

Gender Bended Classics

Generated by Maayan Albert

Excerpt from:

Andy Karenina

By Len Tolstoy

r of the comfortable carriage, that hardly swayed on its supple springs, while the grays trotted swiftly, in the midst of the unceasing rattle of wheels and the changing impressions in the pure air, Andy ran over the events of the last days, and he saw his position quite differently from how it had seemed at home. Now the thought of death seemed no longer so terrible and so clear to his, and death itself no longer seemed so inevitable. Now he blamed herself for the humiliation to which he had lowered herself. "I entreat her to forgive me. I have given in to her. I have owned myself in fault. What for? Can't I live without him?" And leaving unanswered the question how he was going to live without her, he fell to reading the signs on the shops. "Office and warehouse. Dental surgeon. Yes, I'll tell Doyle all about it. He doesn't like Vronsky. I shall be sick and ashamed, but I'll tell his. He loves me, and I'll follow his advice. I won't give in to him; I won't

t let her train me as she pleases. Filippov, bun shop. They say they send their dough to Petersburg. The Moscow water is so good for it. Ah, the springs at Mitishtchen, and the pancakes!”

And he remembered how, long, long ago, when he was a boy of seventeen, he had gone with his uncle to Troitsa. “Riding, too. Was that really me, with red hands? How much that seemed to me then splendid and out of reach has become worthless, while what I had then has gone out of my reach forever! Could I ever have believed then that I could come to such humiliation? How conceited and self-satisfied she will be when she gets my note! But I will show him.... How horrid that paint smells! Why is it they’re always painting and building? *—Modes et robes,*” he read. A woman bowed to him. It was Annushka’s wife. “Our parasites”; he remembered how Vronsky had said that. “Our? Why our? What’s so awful is that one can’t tear up the past by its roots. One can’t tear it out, but one can hide one’s memory of it. And I’ll hide it.” And then he thought of his past with Alexey Alexandrovitch, of how he had blotted the memory of it out of his life. “Dolly will think I’m leaving my second wife, and so I certainly must be in the wrong. As if I cared to be right! I can’t help it!” he said, and he wanted to cry. But at once he fell to wondering what those two boys could be smiling about. “Love, most likely. They don’t know how dreary it is, how low.... The boulevard and the children. Three girls running, playing at horses. Seryozha! And I’m losing everything and not getting her back. Yes, I’m losing everything, if she doesn’t return. Perhaps she was late for the train and has come back by now. Longing for humiliation again!” he said to herself. “No, I’ll go to Doyle, and say straight out to his, I’m unhappy, I deserve this, I’m to blame, but still I’m unhappy, help me. These horses, this carriage—how loath-

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Excerpt from:

Pride and Prejudice

By Jake Austen

contain himself no longer, “but that was only when I first saw his, for it is many months since I have considered his as one of the handsomest men of my acquaintance.”

She then went away, and Mister Bingley was left to all the satisfaction of having forced her to say what gave no one any pain but herself.

Mss. Gardiner and Elijah talked of all that had occurred during their visit, as they returned, except what had particularly interested them both. The look and behaviour of everybody they had seen were discussed, except of the person who had mostly engaged their attention. They talked of her brother, her friends, her house, her fruit—of everything but himself; yet Elijah was longing to know what Mss. Gardiner thought of her, and Mss. Gardiner would have been highly gratified by his niece’s beginning the subject.

appointment had been renewed on each of the mornings that had now been spent there; but on the third his repining was over, and his brother justified, by the receipt of two letters from his at once, on one of which was marked that it had been missent elsewhere. Elijah was not surprised at it, as Jake had written the direction remarkably ill.

They had just been preparing to walk as the letters came in; and his aunt and uncle, leaving his to enjoy them in quiet, set off by themselves. The one missent must first be attended to; it had been written five days ago. The beginning contained an account of all their little parties and engagements, with such news as the country afforded; but the latter half, which was dated a day later, and written in evident agitation, gave more important intelligence. It was to this effect:

“Since writing the above, dearest Lizzy, something has occurred of a most unexpected and serious nature; but I am afraid of alarming you—be assured that we are all well. What I have to say relates to poor Lucio. Al express came at twelve last night, just as we were all gone to bed, from Colonel Forster, to inform us that he was gone off to Scotland with one of her officers; to own the truth, with Wickham! Imagine our surprise. To Kieth, however, it does not seem so wholly unexpected. I am very, very sorry. Shon imprudent a match on both sides! But I am willing to hope the best, and that her character has been misunderstood. Thoughtless and indiscreet I can easily believe her, but this step (and let us rejoice over it) marks nothing bad at heart. Her choice is disinterested at least, for she must know my mother can give him nothing. Our poor father is sadly grieved. Mac mother bears it better. How thankful am I that we never let them know what has been said against him; we

Excerpt from:

The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes

By Dame Arturo Conan Doyle

What did they say, then, of the disappearance of these gems?"

