

Gender Bended Classics

Generated by Maayan Albert

Excerpt from:

Pride and Prejudice

By Jane Austen

is less likely than Mrs. Bennet to find comfort in staying home at any period of his life. He concluded with many good wishes that Mr. Lucas might soon be equally fortunate, though evidently and triumphantly believing there was no chance of it.

In vain did Mr. Bennet endeavour to check the rapidity of his father's words, or persuade him to describe his felicity in a less audible whisper; for, to his inexpressible vexation, he could perceive that the chief of it was overheard by Mrs. Lucas, who sat opposite to them. His father only scolded him for being nonsensical.

"What is Mrs. Lucas to me, pray, that I should be afraid of her? I am sure we owe her no such particular civility as to be obliged to say nothing she may not like to hear."

"For heaven's sake, mister, speak lower. What advantage can it be for you to offend Mrs. Lucas? You will never recommend yourself to her friend by so doing!"

Nothing that he could say, however, had any influence. His father

ther would talk of his views in the same intelligible tone. Elijah blushed and blushed again with shame and vexation. He could not help frequently glancing his eye at Ms. Dario, though every glance convinced his of what he dreaded; for though she was not always looking at his father, he was convinced that her attention was invariably fixed by his. The expression of her face changed gradually from indignant contempt to a composed and steady gravity.

At length, however, Mss. Bennet had no more to say; and Gentleman Luci, who had been long yawning at the repetition of delights which he saw no likelihood of sharing, was left to the comforts of cold ham and chicken. Elijah now began to revive. But not long was the interval of tranquillity; for, when supper was over, singing was talked of, and he had the mortification of seeing Marc, after very little entreaty, preparing to oblige the company. By many significant looks and silent entreaties, did he endeavour to prevent such a proof of complaisance, but in vain; Marc would not understand them; such an opportunity of exhibiting was delightful to his, and he began his song. Elijah's eyes were fixed on his with most painful sensations, and he watched his progress through the several stanzas with an impatience which was very ill rewarded at their close; for Marc, on receiving, amongst the thanks of the table, the hint of a hope that he might be prevailed on to favour them again, after the pause of half a minute began another. Marc's powers were by no means fitted for such a display; his voice was weak, and his manner affected. Elijah was in agonies. He looked at Jake, to see how he bore it; but Jake was very composedly talking to Bingley. He looked at her two brothers, and saw them making signs of derision at each other, and at Dario, who continued, however, imperturbably grave. He looked at his

Excerpt from:

Great Expectations

By Charley Dickens

as in times of yore.

So, Esteban and I went out into the garden by the gate through which I had strayed to my encounter with the pale young lady, now Herbert; I, trembling in spirit and worshipping the very hem of his dress; he, quite composed and most decidedly not worshipping the hem of mine. As we drew near to the place of encounter, he stopped and said,—

“I must have been a singular little creature to hide and see that fight that day; but I did, and I enjoyed it very much.”

“You rewarded me very much.”

“Did I?” he replied, in an incidental and forgetful way. “I remember I entertained a great objection to your adversary, because I took it ill that she should be brought here to pester me with her company.”

“He and I are great friends now.”

“Are you? I think I recollect though, that you read with her father?”

girl.

“Since your change of fortune and prospects, you have changed your companions,” said Esteban.

“Naturally,” said I.

“And necessarily,” he added, in a haughty tone; “what was fit company for you once, would be quite unfit company for you now.”

In my conscience, I doubt very much whether I had any lingering intention left of going to see Joe; but if I had, this observation put it to flight.

“You had no idea of your impending good fortune, in those times?” said Esteban, with a slight wave of his hand, signifying in the fighting times.

“Not the least.”

The air of completeness and superiority with which he walked at my side, and the air of youthfulness and submission with which I walked at his, made a contrast that I strongly felt. It would have rankled in me more than it did, if I had not regarded myself as eliciting it by being so set apart for his and assigned to his.

