [JFrater]. The work revolves around four central characters: Othello, his wife Desdemona, his lieutenant Cassio and his trusted advisor Iago. Attesting to its enduring popularity, the play appeared in seven editions between and Because of its varied themes – racism, love, jealousy and betrayal – it remains relevant to the present day and is often performed in professional and community theatres alike. The play has also been the basis for numerous operatic, film and literary adaptations. The content has become the subject of considerable controversy. The play has been adapted numerous times for opera, stage, screen and musical theatre. It was written around and first published in the First Folio in The leading character, Viola, is shipwrecked on the shores of Illyria during the opening scenes. She loses contact with her twin brother, Sebastian, whom she believes dead. Posing as a man and masquerading as a young page under the name Cesario, she enters the service of Duke Orsino. Olivia, believing Viola to be a man, falls in love with this handsome and eloquent messenger. Viola, in turn, has fallen in love with the Duke, who also believes Viola is a man and who regards her as his confidant. It portrays the conspiracy against the Roman dictator of the same name, his assassination and its aftermath. The protagonist of the play is Marcus Brutus and the central psychological drama is his struggle between the conflicting demands of honor, patriotism and friendship. The play reflected the general anxiety of England over succession of leadership. At the time of its creation and first performance, Queen Elizabeth, a strong ruler, was elderly and had refused to name a successor, leading to worries that a civil war similar to that of Rome might break out after her death. The play is sometimes classified as a tragedy as in the earliest quarto ; but it more correctly belongs to the histories, as classified in the First Folio. The length is generally seen as a drawback, for which reason it is rarely performed unabridged. It is often shortened by cutting peripheral characters. It is frequently performed at both amateur and professional levels and has been adapted for opera, film, books, stage and screen. Often regarded as archetypal, the play tells of the dangers of the lust for power and the betrayal of friends. The play has been highly praised by literary critics for its language and dramatic effect. Its influence is still seen today, with the two main characters being widely represented as archetypal young lovers. This is the singularly greatest romance ever written and has been continuously adapted to each generation in musicals, cinema and the theatre. The play vividly charts the course of real and feigned madness – from overwhelming grief to seething rage – and explores themes of treachery, revenge, incest and moral corruption.

7: The Gift of the Magi

Complete text of the minute play by O. Henry. [Twilight. The quiet corner of a city park. A GIRL in gray sits alone on a bench, reading her book.

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: The song "Gift of the Magi 2: 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.

8: Scenes from Shakespeare's Henry IV Part 1

William Sydney Porter (September 11, - June 5,), better known by his pen name O. Henry, was an American short story writer. His stories are known for their surprise endings.

9: Best Short Stories - O. Henry - Google Books

Welcome to the world record battlefield 1 top 10 plays of the week, today we feature a BF1 montage of some of the best kills and the ultimate flank Game Battlefield 1.

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