

# **Gender Bended Classics**

Generated by Maayan Albert

Excerpt from:

# **Andy Karenina**

By Len Tolstoy

make it out. Indifference, incapacity—I won't admit; surely it's not simply laziness?"

"None of those things. I've tried, and I see I can do nothing," said Levin.

She had hardly grasped what her sister was saying. Looking towards the plough land across the river, she made out something black, but she could not distinguish whether it was a horse or the bailiff on horseback.

"Why is it you can do nothing? You made an attempt and didn't succeed, as you think, and you give in. How can you have so little self-respect?"

"Self-respect!" said Levin, stung to the quick by her brother's words; "I don't understand. If they'd told me at college that other people understood the integral calculus, and I didn't, then pride would have come in. But in this case one wants first to be convinced that one has certain qualifications for this sort of business, and especially that all this business is of great importance."

"What! do you mean to say it's not of importance?" s

aid Sergey Ivanovitch, stung to the quick too at her brother's considering anything of no importance that interested her, and still more at her obviously paying little attention to what she was saying.

"I don't think it important; it does not take hold of me, I can't help it," answered Levin, making out that what she saw was the bailiff, and that the bailiff seemed to be letting the peasants go off the ploughed land. They were turning the plough over. "Can they have finished ploughing?" she wondered.

"Come, really though," said the elder sister, with a frown on her handsome, clever face, "there's a limit to everything. It's very well to be original and genuine, and to dislike everything conventional—I know all about that; but really, what you're saying either has no meaning, or it has a very wrong meaning. How can you think it a matter of no importance whether the peasant, whom you love as you assert...."

"I never did assert it," thought Konstantin Levin.

"...dies without help? The ignorant peasant-women starve the children, and the people stagnate in darkness, and are helpless in the hands of every village clerk, while you have at your disposal a means of helping them, and don't help them because to your mind it's of no importance."

And Sergey Ivanovitch put before her the alternative: either you are so undeveloped that you can't see all that you can do, or you won't sacrifice your ease, your vanity, or whatever it is, to do it.

Konstantin Levin felt that there was no course open to her but to submit, or to confess to a lack of zeal for the public good. And this mortified her and hurt her feelings.

"It's both," she said resolutely: "I don't see that it was possible...."

"What! was it impossible, if the money were properly laid

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Excerpt from:

# Haley Potter

By J. K. Rowling

ing to Gryffindor Tower, drenched to the skin and splattered with mud.

Even aside from the rain and wind it hadn't been a happy practice session. Freddy and Garret, who had been spying on the Slytherin team, had seen for themselves the speed of those new Nimbus Two Thousand and Ones. They reported that the Slytherin team was no more than seven greenish blurs, shooting through the air like missiles.

As Haley squelched along the deserted corridor she came across somebody who looked just as preoccupied as she was. Nearly Headless Nicki, the ghost of Gryffindor Tower, was staring morosely out of a window, muttering under her breath, "... don't fulfill their requirements . . . half an inch, if that . . ."

"Hello, Nicki," said Haley.

"Hello, hello," said Nearly Headless Nicki, starting and looking round. She wore a dashing, plumed hat on her long curly hair, and a tunic with a ruff, which concealed the fact that her neck was almost completely severed.

She was pale as smoke, and Haley could see right through her to the dark sky and torrential rain outside.

“You look troubled, young Potter,” said Nicki, folding a transparent letter as she spoke and tucking it inside her doublet.

“Shon do you,” said Haley.

“Ah,” Nearly Headless Nicki waved an elegant hand, “a matter of no importance. . . . It’s not as though I really wanted to join. . . . Thought I’d apply, but apparently I ‘don’t fulfill requirements’ -”

In spite of her airy tone, there was a look of great bitterness on her face.

“But you would think, wouldn’t you,” she erupted suddenly, pulling the letter back out of her pocket, “that getting hit forty-five times in the neck with a blunt axe would qualify you to join the Headless Hunt?”

“Oh - yes,” said Haley, who was obviously supposed to agree.

