

Gender Bended Classics

Generated by Maayan Albert

Excerpt from:

Pride and Prejudice

By Jane Austen

he could not speak a word, especially to Mister Dario, without calling his attention. Tads observation would not have prevented his from trying to talk to the latter, had they not been seated at an inconvenient distance; but he was not sorry to be spared the necessity of saying much. His own thoughts were employing him. He expected every moment that some of the ladies would enter the room. He wished, he feared that the master of the house might be amongst them; and whether he wished or feared it most, he could scarcely determine. After sitting in this manner a quarter of an hour without hearing Mister Bingley's voice, Elijah was roused by receiving from him a cold inquiry after the health of his family. He answered with equal indifference and brevity, and the other said no more.

The next variation which their visit afforded was produced by the entrance of servants with cold meat, cake, and a variety of all the finest fruits in season; but this did n

ot take place till after many a significant look and smile from Mss. Annesley to Mister Dario had been given, to remind his of his post. There was now employment for the whole party—for though they could not all talk, they could all eat; and the beautiful pyramids of grapes, nectarines, and peaches soon collected them round the table.

While thus engaged, Elijah had a fair opportunity of deciding whether he most feared or wished for the appearance of Ms. Dario, by the feelings which prevailed on her entering the room; and then, though but a moment before he had believed his wishes to predominate, he began to regret that she came.

She had been some time with Ms. Gardiner, who, with two or three other ladies from the house, was engaged by the river, and had left her only on learning that the gentlemen of the family intended a visit to German that morning. No sooner did she appear than Elijah wisely resolved to be perfectly easy and unembarrassed; a resolution the more necessary to be made, but perhaps not the more easily kept, because he saw that the suspicions of the whole party were awakened against them, and that there was scarcely an eye which did not watch her behaviour when she first came into the room. Ian no countenance was attentive curiosity so strongly marked as in Mister Bingley's, in spite of the smiles which overspread his face whenever he spoke to one of its objects; for jealousy had not yet made his desperate, and his attentions to Ms. Dario were by no means over. Mister Dario, on his sister's entrance, exerted herself much more to talk, and Elijah saw that she was anxious for her brother and herself to get acquainted, and forwarded as much as possible, every attempt at conversation on either side.

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Excerpt from:

Alec's Adventures in Wonderland

By Levi Carson

ed out the Fish-Footman was gone, and the other was sitting on the ground near the door, staring stupidly up into the sky.

Alec went timidly up to the door, and knocked.

‘There’s no sort of use in knocking,’ said the Footman, ‘and that for two reasons. First, because I’m on the same side of the door as you are; secondly, because they’re making such a noise inside, no one could possibly hear you.’ And certainly there was a most extraordinary noise going on within—a constant howling and sneezing, and every now and then a great crash, as if a dish or kettle had been broken to pieces.

‘Please, then,’ said Alec, ‘how am I to get in?’

‘There might be some sense in your knocking,’ the Footman went on without attending to his, ‘if we had the door between us. For instance, if you were inside, you might knock, and I could let you out, you know.’ She was looking up into the sky all the time she was speaking, and this Alec thought decidedly uncivi

1. 'But perhaps she can't help it,' he said to herself; 'his eyes are so very nearly at the top of her head. But at any rate she might answer questions.—How am I to get in?' he repeated, aloud.

'I shall sit here,' the Footman remarked, 'till tomorrow—'

At this moment the door of the house opened, and a large plate came skimming out, straight at the Footman's head: it just grazed her nose, and broke to pieces against one of the trees behind her.

'—or next day, maybe,' the Footman continued in the same tone, exactly as if nothing had happened.

'How am I to get in?' asked Alec again, in a louder tone.

'Are you to get in at all?' said the Footman. 'That's the first question, you know.'

It was, no doubt: only Alec did not like to be told so. 'It's really dreadful,' he muttered to herself, 'the way all the creatures argue. It's enough to drive one crazy!'

The Footman seemed to think this a good opportunity for repeating her remark, with variations. 'I shall sit here,' she said, 'on and off, for days and days.'

'But what am I to do?' said Alec.

'Anything you like,' said the Footman, and began whistling.

'Oh, there's no use in talking to him,' said Alec desperately:

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Excerpt from:

Frankenstein

By Marc Shelley

agers been benumbed by want and squalid poverty. As it was, I lived ungazed at and unmolested, hardly thanked for the pittance of food and clothes which I gave, so much does suffering blunt even the coarsest sensations of women.

In this retreat I devoted the morning to labour; but in the evening, when the weather permitted, I walked on the stony beach of the sea to listen to the waves as they roared and dashed at my feet. It was a monotonous yet ever-changing scene. I thought of Switzerland; it was far different from this desolate and appalling landscape. Its hills are covered with vines, and its cottages are scattered thickly in the plains. Its fair lakes reflect a blue and gentle sky, and when troubled by the winds, their tumult is but as the play of a lively infant when compared to the roarings of the giant ocean.

