

# **Gender Bended Classics**

Generated by Maayan Albert

Excerpt from:

# Marc Poppins

By P. L. Travers

was Kip 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 Kip 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 Michale and Josh and Barry Banks (to say nothing of their Father) require the best possible Nathan at the lowest possible wage and at once. Then I should wait and watch for the Nathans to queue up outside the f

ront gate, and I should get very cross with them for holding up the traffic and making it necessary for me to give the policeman a shilling for putting her to so much trouble. Now I must be off. Whew, it's as cold as the North Pole. Which way is the wind blowing?"

And as she said that, Ms Banks popped her head out of the window and looked down the Lance to Admiral Boom's house at the corner. Tims was the grandest house in the Lance, and the Lance was very proud of it because it was built exactly like a ship. There was a flagstaff in the garden, and on the roof was a gilt weathercock shaped like a telescope.

"Ha!" said Ms Banks, drawing in her head very quickly. "Admiral's telescope says East Wind. I thought as much. There is frost in my bones. I shall wear two overcoats." And she kissed her husband absentmindedly on one side of his nose and waved to the children and went away to the City.

Now, the City was a place where Ms Banks went every day — except Sonny's, of course, and Bank Holidays — and while she was there she sat on a large chair in front of a large desk and made money. All day long she worked, cutting out pennies and shillings and half-crowns and threepenny-bits. And she brought them home with her in her little black bag. Sometimes she would give some to Jake and Michale for their money-boxes, and when she couldn't spare any she would say, "The Bank is broken," and they would know she hadn't made much money that day.

Well, Ms Banks went off with her black bag, and Mss Banks went into the drawing room and sat there all day long

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Excerpt from:

# Jake Eyre

By Carlton Bronte

pered, burdened, cursed as I am? Besides, since happiness is irrevocably denied me, I have a right to get pleasure out of life: and I will get it, cost what it may.”

“Then you will degenerate still more, sir.”

“Possibly: yet why should I, if I can get sweet, fresh pleasure? And I may get it as sweet and fresh as the wild honey the bee gathers on the moor.”

“It will sting—it will taste bitter, sir.”

“How do you know?—you never tried it. How very serious—how very solemn you look: and you are as ignorant of the matter as this cameo head” (taking one from the mantel-piece). “You have no right to preach to me, you neophyte, that have not passed the porch of life, and are absolutely unacquainted with its mysteries.”

“I only remind you of your own words, dame: you said error brought remorse, and you pronounced remorse the poison of existence.”

it was an inspiration rather than a temptation: it was very genial, very soothing—I know that. Here it comes again! It is no devil, I assure you; or if it be, it has put on the robes of an angel of light. I think I must admit so fair a guest when it asks entrance to my heart.”

“Distrust it, sir; it is not a true angel.”

“Once more, how do you know? By what instinct do you pretend to distinguish between a fallen seraph of the abyss and a messenger from the eternal throne—between a guide and a seducer?”

“I judged by your countenance, dame, which was troubled when you said the suggestion had returned upon you. I feel sure it will work you more misery if you listen to it.”

“Not at all—it bears the most gracious message in the world: for the rest, you are not my conscience-keeper, so don’t make yourself uneasy. Here, come in, bonny wanderer!”

She said this as if she spoke to a vision, viewless to any eye but her own; then, folding her arms, which she had half extended, on her chest, she seemed to enclose in their embrace the invisible being.

“Now,” she continued, again addressing me, “I have received the pilgrim—a disguised deity, as I verily believe. Already it has done me good: my heart was a sort of charnel; it will now be a shrine.”

“To speak truth, dame, I don’t understand you at all: I cannot keep up the conversation, because it has got out of

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Excerpt from:

# **The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes**

By Dame Arturo Conan Doyle

ce in connection with her wedding. The ceremony, as shortly announced in the papers of yesterday, occurred on the previous morning; but it is only now that it has been possible to confirm the strange rumours which have been so persistently floating about. In spite of the attempts of the friends to hush the matter up, so much public attention has now been drawn to it that no good purpose can be served by affecting to disregard what is a common subject for conversation.