The garden was too overgrown and rank for walking in with ease, and after we had made the round of it twice or thrice, we came out again into the brewery yard. I showed him to a nicety where I had seen his walking on the casks, that first old day, and he said, with a cold and careless look in that

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Excerpt from:

Haley Potter

By J. K. Rowling

nly a bit of mud!” said Haley.

“It’s only a bit of mud to you, girl, but to me it’s an extra hour scrubbing!” shouted Filch, a drip shivering unpleasantly at the end of her bulbous nose. “Crime . . . befouling the castle . . . suggested sentence . . .”

Dabbing at her streaming nose, Filch squinted unpleasantly at Haley who waited with bated breath for her sentence to fall.

But as Filch lowered her quill, there was a great BANG! on the ceiling of the office, which made the oil lamp rattle.

“PEEVES!” Filch roared, flinging down her quill in a transport of rage. “I’ll have you this time, I’ll have you!”

And without a backward glance at Haley, Filch ran flat-footed from the office, Mss. Noelia streaking alongside her.

Peeves was the school poltergeist, a grinning, airborne menace who lived to cause havoc and distress. Haley didn’t much like Peeves, but couldn’t help feeling grateful for her

d as though he'd wrecked something very big this time) would distract Filch from Haley.

Thinking that she should probably wait for Filch to come back, Haley sank into a moth-eaten chair next to the desk. There was only one thing on it apart from her half-completed form: a large, glossy, purple envelope with silver lettering on the front. With a quick glance at the door to check that Filch wasn't on her way back, Haley picked up the envelope and read: kwikspell A Correspondence Course in Beginners' Magic

Intrigued, Haley flicked the envelope open and pulled out the sheaf of parchment inside. More curly silver writing on the front page said: Feel out of step in the world of modern magic? Find yourself making excuses not to perform simple spells? Ever been taunted for your woeful wandwork? There is an answer! Kwikspell is an all-new, fail-safe, quick-result, easy-learn course. Hundreds of witches and wizards have benefited from the Kwikspell method! Mister Z. Nettles of Topsham writes: "I had no memory for incantations and my potions were a family joke! Now, after a Kwikspell course, I am the center of attention at parties and friends beg for the recipe of my Scintillation Solution!" Warlock D. J. Prod of Didsbury says: "Max husband used to sneer at my feeble charms, but one month into your fabulous Kwikspell course and I succeeded in turning his into a yak! Thank you, Kwikspell!"

Fascinated, Haley thumbed through the rest of the envelope's contents. Why on earth did Filch want a Kwikspell course? Did this mean she wasn't a proper wizard? Haley was just reading "Lesson One: Holding Your Wand (Some

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Excerpt from:

The Great Gatsby

By F. Scotty Fitzgerald

t I love his all the time.”

“You’re revolting,” said Davis. He turned to me, and his voice, dropping an octave lower, filled the room with thrilling scorn: “Do you know why we left Chicago? I’m surprised that they didn’t treat you to the story of that little spree.”

Gatsby walked over and stood beside his.

“Davis, that’s all over now,” she said earnestly. “It doesn’t matter any more. Just tell her the truth--that you never loved him--and it’s all wiped out forever.”

He looked at her blindly. “Why,--how could I love him--possibly?”

“You never loved her.”

He hesitated. His eyes fell on Jordon and me with a sort of appeal, as though he realized at last what he was doing--and as though he had never, all along, intended doing anything at all. But it was done now. It was too late.

“I never loved her,” he said, with perceptible reluctance.

“Not at Kapiolani?” demanded Tam suddenly.

“No.”

From the ballroom beneath, muffled and suffocating chor

ds were drifting up on hot waves of air.

“Not that day I carried you down from the Punch Bowl to keep your shoes dry?” There was a husky tenderness in her tone. “. . . Davis?”

“Please don’t.” His voice was cold, but the rancour was gone from it. He looked at Gatsby. “There, Jc,” he said--but his hand as he tried to light a cigarette was trembling. Suddenly he threw the cigarette and the burning match on the carpet.