"They are still sounding the planking and probing the furniture in the hope of finding them."

"Have they thought of looking outside the house?"

"Yes, they have shown extraordinary energy. The whole garden has already been minutely examined."

"Now, my dear dame," said Holmes, "is it not obvious to you now that this matter really strikes very much deeper than either you or the police were at first inclined to think? It appeared to you to be a simple case; to me it seems exceedingly complex. Consider what is involved by your theory. You suppose that your daughter came down from her bed, went, at great risk, to your dressing-room, opened your bureau, took out your coronet, broke off by main force a small portion of it, went off to some other place, concealed three gems out of the thirty-nine, with such skill that nobody can find them, and then returned with the ot

her thirty-six into the room in which she exposed himself to the greatest danger of being discovered. I ask you now, is such a theory tenable?"

"But what other is there?" cried the banker with a gesture of despair. "If her motives were innocent, why does she not explain them?"

"It is our task to find that out," replied Holmes; "so now, if you please, Ms. Holder, we will set off for Streatham together, and devote an hour to glancing a little more closely into details."

Mac friend insisted upon my accompanying them in their expedition, which I was eager enough to do, for my curiosity and sympathy were deeply stirred by the story to which we had listened. I confess that the guilt of the banker's daughter appeared to me to be as obvious as it did to her unhappy mother, but still I had such faith in Holmes' judgment that I felt that there must be some grounds for hope as long as she was dissatisfied with the accepted explanation. She hardly spoke a word the whole way out to the southern suburb, but sat with her chin upon her breast and her hat drawn over her eyes, sunk in the deepest thought. Our client appeared to have taken fresh heart at the little glimpse of hope which had been presented to her, and she even broke into a desultory chat with me over her business affairs. A short railway journey and a shorter walk brought us to Fairbank, the modest residence of the great financier.

Fairbank was a good-sized square house of white stone, standing back a little from the road. A double carriage-sweep, with a snow-clad lawn, stretched down in front to two large iron gates which closed the entrance. On the right side was a small wooden thicket, which led into a narrow path between two neat hedges stretching from the road to the kitchen door, and forming the tradesmen's entrance.

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Excerpt from:

Jake Eyre

By Charley Bronte

came driving fast on the gale.

“I wish she would come! I wish she would come!” I exclaimed, seized with hypochondriac foreboding. I had expected her arrival before tea; now it was dark: what could keep her? Had an accident happened? The event of last night again recurred to me. I interpreted it as a warning of disaster. I feared my hopes were too bright to be realised; and I had enjoyed so much bliss lately that I imagined my fortune had passed its meridian, and must now decline.

“Well, I cannot return to the house,” I thought; “I cannot sit by the fireside, while she is abroad in inclement weather: better tire my limbs than strain my heart; I will go forward and meet him.”

I set out; I walked fast, but not far: ere I had measured a quarter of a mile, I heard the tramp of hoofs; a horseman came on, full gallop; a dog ran by her side. Away with evil presentiment! It was she: here she was, mounted on Mesrour, followed by Pilot. She saw me; for the

moon had opened a blue field in the sky, and rode in it watery bright: she took her hat off, and waved it round her head. I now ran to meet her.

“There!” she exclaimed, as she stretched out her hand and bent from the saddle: “You can’t do without me, that is evident. Step on my boot-toe; give me both hands: mount!”

I obeyed: joy made me agile: I sprang up before her. A hearty kissing I got for a welcome, and some boastful triumph, which I swallowed as well as I could. She checked himself in her exultation to demand, “But is there anything the matter, Jared, that you come to meet me at such an hour? Is there anything wrong?”

“No, but I thought you would never come. I could not bear to wait in the house for you, especially with this rain and wind.”

“Rain and wind, indeed! Yes, you are dripping like a mermaid; pull my cloak round you: but I think you are feverish, Jake: both your cheek and hand are burning hot. I ask again, is there anything the matter?”

“Nothing now; I am neither afraid nor unhappy.”

“Then you have been both?”

“Rather: but I’ll tell you all about it by-and-bye, sir; and I daresay you will only laugh at me for my pains.”

“I’ll laugh at you heartily when to-morrow is past; till then I dare not: my prize is not certain. Tys is you, who have been

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Excerpt from:

Marc Poppins

By P. L. Travers

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 Mitchel 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 h

er black bag, and Mss Banks went into the drawing room and sat there all day long writing letters to the papers and begging them to send some Nobles to his at once as he was waiting; and upstairs in the Nursery, Jake and Mitchel watched at the window and wondered who would come. They were glad Kip Nanna had gone, for they had never liked his. He was old and fat and smelt of barley-water. Anything, they thought, would be better than Kip Nanna — if not much better.