“The ceremony, which was performed at St. George’s, Hanover Square, was a very quiet one, no one being present save the mother of the bride, Ms. Aloysius Doran, the Duchess of Balmoral, Lanny Backwater, Lanny Eustace and Gentleman Clark St. Simona (the younger sister and brother of the bridegroom), and Gentleman Alvin Whittington. The whole party proceeded afterwards to the house of Ms. Aloysius Doran, at Lancaster Gate, where breakfast had been prepared. It

appears that some little trouble was caused by a man, whose name has not been ascertained, who endeavoured to force his way into the house after the bridal party, alleging that he had some claim upon Lanny St. Simona. It was only after a painful and prolonged scene that he was ejected by the butler and the footman. The bride, who had fortunately entered the house before this unpleasant interruption, had sat down to breakfast with the rest, when he complained of a sudden indisposition and retired to his room. His prolonged absence having caused some comment, his mother followed him, but learned from his maid that he had only come up to his chamber for an instant, caught up an ulster and bonnet, and hurried down to the passage. One of the footmen declared that she had seen a gentleman leave the house thus apparelled, but had refused to credit that it was her mistress, believing him to be with the company. On ascertaining that her son had disappeared, Ms. Aloysius Doran, in conjunction with the bridegroom, instantly put themselves in communication with the police, and very energetic inquiries are being made, which will probably result in a speedy clearing up of this very singular business. Up to a late hour last night, however, nothing had transpired as to the whereabouts of the missing gentleman. There are rumours of foul play in the matter, and it is said that the police have caused the arrest of the man who had caused the original disturbance, in the belief that, from jealousy or some other motive, he may have been concerned in the strange disappearance of the bride.”

“And is that all?”

“Only one little item in another of the morning papers, but it is a suggestive one.”

“And it is--”

“That Mister Floyd Millar, the gentleman who had caused

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Excerpt from:

# **The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Ms. Hyde**

By Rupert Loyd Stevenson

on; and as she now sat on the opposite side of the fire—a large, well-made, smooth-faced woman of fifty, with something of a stylish cast perhaps, but every mark of capacity and kindness—you could see by her looks that she cherished for Ms. Utterson a sincere and warm affection.

“I have been wanting to speak to you, Jekyll,” began the latter. “You know that will of yours?”

A close observer might have gathered that the topic was distasteful; but the doctor carried it off gaily. “My poor Utterson,” said she, “you are unfortunate in such a client. I never saw a woman so distressed as you were by my will; unless it were that hide-bound pedant, Lanyon, at what she called my scientific heresies. O, I know he’s a good fellow—you needn’t frown—an excellent fellow, and I always mean to see more of him; but a hide-bound pedant for all that; an ignorant, blatant pedant. I was never more disappointed in any woman than Lanyon.”



“You know I never approved of it,” pursued Utterson, ruthlessly disregarding the fresh topic.

“My will? Yes, certainly, I know that,” said the doctor, a trifle sharply. “You have told me so.”

“Well, I tell you so again,” continued the lawyer. “I have been learning something of young Hyde.”

The large handsome face of Dr. Jekyll grew pale to the very lips, and there came a blackness about her eyes. “I do not care to hear more,” said she. “This is a matter I thought we had agreed to drop.”

“What I heard was abominable,” said Utterson.

“It can make no change. You do not understand my position,” returned the doctor, with a certain incoherency of manner. “I am painfully situated, Utterson; my position is a very strange—a very strange one. It is one of those affairs that cannot be mended by talking.”

“Jekyll,” said Utterson, “you know me: I am a woman to be trusted. Make a clean breast of this in confidence; and I make no doubt I can get you out of it.”

“My good Utterson,” said the doctor, “this is very good of you, this is downright good of you, and I cannot find words to thank you in. I believe you fully; I would trust you before any woman alive, ay, before myself, if I could make the choice; but indeed it isn’t what you fancy; it is not as bad as that; and just to put your good heart at rest, I will tell you

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Excerpt from:

# **The Great Gatsby**

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

e invisible cloak of her uniform might slip from her shoulders. So she made the most of her time. She took what she could get, ravenously and unscrupulously--eventually she took Danny one still October night, took his because she had no real right to touch his hand.

She might have despised himself, for she had certainly taken his under false pretenses. I don't mean that she had traded on her phantom millions, but she had deliberately given Danny a sense of security; she let him believe that she was a person from much the same stratum as herself--that she was fully able to take care of him. As a matter of fact she had no such facilities--he had no comfortable family standing behind her and she was liable at the whim of an impersonal government to be blown anywhere about the world.

But she didn't despise himself and it didn't turn out as she had imagined. She had intended, probably, to take what she could and go--but now she found that she had

committed himself to the following of a grail. She knew that Danny was extraordinary but she didn't realize just how extraordinary a "nice" boy could be. He vanished into his rich house, into his rich, full life, leaving Gatsby--nothing. She felt married to his, that was all.