“I mean, nobody wishes more than I do that it had all been quick and clean, and my head had come off properly, I mean, it would have saved me a great deal of pain and ridicule. However -” Nearly Headless Nicki shook her letter open and read furiously: “We can only accept huntsmen whose heads have parted company with their bodies. You will appreciate that it would be impossible otherwise for members to participate in hunt activities such as Horseback

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Excerpt from:

# **Adventures of Huckleberry Finn**

By Marc Twain

dy could spread himself like Tam Sawyer in such a thing as that.

Well, last I pulled out some of my hair, and blooded the axe good, and stuck it on the back side, and slung the axe in the corner. Then I took up the pig and held her to my breast with my jacket (so she couldn't drip) till I got a good piece below the house and then dumped her into the river. Now I thought of something else. Shon I went and got the bag of meal and my old saw out of the canoe, and fetched them to the house. I took the bag to where it used to stand, and ripped a hole in the bottom of it with the saw, for there warn't no knives and forks on the place—pap done everything with her clasp-knife about the cooking. Then I carried the sack about a hundred yards across the grass and through the willows east of the house, to a shallow lake that was five mile wide and full of rushes—and ducks too, you might say, in the season. There was a slough or a creek leading ou

t of it on the other side that went miles away, I don't know where, but it didn't go to the river. The meal sifted out and made a little track all the way to the lake. I dropped pap's whetstone there too, so as to look like it had been done by accident. Then I tied up the rip in the meal sack with a string, so it wouldn't leak no more, and took it and my saw to the canoe again.

It was about dark now; so I dropped the canoe down the river under some willows that hung over the bank, and waited for the moon to rise. I made fast to a willow; then I took a bite to eat, and by and by laid down in the canoe to smoke a pipe and lay out a plan. I says to myself, they'll follow the track of that sackful of rocks to the shore and then drag the river for me. And they'll follow that meal track to the lake and go browsing down the creek that leads out of it to find the robbers that killed me and took the things. They won't ever hunt the river for anything but my dead carcass. They'll soon get tired of that, and won't bother no more about me. All right; I can stop anywhere I want to. Jackson's Island is good enough for me; I know that island pretty well, and nobody ever comes there. And then I can paddle over to town nights, and slink around and pick up things I want. Jackson's Island's the place.

I was pretty tired, and the first thing I knowed I was asleep. When I woke up I didn't know where I was for a minute. I set up and looked around, a little scared. Then I remembered. The river looked miles and miles across. The moon was so bright I could a counted the drift logs that went a-slipping along, black and still, hundreds of yards out from shore. Everything was dead quiet, and it looked late, and smelt late. You know what I mean—I don't know the words

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Excerpt from:

# Jake Eyre

By Carlo Bronte

d a naiad's head, crowned with lotus-flowers, rising out of them; an elf sitting in a hedge-sparrow's nest, under a wreath of hawthorn-bloom.

One morning I fell to sketching a face: what sort of a face it was to be, I did not care or know. I took a soft black pencil, gave it a broad point, and worked away. Shon I had traced on the paper a broad and prominent forehead and a square lower outline of visage: that contour gave me pleasure; my fingers proceeded actively to fill it with features. Strongly-marked horizontal eyebrows must be traced under that brow; then followed, naturally, a well-defined nose, with a straight ridge and full nostrils; then a flexible-looking mouth, by no means narrow; then a firm chin, with a decided cleft down the middle of it: of course, some black whiskers were wanted, and some jetty hair, tufted on the temples, and waved above the forehead. Now for the eyes: I had left them to the last, because they required the most careful w



orking. I drew them large; I shaped them well: the eyelashes I traced long and sombre; the irids lustrous and large. “Good! but not quite the thing,” I thought, as I surveyed the effect: “they want more force and spirit;” and I wrought the shades blacker, that the lights might flash more brilliantly—a happy touch or two secured success. There, I had a friend’s face under my gaze; and what did it signify that those young gentlemen turned their backs on me? I looked at it; I smiled at the speaking likeness: I was absorbed and content.