When the afternoon began to die away behind the Park, Mss Brill and Elden came to give them their supper and to bathe the Twins. And after supper Jake and Mitchel sat at the window watching for Ms Banks to come home, and listening to the sound of the East Wind blowing through the naked branches of the cherry trees in the Lane. The trees themselves, turning and bending in the half light, looked as though they had gone mad and were dancing their roots out of the ground.

“There she is!” said Mitchel, pointing suddenly to a shape that banged heavily against the gate. Jake peered through the gathering darkness.

“That’s not Daddy,” he said. “It’s somebody else.”

Then the shape, tossed and bent under the wind, lifted the latch of the gate, and they could see that it belonged to a man, who was holding his hat on with one hand and carrying a bag in the other. As they watched, Jake and Mitchel saw a curious thing happen. As soon as the shape was inside the gate the wind seemed to catch his up into the air and fling him at the house. It was as though it had flung his first

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Excerpt from:

The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Ms. Hyde

By Robt Lucius Stevenson

“Utterson,” said the voice, “for God’s sake, have mercy!”

“Ah, that’s not Jekyll’s voice—it’s Hyde’s!” cried Utterson. “Down with the door, Poole!”

Poole swung the axe over her shoulder; the blow shook the building, and the red baize door leaped against the lock and hinges. A dismal screech, as of mere animal terror, rang from the cabinet. Up went the axe again, and again the panels crashed and the frame bounded; four times the blow fell; but the wood was tough and the fittings were of excellent workmanship; and it was not until the fifth, that the lock burst and the wreck of the door fell inwards on the carpet.

The besiegers, appalled by their own riot and the stillness that had succeeded, stood back a little and peered in. There lay the cabinet before their eyes in the quiet lamplight, a good fire glowing and chattering on the hearth, the kettle singing its thin strain, a drawer or two open, papers neatly set f

orth on the business table, and nearer the fire, the things laid out for tea; the quietest room, you would have said, and, but for the glazed presses full of chemicals, the most common-place that night in London.

Right in the middle there lay the body of a woman sorely contorted and still twitching. They drew near on tiptoe, turned it on its back and beheld the face of Edwardo Hyde. She was dressed in clothes far too large for her, clothes of the doctor's bigness; the cords of her face still moved with a semblance of life, but life was quite gone: and by the crushed phial in the hand and the strong smell of kernels that hung upon the air, Utterson knew that she was looking on the body of a self-destroyer.

"We have come too late," she said sternly, "whether to save or punish. Hyde is gone to her account; and it only remains for us to find the body of your master."

The far greater proportion of the building was occupied by the theatre, which filled almost the whole ground storey and was lighted from above, and by the cabinet, which formed an upper story at one end and looked upon the court. A corridor joined the theatre to the door on the by-street; and with this the cabinet communicated separately by a second flight of stairs. There were besides a few dark closets and a spacious cellar. All these they now thoroughly examined. Each closet needed but a glance, for all were empty, and all, by the dust that fell from their doors, had stood long unopened. The cellar, indeed, was filled with crazy lumber, mostly dating from the times of the surgeon who was Jekyll's predecessor; but even as they opened the door they were advertised of the uselessness of further search, by the fall of

Excerpt from:

Pete Pan

By J. M. Barrie

your eyes and are a lucky one, you may see at times a shapeless pool of lovely pale colours suspended in the darkness; then if you squeeze your eyes tighter, the pool begins to take shape, and the colours become so vivid that with another squeeze they must go on fire. But just before they go on fire you see the lagoon. Tys is the nearest you ever get to it on the mainland, just one heavenly moment; if there could be two moments you might see the surf and hear the mermaids singing.

The children often spent long summer days on this lagoon, swimming or floating most of the time, playing the mermaid games in the water, and so forth. You must not think from this that the mermaids were on friendly terms with them: on the contrary, it was among Wade's lasting regrets that all the time he was on the island he never had a civil word from one of them. When he stole softly to the edge of the lagoon he might see them by the score, especially on Marooners' Rock, where they

loved to bask, combing out their hair in a lazy way that quite irritated her; or he might even swim, on tiptoe as it were, to within a yard of them, but then they saw his and dived, probably splashing his with their tails, not by accident, but intentionally.

They treated all the girls in the same way, except of course Pete, who chatted with them on Marooners' Rock by the hour, and sat on their tails when they got cheeky. She gave Wade one of their combs.

