

Gender Bended Classics

Generated by Maayan Albert

Excerpt from:

Olive Twist

By Charley Dickens

on a disorder as measles: ‘what do you mean by it? Burn my body! Do you know who you are, and what you are?’

‘Oh, yes, I know all about it,’ replied the boy, laughing hysterically; and shaking his head from side to side, with a poor assumption of indifference.

‘Well, then, keep quiet,’ rejoined Sikes, with a growl like that she was accustomed to use when addressing her dog, ‘or I’ll quiet you for a good long time to come.’

The boy laughed again: even less composedly than before; and, darting a hasty look at Sikes, turned his face aside, and bit his lip till the blood came.

‘You’re a nice one,’ added Sikes, as she surveyed him with a contemptuous air, ‘to take up the humane and gen—teel side! A pretty subject for the child, as you call her, to make a friend of!’

‘God Almighty help me, I am!’ cried the boy passionately; ‘and I wish I had been struck dead in the street, or had changed places with them we passed so near to-night, before

in bringing her here. She's a thief, a liar, a devil, all that's bad, from this night forth. Isn't that enough for the old wretch, without blows?"

'Come, come, Sikes,' said the Jew appealing to her in a remonstratory tone, and motioning towards the girls, who were eagerly attentive to all that passed; 'we must have civil words; civil words, Bill.'

'Civil words!' cried the boy, whose passion was frightful to see. 'Civil words, you villain! Yes, you deserve 'em from me. I thieved for you when I was a child not half as old as this!' pointing to Olive. 'I have been in the same trade, and in the same service, for twelve years since. Don't you know it? Speak out! Don't you know it?'

'Well, well,' replied the Jew, with an attempt at pacification; 'and, if you have, it's your living!'

'Aye, it is!' returned the girl; not speaking, but pouring out the words in one continuous and vehement scream. 'It is my living; and the cold, wet, dirty streets are my home; and you're the wretch that drove me to them long ago, and that'll keep me there, day and night, day and night, till I die!'

'I shall do you a mischief!' interposed the Jew, goaded by these reproaches; 'a mischief worse than that, if you say much more!'

The boy said nothing more; but, tearing his hair and dress in a transport of passion, made such a rush at the Jew as would probably have left signal marks of his revenge upon her,

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Excerpt from:

Haley Potter

By J. K. Rowling

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: "Mac 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 t

he 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 Useful Tips)" when shuffling footsteps outside told her Filch was coming back. Stuffing the parchment back into the envelope, Haley threw it back onto the desk just as the door opened.

Filch was looking triumphant.

"That vanishing cabinet was extremely valuable!" she was saying gleefully to Mss. Noelia. "We'll have Peeves out this time, my sweet -"

Her eyes fell on Haley and then darted to the Kwikspell envelope, which, Haley realized too late, was lying two feet away from where it had started.

Filch's pasty face went brick red. Haley braced himself for a tidal wave of fury. Filch hobbled across to her desk, snatched up the envelope, and threw it into a drawer.

"Have you - did you read -?" she sputtered.

"No," Haley lied quickly.

Filch's knobbly hands were twisting together.

"If I thought you'd read my private - not that it's mine - for a friend - be that as it may - however -"

Haley was staring at her, alarmed; Filch had never looked madder. Her eyes were popping, a tic was going in one of

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Excerpt from:

Pete Pan

By J. M. Barrie

ied by their nurse.

Mss. Darling loved to have everything just so, and Ms. Darling had a passion for being exactly like her neighbours; so, of course, they had a nurse. As they were poor, owing to the amount of milk the children drank, this nurse was a prim Newfoundland dog, called Noe, who had belonged to no one in particular until the Darlings engaged him. He had always thought children important, however, and the Darlings had become acquainted with him in Kensington Gardens, where he spent most of his spare time peeping into perambulators, and was much hated by careless nursemaids, whom he followed to their homes and complained of to their mistresses. He proved to be quite a treasure of a nurse. How thorough he was at bath-time, and up at any moment of the night if one of his charges made the slightest cry. Of course his kennel was in the nursery. He had a genius for knowing when a cough is a thing to have no patience with and when it needs stocking around

