

บทที่ 5

แบบฝึกหัดการแปล

จงแปลเป็นภาษาไทย

นิทานพื้นบ้าน (Folk Tales)

เรื่องที่ 1

The Wolf And the Seven Little Kids

Once upon a time there was an old goat who had seven little kids. She loved them just as a mother always loves her children.

One day she wanted to go into the forest to find some food. So she called all seven kids to her and said: "Dear children, I have to go into the forest. Be on your guard against the wolf. If he comes in, he will eat you.—skin, hair, and all. You will know him at once by his harsh voice and his black feet.

The kids said: "Dear mother, we will take good care of ourselves. You need not fear to go away and leave us alone."

Then the mother goat bleated and went on her way with an easy mind.

(from German Folk Tale)

เรื่องที่ 2

Once upon a time there was a King who had twelve sons. When they were grown big he told them they must go out into the world to win themselves wives. These wives must each be able to spin, weave, and sew a shirt in one day, else he would not have them for daughter-in-law.

To each son he gave a horse and a new suit of clothes. So they started out into the world to look for their brides. When they had gone a little way together they said they would not have Boots, their youngest brother, with them, for he was stupid.

So Boots had to stay behind. He did not know what to do or where to turn. He was very sad. He got off his horse and sat down in the tall grass to weep.

(from Norse Folk Tale)

เรื่องที่ 3

The Bird of Happiness

(A Tibetan Folktale)

In the old days, there was a very poor area in Tibet which had no rivers or good land, no warmth or fresh flowers, no trees or green grass. The people who lived there suffered from hunger and cold all year round and did not know what happiness was like. But despite this, they still believed that happiness must exist somewhere in the world.

The old folk used to say that happiness was a beautiful bird living on a snowy mountain far, far away in the east. Wherever the bird flew, happiness went with it. Every year people went to look for this bird, but not a single one of them ever returned. The Bird of Happiness was said to be guarded by three old monsters, who could kill a man simply blowing through their long beards.

One year, an extremely bright boy called Wangjia was sent to find the Bird of Happiness. On his departure, the girls of the village offered him barley wine; and the mothers, in accordance with Tibetan custom, spread barley grains on his head to wish him a good journey.

(from Favorite Folktales of China)

นิทานสอนคติธรรม (Fables)

เรื่องที่ 4

The Wild Boar And The Fox

A wild boar was sharpening his tusks on a tree in the forest when a fox came by.

“Why are you wasting your time doing that?” asked the fox.

“There are no hunters in the forest today. You have nothing to fear.”

“You are probably right,” said the wild boar, “but when my life is in danger, I must be ready to defend myself without delay. I will not have time to sharpen my tusks first.”

Be prepared

(from Aesop Fables)

เรื่องที่ 5

The Wind And The Sun

The Wind once boasted to the Sun that he was very strong. "Just watch me," he said. "I can make the tallest trees tremble. And I can break off their biggest branches. Ho, ho, Mr. Sun! You could never do that."

"Yes, but I can do some things you could never do," answered the Sun. "I make the trees grow. I make their leaves green and their branches big and strong. I can wake up the seeds under the ground, and I help the flowers to bloom."

"Oh, that's nothing," laughed the Wind. And so he went on boasting.

Soon they saw a man walking down the road. "Let us find out which of us is the stronger," said the Sun. "Now we have a chance to prove it. We will both try to make that man take off his coat. The one who can make him do it will be the stronger."

"That's easy," chuckled the Wind, and he began tugging at the man's coat. He whipped and he whistled. He shrieked and he howled. But the harder he tried, the closer the man wrapped his coat around him.

At last the Wind saw that it was of no use to try any longer. So he gave it up.

Then out came the Sun, warm and gentle, from behind the clouds. He smiled upon the man and warmed him until the man no longer needed his coat. The man stopped by the roadside to take it off. And the gentle Sun had proved that he was the stronger.

A series of 14 horizontal lines providing a space for a handwritten response.

เรื่องที่ 6

The Timid Hare

(Hindu Tale)

Once upon a time there was a timid hare. All hares are timid; but this one was more timid than all the others. She always thought some terrible thing was going to happen.

She thought the earth might burn up, or fall to pieces, and she would say, "If the earth were to fall in, what should I do?" At last she began to believe that This was going to happen.

One day when she was alone she heard a little noise. It was only a heavy nut falling. But she became much frightened. "Now," she said, "the earth was falling in." She was frightened almost to death. She began to run as fast as she could.

By and by she met another hare, and said, "The earth is falling in!"

"Where?" said the other hare.

