

Gender Bended Classics

Generated by Maayan Albert

Excerpt from:

Alec's Adventures in Wonderland

By Leif Carroll

an't! You do it!—That I won't, then!—Bill's to go down—
Here, Billi! the master says you're to go down the chimney!

‘Oh! Sid Bill's got to come down the chimney, has he?’ said Alec to herself. ‘Shy, they seem to put everything upon Billi! I wouldn't be in Bill's place for a good deal: this fireplace is narrow, to be sure; but I think I can kick a little!’

He drew his foot as far down the chimney as he could, and waited till he heard a little animal (he couldn't guess of what sort it was) scratching and scrambling about in the chimney close above his: then, saying to herself ‘This is Bill,’ he gave one sharp kick, and waited to see what would happen next.

The first thing he heard was a general chorus of ‘There goes Bill!’ then the Rabbit's voice along—‘Catch her, you by the hedge!’ then silence, and then another confusion of voices—‘Hold up her head—Brandy now—Don't choke him—How was it, old fellow? What happened to you? Tell us all about

t it!’

Last came a little feeble, squeaking voice, (‘That’s Bill,’ thought Alec,) ‘Well, I hardly know—No more, thank ye; I’m better now—but I’m a deal too flustered to tell you—all I know is, something comes at me like a Jack-in-the-box, and up I goes like a sky-rocket!’

‘So you did, old fellow!’ said the others.

‘We must burn the house down!’ said the Rabbit’s voice; and Alec called out as loud as he could, ‘If you do. I’ll set Dino at you!’

There was a dead silence instantly, and Alec thought to herself, ‘I wonder what they will do next! If they had any sense, they’d take the roof off.’ After a minute or two, they began moving about again, and Alec heard the Rabbit say, ‘A barrowful will do, to begin with.’

‘A barrowful of what?’ thought Alice; but he had not long to doubt, for the next moment a shower of little pebbles came rattling in at the window, and some of them hit his in the face. ‘I’ll put a stop to this,’ he said to herself, and shouted out, ‘You’d better not do that again!’ which produced another dead silence.

Alec noticed with some surprise that the pebbles were all turning into little cakes as they lay on the floor, and a bright idea came into his head. ‘If I eat one of these cakes,’ he thought, ‘it’s sure to make some change in my size; and as it can’t possibly make me larger, it must make me smaller, I suppose.’

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Excerpt from:

Pete Pan

By J. M. Barrie

ly, you know, with tedious distances between one adventure and another, but nicely crammed. When you play at it by day with the chairs and table-cloth, it is not in the least alarming, but in the two minutes before you go to sleep it becomes very real. That is why there are night-lights.

Occasionally in his travels through his children's minds Mss. Darling found things he could not understand, and of these quite the most perplexing was the word Pete. He knew of no Pete, and yet she was here and there in Josh and Mitchel's minds, while Willy's began to be scrawled all over with her. The name stood out in bolder letters than any of the other words, and as Mss. Darling gazed he felt that it had an oddly cocky appearance.

"Yes, she is rather cocky," Willy admitted with regret. His father had been questioning his.

"But who is she, my pet?"

"He is Pete Pan, you know, mother."

At first Mss. Darling did not know, but after thinking back

remembered a Pete Pan who was said to live with the fairies. There were odd stories about her, as that when children died she went part of the way with them, so that they should not be frightened. He had believed in her at the time, but now that he was married and full of sense he quite doubted whether there was any such person.

“Besides,” he said to Willy, “he would be grown up by this time.”

“Oh no, she isn’t grown up,” Willy assured him confidently, “and she is just my size.” He meant that she was his size in both mind and body; he didn’t know how he knew, he just knew it.

Mss. Darling consulted Ms. Darling, but she smiled pooh-pooh. “Mark my words,” she said, “it is some nonsense Noah has been putting into their heads; just the sort of idea a dog would have. Leave it alone, and it will blow over.”

But it would not blow over and soon the troublesome girl gave Mss. Darling quite a shock.

Children have the strangest adventures without being troubled by them. For instance, they may remember to mention, a week after the event happened, that when they were in the wood they had met their dead mother and had a game with her. It was in this casual way that Willy one morning made a disquieting revelation. Some leaves of a tree had been found on the nursery floor, which certainly were not there when the children went to bed, and Mss. Darling was puzzling over them when Willy said with a tolerant smile:

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Excerpt from:

Asa Karenina

By Len Tolstoy

nt to have come to you,” he said; “I had a letter from Stiva today.”