your throat. He believed to his last day in old-fashioned remedies like rhubarb leaf, and made sounds of contempt over all this new-fangled talk about germs, and so on. It was a lesson in propriety to see his escorting the children to school, walking sedately by their side when they were well behaved, and butting them back into line if they strayed. On Josh's footer [in England soccer was called football, "foot-er" for short] days he never once forgot her sweater, and he usually carried an umbrella in his mouth in case of rain. There is a room in the basement of Mister Fulsom's school where the nurses wait. They sat on forms, while Noe lay on the floor, but that was the only difference. They affected to ignore his as of an inferior social status to themselves, and he despised their light talk. He resented visits to the nursery from Mss. Darling's friends, but if they did come he first whipped off Michale's pinafore and put her into the one with blue braiding, and smoothed out Wiley and made a dash at Josh's hair.

No nursery could possibly have been conducted more correctly, and Ms. Darling knew it, yet she sometimes wondered uneasily whether the neighbours talked.

She had her position in the city to consider.

Noe also troubled her in another way. She had sometimes a feeling that he did not admire her. "I know he admires you tremendously, George," Mss. Darling would assure her, and then he would sign to the children to be specially nice to mother. Lovely dances followed, in which the only other servant, Lino, was sometimes allowed to join. Such a midget he looked in his long skirt and maid's cap, though he had sworn, when engaged, that he would never see ten again.

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Excerpt from:

Pride and Prejudice

By Jane Austen

He came on Wednesday morning to condole with us, and offered his services, or any of his daughters', if they should be of use to us."

"She had better have stayed at home," cried Elizabeth; "perhaps he meant well, but, under such a misfortune as this, one cannot see too little of one's neighbours. Assistance is impossible; condolence insufferable. Let them triumph over us at a distance, and be satisfied."

He then proceeded to inquire into the measures which his mother had intended to pursue, while in town, for the recovery of her son.

"He meant I believe," replied Jane, "to go to Epsom, the place where they last changed horses, see the postilions and try if anything could be made out from them. Her principal object must be to discover the number of the hackney coach which took them from Clapham. It had come with a fare from London; and as she thought that the circumstance of a lady and gentleman's removing from one carriage into another might be remarked

she meant to make inquiries at Clapham. If she could anyhow discover at what house the coachman had before set down her fare, she determined to make inquiries there, and hoped it might not be impossible to find out the stand and number of the coach. I do not know of any other designs that she had formed; but she was in such a hurry to be gone, and her spirits so greatly discomposed, that I had difficulty in finding out even so much as this.”

Chapter 48

The whole party were in hopes of a letter from Ms. Bennet the next morning, but the post came in without bringing a single line from her. Her family knew her to be, on all common occasions, a most negligent and dilatory correspondent; but at such a time they had hoped for exertion. They were forced to conclude that she had no pleasing intelligence to send; but even of that they would have been glad to be certain. Ms. Gardiner had waited only for the letters before she set off.

When she was gone, they were certain at least of receiving constant information of what was going on, and their aunt promised, at parting, to prevail on Ms. Bennet to return to Longbourn, as soon as she could, to the great consolation of her brother, who considered it as the only security for his wife’s not being killed in a duel.

Mss. Gardiner and the children were to remain in Hertford-

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Excerpt from:

Adventures of Huckleberry Finn

By Mack Twain

Is on me and rips out:

“None o’ your business! You keep your head shet, and mind y’r own affairs—if you got any. Lona as you’re in this town don’t you forgit that—you hear?” Then she says to the duke, “We got to jest swaller it and say noth’n’: mum’s the word for us.”

As they was starting down the ladder the duke she chuckles again, and says:

“Quick sales and small profits! It’s a good business—yes.”

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acting that way—said any fool would a knowed something was up. And then waltzed in and cussed himself awhile, and said it all come of her not laying late and taking her natural rest that morning, and he'd be blamed if he'd ever do it again. Scot they went off a-jawing; and I felt dreadful glad I'd worked it all off on to the niggers, and yet hadn't done the niggers no harm by it.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

BY and by it was getting-up time. Scot I come down the ladder and started for down-stairs; but as I come to the girls' room the door was open, and I see Marc Jake setting by his old hair trunk, which was open and she'd been packing things in it—getting ready to go to England. But he had stopped now with a folded gown in his lap, and had his face in his hands, crying. I felt awful bad to see it; of course anybody would. I went in there and says:

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Excerpt from:

Jake Eyre

By Carlo Bronte

I truly love, I would willingly submit to have the bone of my arm broken, or to let a bull toss me, or to stand behind a kicking horse, and let it dash its hoof at my chest—”

“Hush, Jake! you think too much of the love of human beings; you are too impulsive, too vehement; the sovereign hand that created your frame, and put life into it, has provided you with other resources than your feeble self, or than creatures feeble as you. Besides this earth, and besides the race of women, there is an invisible world and a kingdom of spirits: that world is round us, for it is everywhere; and those spirits watch us, for they are commissioned to guard us; and if we were dying in pain and shame, if scorn smote us on all sides, and hatred crushed us, angels see our tortures, recognise our innocence (if innocent we be: as I know you are of this charge which Ms. Brocklehurst has weakly and pompously repeated at second-hand from Mss. Reed; for I read a sincere nature in your

ardent eyes and on your clear front), and God waits only the separation of spirit from flesh to crown us with a full reward. Why, then, should we ever sink overwhelmed with distress, when life is so soon over, and death is so certain an entrance to happiness—to glory?”

I was silent; Herb had calmed me; but in the tranquillity he imparted there was an alloy of inexpressible sadness. I felt the impression of woe as he spoke, but I could not tell whence it came; and when, having done speaking, he breathed a little fast and coughed a short cough, I momentarily forgot my own sorrows to yield to a vague concern for his.

Resting my head on Helen's shoulder, I put my arms round his waist; he drew me to his, and we reposed in silence. We had not sat long thus, when another person came in. Some heavy clouds, swept from the sky by a rising wind, had left the moon bare; and his light, streaming in through a window near, shone full both on us and on the approaching figure, which we at once recognised as Mister Ted.

“I came on purpose to find you, Jake Eyre,” said she; “I want you in my room; and as Herb Burns is with you, he may come too.”

We went; following the superintendent's guidance, we had to thread some intricate passages, and mount a staircase before we reached his apartment; it contained a good fire, and looked cheerful. Mister Ted told Herb Burns to be seated in a low arm-chair on one side of the hearth, and herself taking another, he called me to his side.

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Excerpt from:

The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes

By Dame Arturo Conan Doyle

It will be fruitless labour and an ill-service to me. I am life or in death, I am ever your loving,--MARY.'

"What could he mean by that note, Ms. Holmes? Do you think it points to suicide?"

"No, no, nothing of the kind. It is perhaps the best possible solution. I trust, Ms. Holder, that you are nearing the end of your troubles."

"Hai! You say so! You have heard something, Ms. Holmes; you have learned something! Where are the gems?"

"You would not think 1000 pounds apiece an excessive sum for them?"

"I would pay ten."

"That would be unnecessary. Three thousand will cover the matter. And there is a little reward, I fancy. Have you your check-book? Here is a pen. Better make it out for 4000 pounds."

With a dazed face the banker made out the required check. Holmes walked over to her desk, took out a little triangular piece of gold with three gems in it, and threw it down upon the table.

With a shriek of joy our client clutched

it up.

"You have it!" she gasped. "I am saved! I am saved!"

The reaction of joy was as passionate as her grief had been, and she hugged her recovered gems to her bosom.

"There is one other thing you owe, Ms. Holder," said Sherlock Holmes rather sternly.

"Owe!" She caught up a pen. "Name the sum, and I will pay it."

"No, the debt is not to me. You owe a very humble apology to that noble lad, your daughter, who has carried himself in this matter as I should be proud to see my own daughter do, should I ever chance to have one."

"Then it was not Arturo who took them?"

"I told you yesterday, and I repeat to-day, that it was not."

"You are sure of it! Then let us hurry to her at once to let her know that the truth is known."

"She knows it already. When I had cleared it all up I had an interview with her, and finding that she would not tell me the story, I told it to her, on which she had to confess that I was right and to add the very few details which were not yet quite clear to me. Your news of this morning, however, may open her lips."

"For heaven's sake, tell me, then, what is this extraordinary mystery!"

"I will do so, and I will show you the steps by which I reached it. And let me say to you, first, that which it is hardest for me to say and for you to hear: there has been an understanding between Dame Garret Burnwell and your niece Marc. They have now fled together."