"I don't know," she said, "but the earth is falling in." And she ran.

Then the other hare also became so frightened that he began to run. He told the story to his brother. That brother told the story to all the family. They told it to other hares. At last all the hares in the forest were frightened and running about. All of them were saying, "The earth is falling in!"

Now the bigger animals heard it, and began to be afraid. The sheep told one another. The elephants told one another. They ran about saying to everyone who passed, "The earth is falling in!"

But the lion said, "I don't believe it." He asked the elephant, "How do you know?"

The elephant answered, "A tiger told me."

He asked the tiger, "How do you know?"

A tiger answered, "A sheep told me."

He asked the sheep, "How do you know?"

A sheep answered, "A hare told me."

He asked the hare, "Who told you?"

"One of my brothers," said the hare. "All the family know it."

By and by the lion found the little hare that began it all. The lion said, "Why did you say the earth is falling in?"

"I saw it," said the little hare.

"Come and show me," said the lion.

Now the little hare was afraid to go. But she was more afraid of the lion.

So she went.

"Here it is," she said.

"But I see nothing," said the lion. "Oh, yes," he said, "I do see. This big nut made the noise. The earth is *not* falling in. Now go and tell every other animal."

So the little hare went and called out, "The earth is *not* falling in!"

One by one all the other animals called to one another, "The earth is *not* falling in."

And the little hare was so tired that she lay down and slept for twelve hours.

เทพนิยาย (Fairy Tales)

เรื่องที่ 7

Briar Rose

A long time ago there lived a King and Queen, who said every day, "If only we had a child!" but for a long time they had none.

And then one day, as the Queen was bathing, a frog crept out of the water on the land, and said to her: "Your wish shall be fulfilled; before a year has passed you shall bring a daughter into the world.

The frog's word came true. The Queen had a little girl who was so beautiful that the King could not contain himself for joy, and prepared a great feast. He invited not only his relations, friends, and acquaintances, but the fairies, in order that they might be favorably and kindly disposed towards the child. There were thirteen of them in the kingdom, but as the King had only twelve golden plates for them to eat from, one of the fairies had to stay home.

The feast was held with all splendor, and when it came to an end the fairies all presented the child with a magic gift. One gave her virtue, another beauty, and a third riches, and so on, with everything in the world that she could wish for.

When eleven of the fairies had said their say, the thirteenth suddenly appeared. She wanted to revenge herself for not having been invited. Without greeting anyone, or even glancing at the company, she called out in a loud voice: "The Princess shall prick herself with a distaff in her fifteenth year and shall fall down dead." And without another word she turned and left the hall.

Everyone was terror-struck; but the twelfth fairy, whose wish was still unspoken, stepped forward. She could not cancel the curse, but could only soften it,

So she said: "It shall not be death, but a sleep lasting a hundred years,
into which your daughter shall fall."

(from Grimm's Fairy Tales)

เรื่องที่ 8

Mother Holle

At last the girl came to a little house, out of which an old woman peeped; but she had such large teeth that the girl was frightened, and was about to run away. But the old woman called out to her, "What are you afraid of, dear child? Stay with me; if you will do all the work in the house properly, you shall be the better for it. Only you must take care to make my bed well, and to shake it thoroughly till the feathers fly—for then there is snow on the earth. I am Mother Holle"

As the woman spoke so kindly to her, the girl took courage and agreed to enter her service. She attended to everything to the satisfaction of her mistress, and always shook her bed so vigorously that the feathers flew about like snowflakes. So she had a pleasant life with her; never an angry word and boiled or roast meat every day.

She stayed some time with Mother Holle, and then she became sad. At first she did not know what was the matter with her, but found at length that it was homesickness; although she was many thousand times better off here than at home, still she had a longing to be there. At last she said to the old woman, "I have a longing for home, and however well off I am down here, I cannot stay any longer; I must go up again to my own people."

Mother Holle said, "I'm pleased that you long for your home, and as you have served me so truly, I myself will take you up again." Thereupon she took her by the hand, and led her to a large door. The door was opened, and just as the maiden was standing beneath the doorway, a heavy shower of golden rain fell, and all the gold remained sticking to her, so that she was completely covered over with it.

And as she went into the yard the cock was standing by the well-side,
and cried:

“Cock-a-doodle-doo!

Your golden girl’s come back to you!”

So she went in to her mother, and as she arrived thus covered with gold,
she was well received, both by her and her sister.