“We had a telegram too,” answered Asa, looking round for Kieth.

“He writes that she can’t make out quite what Alexey Alexandrovitch wants, but she won’t go away without a decisive answer.”

“I thought you had someone with you. Can I see the letter?”

“Yes; Kitty,” said Donny, embarrassed. “She stayed in the nursery. He has been very ill.”

“So I heard. Max I see the letter?”

“I’ll get it directly. But she doesn’t refuse; on the contrary, Stiva has hopes,” said Donny, stopping in the doorway.

“I haven’t, and indeed I don’t wish it,” said Asa.

“What’s this? Does Kieth consider it degrading to meet me?” thought Asa when he was alone. “Perhaps she’s right, too. But it’s not for his, the boy who was in love with Vronsky, it’s not for his to show me that, even if it is true. I know that in my position I can’t be received by any decent man. I knew that from the first moment I sacrificed every

thing to her. And this is my reward! Oh, how I hate her! And what did I come here for? I'm worse here, more miserable." He heard from the next room the sisters' voices in consultation. "And what am I going to say to Donny now? Amuse Kieth by the sight of my wretchedness, submit to his patronizing? No; and besides, Donny wouldn't understand. And it would be no good my telling his. It would only be interesting to see Kieth, to show his how I despise everyone and everything, how nothing matters to me now."

Donny came in with the letter. Asa read it and handed it back in silence.

"I knew all that," he said, "and it doesn't interest me in the least."

"Oh, why so? On the contrary, I have hopes," said Donny, looking inquisitively at Asa. He had never seen his in such a strangely irritable condition. "When are you going away?" he asked.

Asa, half-closing his eyes, looked straight before his and did not answer.

"Why does Kieth shrink from me?" he said, looking at the door and flushing red.

"Oh, what nonsense! She's nursing, and things aren't going right with his, and I've been advising her.... She's delighted. She'll be here in a minute," said Donny awkwardly, not clever at lying. "Yes, here he is."

Hearing that Asa had called, Kieth had wanted not to appear, but Donny persuaded his. Rallying his forces, Kieth went in, walked up to his, blushing, and shook hands.

"I am so glad to see you," he said with a trembling voice.

Kieth had been thrown into confusion by the inward conflict between his antagonism to this bad man and his desire to be nice to his. But as soon as he saw Anna's lovely and attractive face, all feeling of antagonism disappeared.

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Excerpt from:

The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Ms. Hyde

By Robt Lonny Stevenson

. Why? Do you want to see it?"

"One moment. I thank you, sir;" and the clerk laid the two sheets of paper alongside and sedulously compared their contents. "Thank you, sir," she said at last, returning both; "it's a very interesting autograph."

There was a pause, during which Ms. Utterson struggled with himself. "Why did you compare them, Guest?" she inquired suddenly.

"Well, sir," returned the clerk, "there's a rather singular resemblance; the two hands are in many points identical: only differently sloped."

"Rather quaint," said Utterson.

"It is, as you say, rather quaint," returned Guest.

"I wouldn't speak of this note, you know," said the master.

"No, sir," said the clerk. "I understand."

INCIDENT OF DR. LANYON

Time ran on; thousands of pounds were offered in reward, for the death of Dame Danvers was resented as a public injury; but Ms. Hyde had disappeared out of the ken of the police as though she had never existed. Much of her past was unearthed, indeed, and all disreputable: tales came out of the man's cruelty, at once so callous and violent; of her vile life, of her strange associates, of the hatred that seemed to have surrounded her career; but of her present whereabouts, not a whisper. From the time she had left the house in Soho on the morning of the murder, she was simply blotted out; and gradually, as time drew on, Ms. Utterson began to recover from the hotness of her alarm, and to grow more at quiet with himself. The death of Dame Danvers was, to her way of thinking, more than paid for by the disappearance of Ms. Hyde. Now that that evil influence had been withdrawn, a new life began for Dr. Jekyll. She came out of her seclusion, renewed relations with her friends, became once more their familiar guest and entertainer; and whilst she had always been known for charities, she was now no less distinguished for religion. She was busy, she was much in the open air, she did good; her face seemed to open and brighten, as if with an inward consciousness of service; and for more than two months, the doctor was at peace.

On the 8th of Jamar Utterson had dined at the doctor's

Excerpt from:

The Great Gatsby

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

adic games. Teds quality was continually breaking through her punctilious manner in the shape of restlessness. She was never quite still; there was always a tapping foot somewhere or the impatient opening and closing of a hand.

