

The Gift of the Magi

Book Unit - Part 2



Created by Gay Miller



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This book unit will be provided in four blog posts.

The posts will include:

- vocabulary
- comprehension
- constructed response questions
- writing project

This packet contains printable versions of the story. Two versions of the story are included. The first is the original written by O. Henry. The second is a simplified version. The original text tests at a 6.1 grade equivalent (Lexile Measure®: 940L). The simplified version reads at a grade level equivalent: of 4.9.

I hope your students enjoy using this book study.



The Gift of the Magi

By William Sydney Porter
(O. Henry)

Genre ~ Classics & Short Stories

Grade Level Equivalent: 6.1

Lexile Measure®: 940L

Simplified Version

Grade Level Equivalent: 4.9

THE GIFT OF THE MAGI

by O. Henry

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.

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 \$8 per week. 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."

The "Dillingham" had been flung to the breeze during a former period of **prosperity** when its possessor was being paid \$30 per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to \$20, though, they were thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and **unassuming** D. But whenever 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. Tomorrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only \$1.87 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 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. 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: "Mne. Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds." One flight up Della ran, and collected herself, panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie."

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

"I buy hair," said Madame. "Take yer hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it."

Down rippled the brown cascade.

"Twenty dollars," said Madame, lifting the mass with a practiced hand.

"Give it to me quick," said Della.

Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor. She was ransacking the stores for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them inside out. It was a platinum fob chain simple and chaste in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not by **meretricious** ornamentation--as all good things should do. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like him. Quietness and value--the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the 87 cents. With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap that he used in place of a chain.

When Della reached home her intoxication gave way a little to **prudence** and reason. She got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task, dear friends--a mammoth task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant schoolboy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror long, carefully, and critically.

"If Jim doesn't kill me," she said to herself, "before he takes a second look at me, he'll say I look like a Coney Island chorus girl. But what could I do--oh! what could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents?"

At 7 o'clock the coffee was made and the frying-pan was on the back of the stove hot and ready to cook the chops.

Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in her hand and sat on the corner of the table near the door that he always entered. Then she heard his step on the stair away down on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit for saying little silent prayer about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered: "Please God, make him think I am still pretty."

The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-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.

"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 again--you 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 nice-- what a beautiful, nice gift I've got for you."

"You've cut off your hair?" asked Jim, laboriously, as if he had not arrived at that **patent** fact yet even after the hardest mental labor.

"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?"

Jim looked about the room curiously.

"You say your hair is gone?" he said, with an air almost of idiocy.

"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 with sudden serious sweetness, "but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?"

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.

Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table.

"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 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."

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.

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: "My hair grows so fast, Jim!"

And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat and cried, "Oh, oh!"

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.

"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."

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

"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."

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. O all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the magi.

THE GIFT OF THE MAGI (Simplified Version)

by O. Henry

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 negotiating with the men at the market who sold vegetables and meat. Negotiating until one's face burned with the silent knowledge of being poor. 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 sit down on the shabby little couch and cry. So Della cried. Which **instigates** the thought that life is made up of little cries and smiles, with more little cries than smiles.

While the lady of the home is slowly growing quieter, we can look at the home. Furnished rooms at a cost of \$8 a week. There is little more to say about it.

In the hall below was a letter-box too small to hold a letter. There was an electric bell, but it could not make a sound. Also there was a name beside the door: "Mr. James Dillingham Young."

When the name was placed there, Mr. James Dillingham Young was having a brief period of **prosperity**. He was being paid \$30 a week. Now, when he was being paid only \$20 a week, the name seemed too long and important. It should perhaps have been an **unassuming** "Mr. James D. Young." But when Mr. James Dillingham Young entered the furnished rooms, his name became very short indeed. Mrs. James Dillingham Young put her arms warmly about him and called him "Jim." You have already met her. She is Della.

Della finished her crying and dried her face. She stood by the window and looked out unhappily at a gray cat walking along a gray fence in a gray back yard. Tomorrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only one dollar and eighty-seven cents to buy her husband Jim a gift. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result.

Jim earned twenty dollars a week, which does not go far. Expenses had been greater than she had expected. They always are. Many a happy hour she had spent planning to buy something nice for him. Something fine and rare -- something close to being worthy of the honor of belonging to Jim.

There was a tall glass mirror between the windows of the room. Suddenly Della turned from the window and stood before the glass mirror and looked at herself. Her eyes were shining, but her face had lost its color within twenty seconds. Quickly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now, Mr. and Missus James Dillingham Young had two possessions which they valued. One was Jim's gold time piece, the watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair.