(from Grimm’s Fairy Tales)

นวนิยายที่สะท้อนชีวิตจริง

เรื่องที่ 9

Surprise

One evening at supper, Pa said, "How would you like to work in town, Laura?" Laura could not say a word. Neither could any of the others. They all sat as if they were frozen. Grace's blue eyes stared over the rim of her tin cup, Carrie's teeth stayed bitten into a slice of bread, and Mary's hand held her fork stopped in the air. Ma let tea go pouring from the teapot's spout into Pa's brimming cup. Just in time, she quickly set down the teapot.

"What did you say, Charles?" she asked.

"I asked Laura how she'd like to take a job in town," Pa replied.

"A job? For a girl? In town?" Ma said. "Why, what kind of job—" Then quickly she said, "No, Charles, I won't have Laura working out in a hotel among all kinds of strangers."

"Who said such a thing?" Pa demanded. "No girl of ours'll do that, not while I'm alive and kicking."

"Of course not," Ma apologized. "You took me so by surprise. What other kind of work can there be? and Laura not old enough to teach school yet."

All in the minute before Pa began to explain, Laura thought of the town, and of the homestead claim where they were all so busy and happy now in the springtime, and she did not want anything changed. She did not want to work in town.

(from Little Town on the Prairie)

เรื่องที่ 10

UP to the Alm-Uncle

This is the story of a little orphan girl called Heidi, who was so happy that she made everyone around her happy, too. The story begins on a sunny day, in the mountains of Switzerland.

Heidi was climbing up a steep path to her grandfather's cottage; her aunt Dete was with her. Heidi had been looked after by Aunt Dete since she was a baby. But now Aunt Dete had a new job in a big city called Frankfurt. She wanted Heidi's grandfather to look after the child.

Heidi didn't know it, but her grandfather was a fierce old man who only came down from the mountain when he had goats' cheese to sell in Dorfli, the village in the valley. Everyone called him the Alm-Uncle, because the mountain he lived on was called the Alm.

Before Heidi and her aunt reached the cottage, they met a young goatherd called Peter, who was taking his goats to the high pasture. Heidi walked amongst the goats, chattering happily to Peter. She was entranced by her beautiful new surroundings. Happily, she kicked off her boots and skipped barefoot on the soft grass.

At last they reached the Alm-Uncle's cottage. The Alm-Uncle was sitting outside on a bench, and Heidi ran straight to him.

"Good day, Grandfather!" she called.

"Well, well, what have we here?" enquired the old man, glaring at Heidi from beneath his bushy eyebrows. Dete explained why she had brought Heidi. Then, as she was rather frightened of the old man, she turned and ran down the mountain.

เรื่องที่ 11

A Merry Christmas

Jo was first to wake in the gray dawn of Christmas morning. No stockings hung at the fireplace, and for a moment she felt as much disappointed as she did long ago, when her little sock fell down because it was so crammed with goodies. Then she remembered her mother's promise, and, slipping her hand under her pillow, drew out a little crimson-covered book. She knew it very well, for it was that beautiful old story of the best life ever lived, and Jo felt that it was a true guide-book for any pilgrim going the long journey. She woke Meg with a "Merry Christmas," and bade her see what was under her pillow. A green-covered book appeared, with the same picture inside, and a few words written by their mother, which made their one present very precious in their eyes. Presently Beth and Amy woke, to rummage and find their little books also,--one dove-colored, the other blue; and all sat looking at and talking about them, while the east grew rosy with the coming day.

In spite of her small vanities, Margaret had a sweet and pious nature, which unconsciously influenced her sisters, especially Jo, who loved her very tenderly and obeyed her because her advice was so gently given.

"Girls," said Meg seriously, looking from the tumbled head beside her to the two little night-capped ones in the room beyond, "mother wants us to read and love and mind these books, and we must begin at once. We used to be faithful about it; but since father went away, and all this war trouble unsettled us, we have neglected many things. You can do as you please, but I shall keep my book on the table here, and read a little every morning as soon as I wake, for I know it will do me good, and help me through the day."

(from Little Women)

นวนิยายผจญภัย (Adventure Stories)

เรื่องที่ 12

In the cave

The next Saturday was Becky Thatcher's birthday, and all Becky's friends were very excited.

"It's going to be a wonderful day," Becky told Tom. "We're going to have a picnic by the river, and after that, we can visit McDougal's Cave."

So in the morning, a big boat took Becky, Tom, and all their friends down the river. There were some older children on the boat too, but all the mothers and fathers stayed at home. Picnics are better without them!

And it was a very happy, noisy picnic.