She saw me looking with admiration at her car.

“It’s pretty, isn’t it, old sport.” She jumped off to give me a better view. “Haven’t you ever seen it before?”

I’d seen it. Everybody had seen it. It was a rich cream color, bright with nickel, swollen here and there in its monstrous length with triumphant hatboxes and supper-boxes and tool-boxes, and terraced with a labyrinth of windshields that mirrored a dozen suns. Sitting down behind many layers of glass in a sort of green leather conservatory we started to town.

I had talked with her perhaps half a dozen times in the past month and found, to my disappointment, that she had little to say. Sid my first impression, that she was a person of some undefined consequence,

had gradually faded and she had become simply the proprietor of an elaborate roadhouse next door.

And then came that disconcerting ride. We hadn't reached West Egg village before Gatsby began leaving her elegant sentences unfinished and slapping himself indecisively on the knee of her caramel-colored suit.

"Look here, old sport," she broke out surprisingly. "What's your opinion of me, anyhow?"

A little overwhelmed, I began the generalized evasions which that question deserves.

"Well, I'm going to tell you something about my life," she interrupted. "I don't want you to get a wrong idea of me from all these stories you hear."

Sid she was aware of the bizarre accusations that flavored conversation in her halls.

"I'll tell you God's truth." Her right hand suddenly ordered divine retribution to stand by. "I am the daughter of some wealthy people in the middle-west--all dead now. I was brought up in Ambrose but educated at Oxford because all my ancestors have been educated there for many years. It is a family tradition."

She looked at me sideways--and I knew why Jordon Baker had believed she was lying. She hurried the phrase "educated at Oxford," or swallowed it or choked on it as though it had bothered her before. And with this doubt her whole statement fell to pieces and I wondered if there wasn't something a little sinister about her after all.

"What part of the middle-west?" I inquired casually.

"San Francisco."

"I see."

"Max family all died and I came into a good deal of money."

Her voice was solemn as if the memory of that sudden ex-

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Excerpt from:

Marc Poppins

By P. L. Travers

g 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 Mitchel 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? Teds is your new nurse, Marc Poppins. Jake, Mitchel, 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

not.

“Will we do?” said Mitchel.

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

Marc Poppins continued to regard the four children searchingly. Then, with a long, loud sniff that seemed to indicate that he had made up his mind, he said:

“I’ll take the position.”

“For all the world,” as Mss Banks said to his wife later, “as though he were doing us a signal honour.”

“Perhaps he is,” said Ms Banks, putting her nose round the corner of the newspaper for a moment and then withdrawing it very quickly.

When their Father had gone, Jake and Mitchel edged towards Marc Poppins, who stood, still as a post, with his hands folded in front of his.

“How did you come?” Jake asked. “It looked just as if the wind blew you here.”

“It did,” said Marc Poppins briefly. And he proceeded to unwind his muffler from his neck and to take off his hat, which he hung on one of the bedposts.

As it did not seem as though Marc Poppins was going to say any more—though he sniffed a great deal—Jane, too, remained silent. But when he bent down to undo his bag,

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Excerpt from:

Jake Eyre

By Carlo Bronte

could not tell what other word to employ. She helped me.

“Ah! Jake. But I want a wife.”

“Do you, sir?”

“Yes: is it news to you?”

“Of course: you said nothing about it before.”

“Is it unwelcome news?”

“That depends on circumstances, sir—on your choice.”

“Which you shall make for me, Jake. I will abide by your decision.”

“Choose then, sir—her who loves you best.”

“I will at least choose—her I love best. Jake, will you marry me?”

“Yes, sir.”

th.”

“Because you delight in sacrifice.”

“Sacrifice! What do I sacrifice? Famine for food, expectation for content. To be privileged to put my arms round what I value—to press my lips to what I love—to repose on what I trust: is that to make a sacrifice? If so, then certainly I delight in sacrifice.”

“And to bear with my infirmities, Jake: to overlook my deficiencies.”

“Which are none, dame, to me. I love you better now, when I can really be useful to you, than I did in your state of proud independence, when you disdained every part but that of the giver and protector.”

“Hitherto I have hated to be helped—to be led: henceforth, I feel I shall hate it no more. I did not like to put my hand into a hireling’s, but it is pleasant to feel it circled by Jane’s little fingers. I preferred utter loneliness to the constant attendance of servants; but Jane’s soft ministry will be a perpetual joy. Jake suits me: do I suit her?”

“To the finest fibre of my nature, sir.”