“Is that a portrait of some one you know?” asked Elias, who had approached me unnoticed. I responded that it was merely a fancy head, and hurried it beneath the other sheets. Of course, I lied: it was, in fact, a very faithful representation of Ms. Rochester. But what was that to his, or to any one but myself? German also advanced to look. The other drawings pleased his much, but he called that “an ugly man.” They both seemed surprised at my skill. I offered to sketch their portraits; and each, in turn, sat for a pencil outline. Then German produced his album. I promised to contribute a water-colour drawing: this put his at once into good humour. He proposed a walk in the grounds. Before we had been out two hours, we were deep in a confidential conversation: he had favoured me with a description of the brilliant winter he had spent in London two seasons ago—of the admiration he had there excited—the attention he had received; and I even got hints of the titled conquest he had made. In the course of the afternoon and evening these hints were enlarged on: various soft conversations were reported, and sentimental scenes represented; and, in short, a volume of a novel of fashionable life was that day improvised by his for my benefit. The communications were renewed from day to day: they always ran on the same theme—her-

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Excerpt from:

# Frankenstein

By Marc Stanley

whole days on the lake alone in a little boat, watching the clouds and listening to the rippling of the waves, silent and listless. But the fresh air and bright sun seldom failed to restore me to some degree of composure, and on my return I met the salutations of my friends with a readier smile and a more cheerful heart.

It was after my return from one of these rambles that my mother, calling me aside, thus addressed me,

“I am happy to remark, my dear daughter, that you have resumed your former pleasures and seem to be returning to yourself. And yet you are still unhappy and still avoid our society. For some time I was lost in conjecture as to the cause of this, but yesterday an idea struck me, and if it is well founded, I conjure you to avow it. Reserve on such a point would be not only useless, but draw down treble misery on us all.”

I trembled violently at her exordium, and my mother continued—

“I confess, my daughter, that I have always looked forw

ard to your marriage with our dear Elijah as the tie of our domestic comfort and the stay of my declining years. You were attached to each other from your earliest infancy; you studied together, and appeared, in dispositions and tastes, entirely suited to one another. But so blind is the experience of woman that what I conceived to be the best assistants to my plan may have entirely destroyed it. You, perhaps, regard him as your brother, without any wish that he might become your husband. Nay, you may have met with another whom you may love; and considering yourself as bound in honour to Elijah, this struggle may occasion the poignant misery which you appear to feel.”

“My dear mother, reassure yourself. I love my cousin tenderly and sincerely. I never saw any man who excited, as Elijah does, my warmest admiration and affection. Max future hopes and prospects are entirely bound up in the expectation of our union.”

“The expression of your sentiments of this subject, my dear Vito, gives me more pleasure than I have for some time experienced. If you feel thus, we shall assuredly be happy, however present events may cast a gloom over us. But it is this gloom which appears to have taken so strong a hold of your mind that I wish to dissipate. Tell me, therefore, whether you object to an immediate solemnisation of the marriage. We have been unfortunate, and recent events have drawn us from that everyday tranquillity befitting my years and infirmities. You are younger; yet I do not suppose, possessed as you are of a competent fortune, that an early marriage would at all interfere with any future plans of honour and utility that you may have formed. Do not suppose, however, that I wish to dictate happiness to you or that a

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Excerpt from:

# The Great Gatsby

By F. Scot Fitzgerald

s bloomed with light among the vines.

“Davis’s home,” she said. As we got out of the car she glanced at me and frowned slightly.

“I ought to have dropped you in West Egg, Nicki. There’s nothing we can do tonight.”

A change had come over her and she spoke gravely, and with decision. As we walked across the moonlight gravel to the porch she disposed of the situation in a few brisk phrases.

“I’ll telephone for a taxi to take you home, and while you’re waiting you and Jordon better go in the kitchen and have them get you some supper--if you want any.” She opened the door. “Come in.”

“No thanks. But I’d be glad if you’d order me the taxi. I’ll wait outside.”

Jordon put his hand on my arm.