After the picnic, the children took out their candles, and ran up the hill to the cave. The mouth of the cave was dark, and some of the children were afraid at first. But caves are exciting, so in the end everybody went in.

McDougal's Cave was very, very big, with hundreds of tunnels and rooms. The tunnels went up, down, and into the hill for miles. You could walk for days in McDougal's Cave. Nobody knew all the cave, but many people knew the tunnels near the door. You could play all day in these tunnels. Tom, of course, knew them well.

(from the Adventures of Tom Sawyer)

เรื่องที่ 13

Plans for an S.S. Meeting

"We'd better have a meeting of the Secret Seven," said Peter to Janet. "We haven't had on for ages."

"Oh, yes let's!" said Janet, shutting her book with a bang. "It isn't that we've had such a lot of exciting things to do in the Christmas holidays we simply haven't had time to call a meeting."

"But we must," said Peter. "It's no good having a Secret Society unless we use it. We'd better send out messages to the others."

"Five notes to write," groaned Janet. "You're quicker at writing than I am, Peter – you write three and I'll write two."

"Woof!" said Scamper, the golden spaniel.

"Yes, I know you'd love to write one, too, if you could," said Janet, patting the silky golden head. "You can carry one in your mouth to deliver. That can be *your* job, Scamper."

"What shall we say?" said Peter, pulling a piece of paper towards him and chewing the end of his pen as he tried to think of words.

"Well – we'd better tell them to come here, I think," said Janet. "We could use the old shed at the bottom of the garden for a meeting-place, could we? Mummy let us play there in the winter because it's next to the boiler that heats the greenhouse, and it's quite warm."

(from *The Secret Seven*)

เรื่องที่ 14

An Exciting Day

The three children thought of nothing else but Jack's secret island all the next day. Could they possibly run away and hide there? Could they live there? How could they get food? What would happen if people came to look for them? Would they be found? How busy their minds were, thinking, thinking, planning, planning! Oh, the excitement of that secret island! It seems so mysterious and lovely. If only, only they were all there, safe from slappings and scoldings!

The first time the children had a little time together to talk, they spoke about the island.

"Mike, we must go!" said Nora.

"Mike, let's tell Jack we'll go," said Peggy.

Mike scratched his curly black head . he felt old and worried. He wanted to go very badly - but would the two girls really be able to stand a wild life like that? No proper beds to sleep in - perhaps no proper food to eat - and suppose one of them was ill? Well, they would have to chance all that. They could always come back if things went too wrong.

"We'll go," said Mike. "We'll plan it all with Jack. He knows better than we do."

So that night, when they met Jack, the four of them laid their plans. Their faces were red with excitement, their eyes were shining. An adventure! A real proper adventure, almost like Robinson Crusoe - for they were going to live all by themselves on a lonely island.

(from The Secret Island)

เรื่องที่ 15

The Boy Who Lived

Mr. and Mrs. Dursley, of number four, Privet Drive, were proud to say that they were perfectly normal, thank you very much. They were the last people you'd expect to be involved in anything strange or mysterious, because they just didn't hold with such nonsense.

Mr. Dursley was the director of a firm called Grunnings, which made drills. He was a big, beefy man with hardly any neck, although he did have a very large moustache. Mrs. Dursley was thin and blonde and had nearly twice the usual amount of neck, which came in very useful as she spent so much of her time craning over garden fences, spying on the neighbours. The Dursleys had a small son called Dudley and in their opinion there was no finer boy anywhere. The Dursleys had everything they wanted, but they also had a secret, and their greatest fear was that somebody would discover it. They didn't think they could bear it if anyone found out about the Potters. Mrs. Potter was Mrs. Dursley's sister, but they hadn't met for several years; in fact, Mrs. Dursley pretended she didn't have a sister, because her sister and her good-for-nothing husband were as unDursleyish as it was possible to be. The Dursley shuddered to think what the neighbours would say if the Potters arrived in the street. The Dursley knew that the Potters had a small son, too, but they had never even seen him. This boy was another good reason for keeping the Potters away; they didn't want Dudley mixing with a child like that.

(from Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone)

เรื่องที่ 16

What Happened to Jack

Jack was as good as word. He went to bed at his usual time, after saying a polite good night to Miss Ely, but he didn't get undressed. He put on his coat and cap instead! He wondered whether he dared go downstairs and out of the garden door yet.

"Perhaps I'd better wait and see if Miss Ely goes to bed early," he thought. "She sometimes goes up to read in bed. I don't want to be caught. She'd only go and split on me when Mother comes home"

So he took a book and sat down. Miss Ely waited for the nine o'clock news on the wireless and then she locked up the house and came upstairs. Jack heard her shut the door of her room.