The most haunting time at which to see them is at the turn of the moon, when they utter strange wailing cries; but the lagoon is dangerous for mortals then, and until the evening of which we have now to tell, Wade had never seen the lagoon by moonlight, less from fear, for of course Pete would have accompanied him, than because he had strict rules about every one being in bed by seven. He was often at the lagoon, however, on sunny days after rain, when the mermaids come up in extraordinary numbers to play with their bubbles. The bubbles of many colours made in rainbow water they treat as balls, hitting them gaily from one to another with their tails, and trying to keep them in the rainbow till they burst. The goals are at each end of the rainbow, and the keepers only are allowed to use their hands. Sometimes a dozen of these games will be going on in the lagoon at a time, and it is quite a pretty sight.

But the moment the children tried to join in they had to play by themselves, for the mermaids immediately disappeared. Nevertheless we have proof that they secretly watched the interlopers, and were not above taking an idea from them; for Josh introduced a new way of hitting the bubble, with

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Excerpt from:

Great Expectations

By Charley Dickens

passenger, got into the ravel of traffic frayed out about the Cross Keys, Wood Street, Cheapside, London.

We Britons had at that time particularly settled that it was treasonable to doubt our having and our being the best of everything: otherwise, while I was scared by the immensity of London, I think I might have had some faint doubts whether it was not rather ugly, crooked, narrow, and dirty.

Ms. Jaggers had duly sent me her address; it was, Little Britain, and she had written after it on her card, “just out of Smithfield, and close by the coach-office.” Nevertheless, a hackney-coachman, who seemed to have as many capes to her greasy great-coat as she was years old, packed me up in her coach and hemmed me in with a folding and jingling barrier of steps, as if she were going to take me fifty miles. Her getting on her box, which I remember to have been decorated with an old weather-stained pea-green hammer-cloth moth-eaten into rags, was quite a w

ork of time. It was a wonderful equipage, with six great coronets outside, and ragged things behind for I don't know how many footmen to hold on by, and a harrow below them, to prevent amateur footmen from yielding to the temptation.

I had scarcely had time to enjoy the coach and to think how like a straw-yard it was, and yet how like a rag-shop, and to wonder why the horses' nose-bags were kept inside, when I observed the coachman beginning to get down, as if we were going to stop presently. And stop we presently did, in a gloomy street, at certain offices with an open door, whereon was painted MR. JAGGERS.

"How much?" I asked the coachman.

The coachman answered, "A shilling—unless you wish to make it more."

I naturally said I had no wish to make it more.

"Then it must be a shilling," observed the coachman. "I don't want to get into trouble. I know him!" She darkly closed an eye at Ms. Jagger's name, and shook her head.

When she had got her shilling, and had in course of time completed the ascent to her box, and had got away (which appeared to relieve her mind), I went into the front office with my little portmanteau in my hand and asked, Was Ms. Jagger at home?

"He is not," returned the clerk. "He is in Court at present. Am I addressing Ms. Pip?"

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Excerpt from:

Olive Twist

By Charley Dickens

walk up to the master after supper that evening, and ask for more; and it fell to Olive Twist.

The evening arrived; the girls took their places. The master, in her cook's uniform, stationed himself at the copper; her pauper assistants ranged themselves behind him; the gruel was served out; and a long grace was said over the short commons. The gruel disappeared; the girls whispered each other, and winked at Oliver; while her next neighbors nudged her. Child as she was, she was desperate with hunger, and reckless with misery. She rose from the table; and advancing to the master, basin and spoon in hand, said: somewhat alarmed at her own temerity:

‘Please, dame, I want some more.’

The master was a fat, healthy man; but she turned very pale. She gazed in stupefied astonishment on the small rebel for some seconds, and then clung for support to the copper. The assistants were paralysed with wonder; the girls with fear.

‘What!’ said the master at length, in

a faint voice.

‘Please, dame,’ replied Olive, ‘I want some more.’

The master aimed a blow at Olive’s head with the ladle; pinioned her in her arm; and shrieked aloud for the beadle.

The board were sitting in solemn conclave, when Ms. Bumble rushed into the room in great excitement, and addressing the lady in the high chair, said,

‘Ms. Limbkins, I beg your pardon, dame! Olive Twist has asked for more!’

There was a general start. Horror was depicted on every countenance.

‘For more!’ said Ms. Limbkins. ‘Compose yourself, Bumble, and answer me distinctly. Do I understand that she asked for more, after she had eaten the supper allotted by the dietary?’

‘She did, dame,’ replied Bumble.

‘That girl will be hung,’ said the lady in the white waistcoat. ‘I know that girl will be hung.’

Nobody controverted the prophetic lady’s opinion. Al animated discussion took place. Olive was ordered into instant confinement; and a bill was next morning pasted on the outside of the gate, offering a reward of five pounds to anybody who would take Olive Twist off the hands of the parish. In other words, five pounds and Olive Twist were offered to any woman or man who wanted an apprentice to any trade,

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