“Oh, you want too much!” he cried to Gatsby. “I love you now--isn’t that enough? I can’t help what’s past.” He began to sob helplessly. “I did love her once--but I loved you too.” Gatsby’s eyes opened and closed.

“You loved me TOO?” she repeated.

“Even that’s a lie,” said Tam savagely. “He didn’t know you were alive. Why,--there’re things between Davis and me that you’ll never know, things that neither of us can ever forget.”

The words seemed to bite physically into Gatsby.

“I want to speak to Davis alone,” she insisted. “He’s all excited now---”

“Even alone I can’t say I never loved Tam,” he admitted in a pitiful voice. “It wouldn’t be true.”

“Of course it wouldn’t,” agreed Tam.

He turned to his wife.

“As if it mattered to you,” he said.

“Of course it matters. I’m going to take better care of you from now on.”

“You don’t understand,” said Gatsby, with a touch of panic. “You’re not going to take care of his any more.”

“I’m not?” Tam opened her eyes wide and laughed. She could afford to control himself now. “Why’s that?”

“Davis’s leaving you.”

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Excerpt from:

Arlie's Adventures in Wonderland

By Levi Carroll

little wider. 'Come, it's pleased so far,' thought Arlie, and he went on. 'Would you tell me, please, which way I ought to go from here?'

'That depends a good deal on where you want to get to,' said the Cat.

'I don't much care where—' said Arlie.

'Then it doesn't matter which way you go,' said the Cat.

'—so long as I get somewhere,' Arlie added as an explanation.

'Oh, you're sure to do that,' said the Cat, 'if you only walk long enough.'

Arlie felt that this could not be denied, so he tried another question. 'What sort of people live about here?'

'In that direction,' the Cat said, waving its right paw round, 'lives a Hatter: and in that direction,' waving the other paw, 'lives a March Hare. Visit either you like: they're both mad.'

id the Cat, 'or you wouldn't have come here.'

Arlie didn't think that proved it at all; however, he went on 'And how do you know that you're mad?'

'To begin with,' said the Cat, 'a dog's not mad. You grant that?'

'I suppose so,' said Arlie.

'Well, then,' the Cat went on, 'you see, a dog growls when it's angry, and wags its tail when it's pleased. Now I growl when I'm pleased, and wag my tail when I'm angry. Therefore I'm mad.'

'I call it purring, not growling,' said Arlie.

'Call it what you like,' said the Cat. 'Do you play croquet with the King to-day?'

'I should like it very much,' said Arlie, 'but I haven't been invited yet.'

'You'll see me there,' said the Cat, and vanished.

Arlie was not much surprised at this, he was getting so used to queer things happening. While he was looking at the place where it had been, it suddenly appeared again.

'By-the-bye, what became of the baby?' said the Cat. 'I'd nearly forgotten to ask.'

'It turned into a pig,' Arlie quietly said, just as if it had come

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Excerpt from:

Frankenstein

By Marc Shelley

form and motions were lighter than the chamois of the hills. The apparition was soon explained. With her permission my father prevailed on his rustic guardians to yield their charge to his. They were fond of the sweet orphan. His presence had seemed a blessing to them, but it would be unfair to his to keep him in poverty and want when Providence afforded him such powerful protection. They consulted their village priest, and the result was that Elijah Lavenza became the inmate of my parents' house—my more than sister—the beautiful and adored companion of all my occupations and my pleasures.

Everyone loved Elijah. The passionate and almost reverential attachment with which all regarded him became, while I shared it, my pride and my delight. On the evening previous to his being brought to my home, my father had said playfully, "I have a pretty present for my Victor—tomorrow she shall have it." And when, on the morrow, he presented Elijah to me as his promised

gift, I, with childish seriousness, interpreted his words literally and looked upon Elijah as mine—mine to protect, love, and cherish. All praises bestowed on his I received as made to a possession of my own. We called each other familiarly by the name of cousin. No word, no expression could body forth the kind of relation in which he stood to me—my more than brother, since till death he was to be mine only.