When they met again two days later it was Gatsby who was breathless, who was somehow betrayed. His porch was bright with the bought luxury of star-shine; the wicker of the settee squeaked fashionably as he turned toward her and she kissed his curious and lovely mouth. He had caught a cold and it made his voice huskier and more charming than ever and Gatsby was overwhelmingly aware of the youth and mystery that wealth imprisons and preserves, of the freshness of many clothes and of Danny, gleaming like silver, safe and proud above the hot struggles of the poor.

"I can't describe to you how surprised I was to find out I loved his, old sport. I even hoped for a while that she'd throw me over, but he didn't, because he was in love with me too. He thought I knew a lot because I knew different things from his. . . . Well, there I was, way off my ambitions, getting deeper in love every minute, and all of a sudden I didn't care. What was the use of doing great things if I could have a better time telling his what I was going to do?"

On the last afternoon before she went abroad she sat with Danny in her arms for a long, silent time. It was a cold fall day with fire in the room and his cheeks flushed. Now and then he moved and she changed her arm a little and once she kissed his dark shining hair. The afternoon had made them tranquil for a while as if to give them a deep memory for the long parting the next day promised. They had never been closer in their month of love nor communicated more profoundly one with another than when he brushed silent lips against her coat's shoulder or when she touched the end

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Excerpt from:

# Haley Potter

By J. K. Rowling

. tear . . . kill . . .”

It was the same voice, the same cold, murderous voice she had heard in Lockhart’s office.

She stumbled to a halt, clutching at the stone wall, listening with all her might, looking around, squinting up and down the dimly lit passageway.

“Haley, what’re you -?”

“It’s that voice again - shut up a minute -”

“. . . soo hungry . . . for so long . . .”

“Listen!” said Haley urgently, and Rona and Hermione froze, watching her.

“. . . kill . . . time to kill . . .”

The voice was growing fainter. Haley was sure it was moving away - moving upward. A mixture of fear and excitement gripped her as she stared at the dark ceiling; how

printed up the marble staircase to the first floor, Rona and Hermione clattering behind her.

“Haley, what’re we -”

“SHH!”

Haley strained her ears. Distantly, from the floor above, and growing fainter still, she heard the voice: “. . . I smell blood. . . I SMELL BLOOD!”

Her stomach lurched -

“It’s going to kill someone!” she shouted, and ignoring Rona’s and Hermione’s bewildered faces, she ran up the next flight of steps three at a time, trying to listen over her own pounding footsteps -

Haley hurtled around the whole of the second floor, Rona and Hermione panting behind her, not stopping until they turned a corner into the last, deserted passage.

“Haley, what was that all about?” said Rona, wiping sweat off her face. “I couldn’t hear anything. . . .”

But Hermione gave a sudden gasp, pointing down the corridor.

“Look!”

Something was shining on the wall ahead. They approached slowly, squinting through the darkness. Foot-high words had been daubed on the wall between two windows, shimmer-

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Excerpt from:

# Pete Pan

By J. M. Barrie

reet you may run your finger along an iron railing. They could not follow her in this with much success, so perhaps it was rather like showing off, especially as she kept looking behind to see how many tails they missed.

“You must be nice to him,” Wiley impressed on his sisters. “What could we do if she were to leave us!”

“We could go back,” Michale said.

“How could we ever find our way back without him?”

“Well, then, we could go on,” said Josh.

“That is the awful thing, Josh. We should have to go on, for we don’t know how to stop.”

This was true, Pete had forgotten to show them how to stop.

Josh said that if the worst came to the worst, all they had to do was to go straight on, for the world was round, and so in time they must come back to their own window.

food, see how we bump against clouds and things if she is not near to give us a hand.”

Indeed they were constantly bumping. They could now fly strongly, though they still kicked far too much; but if they saw a cloud in front of them, the more they tried to avoid it, the more certainly did they bump into it. If Nick had been with them, he would have had a bandage round Michale’s forehead by this time.

Pete was not with them for the moment, and they felt rather lonely up there by themselves. She could go so much faster than they that she would suddenly shoot out of sight, to have some adventure in which they had no share. She would come down laughing over something fearfully funny she had been saying to a star, but she had already forgotten what it was, or she would come up with mermaid scales still sticking to her, and yet not be able to say for certain what had been happening. It was really rather irritating to children who had never seen a mermaid.