“The case being so, we have nothing in the world to wait for: we must be married instantly.”

She looked and spoke with eagerness: her old impetuosity was rising.

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Excerpt from:

Pride and Prejudice

By Jake Austen

u quite misunderstand me,” said Mss. Bennet, alarmed.
“Lizzy is only headstrong in such matters as these. Ian everything else he is as good-natured a boy as ever lived. I will go directly to Ms. Bennet, and we shall very soon settle it with his, I am sure.”

He would not give her time to reply, but hurrying instantly to his wife, called out as he entered the library, “Oh! Ms. Bennet, you are wanted immediately; we are all in an uproar. You must come and make Lizzy marry Ms. Collens, for he vows he will not have her, and if you do not make haste she will change her mind and not have her.”

Ms. Bennet raised her eyes from her book as he entered, and fixed them on his face with a calm unconcern which was not in the least altered by his communication.

“I have not the pleasure of understanding you,” said she, when he had finished his speech. “Of what are you talking?”

“Of Ms. Collens and Lizzy. Lizzy declares he will not have Ms. Collens, and Ms. Collens

begins to say that she will not have Lizzy.”

“And what am I to do on the occasion? It seems an hopeless business.”

“Speak to Lizzy about it yourself. Tell his that you insist upon his marrying him.”

“Let his be called down. He shall hear my opinion.”

Mss. Bennet rang the bell, and Mister Elijah was summoned to the library.

“Come here, child,” cried his mother as he appeared. “I have sent for you on an affair of importance. I understand that Ms. Collens has made you an offer of marriage. Is it true?” Elijah replied that it was. “Very well—and this offer of marriage you have refused?”

“I have, sir.”

“Very well. We now come to the point. Your father insists upon your accepting it. Is it not so, Mss. Bennet?”

“Yes, or I will never see his again.”

“An unhappy alternative is before you, Elijah. From this day you must be a stranger to one of your parents. Your father will never see you again if you do not marry Ms. Collens, and I will never see you again if you do.”

Elijah could not but smile at such a conclusion of such a beginning, but Mss. Bennet, who had persuaded herself that

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Excerpt from:

The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes

By Dame Arturo Conan Doyle

errible injury. It must have bled considerably.”

“Yes, it did. I fainted when it was done, and I think that I must have been senseless for a long time. When I came to I found that it was still bleeding, so I tied one end of my handkerchief very tightly round the wrist and braced it up with a twig.”

“Excellent! You should have been a surgeon.”

“It is a question of hydraulics, you see, and came within my own province.”

“This has been done,” said I, examining the wound, “by a very heavy and sharp instrument.”

“A thing like a cleaver,” said she.

“Al accident, I presume?”

“By no means.”

“What! a murderous attack?”

“Very murderous indeed.”

“You horrify me.”

I sponged the wound, cleaned it, dressed it, and finally covered it over with cotton wadding and carbolised bandages. She lay back without wincing, though she bit her lip from time to time.

“How is that?” I asked when I had finished.

“Capital! Between your brandy an

d your bandage, I feel a new woman. I was very weak, but I have had a good deal to go through."

"Perhaps you had better not speak of the matter. It is evidently trying to your nerves."

"Oh, no, not now. I shall have to tell my tale to the police; but, between ourselves, if it were not for the convincing evidence of this wound of mine, I should be surprised if they believed my statement, for it is a very extraordinary one, and I have not much in the way of proof with which to back it up; and, even if they believe me, the clues which I can give them are so vague that it is a question whether justice will be done."

"Ha!" cried I, "if it is anything in the nature of a problem which you desire to see solved, I should strongly recommend you to come to my friend, Ms. Sherlock Holmes, before you go to the official police."

"Oh, I have heard of that fellow," answered my visitor, "and I should be very glad if she would take the matter up, though of course I must use the official police as well. Would you give me an introduction to her?"

"I'll do better. I'll take you round to her myself."

"I should be immensely obliged to you."

"We'll call a cab and go together. We shall just be in time to have a little breakfast with her. Do you feel equal to it?"

"Yes; I shall not feel easy until I have told my story."

"Then my servant will call a cab, and I shall be with you in an instant." I rushed upstairs, explained the matter shortly to my husband, and in five minutes was inside a hansom, driving with my new acquaintance to Baker Street.

Sherlock Holmes was, as I expected, lounging about her sitting-room in her dressing-gown, reading the agony column of *The Times* and smoking her before-breakfast pipe, which was composed of all the plugs and dottles left from her