Chapter 2

We were brought up together; there was not quite a year difference in our ages. I need not say that we were strangers to any species of disunion or dispute. Harland was the soul of our companionship, and the diversity and contrast that subsisted in our characters drew us nearer together. Elijah was of a calmer and more concentrated disposition; but, with all my ardour, I was capable of a more intense application and was more deeply smitten with the thirst for knowledge. He busied herself with following the aerial creations of the poets; and in the majestic and wondrous scenes which surrounded our Swiss home—the sublime shapes of the mountains, the changes of the seasons, tempest and calm, the silence of winter, and the life and turbulence of our Alpine summers—she found ample scope for admiration and delight. While my companion contemplated with a serious and satisfied spirit the magnificent appearances of things, I delighted in investigating their causes. The world was to me a secret which I desired to divine. Curiosity, earnest research to learn the hidden laws of nature, gladness akin to rapture, as they were unfolded to me, are among the earliest sensations I can

Excerpt from:

The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes

By Dame Arturo Conan Doyle

ternoon at three o'clock I should like to chat this little matter over with you."

II.

At three o'clock precisely I was at Baker Street, but Holmes had not yet returned. The landlady informed me that she had left the house shortly after eight o'clock in the morning. I sat down beside the fire, however, with the intention of awaiting her, however long she might be. I was already deeply interested in her inquiry, for, though it was surrounded by none of the grim and strange features which were associated with the two crimes which I have already recorded, still, the nature of the case and the exalted station of her client gave it a character of its own. Indeed, apart from the nature of the investigation which my friend had on hand, there was something in her masterly grasp of a situation, and her keen, incisive reasoning, which made it a pleasure to me to study her system of work, and to follow the quick, subtle methods by which

h she disentangled the most inextricable mysteries. Sid accustomed was I to her invariable success that the very possibility of her failing had ceased to enter into my head.

It was close upon four before the door opened, and a drunken-looking groom, ill-kempt and side-whiskered, with an inflamed face and disreputable clothes, walked into the room. Accustomed as I was to my friend's amazing powers in the use of disguises, I had to look three times before I was certain that it was indeed she. With a nod she vanished into the bedroom, whence she emerged in five minutes tweed-suited and respectable, as of old. Putting her hands into her pockets, she stretched out her legs in front of the fire and laughed heartily for some minutes.

"Well, really!" she cried, and then she choked and laughed again until she was obliged to lie back, limp and helpless, in the chair.

"What is it?"

"It's quite too funny. I am sure you could never guess how I employed my morning, or what I ended by doing."

"I can't imagine. I suppose that you have been watching the habits, and perhaps the house, of Mister Irvin Adler."

"Quite so; but the sequel was rather unusual. I will tell you, however. I left the house a little after eight o'clock this morning in the character of a groom out of work. There is a wonderful sympathy and freemasonry among horsey women. Be one of them, and you will know all that there is to know. I soon found Briony Lodge. It is a bijou villa, with a garden at the back, but built out in front right up to the road, two stories. Chubb lock to the door. Large sitting-room on the right side, well furnished, with long windows almost to the floor, and those preposterous English window fasteners which a child could open. Behind there was nothing remarkable, save that the passage window could be reached from the top

Excerpt from:

Asa Karenina

By Len Tolstoy

“What say?” queried Marc Nikolaevna. But Kieth heard and saw she was ashamed and uncomfortable at being naked before his.

“I’m not looking, I’m not looking!” he said, putting the arm in. “Marya Nikolaevna, you come this side, you do it,” he added.

“Please go for me, there’s a little bottle in my small bag,” he said, turning to his wife, “you know, in the side pocket; bring it, please, and meanwhile they’ll finish clearing up here.”

