

The Gift of the Magi
by O. Henry

**(Дары Волхвов
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- One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That is all. And the next day will be Christmas.

(Дэлла падает на диван и плачет. Потом вытирает слезы и подходит к окну.)

- 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.

- Tomorrow will be Christmas Day and I have only one dollar and eighty-seven cents to buy a present for Jim. My Jim.

(Внезапно отбегаем от окна и становимся перед зеркалом. Глаза блестят. Быстро распускает волосы и они ниспадают до колен.)

- Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch, the other was Della's hair.

(Собирает волосы нервно и быстро. Замирает на миг и две слезинки падают на ковер. Надевает старенькое коричневое пальто и коричневую шляпку. Бежит по ступенькам вниз, на улицу. Остановивается у вывески « Mme Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds ». Вбегаем наверх.)

- Will you buy my hair?

-I buy hair. Take your hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it.

- Twenty dollars. *(проводит рукой по волосам)*

- Give it to me quick. (Дэлла)

(And the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. She was ransacking the stores for Jim's present. She found it at last - A platinum fob chain, simple and chaste in design. It was even worthy of the watch.)

(Купила цепочку. Прибежала домой. Смотрит на свое отражение в зеркале долго, тщательно, критично.)

- If Jim doesn't kill me...But what could I do-oh! What could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents?

7 часов. Кофе готов и сковорода с котлетами на плите. Слышит шаги Джима на лестнице.

- Please, God, make him think I am still pretty. *(говорит тихо)*

(Входит Джим, закрывает засобой дверь. Он очень серьезен. Его глаза прикованы к Дэлле. Она вскакивает из-за стола и подходит к нему.)

- Jim, darling, don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut and sold it because I couldn't have lived through Christmas without giving you a present. It will 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 gift I've got for you!

- You've cut off your hair?

-Cut it off and sold it. Don't you like me just as well, anyhow?

- You say your hair is gone? *(Джим оглядывает комнату)*

-You needn't look for it. It's sold. It's Christmas Eve. Be good to me, for it went for you. Shall I put the chops on?

(Джим встает с дивана, вытаскивает из кармана сверток и бросает на стол.)

- Don't make any mistake, Dell, about me. But if you unwrap that package, you may see why you had me going a while at first.

(Дэлла развязывает сверток. Крик радости, потом слезы. Там гребни, о которых она так долго мечтала. Прижимает их к себе.)

- My hair grows so fast, Jim!

(Протягивает ему на ладони подарок.)

- Isn't it a dandy, Jim? Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it!

(Джим садится на диван, руки кладет за голову и улыбается.)

- Dell, let's put our Christmas presents away and keep them a while. They're too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to buy your combs. And now I suppose you put the chops on.

- The magi, as you know, were wise men who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Now you've heard the story about two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house. But of all who give gifts these two are the wisest. They are the magi.