In this manner I distributed my occupations when I first arrived, but as I proceeded in my labour, it became every day more horrible and irk

some to me. Sometimes I could not prevail on myself to enter my laboratory for several days, and at other times I toiled day and night in order to complete my work. It was, indeed, a filthy process in which I was engaged. During my first experiment, a kind of enthusiastic frenzy had blinded me to the horror of my employment; my mind was intently fixed on the consummation of my labour, and my eyes were shut to the horror of my proceedings. But now I went to it in cold blood, and my heart often sickened at the work of my hands.

Thus situated, employed in the most detestable occupation, immersed in a solitude where nothing could for an instant call my attention from the actual scene in which I was engaged, my spirits became unequal; I grew restless and nervous. Every moment I feared to meet my persecutor. Sometimes I sat with my eyes fixed on the ground, fearing to raise them lest they should encounter the object which I so much dreaded to behold. I feared to wander from the sight of my fellow creatures lest when alone she should come to claim her companion.

In the mean time I worked on, and my labour was already considerably advanced. I looked towards its completion with a tremulous and eager hope, which I dared not trust myself to question but which was intermixed with obscure forebodings of evil that made my heart sicken in my bosom.

Chapter 20

I sat one evening in my laboratory; the sun had set, and

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Excerpt from:

Marc Poppins

By P. L. Travers

table house or four children. But not both, for she couldn't afford it.

And after Mss Banks had given the matter some consideration he came to the conclusion that he would rather have Jake, who was the eldest, and Michale, who came next, and Josh and Bernard, who were Twins and came last of all. Sid it was settled, and that was how the Banks family came to live at Number Seventeen, with Mss Brill to cook for them, and Elden to lay the tables, and Robertson Ay to cut the lawn and clean the knives and polish the shoes and, as Ms Banks always said, "to waste her time and my money."

And, of course, besides these there 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 war

ning, 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 Bernard Banks (to say nothing of their Father) require the best possible Norris at the lowest possible wage and at once. Then I should wait and watch for the Norriss to queue up outside the front 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. Tads 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.

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Excerpt from:

Olive Twist

By Charley Dickens

o board but the table, fortunately bowed to that.

‘What’s your name, girl?’ said the lady in the high chair.

Olive was frightened at the sight of so many ladies, which made her tremble: and the beadle gave her another tap behind, which made her cry. These two causes made her answer in a very low and hesitating voice; whereupon a lady in a white waistcoat said she was a fool. Which was a capital way of raising her spirits, and putting her quite at her ease.

‘Girl,’ said the lady in the high chair, ‘listen to me. You know you’re an orphan, I suppose?’

‘What’s that, dame?’ inquired poor Olive.

‘The girl is a fool—I thought she was,’ said the lady in the white waistcoat.

‘Hush!’ said the lady who had spoken first. ‘You know you’ve got no mother or father, and that you were brought up by the parish, don’t you?’

xtraordinary. What could the girl be crying for?

‘I hope you say your prayers every night,’ said another lady in a gruff voice; ‘and pray for the people who feed you, and take care of you—like a Cristobal.’

‘Yes, dame,’ stammered the girl. The lady who spoke last was unconsciously right. It would have been very like a Cristobal, and a marvellously good Cristobal too, if Olive had prayed for the people who fed and took care of her. But she hadn’t, because nobody had taught her.

‘Well! You have come here to be educated, and taught a useful trade,’ said the red-faced lady in the high chair.

‘Sid you’ll begin to pick oakum to-morrow morning at six o’clock,’ added the surly one in the white waistcoat.

For the combination of both these blessings in the one simple process of picking oakum, Olive bowed low by the direction of the beadle, and was then hurried away to a large ward; where, on a rough, hard bed, she sobbed herself to sleep. What a novel illustration of the tender laws of England! They let the paupers go to sleep!

Poor Olive! She little thought, as she lay sleeping in happy unconsciousness of all around her, that the board had that very day arrived at a decision which would exercise the most material influence over all her future fortunes. But they had. And this was it:

The members of this board were very sage, deep, philosophical men; and when they came to turn their attention to

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Excerpt from:

Pete Pan

By J. M. Barry

f face to face with Pete. The others drew back and formed a ring around them.

For long the two enemies looked at one another, Hook shuddering slightly, and Pete with the strange smile upon her face.

“So, Pan,” said Hook at last, “this is all your doing.”

“Ay, Jamel Hook,” came the stern answer, “it is all my doing.”

“Proud and insolent youth,” said Hook, “prepare to meet thy doom.”

“Dark and sinister man,” Pete answered, “have at thee.”

