

## A Brief Introduction to the Author

### O. Henry (1862-1910)

O. Henry was an American writer. He wrote a lot of short stories in his life. Many people around the world love to read them. His works are loved because they are about people's lives. Also, many of them have surprise endings. His famous works include Retrieved Reformation, The Cop and the Anthem, and After Twenty Years.

O. Henry was the author's pen-name. His real name was William Sydney Porter. He <sup>5</sup> was born on September 11, 1862 in Greensboro, North Carolina. His father was a doctor. When he was three, his mother died of a serious lung sickness. He was raised by his aunt, Mary, who was a great lover of literature.

At the age of fifteen, he had to give up studying because he did not have money for school. He started to work at his uncle's drug store. There, he saw many kinds of people, <sup>10</sup> and developed a good eye for people's behaviors and feelings. Later, he became bored with living in the South, and moved to Texas. He took many jobs there: cowboy, land manager, banker, and journalist. He also met many people there, and they became good material for his later works.

When he was 24, he met a woman named Athol. The next year, they married and <sup>15</sup> had a daughter named Margaret. They were not rich and Athol was not healthy. But they were happy together. It was Athol who suggested that he write novels. So he began to write short stories.

When he was 34, he was charged with stealing money from a bank. Did he really steal the money? Even today, no one knows. But he ran away to New Orleans, and later <sup>20</sup> to Honduras in Latin America, leaving his wife and daughter behind.

The next year, he knew his wife was dying. He returned to the United States, knowing that he would be arrested. Unfortunately, his wife died and he was caught by the police.

He was in prison for three years and wrote some short stories there. After he was <sup>25</sup> out of prison, he went to New York and wrote most of his works, more than 300 in total.

He was very successful. But he drank too much. He had a serious liver sickness and died in 1910. He was buried in Asheville, North Carolina.

# The Last Leaf

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In a little area west of Washington Square, the streets have gone crazy. They have broken into small lanes called “places.” These “places” make strange turns and curves. One street crosses itself once or twice. An artist thought of a good chance in this street: “Maybe a collector with a bill for paints, paper and canvas will get lost in these ‘places.’ He’ll meet himself on his way back, and he won’t collect any of my money!” 5

So, many artists came to live in little old Greenwich Village. They looked for north windows and eighteenth-century doors and low rents. Then they brought some nice cups and dishes from Sixth Avenue, and the area became a “colony.”

At the top of a short, three-story brick building, Sue and Johnsy had their studio. “Johnsy” was the nickname of Joanna. Sue was from Maine; Johnsy from California. They 10 met at a restaurant on Eighth Street called Delmonico’s. They found their tastes in art, salad, and long sleeves similar, so they decided to live together.

That was in May. In November a cold, invisible stranger -the doctors called him Pneumonia-went around the colony. This stranger touched people here and there with his cold fingers. Over on the east side, he walked around bravely and took many lives. 15 However, he walked slowly through the old, narrow streets of the “places.”

Mr. Pneumonia was not a very kind old gentleman. A small woman, weak from the California winds, was not a fair target for this red-handed old man. But he touched Johnsy; and she lay still in her iron bed, looking through the small Dutch windows at the brick house next door. 20

One morning, the busy doctor raised his gray eyebrow to Sue. This motion said, "Let's go outside and talk."

"She has maybe a one-in-ten chance," he said, as he shook his clinical thermometer. "And for that chance, she has to want to live. Many people, when they get sick, think that they're going to die. Your little friend has made up her mind that she's not going to get 5 well. Does she have anything on her mind?"

"She... She wanted to paint the Bay of Naples some day," said Sue.

"Paint? Ha! Does she have anything really important on her mind? A man, for example?"

"A man?" said Sue, with an accent in her voice. "Is a man worth-but, no, doctor; 10 there is nothing like that in her life."

"Well, it is her weakness, then," said the doctor. "I will do all that I can with the science that is available. But when my patients think about their own funerals, I cut their chances of getting better in half. If she starts to ask questions about the new winter 15 fashions, I will change her chances from one-in-ten to one-in-five."

After the doctor left, Sue went into the workroom and cried into a napkin. Then she walked happily into Johnsy's room with her drawing board, whistling a song.

Johnsy lay under her blankets and didn't move. Her face was turned toward the window. Sue stopped whistling. She thought Johnsy was asleep.

She arranged her board and began a pen-and-ink drawing. It was an illustration for 20 a magazine story. Young artists must do this kind of work to get to "Art." The magazine story writers must do their work to get to "Literature."

While Sue was drawing a pair of beautiful riding pants and the figure of a cowboy, she heard a low sound. The sound was repeated several times. She went quickly to 25 Johnsy's bed.

Johnsy's eyes were open wide. She was looking out the window and counting-counting backward.

"Twelve," she said, and little later "eleven"; and then "ten," and "nine"; and then "eight" and "seven", almost together.