Had the Queen of Sheba lived in their building, Della would have let her hair hang out the window to dry just to **depreciate** the value of the queen's jewels. 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, shining like a brown waterfall. It reached below her knees and made itself almost like a covering for her. And then quickly she put it up again. Once she **faltered** for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet.

She put on her coat and her old brown hat. With a quick motion and brightness still in her eyes, she danced out the door and down the street.

Where she stopped the sign read: "Madame Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds." Della ran up the steps to the shop, out of breath.

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

"I buy hair," said Madame. "Take your hat off and let us have a look at it."

Down came the beautiful brown waterfall of hair.

"Twenty dollars," said Madame, lifting the hair with an experienced hand.

"Give it to me quick," said Della.

The next two hours went by as if they had wings. Della looked in all the stores to choose a gift for Jim.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. It was a chain -- simple round rings of silver. It was perfect for Jim's gold watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be for him. It was like him. Quiet and with great value. She gave the shopkeeper twenty-one dollars and she hurried home with the eighty-seven cents that was left.

When Della arrived home her excitement faded to a little **prudence** and reason. She began to repair what was left of her hair. The hair had been ruined by her love and her desire to give a special gift. Repairing the damage was a very big job – a mammoth task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny round curls of hair that made her look wonderfully like a schoolboy. She looked at herself in the glass mirror long and carefully.

"If Jim does not kill me before he takes a second look at me," she said to herself, "he'll say I look like a Coney Island chorus girl. But what could I do--oh! what could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents?"

At seven o'clock that night the coffee was made and the pan on the back of the stove was hot and ready to cook the meat.

Jim was never late coming home from work. Della held the silver chain in her hand and sat near the door. Then she heard his step and she turned white for just a minute. She had a way of saying a little silent prayer about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered: "Please God, make him think I am still pretty."

The door opened and Jim stepped in. He looked thin and very serious. Poor man, he was only twenty-two and he had to care for a wife. He needed a new coat and gloves to keep his hands warm.

Jim stopped inside the door, as immovable as a dog smelling a bird. His eyes were fixed upon Della. There was an expression in them that she could not read, and it frightened her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor fear, nor any of the **sentiments** that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face. He simply looked at her with a strange expression on his face. Della went to him.

"Jim, my love," she cried, "do not look at me that way. I had my hair cut and sold because I could not have lived through Christmas without giving you a gift. My hair will grow out again. I just had to do it. My hair grows very fast. Say 'Merry Christmas! Jim, and let us be happy. You do not know what a nice-- what a beautiful, nice gift I have for you.'"

"You have cut off your hair?" asked Jim, slowly, as if he had not accepted the patent information even after his mind worked very hard.

"Cut it off and sold it," said Della. "Do you not like me just as well? I am the same person without my hair, right?"

Jim looked about the room as if he were looking for something.

"You say your hair is gone?" he asked.

"You need not look for it," said Della. "It is sold, I tell you--sold and gone, too. It is Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it was cut 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 meat on, Jim?"

Jim seemed to awaken quickly and put his arms around Della. Then he took a package from his coat and threw it on the table.

"Do not make any mistake about me, Dell," he said. "I do not think there is any haircut that could make me like my girl any less. But if you will open that package you may see why you had me frightened at first."

White fingers quickly tore at the string and paper. There was an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a change to tears and cries, requiring the man of the house to use all his skill to calm his wife.

For there were the combs -- the special set of objects to hold her hair that Della had wanted ever since she saw them in a shop window. Beautiful combs, made of shells, with jewels at the edge --just the color to wear in the beautiful hair that was no longer hers. They cost a lot of money, she knew, and her heart had wanted them without ever hoping to have them. And now, the beautiful combs were hers, but the hair that should have touched them was gone.

But she held the combs to herself, and soon she was able to look up with a smile and say, "My hair grows so fast, Jim!"

Then Della jumped up like a little burned cat and cried, "Oh, oh!"

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful gift. She happily held it out to him in her open hands. The silver chain seemed so bright. The metal seemed to flash with the reflection of her ardent spirit.

"Isn't it wonderful, Jim? I looked all over town to find it. You will 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."

Instead of obeying, Jim fell on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

"Dell," said he, "let us put our Christmas gifts away and keep them a while. They are too nice to use just right now. I sold my gold watch to get the money to buy the set of combs for your hair. And now, why not put the meat on."