Good! Now he could go. He slipped his torch into his pocket, because it really was a very dark night. The moon was not yet up.

He crept downstairs quietly and went to the garden door. He undid it gently. The bolt gave a little squeak but that was all. He stepped into the garden. His feet sank quietly into the snow.

He made his way to the lane and went down it to the field, flashing his little torch as he went. The snow glimmered up, and there was a dim whitish light all round from it. He soon came to the field where they had built the snowmen, and he climbed over the gate.

The snowmen stood silently in a group together, almost as if they were watching and waiting for him. Jack didn't altogether like it. He thought one moved, and he drew his breath in sharply. But, of course, it hadn't. It was just his imagination.

"Don't be silly," he told himself, sternly. "You know they're only made of snow! Be sensible and look for your dropped button!"

He switched on his torch and the snowmen gleamed whiter than ever. The one with eyes and nose and mouth, with the cap and the coat on, seemed to look at him gravely as he hunted here and there. Jack turned his back on him.

"You may only have stone eyes, but you seem to be able to *look* with them, all the same," he said to the silent snowman. "Now don't go tapping me on the shoulder and make me jump!"

Then he suddenly gave an exclamation. He had found his badge! There lay the button in the snow, with S.S. embroidered on it, for Secret Seven. Hurrah! He must have dropped it here after all then.

He picked it up. It was wet with snow. He pinned it carefully on his coat. That really *was* a bit of luck to find it so easily. Now he could go home and get into bed. He was cold and sleepy.

His torch was suddenly flickered, and then went out. "Blow!" said Jack. "The battery's gone. It *might* have lasted till I got home, really it might! Well, it's good thing I know my way."

He suddenly heard a noise down the lane, and saw the headlights of a car. It was coming very slowly. Jack was surprised. The lane led nowhere at all. Was the car lost? He'd better go and put the driver on the right road, if so. People often got lost when the roads were snow-bound.

He went to the gate. The car came slowly by and then. Jack saw that it was towing something—something rather big,. What could it possibly be?

The boy strained his eyes to see. It wasn't big enough for a removal van, and yet it looked rather like the shape of one. It wasn't a caravan either,

because there were no wide windows at the side. *Were* there any windows at all? Jack couldn't see any. Well, whatever *was* this curious van?

And where was it going? The driver simply *must* have made a mistake! The boy began to climb over the gate. Then he suddenly sat still.

The car's headlights had one out. The car itself had stopped, and so had the thing it was towing. Jack could make out the dark shapes of the car and the van behind, standing quite still. What was it all about?

Somebody spoke to somebody else in a low voice. Jack could see that one or two men had got out of the car, but he could not hear their footsteps because of the snow.

How he wished the moon was up, then he could hide behind the hedge and see what was happening! He heard a man's voice speaking more loudly.

"Nobody about, is there?"

"Only that deaf fellow," said another voice.

"Have a look-see, will you?" said the first voice. "Just in case."

Jack slipped quickly down from the gate, as he saw a powerful torch flash out. He crouched behind the snowy hedge, scrapping snow over himself. There came the soft crunch of footsteps walking over frosty snow by the hedge. The flashlight shone over the gate and the man gave an exclamation.

"Who's there? Who are you?"

Jack's heart beat so hard against him that it hurt. He was just about to get up and show himself, and say who he was, when the man at the gate began to laugh.

"My word--look here, Nibs--a whole lot of snowmen standing out here! I thought they were alive at first, watching for us! I got scare all right."

Another man came softly to the first and he laughed too. "Kids' work, I suppose," he said. "Yes, they look real all right, in this light. There's nobody about here at this time of night, Mac. Come on – let's get down to business."

They went back towards the car. Jack sat up, trembling. What in the world could the men be doing down here in the snowy darkness, outside an old empty house? Should he try to see what they were up to? He didn't want to in the least. He wanted to go home as quickly as ever he could!

He crept to the gate again. He heard queer sounds from where the men were—as if they were unbolting something—opening the van perhaps.

And then there came a sound that sent Jack helter-skelter over the gate and up the lane as fast as his leg would take him! An angry, snorting sound, and then a curious high squeal—and then a noise of a terrific struggle, with the two men panting and grunting ferociously.

Jack couldn't think for the life of him what the noise was, and he didn't care, either. All he wanted was to get home before anything happen to *him*. Something was happening to somebody, that was certain, out there in the snowy lane. It would need a very, very brave person to go and interfere—and Jack wasn't brave at all, that night!