Sue looked out the window, puzzled. What was there to count? There was only a 30 sad-looking yard, and the blank side of the brick house twenty feet away. An old, old ivy vine, brown at the roots, went half way up the brick wall. The cold breath of autumn took away its leaves, and its thin branches were stuck to the old bricks.

"What is it, dear?" asked Sue.

"Six," said Johnsy, in almost a whisper. "They're falling faster now. Three days ago 35 there were almost a hundred. It made my head ache to count them. But now it's easy. There goes another one. There are only five left now."

"Five what, dear? Tell your Sudie."

"Leaves. On the ivy vine. When the last one falls, I must go, too. I've known that for three days. Didn't the doctor tell you?" 40

“Oh, I’ve never heard of such nonsense,” complained Sue. “The old ivy leaves have nothing to do with your getting well. And you used to love that vine so much, you naughty girl. Don’t be silly. Why, the doctor told me this morning, ‘Her chances of getting well real soon were...’ What exactly did he say? He said, ‘The chances are ten-to-one!’ Why, here in New York, that’s the same as riding on the trains or walking past a new building. Try to eat some soup now, and let Sudie go back to her drawing. Then she can sell it to the editor man, and buy port wine for her sick child, and pork chops for herself.” 5

“You don’t need to get any more wine,” said Johnsy, still looking out the window. “There goes another. No, I don’t want any soup. That leaves just four. I want to see the last one fall before it gets dark. Then I’ll go, too.” 10

“Johnsy, dear,” said Sue, bending over her, “will you promise me to keep your eyes closed, and not look out the window, until I am finished with my work? I must give these drawings to the editor tomorrow. I want to close the window shade, but I need the light.”

“Can’t you draw in the other room?” asked Johnsy, coldly.

“I’d rather be here by you,” said Sue. “Besides, I don’t want you to keep looking at those silly ivy leaves.” 15

“Tell me as soon as you have finished,” said Johnsy, closing her eyes. She was as white and still as a fallen statue. “I want to see the last one fall. I’m tired of waiting. I’m tired of thinking. I want to let go of everything, and go sailing down, down, just like one of those poor, tired leaves.” 20

“Try to sleep,” said Sue. “I must call Behrman up to be my model for this drawing. I’ll only be gone for a minute. Don’t try to move until I come back.”

Old Behrman was a painter who lived on the ground floor beneath them. He was more than sixty years old and had a long beard like Michelangelo's Moses. His head was like a Greek god, and his body was very small. Behrman was a failure in art. Forty years he made paintings, without success. He always said, "I will paint a masterpiece," but he never did it. For several years he painted nothing except a few advertisements. He earned a little money by working as a model. He modeled for young artists in the colony who could not pay for a professional. He drank a lot of gin, and still talked about painting a masterpiece. He was an angry little old man who thought others should be tough and strong. He thought, "I will soon be an art master, and I must protect the two young artists in the studio above."

Sue found Behrman in his dark room below. He smelled strongly of juniper berries. In one corner of the room, there was a blank canvas on an easel. He put it there twenty-five years ago. It waited for the first line of the masterpiece. She told him about Johnsy. Sue was afraid that Johnsy was going to float away, because she was indeed as light and delicate as a leaf.

"What!" cried old Behrman in his thick German accent. "Are there foolish people in the world who die because leaves drop off from a stupid vine? I have not heard of such a thing. No, I will not pose as a model for you. Why do you let her think such silly things? Oh, poor little Miss Johnsy."

"She is very ill and weak," said Sue, "and she has strange fantasies because of her fever. Very well, Mr. Behrman, you do not have to pose for me if you do not want to. But I think you are a mean old man."

"You are just like a woman!" yelled Behrman. "Who said I will not pose? Go on. I come with you. For half an hour I have been trying to say that I am ready to pose. God! Someone as good as Miss Johnsy should not lie sick here. Some day I will paint a masterpiece, and we will all go away. God! Yes."

Johnsy was sleeping when they went upstairs. Sue pulled the window shade down, and asked Behrman to come to the other room. In there they looked out the window, worried, at the ivy vine. Then they looked at each other for a moment without speaking. A steady, cold rain was falling, with a little snow. Behrman, in his old blue shirt, sat down for the drawing.

When Sue awoke from an hour's sleep the next morning, Johnsy's eyes were wide open. She was staring at the window shade.

"Pull it up; I want to see," she ordered, in a whisper.

Sue was tired, but she pulled it up.

But, look! After the beating rain and strong wind during the long night, there was 5  
one ivy leaf remaining on the brick wall. It was the last one on the vine. Still dark green  
near its stem, with yellow edges, it hung bravely from the branch some twenty feet above  
the ground.

"It is the last one," said Johnsy. "I thought it would surely fall during the night. I  
heard the wind. It will fall today, and I will die at the same time." 10

"Dear, dear!" said Sue, leaning her tired face down to the pillow. "Think of me, if you  
won't think of yourself. What should I do?"

But Johnsy did not answer. The loneliest thing in the world is a person getting ready  
for a long, mysterious journey. The fantasy became stronger for her, as one by one she  
loosened her ties to friendship and earth. 15

The day ended, and even through the twilight they could see the one ivy leaf. And  
then, with the coming of the night the north wind blew again. The rain beat against the  
windows and fell down from the roof.