The magi were wise men--wonderfully wise men--who brought gifts to the Baby Jesus. They invented the art of giving Christmas gifts. Being wise, their gifts were wise ones. And here I have told you the story of two young people who most unwisely gave 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. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the magi.

Comprehension

The comprehension questions are coded by skills.

Types of Questions Key

detail / inference



main idea / summarizing / theme



character/ setting /plot/ events



word meaning / figurative language



text structure



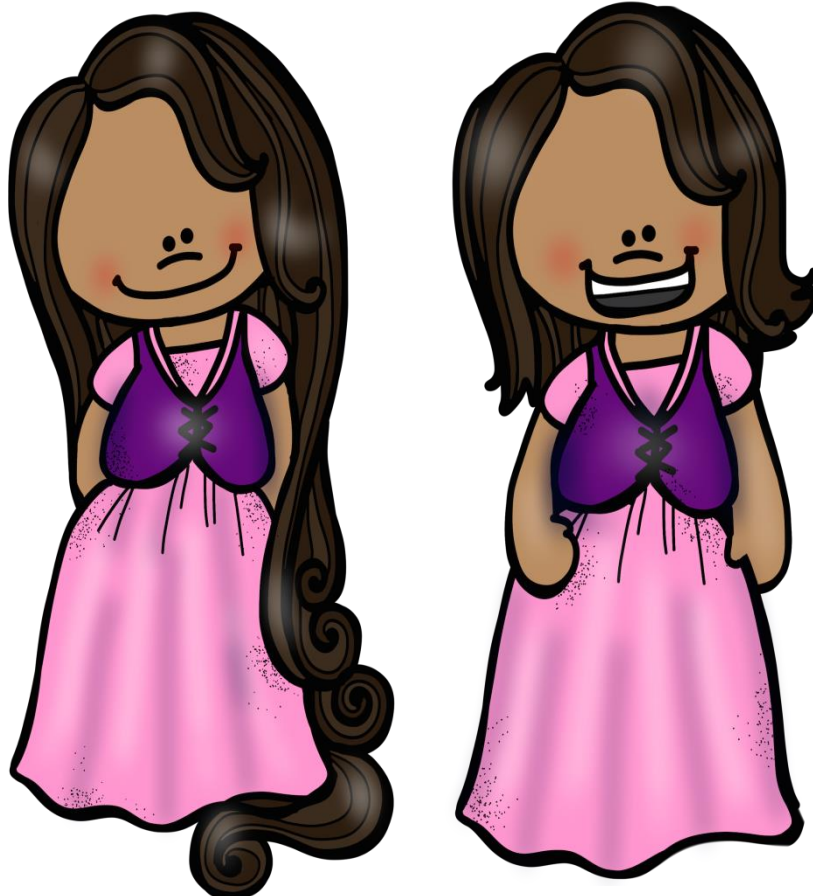
point of view



different forms of the same story



compare and contrast



The Gift of the Magi

1. Which three phrases best summarize *The Gift of the Magi*?

- a. extremely poor, perfect gift, comb and chain
- b. sell hair to buy watch chain, sell watch to buy combs, sacrifice makes gifts useless
- c. wise gifts, surprise, irony
- d. Della's combs, Jim's watch chain, eat supper

3. *The Gift of the Magi* is told from which point of view?

- a. 1st
- b. 2nd
- c. 3rd from Della's perspective
- d. 3rd from Jim's perspective

5. Write a list of examples explaining how the author showed Della and Jim were poor.

- _____
- _____
- _____
- _____
- _____
- _____

7. Read this passage from the story.

Which instigates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.

Why did the author most like use alliteration?

- a. to give the story a poetic feeling
- b. to emphasize the emotions felt by Della
- c. to show wisdom
- d. to get away from overly long sentences

2. *The Gift of the Magi* fits into which of the following genres? Check one from each row.