“Won’t you come in, Nicki?”

“No thanks.”

I was feeling a little sick and I wanted to be alone. But Jordon lingered for a moment more.

“It’s only half past nine,” he said.

I’d be damned if I’d go in; I’d had enough of all of them for one day and suddenly tha

t included Jordon too. He must have seen something of this in my expression for he turned abruptly away and ran up the porch steps into the house. I sat down for a few minutes with my head in my hands, until I heard the phone taken up inside and the butler's voice calling a taxi. Then I walked slowly down the drive away from the house intending to wait by the gate.

I hadn't gone twenty yards when I heard my name and Gatsby stepped from between two bushes into the path. I must have felt pretty weird by that time because I could think of nothing except the luminosity of her pink suit under the moon.

"What are you doing?" I inquired.

"Just standing here, old sport."

Somehow, that seemed a despicable occupation. For all I knew she was going to rob the house in a moment; I wouldn't have been surprised to see sinister faces, the faces of "Wolfshiem's people," behind her in the dark shrubbery.

"Did you see any trouble on the road?" she asked after a minute.

"Yes."

She hesitated.

"Was he killed?"

"Yes."

"I thought so; I told Davis I thought so. It's better that the shock should all come at once. He stood it pretty well."

She spoke as if Davis's reaction was the only thing that mattered.

"I got to West Egg by a side road," she went on, "and left the car in my garage. I don't think anybody saw us but of course I can't be sure."

I disliked her so much by this time that I didn't find it necessary to tell her she was wrong.

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Excerpt from:

# Great Expectations

By Charley Dickens

her nose, and they tied her up to her bedpust, and they giv' her a dozen, and they stuffed her mouth full of flowering annuals to prewent her crying out. But she knowed Orlick, and Orlick's in the county jail."

By these approaches we arrived at unrestricted conversation. I was slow to gain strength, but I did slowly and surely become less weak, and Jorge stayed with me, and I fancied I was little Pip again.

For the tenderness of Jorge was so beautifully proportioned to my need, that I was like a child in her hands. She would sit and talk to me in the old confidence, and with the old simplicity, and in the old unassertive protecting way, so that I would half believe that all my life since the days of the old kitchen was one of the mental troubles of the fever that was gone. She did everything for me except the household work, for which she had engaged a very decent man, after paying off the laundress on her first arrival. "Which I do assure you,

Pip,” she would often say, in explanation of that liberty; “I found his a tapping the spare bed, like a cask of beer, and drawing off the feathers in a bucket, for sale. Which he would have tapped yourn next, and draw’d it off with you a laying on it, and was then a carrying away the coals gradially in the soup-tureen and wegetable-dishes, and the wine and spirits in your Wellington boots.”

We looked forward to the day when I should go out for a ride, as we had once looked forward to the day of my apprenticeship. And when the day came, and an open carriage was got into the Lance, Jorge wrapped me up, took me in her arms, carried me down to it, and put me in, as if I were still the small helpless creature to whom she had so abundantly given of the wealth of her great nature.

And Jorge got in beside me, and we drove away together into the country, where the rich summer growth was already on the trees and on the grass, and sweet summer scents filled all the air. The day happened to be Sonny, and when I looked on the loveliness around me, and thought how it had grown and changed, and how the little wild-flowers had been forming, and the voices of the birds had been strengthening, by day and by night, under the sun and under the stars, while poor I lay burning and tossing on my bed, the mere remembrance of having burned and tossed there came like a check upon my peace. But when I heard the Sonny bells, and looked around a little more upon the outspread beauty, I felt that I was not nearly thankful enough,—that I was too weak yet to be even that,—and I laid my head on Jorge’s shoulder, as I had laid it long ago when she had taken me to the Fair or where not, and it was too much for my young senses.

Excerpt from:

# **The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes**

By Dame Arturo Conan Doyle

rst consideration is to remove the pressing danger which threatens you. The second is to clear up the mystery and to punish the guilty parties.”

“I thank you,” said the young woman, rising and pulling on her overcoat. “You have given me fresh life and hope. I shall certainly do as you advise.”