He came to his house, panting painfully. He crept in at the garden door and locked and bolted it. He went upstairs, not even caring if the stairs creaked under his feet! He switched on the light in his bedroom. Ah—that was better. He didn't feel so scared once he had the light on.

He looked at himself in the glass. He was very pale, and his coat was covered with snow. That was through lying in the snowy ditch below the hedge. He caught sight of his badge, still pinned on his coat. Well, anyhow, he had *that*.

"I went out to find my badge—and goodness knows what else I have found," thought the boy. "Golly—I must tell the others. We must have a meeting tomorrow. This is something for the Secret Seven! I say—what a thrill for them!"

He couldn't wait to tell them the next day. He must slip out again—and go to the shed at the bottom of Peter's garden. He must leave a note there, demanding a meeting at once!

It's important. Very, very important," said Jack to himself, as he scribbled a note on a bit of paper. "It really is something for the Society to solve."

He slipped down the stairs again, and out of the garden door. He wasn't frightened anymore. He ran all the way up the lane and round to Peter's house. The farmhouse stood dark and silent. Everyone was in bed; they did not stay up late at the farm.

Jack went down to the old shed. He fumbled at the door. It was locked. His hands felt the big letters, S.S., on the door itself. He bent down and slid his note under the crack at the bottom. Peter would find it the next day.

Then home he went again to bed—but not to sleep. Who had made that noise? What was that strange high van? Who were the men? It really was enough to keep anybody awake for hours!

(from The Secret Seven)

เรื่องที่ 17

The Gifts

by O. Henry

A present for Jim

One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all she had saved. Three times Della counted it. Only one dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing she could do now but sit down on the old worn couch and cry. So Della did. You see life is made up of tears and smiles—but mainly of tears.

When Della had finished crying, she patted her cheeks with face powder. She stood by the window and looked out sadly at a grey cat walking along a grey fence in a grey garden. Tomorrow would be Christmas day, and she had only one dollar and eighty-seven cents with which to buy Jim, her husband, a present. She had been saving every cent she could for months; but twenty dollars a week—which was the total of their income—does not leave much for saving. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. And now she had only one dollar and eighty-seven cents to buy a present for Jim. Many happy hours she had spent trying to think of something nice for him. Something fine and rare—something good enough to belong to her Jim.

There was a mirror between the windows of the room. Suddenly she turned away from the window and stood in front of the mirror. Her eyes were shining brightly, but her face had lost its colour. Quickly she took the pins from her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now, Della and Jim had two things they were very proud of. One was Jim's gold watch, which had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other

was Della's lovely, brown, shining hair. It reached to below her knees; and when she let it hang freely, it fell around her like a beautiful cloak.

Nervously she pinned up her hair again. She hesitated for a minute and stood still while a tear or two ran down her face.

She put on her old brown jacket and her old brown hat. Then, her eyes still bright with tears, she ran out of the door and down the stairs to the street.

She stopped at a shop where the sign said: "Madame Sofonia: We Buy Hair Goods of All Kinds." Della ran up the steps and paused for a moment at the top to get back her breath. She opened the door.

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

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

Down fell that pile of lovely brown hair.

"Twenty dollars," said Madame, lifting the hair and examining it carefully.

"Give it to me quickly," said Della.

Della goes shopping

The next two hours passed by happily. She was looking in the shops for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was not another one like it in all the shops, and she had searched them all carefully. It was a gold watch chain. Like all good things, it was simple and it did not have a lot of decoration. Clearly, it was exactly right for The Watch. As soon as she saw it, she knew it must be Jim's.

Although Jim's watch was beautiful, he sometimes looked ashamed because he had no chain for it: only an old, thin leather strap.

The gold watch chain cost her twenty-one dollars, and she hurried home with it held tightly in her hand.

When Della reached home, she was no longer excited, for now she felt a little worried about what she had done. She looked at what remained of her hair. Then she started to work at it with her quick fingers.

In less than forty minutes, her head was covered with tiny curls. When she had finished, she examined her reflection carefully in the mirror.

At seven o'clock, the coffee was made, and she had the pots and pans on the stove ready to cook the supper.

Jim was never late. Della sat on the edge of the table nearest the door. She had the gold watch chain hidden in her hand. Then she heard him at the bottom of the stairs, and she turned pale just a moment. She had the habit of saying little silent prayers about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered: "Please, God, make him think I'm still pretty."

The door opened and Jim stepped in. He looked thin and very serious. Poor man, he was only twenty-two and responsible for a family! He needed a new coat and his shoes were old and worn.