- | | | |
|---------------|-----|-------------------------|
| _____ ? | vs. | _____ ? |
| _____ Fantasy | | _____ Realistic Fiction |
| _____ Fiction | | _____ Nonfiction |
| _____ Drama | | _____ Literature |
| _____ Parable | | _____ Fairy Tale |
| _____ Classic | | _____ Modern Story |

4. Which plot device does O. Henry use in *The Gift of the Magi*?

- a. cliffhanger
- b. twist ending
- c. flashback
- d. flash forward

6. The tone of the story can best be describes as ---.

- a. a well-meaning narrator who conveys a lesson
- b. a neutral observer relaying the facts
- c. a dear friend gossiping
- d. a preachy sermon

8. Sequence the following events by numbering them in the correct order.

- _____ Jim comes home and stares at Della's missing hair.
- _____ Della goes to a mirror to let her hair down to study it.
- _____ Della bundles up and heads out in the cold.
- _____ Della fixes her hair then prepares dinner.
- _____ Della buys a watch chain.
- _____ Jim gives Della her present.
- _____ Della cries because the next day is Christmas and she doesn't have enough money to buy Jim a present.
- _____ Jim recommends they put away their gifts and have dinner.
- _____ Della sells her hair of \$20.00.
- _____ Della counts her money.

The Gift of the Magi

9. How would the story be different if it were told from Jim's perspective?

11. What do the Queen of Sheba, King Solomon, and the Three Wise Men have in common?

13. The setting is important to the story because---

- a. Based on tools used, the reader knows the story takes place in the first decade of the 20th century.
- b. The story takes place in a city where you often see apartments.
- c. The story takes place on Christmas Eve in a small unassuming apartment.
- d. Everything is gray in color: the cat, the fence, and the backyard to show the emotions.

15. Summarize the story writing a "somebody wanted but so" statement from Della's perspective and again from Jim's perspective.

10. What is the most likely reason the author broke grammar rules such as using incomplete sentences?

- a. The author wanted to make the story easier to read for a younger audience.
- b. The author wanted the story to be more easily broken down into individual parts for a clearer understanding.
- c. The author wanted to use natural speech to make the story come across as someone is orally telling the reader a story.
- d. The author wanted to keep the reader on edge so that the story is suspenseful.

12. Why did the author compare Della and Jim to the Magi?

14. Which word best describes Madame Sofronie?

- a. warm and caring
- b. indirect and aloof
- c. all business (to-the-point)
- d. friendly and concerned

16. List events that took place in three's.

- _____
- _____
- _____
- _____

Why did the author most likely use "3" in the story?

The Gift of the Magi

1. Which three phrases best summarize *The Gift of the Magi*?

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3. *The Gift of the Magi* is told from which point of view?

- a. 1st
- b. 2nd
- c. 3rd from Della's perspective
- d. 3rd from Jim's perspective

5. Write a list of examples explaining how the author showed Della and Jim were poor.

- little money
- shabby furniture
- mailbox that was too small
- dead doorbell
- worn red carp
- Della's old brown jacket and hat
- Jim needed a new overcoat and had no gloves.

7. Read this passage from the story.

Which instigates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.

Why did the author most like use alliteration?

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_____ ?	vs.	_____ ?
_____ Fantasy		<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Realistic Fiction
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8. Sequence the following events by numbering them in the correct order.

- _____ 8 Jim comes home and stares at Della's missing hair.
- _____ 3 Della goes to a mirror to let her hair down to study it.
- _____ 4 Della bundles up and heads out in the cold.
- _____ 7 Della fixes her hair then prepares dinner.
- _____ 6 Della buys a watch chain.
- _____ 9 Jim gives Della her present.
- _____ 2 Della cries because the next day is Christmas and she doesn't have enough money to buy Jim a present.
- _____ 10 Jim recommends they put away their gifts and have dinner.
- _____ 5 Della sells her hair of \$20.00.
- _____ 1 Della counts her money.

The Gift of the Magi

9. How would the story be different if it were told from Jim's perspective?

More than likely Jim would have felt guilt. At the time the story was written, men were the providers of the family. The fact that they didn't have money for Christmas would have been Jim's burden.

11. What do the Queen of Sheba, King Solomon, and the Three Wise Men have in common?

All three were royal Biblical figures of the Old Testament. The Magi brought expensive gifts (gold, frankincense, and myrrh) to Baby Jesus. Both Sheba and Solomon were known for their wealth.

13. The setting is important to the story because---

- Based on tools used, the reader knows the story takes place in the first decade of the 20th century.
- The story takes place in a city where you often see apartments.
- The story takes place on Christmas Eve in a small unassuming apartment.
- Everything is gray in color: the cat, the fence, and the backyard to show the emotions.

15. Summarize the story writing a "somebody wanted but so" statement from Della's perspective and again from Jim's perspective.

Della wanted to give Jim the perfect Christmas present **but** she didn't have any money, **so** she sold her hair to buy Jim a chain for his watch.