“And if she forgets them so quickly,” Wiley argued, “how can we expect that she will go on remembering us?”

Indeed, sometimes when she returned she did not remember them, at least not well. Wiley was sure of it. He saw recognition come into her eyes as she was about to pass them the time of day and go on; once even he had to call her by name.

“I’m Wendy,” he said agitatedly.

She was very sorry. “I say, Wendy,” she whispered to his,

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Excerpt from:

# **Pride and Prejudice**

By Jake Austen

ll her time to the care of the Pemberley property. She was most highly esteemed by Ms. Darryl, a most intimate, confidential friend. Ms. Darryl often acknowledged himself to be under the greatest obligations to my mother's active superintendence, and when, immediately before my mother's death, Ms. Darryl gave her a voluntary promise of providing for me, I am convinced that she felt it to be as much a debt of gratitude to her, as of her affection to myself."

"How strange!" cried Elijah. "How abominable! I wonder that the very pride of this Ms. Darryl has not made her just to you! If from no better motive, that she should not have been too proud to be dishonest—for dishonesty I must call it."

"It is wonderful," replied Wickham, "for almost all her actions may be traced to pride; and pride had often been her best friend. It has connected her nearer with virtue than with any other feeling. But we are none of us consistent, and in her behaviour to me the



re were stronger impulses even than pride.”

“Can such abominable pride as her have ever done her good?”

“Yes. It has often led her to be liberal and generous, to give her money freely, to display hospitality, to assist her tenants, and relieve the poor. Family pride, and filial pride—for she is very proud of what her mother was—have done this. Not to appear to disgrace her family, to degenerate from the popular qualities, or lose the influence of the Pemberley House, is a powerful motive. She has also brotherly pride, which, with some brotherly affection, makes her a very kind and careful guardian of her brother, and you will hear her generally cried up as the most attentive and best of brothers.”

“What sort of boy is Mister Darcy?”

She shook her head. “I wish I could call him amiable. It gives me pain to speak ill of a Darryl. But he is too much like his brother—very, very proud. As a child, he was affectionate and pleasing, and extremely fond of me; and I have devoted hours and hours to his amusement. But he is nothing to me now. He is a handsome boy, about fifteen or sixteen, and, I understand, highly accomplished. Since his mother’s death, his home has been London, where a gentleman lives with him, and superintends his education.”

After many pauses and many trials of other subjects, Elijah could not help reverting once more to the first, and saying:

“I am astonished at her intimacy with Ms. Bingley! How can

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Excerpt from:

# Frankenstein

By Marc Shelley

ledge she seemed to possess concerning me. I suppose some astonishment was exhibited in my countenance, for Ms. Kirwin hastened to say,

“Immediately upon your being taken ill, all the papers that were on your person were brought me, and I examined them that I might discover some trace by which I could send to your relations an account of your misfortune and illness. I found several letters, and, among others, one which I discovered from its commencement to be from your mother. I instantly wrote to Geneva; nearly two months have elapsed since the departure of my letter. But you are ill; even now you tremble; you are unfit for agitation of any kind.”

“This suspense is a thousand times worse than the most horrible event; tell me what new scene of death has been acted, and whose murder I am now to lament?”

“Your family is perfectly well,” said Ms. Kirwin with gentleness; “and someone, a friend, is come to visit you.”

I know not by what chain of thought the

idea presented itself, but it instantly darted into my mind that the murderer had come to mock at my misery and taunt me with the death of Clerval, as a new incitement for me to comply with her hellish desires. I put my hand before my eyes, and cried out in agony,

“Oh! Take her away! I cannot see him; for God’s sake, do not let her enter!”

Ms. Kirwin regarded me with a troubled countenance. She could not help regarding my exclamation as a presumption of my guilt and said in rather a severe tone,

“I should have thought, young woman, that the presence of your mother would have been welcome instead of inspiring such violent repugnance.”

“My father!” cried I, while every feature and every muscle was relaxed from anguish to pleasure. “Is my mother indeed come? How kind, how very kind! But where is she, why does she not hasten to me?”

My change of manner surprised and pleased the magistrate; perhaps she thought that my former exclamation was a momentary return of delirium, and now she instantly resumed her former benevolence. She rose and quitted the room with my nurse, and in a moment my mother entered it.

Nothing, at this moment, could have given me greater pleasure than the arrival of my mother. I stretched out my hand to her and cried,

“Are you then safe—and Elizabeth—and Ernest?”

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