A great surprise

Jim closed the door. Then he stood still. He began to stare at Della, and there was an expression in his eyes which she could not understand. It frightened her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor horror, nor any of the feelings she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her with a peculiar expression on his face.

Della went to him quickly.

"Jim!" she cried. "Don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold it because I couldn't have lived through Christmas without giving you a

present. It'll grow again. ___ you don't mind, do you? I just had to do it. My hair grows very fast, you know. Please say "Merry Christmas", Jim, and let's be happy. You don't know what a nice—what a beautiful gift I've got for you."

"You've sold your hair? Asked Jim, slowly, as if he had not really understood anything Della had said to him.

"I've cut it off and sold it," said Della. "Don't you like me just as well, anyhow? My hair is gone, but I'm just like the same!"

Jim looked about the room.

"Your hair is gone!" he said, looking a little stupid.

"You needn't look for it," said Della. "It's sold. I tell you—sold and gone,too. It's Christmas Eve, Jim. Be good to me, because it went for you."

Jim seemed to wake quickly out of his dream. He took a package from his coat pocket and put it down on the table.

"Don't make any mistake about me, Della," he said, "I don't think there is anything about your hair that could make me love you any less. But if you open that package, you'll see why I did not know what to say for a while at first."

Her quick white fingers tore at the string and paper. And then, an excited scream of joy; and then a very quick change to tears and cries.

The Combs

For there were The Combs—the pair of combs which for months Della had been going to look at in a shop window. Beautiful combs, with jewels in them. And they were just the right colour to wear in her beautiful hair—if only she still had it! They were expensive combs, she knew, and she had wanted them so much; but she had never dreamed that they would ever be hers. And

now they were hers, but because her hair was gone she would have no use for them.

However, she held them close to her chest, and at last she was able to look up through her tears and smile and say: "My hair grows so fast, Jim!"

Then Della remembered something else.

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful gift. Eagerly she held it out to him in her open hand. The gold chain seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and warm spirit.

"Isn't it lovely, Jim? I searched all over town for 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 dropped down on the old couch, put his hands on his head, and smiled.

"Della," said he, "let's put away our Christmas gifts and keep them for a while. They're too nice to use just now. I sold the watch to get enough money to buy you your combs. And now, let's have our supper."

เรื่องที่ 18

Dirty Money

by O. Henry

A ten dollar bill

“Money talks,” they say. But surely, you say, a little ole ten dollar bill can't talk very loudly? Such a small amount of money! Oh, very well. If you feel like that, don't listen to my story. Go and listen to all those big bills in rich old John D's wallet shouting. But don't forget the smaller bills. They can say a word or two sometimes.

I am a ten dollar bill of 1901. Perhaps you have seen one like me before. On my face, in the centre, is a picture of an animal, an American buffalo. At the sides are the faces of Captain Lewis and Captain Clark. On my back is a picture of a tall woman and some flowers. If you take me to a bank you can get ten hard, silver dollar coins for me.

Excuse my rough conversation. A dirty ten dollar bill does not meet many clever people. Most really clever, book-loving people are poor, you see. A ten dollar bill does not often come their way. If it does, they have to go out and spend it once.

I am six years old now. Many different people have owned me. But a little old torn, dirty five dollar bill gave me a surprise one day. I was sitting beside it in a butcher's pocket. It was dark in there, and it smelt bad.

“Move over,” I said. I gave it a hard look. “I don't like being in the same pocket with such small money.”

“Don't talk to me like that!” said the five dollar bill. “I know I'm torn and dirty. I can't help it. I've spent a long time inside someone's shoe, in a big store. My word! It was hot in there!”

"A shoe!" I said. "How strange! Who kept you there?"

"A shop girl," said the five dollar bill.

"What's a shop girl?" I had to ask.

"You'll never know! No shop girl ever sees a ten dollar bill like you!"

Just then a two dollar bill spoke. He had George Washington's head on his face. Now he said to the five dollar bill, "Isn't a store good enough for you, then? You're lucky. I've just spent a day in a factory. The dust gets in George's throat and makes him cough."

My life in New York

That conversation took place the day after I arrived in New York. I came in a five hundred dollar packet of clean, new ten dollar bills. We came from Pennsylvania to a bank in New York.

It is true. We ten dollar bills do not meet many shop girls or factory workers. But we move about a lot. I kept moving, too. Sometimes I changed from one owner to another twenty times in one day. I have seen every kind of business and I helped my owners to have every kind of fun. Every Saturday night, someone waved me in a bar and ordered some drinks.