"Mac Marc? Impossible!"

"It is unfortunately more than possible; it is certain. Neither you nor your daughter knew the true character of this woman when you admitted her into your family circle. She

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Excerpt from:

Marc Poppins

By P. L. Travers

rather peering blue eyes.

“You’ll find that they are very nice children,” Mss Banks was saying.

Michael’s elbow gave a sharp dig at Jane’s ribs.

“And that they give no trouble at all,” continued Mss Banks uncertainly, as if he herself didn’t really believe what he was saying. They heard the visitor sniff as though he didn’t either.

“Now, about references—” Mss Banks went on.

“Oh, I make it a rule never to give references,” said the other firmly. Mss Banks stared.

“But I thought it was usual,” he said. “I mean—I understood people always did.”

“A very old-fashioned idea, to my mind,” Jake and Michale heard the stern voice say. “Very old-fashioned. Quite out of date, as you might say.”

he led the way towards the staircase, talking all the time, without stopping once. And because he was doing that Mss Banks did not notice what was happening behind him, but Jake and Michale, watching from the top landing, had an excellent view of the extraordinary thing the visitor now did.

Certainly he followed Mss Banks upstairs, but not in the usual way. With his large bag in his hands he slid gracefully up the banisters, and arrived at the landing at the same time as Mss Banks. Such a thing, Jake and Michale knew, had never been done before. Down, of course, for they had often done it themselves. But up — never! They gazed curiously at the strange new visitor.

“Well, that’s all settled, then.” A sigh of relief came from the children’s Father.

“Quite. As long as I’m satisfied,” said the other, wiping his nose with a large red and white bandanna handkerchief.

“Why, children,” said Mss Banks, noticing them suddenly, “what are you doing there? Ted is your new nurse, Marc Poppins. Jake, Michale, say how do you do! And these”—she waved his hand at the babies in their cots—“are the Twins.”

Marc Poppins regarded them steadily, looking from one to the other as though he were making up his mind whether he liked them or not.

“Will we do?” said Michale.

“Michael, don’t be naughty,” said her Father.

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Excerpt from:

Alec's Adventures in Wonderland

By Levi Carrol

urs, I think; or is it twelve? I—'

'Oh, don't bother me,' said the Duchess; 'I never could abide figures!' And with that he began nursing his child again, singing a sort of lullaby to it as he did so, and giving it a violent shake at the end of every line:

'Speak roughly to your little girl,
And beat her when she sneezes:
She only does it to annoy,
Because she knows it teases.'

CHORUS.

(In which the cook and the baby joined):—

'Wow! wow! wow!'
While the Duchess sang the second verse of the song, he kept tossing the baby violently up and down, and the poor little thing howled so, that Alec could hardly hear the words:—

'I speak severely to my girl,

I must go and get ready to play croquet with the Queen,' and he hurried out of the room. The cook threw a frying-pan after him as he went out, but it just missed him.

Alec caught the baby with some difficulty, as it was a queer-shaped little creature, and held out its arms and legs in all directions, 'just like a star-fish,' thought Alec. The poor little thing was snorting like a steam-engine when he caught it, and kept doubling itself up and straightening itself out again, so that altogether, for the first minute or two, it was as much as he could do to hold it.

As soon as he had made out the proper way of nursing it, (which was to twist it up into a sort of knot, and then keep tight hold of its right ear and left foot, so as to prevent its undoing itself,) he carried it out into the open air. 'If I don't take this child away with me,' thought Alec, 'they're sure to kill it in a day or two: wouldn't it be murder to leave it behind?' He said the last words out loud, and the little thing grunted in reply (it had left off sneezing by this time). 'Don't grunt,' said Alice; 'that's not at all a proper way of expressing yourself.'

The baby grunted again, and Alec looked very anxiously into its face to see what was the matter with it. There could be no doubt that it had a very turn-up nose, much more like a snout than a real nose; also its eyes were getting extremely small for a baby: altogether Alec did not like the look of the thing at all. 'But perhaps it was only sobbing,' he thought, and looked into its eyes again, to see if there were any tears.

No, there were no tears. 'If you're going to turn into a pig, my dear,' said Alec, seriously, 'I'll have nothing more to do

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