When the sun rose, Johnsy told Sue to pull up the shade.

The ivy leaf was still there. 20

Johnsy lay for a long time looking at it. And then she called to Sue, who was making  
chicken soup on the gas stove.

"I've been a bad girl, Sudie," said Johnsy. "Something has made that last leaf stay  
there. I think the reason is to tell me, 'You did a terrible thing.' It is a sin to want to die.  
You may bring me a little soup now, and some milk with a little port in it, and-no; bring 25  
me a mirror first, and then put some pillows around me, and I will sit up and watch you  
cook."

An hour later she said:

"Sudie, some day I hope to paint the Bay of Naples."

The doctor came in the afternoon. Sue went into the hallway as he left.

“Even chances,” said the doctor. He took Sue’s thin, shaking hand in his. “With good nursing you’ll win. And now I must see another patient downstairs. Behrman is his name. He’s some kind of artist, I believe. He has pneumonia, too. He is an old, weak man. His sickness is bad. There is no hope for him; but he is going to the hospital today. He will be 5 more comfortable there.”

The next day the doctor said to Sue: “She’s out of danger. You won. Feed her well and take care of her. That’s all.”

And that afternoon Sue came to Johnsy’s bed. Johnsy was happily knitting a very blue and very useless wool shoulder scarf. Sue put her arm around Johnsy and her 10 pillows.

“I have something to tell you, white mouse,” she said. “Mr. Behrman died of pneumonia today in the hospital. He was ill for only two days. A man found him in his room downstairs. He was helpless with pain. His shoes and clothing were completely wet and very cold. They didn’t know where he went on that cold, rainy night. And then they 15 found a lantern, still lighted, and a ladder from his place, and some brushes, and a palette with green and yellow colors mixed on it, and... Look out the window, dear, at the last ivy leaf on the wall. Didn’t you wonder why it never moved when the wind blew?” Ah, darling, it’s Behrman’s masterpiece—he painted it there on the night the last leaf fell.”

## 読解ガイド

page-line

2-11 They found their tastes in art, salad, and long sleeves similar, ....

S V O C

【SVOC】 find O C で、find は「～とわかる、思う」。ここでは O (their tastes ~) = similar が成り立つ。

2-19 she lay still in her iron bed, looking through the small Dutch windows at the

「じっとしている」 「…を通して～を見ながら」

brick house next door.

【SVC】 lay は lie の過去形で「…のままている」、still は形容詞で「静止の」という意味。

【分詞構文】 この looking 以下は分詞構文で「～しながら」という付帯状況を表す。-ing 分詞のときは文の主語（ここでは she）が「～している」という能動・進行の意味を持っていて、-ed 分詞のときは主語が「～される」という受身の意味を持つ。

【look through ~ at ...】 look at ... 「…を見る」の look と at の間に through ~ が入り込んでいる。

3-12 ... all that I can with the science that is available.

「私が～を使ってできるすべてのこと」

【関係代名詞 that】 この 2 つの that はどちらも関係代名詞で、それぞれ all と the science が先行詞（説明を受けている名詞）。

3-37 There are only five left now.

「…が～されている」

【There is S -ed 分詞】 Only five are left now. とも言えるが、英語では不特定なものが存在するときに There is 構文を好む。〈There is S -ing 分詞〉「…が～している」の言い方もある。

4-01 The old ivy leaves have nothing to do with your getting well.

「～とは関係ない」

【S have/has nothing to do with B】 「S は B とは関係ない」の意味。

【前置詞の目的語の、主語付き動名詞】 前置詞 with の後なので動名詞にする。主語の役割をする your が付いている。



4-10 I want to see the last one fall before it gets dark.

「…が～するのを見る」

【SV (知覚動詞) +O+C (原形不定詞)】 知覚動詞の後に〈目的語+動詞の原形 (原形不定詞)〉がくると、「SはOが〈原形する〉のを〈知覚動詞する〉」という意味になる。このように SVOC の C に原形不定詞をとるのは、知覚動詞のほかにも、使役動詞の **make, have, let** がある。「SはOに〈原形する〉ことをさせる (〈原形させる〉)」という意味。

【時や条件の副詞節中の時制】 英語では、時や条件を表す副詞節中では、未来のことでも現在形で表す。before it will get dark のような未来表現は使わない。

## 要約例

Johnsy and Sue are artists who move into Greenwich Village in New York City. As Winter approaches and the weather gets colder, Johnsy becomes ill with pneumonia. She gets so sick that she believes that when the last leaf falls from the vine outside her window, she will die.

An old artist, named Behrman, who lives in the same building as the girls, braves a storm one night to paint a leaf on the wall — a leaf that will never fall. Cold and wet from painting in the icy rain, he catches pneumonia and dies. This gives Johnsy the hope to survive her illness, and it also creates the masterpiece Behrman had always dreamed of painting. (116 words)