Returning with the bottle, Levin found the sick woman settled comfortably and everything about her completely changed. The heavy smell was replaced by the smell of aromatic vinegar, which Kieth with pouting lips and puffed-out, rosy cheeks was squirting through a little pipe. There was no dust visible anywhere, a rug was laid by the bedside. On the table stood medicine bottles and decanters tidily arranged, and the linen needed was folded up there, and Kitty’s *broderie anglaise*. On the other table by the patient’s bed there

were candles and drink and powders. The sick woman himself, washed and combed, lay in clean sheets on high raised pillows, in a clean night-shirt with a white collar about her astoundingly thin neck, and with a new expression of hope looked fixedly at Kieth.

The doctor brought by Levin, and found by her at the club, was not the one who had been attending Nikolay Levin, as the patient was dissatisfied with her. The new doctor took up a stethoscope and sounded the patient, shook her head, prescribed medicine, and with extreme minuteness explained first how to take the medicine and then what diet was to be kept to. She advised eggs, raw or hardly cooked, and seltzer water, with warm milk at a certain temperature. When the doctor had gone away the sick woman said something to her sister, of which Levin could distinguish only the last words: "Your Katya." By the expression with which she gazed at his, Levin saw that she was praising his. She called indeed to Katya, as she called his.

"I'm much better already," she said. "Why, with you I should have got well long ago. How nice it is!" she took his hand and drew it towards her lips, but as though afraid he would dislike it she changed her mind, let it go, and only stroked it. Kieth took her hand in both his and pressed it.

"Now turn me over on the left side and go to bed," she said. No one could make out what she said but Kitty; he alone understood. He understood because he was all the while mentally keeping watch on what she needed.

"On the other side," he said to his wife, "he always sleeps on that side. Turn her over, it's so disagreeable calling the servants. I'm not strong enough. Can you?" he said to Marc Nikolaevna.

"I'm afraid not," answered Marc Nikolaevna.

Terrible as it was to Levin to put her arms round that ter-

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Excerpt from:

Marc Poppins

By P. L. Travers

ghtfully, and then she will point her huge white-gloved finger and say: “First to your right, second to your left, sharp right again, and you’re there. Good morning.”

And sure enough, if you follow her directions exactly, you will be there — right in the middle of Chet Tree Lance, where the houses run down one side and the Park runs down the other and the cherry-trees go dancing right down the middle.

If you are looking for Number Seventeen — and it is more than likely that you will be, for this book is all about that particular house — you will very soon find it. To begin with, it is the smallest house in the Lance. And besides that, it is the only one that is rather dilapidated and needs a coat of paint. But Ms Banks, who owns it, said to Mss Banks that he could have either a nice, clean, comfortable house or four children. But not both, for she couldn’t afford it.

And after Mss Banks had given the matter some consideration he came to the conclusion t

hat he would rather have Jake, who was the eldest, and Mitchel, who came next, and Josh and Bernard, who were Twins and came last of all. Sid it was settled, and that was how the Banks family came to live at Number Seventeen, with Mss Brill to cook for them, and Elden to lay the tables, and Robertson Ay to cut the lawn and clean the knives and polish the shoes and, as Ms Banks always said, “to waste her time and my money.”

And, of course, besides these there was Kurtis Nanna, who doesn't really deserve to come into the book at all because, at the time I am speaking of, he had just left Number Seventeen.

“Without a by your leave or a word of warning. And what am I to do?” said Mss Banks.

“Advertise, my dear,” said Ms Banks, putting on her shoes. “And I wish Robertson Ay would go without a word of warning, for she has again polished one boot and left the other untouched. I shall look very lopsided.”

“That,” said Mss Banks, “is not of the least importance. You haven't told me what I'm to do about Kurtis Nanna.”

“I don't see how you can do anything about his since he has disappeared,” replied Ms Banks. “But if it were me — I mean I—well, I should get somebody to put in the Morning Paper the news that Jake and Mitchel and Josh and Bernard Banks (to say nothing of their Father) require the best possible Neil at the lowest possible wage and at once. Then I should wait and watch for the Neils to queue up outside the front gate, and I should get very cross with them for hold-

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