That's an interesting thing. No one waves one and two dollar bills in bars. They slip them across the bar, very quietly. Perhaps they are ashamed of them. I enjoyed those Saturday nights. Sometimes a few drops of what they were drinking fell on me. I liked the taste.

Once I was tied up in a big dirty roll of bills in a street trader's pocket. I was there for a long time, and I hated every minute. The street trader was saving his money. He wanted to own a big store one day. So he only spent

eight cents a day on food. But one day this man got into trouble with the police. I think he put his cart in the wrong place. Well, it cost him a ten dollar bill—me!

The policeman changed me in a shop. Some men were playing cards behind the shop. One of them was the Chief of Police himself. He won me that night. He spent me on dinner in an expensive restaurant in Broadway the next evening. I was very glad that I was in the nice end of town again.

In my early days, I did not know about “dirty” money. Then one day I went to a man called Old Jack. All the times he played cards. He always seemed to win, and he was very rich. He kept me in a bag with a lot of other bills and some gold, too.

Dirty money?

One night a twenty dollar bill spoke to me, “well, old Buffalo,” he said, “you’re lucky. Old Jack is going to spend a mountain of money tonight. He wanted to give fifty thousand dollars to a church. They refused to accept it. They said that Old Jack’s money was dirty because he’s a gambler. He doesn’t work, you know. He gets his money playing cards. He’s really angry, so he says he’s going to spend it all on some fun, instead!”

“What is a church?” I asked.

“Don’t you know? Oh, I forgot. You’re only a ten, aren’t you? Too big to put in the church collection plate. Too small to buy anything at their special sales. A church, old Buffalo, is a place where they sell things like combs and pencils for twenty dollars each. They do it to get money to buy things for poor people. Something to do with God, I think.”

Well, that twenty dollar bill was right. Old Jack spent a lot that night. The news got around. All along Broadway people began to follow us. Perhaps Old Jack’s money was dirty. But everyone still wanted it. First his friends came.

Then friends of his friends arrived. A few of his enemies forgot their arguments. In the end Old Jack was buying drinks for everyone in town.

At last we came to an expensive restaurant. I knew it well. Several of my earlier owners took me there to dinner. The waiters brought Old Jack and his friends the best of everything. But Old Jack was quiet and sad. At last he called the manager of the restaurant. He took a twenty dollar bill from his roll of money. "Mike," he said to the manager, "the church has refused this money. They say it is dirty because I gamble. Will you refuse it?"

"Of course not," said Mike. "All money is the same to me."

One o'clock came. The waiters got ready to close the outside doors. Inside, Old Jack was still drinking and spending as fast as before.

The woman

Just then a woman came quietly into a restaurant. She went up to Old Jack's table. She was poor; I could see that. Her clothes were thin and old. Her frightened eyes were big in her white face. She looked worried. She stood there without a word. She looked at the roll of money, then she looked away.

Old Jack stood up. He took me in his hand. Then he gave me to the woman with a smile.

"Madame," he said. "Here is a ten dollar bill. I am a gambling man, and the church says my money is dirty. But if you will accept it, this bill is yours."

The woman took me with a shaking hand.

"Sir," she said. "I counted thousands of bills like this one when they were fresh and new. You see, I was a clerk in the bank that made them. The manager of the bank helped me to get that job. Then he fired me because I would not do everything he wanted. Now I have no job, and no money. Sir, you

say this bill is dirty money. I tell you, it was dirty before it reached you. But I won't say any more. Thank you with all my heart sir."

Where do you think that woman took me next? To a baker's shop she left me there, and she went away with a bag full of bread and cakes, and two one dollar bills. Of course, I didn't see her after that.

But a week later I met one of the one dollar bills.

"Hello, E35039669," I said to him. "Didn't I see you in that baker's shop last Saturday night?"

"Yes," said the dollar bill. "The woman spent E1705143 on milk and beef. She kept me until the man came to collect the rent for the room she had. It was a poor room with a thin, pale child in it. My word, that boy enjoyed the food. He was hungry, poor little thing. Then she prayed."

"Prayed?" I said. "I don't hear many prayers, myself."

"Ten, you're right. And don't be so pleased with yourself. One dollar bills like me hear far more prayers than you do. She said something about "giving to the poor." Oh, forget it. I'm tired of poor people. You're lucky, Ten. Dirty bills like you meet more interesting people."

"Be quiet," I said. "There's no such thing as dirty money. I know that now. The important thing isn't where a bill comes from. Gambling or church, it's all the same. It's how you spend it. This talk of dirty money makes me tired!"