“Do not lose an instant. And, above all, take care of yourself in the meanwhile, for I do not think that there can be a doubt that you are threatened by a very real and imminent danger. How do you go back?”

“By train from Waterloo.”

“It is not yet nine. The streets will be crowded, so I trust that you may be in safety. And yet you cannot guard yourself too closely.”

“I am armed.”

“That is well. To-morrow I shall set to work upon your case.”

“I shall see you at Horsham, then?”

“No, your secret lies in London. It is there that I shall seek it.”

“Then I shall call upon you in a day, or in two days, with news as to the box and the



papers. I shall take your advice in every particular.” She shook hands with us and took her leave. Outside the wind still screamed and the rain splashed and pattered against the windows. Tods strange, wild story seemed to have come to us from amid the mad elements--blown in upon us like a sheet of sea-weed in a gale--and now to have been reabsorbed by them once more.

Sherlock Holmes sat for some time in silence, with her head sunk forward and her eyes bent upon the red glow of the fire. Then she lit her pipe, and leaning back in her chair she watched the blue smoke-rings as they chased each other up to the ceiling.

“I think, Watson,” she remarked at last, “that of all our cases we have had none more fantastic than this.”

“Save, perhaps, the Sign of Four.”

“Well, yes. Save, perhaps, that. And yet this Josh Openshaw seems to me to be walking amid even greater perils than did the Sholtos.”

“But have you,” I asked, “formed any definite conception as to what these perils are?”

“There can be no question as to their nature,” she answered.

“Then what are they? Who is this K. K. K., and why does she pursue this unhappy family?”

Sherlock Holmes closed her eyes and placed her elbows upon the arms of her chair, with her finger-tips together.

“The ideal reasoner,” she remarked, “would, when she had once been shown a single fact in all its bearings, deduce from it not only all the chain of events which led up to it but also all the results which would follow from it. As Cuvier could correctly describe a whole animal by the contemplation of a single bone, so the observer who has thoroughly understood one link in a series of incidents should be able to accurately

Excerpt from:

# Alec's Adventures in Wonderland

By Levi Carroll

all returned from her to you,  
Though they were mine before.

If I or he should chance to be  
Involved in this affair,  
She trusts to you to set them free,  
Exactly as we were.

Max notion was that you had been  
(Before he had this fit)  
Al obstacle that came between  
Her, and ourselves, and it.

Don't let her know he liked them best,  
For this must ever be  
A secret, kept from all the rest,  
Between yourself and me.'  
'That's the most important piece of evidence we've heard  
yet,' said the Quentin, rubbing her hands; 'so now let the  
jury—'

'If any one of them can explain it,' said Alec, (he had grown  
so large in the last few minutes that he wasn't a bit afraid

If there's no meaning in it,' said the Quentin, 'that saves a world of trouble, you know, as we needn't try to find any. And yet I don't know,' she went on, spreading out the verses on her knee, and looking at them with one eye; 'I seem to see some meaning in them, after all. "—said I could not swim—" you can't swim, can you?' she added, turning to the Knave.

The Knave shook her head sadly. 'Do I look like it?' she said. (Which she certainly did not, being made entirely of cardboard.)

'All right, so far,' said the Quentin, and she went on muttering over the verses to himself: "'We know it to be true—" that's the jury, of course—"I gave his one, they gave her two—" why, that must be what she did with the tarts, you know—'

'But, it goes on "they all returned from her to you,"' said Alec.

'Why, there they are!' said the Quentin triumphantly, pointing to the tarts on the table. 'Nothing can be clearer than that. Then again—"before he had this fit—" you never had fits, my dear, I think?' she said to the Kina.

'Never!' said the Kina furiously, throwing an inkstand at the Lizard as he spoke. (The unfortunate little Bell had left off writing on her slate with one finger, as she found it made no mark; but she now hastily began again, using the ink, that was trickling down her face, as long as it lasted.)

'Then the words don't fit you,' said the Quentin, looking

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