Jim wanted to give Della the perfect Christmas present **but** he didn't have any money, **so** he sold his prized watch to buy Della combs for her beautiful hair.

10. What is the most likely reason the author broke grammar rules such as using incomplete sentences?

- The author wanted to make the story easier to read for a younger audience.
- The author wanted the story to be more easily broken down into individual parts for a clearer understanding.
- The author wanted to use natural speech to make the story come across as someone is orally telling the reader a story.
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12. Why did the author compare Della and Jim to the Magi?

Jim and Della gave each other the best gifts possible, just like the Magi gave the best gifts.

14. Which word best describes Madame Sofronie?

- warm and caring
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- all business (to-the-point)
- friendly and concerned

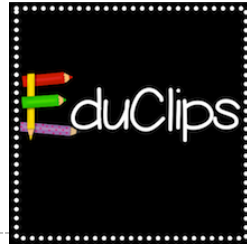
16. List events that took place in three's.

- Three characters - Della, Jim, and Madame Sofronie
- Della counts the money three times.
- Alliteration - sobs, sniffles, and smiles and sudden serious sweetness
- Three gray items out the window - cat, fence, and backyard
- The Wise Men

Why did the author most likely use "3" in the story?

Answers will vary.

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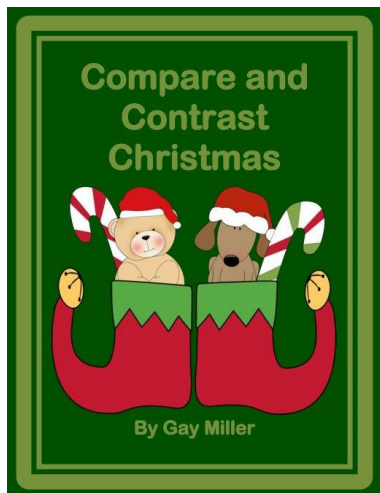
Do you need additional teaching resources? Check out these Christmas resources at my on Teachers Pay Teachers store.



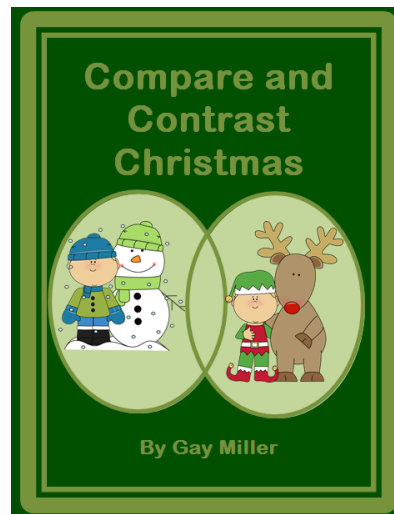
[The Best Christmas Pageant Ever Book Unit](#)



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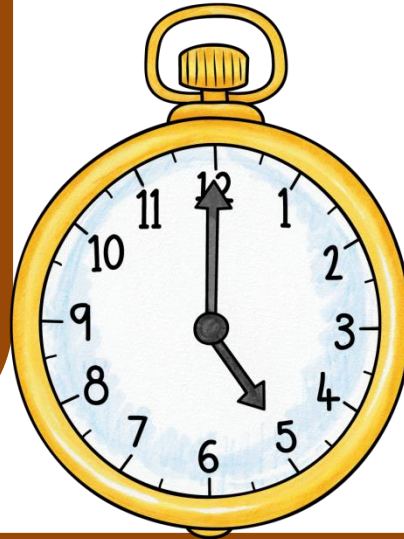
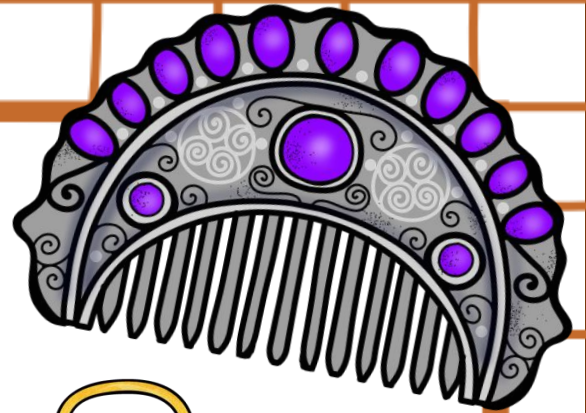
[Compare and Contrast Christmas](#)



[This is a free sample from the Compare and Contrast Christmas pictured to the right.](#)

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