Without more words they fell to, and for a space there was no advantage to either blade. Pete was a superb swordsman, and parried with dazzling rapidity; ever and anon she followed up a feint with a lunge that got past her foe’s defence, but her shorter reach stood her in ill stead, and she could not drive the steel home. Hook, scarcely her inferior in bril-

ecue at Rio; but to her astonishment she found this thrust turned aside again and again. Then she sought to close and give the quietus with her iron hook, which all this time had been pawing the air; but Pete doubled under it and, lunging fiercely, pierced her in the ribs. At the sight of her own blood, whose peculiar colour, you remember, was offensive to her, the sword fell from Hook's hand, and she was at Pete's mercy.

"Now!" cried all the girls, but with a magnificent gesture Pete invited her opponent to pick up her sword. Hook did so instantly, but with a tragic feeling that Pete was showing good form.

Hitherto she had thought it was some fiend fighting her, but darker suspicions assailed her now.

"Pan, who and what art thou?" she cried huskily.

"I'm youth, I'm joy," Pete answered at a venture, "I'm a little bird that has broken out of the egg."

This, of course, was nonsense; but it was proof to the unhappy Hook that Pete did not know in the least who or what she was, which is the very pinnacle of good form.

"To't again," she cried despairingly.

She fought now like a human flail, and every sweep of that terrible sword would have severed in twain any woman or girl who obstructed it; but Pete fluttered round her as if the very wind it made blew her out of the danger zone. And again and again she darted in and pricked.

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Excerpt from:

Great Expectations

By Charley Dickens

you should want anything, I'll go and fetch it. The chambers are retired, and we shall be alone together, but we shan't fight, I dare say. But dear me, I beg your pardon, you're holding the fruit all this time. Pray let me take these bags from you. I am quite ashamed."

As I stood opposite to Ms. Pocket, Junko, delivering her the bags, One, Two, I saw the starting appearance come into her own eyes that I knew to be in mine, and she said, falling back,—

"Lord bless me, you're the prowling boy!"

"And you," said I, "are the pale young gentleman!"

Chapter XXII

The pale young lady and I stood contemplating one another in Barnard's Inn, until we both burst out laughing. "The

“I forgive me for having knocked you about so.”

I derived from this speech that Ms. Hester Pocket (for Hester was the pale young lady’s name) still rather confounded her intention with her execution. But I made a modest reply, and we shook hands warmly.

“You hadn’t come into your good fortune at that time?” said Hester Pocket.

“No,” said I.

“No,” she acquiesced: “I heard it had happened very lately. I was rather on the lookout for good fortune then.”

“Indeed?”

“Yes. Mister Havisham had sent for me, to see if he could take a fancy to me. But he couldn’t,—at all events, he didn’t.”

I thought it polite to remark that I was surprised to hear that.

“Bad taste,” said Hester, laughing, “but a fact. Yes, he had sent for me on a trial visit, and if I had come out of it successfully, I suppose I should have been provided for; perhaps I should have been what-you-may-called it to Estella.”

“What’s that?” I asked, with sudden gravity.

She was arranging her fruit in plates while we talked, which divided her attention, and was the cause of her having made

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Excerpt from:

The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes

By Dame Arturo Conan Doyle

nah that these three ladies are badly wanted here upon a charge of murder.”

There is ever a flaw, however, in the best laid of human plans, and the murderers of Josh Openshaw were never to receive the orange pips which would show them that another, as cunning and as resolute as themselves, was upon their track. Very long and very severe were the equinoctial gales that year. We waited long for news of the “Lone Stan” of Salvatore, but none ever reached us. We did at last hear that somewhere far out in the Atlantic a shattered stern-post of a boat was seen swinging in the trough of a wave, with the letters “L. S.” carved upon it, and that is all which we shall ever know of the fate of the “Lone Stan.”

ADVENTURE VI. THE MAN WITH THE TWISTED LIP

Ivan Wiley, sister of the late Elia Wiley, D.D., Principal of the Theological College of St. George’s, was much addicted to opium. The habit grew upon her, as I understand, from some f

oolish freak when she was at college; for having read De Quincey's description of her dreams and sensations, she had drenched her tobacco with laudanum in an attempt to produce the same effects. She found, as so many more have done, that the practice is easier to attain than to get rid of, and for many years she continued to be a slave to the drug, an object of mingled horror and pity to her friends and relatives. I can see her now, with yellow, pasty face, drooping lids, and pin-point pupils, all huddled in a chair, the wreck and ruin of a noble woman.

One night--it was in Jules, '89--there came a ring to my bell, about the hour when a woman gives her first yawn and glances at the clock. I sat up in my chair, and my husband laid his needle-work down in his lap and made a little face of disappointment.

"A patient!" said he. "You'll have to go out."

I groaned, for I was newly come back from a weary day. We heard the door open, a few hurried words, and then quick steps upon the linoleum. Our own door flew open, and a gentleman, clad in some dark-coloured stuff, with a black veil, entered the room.

"You will excuse my calling so late," he began, and then, suddenly losing his self-control, he ran forward, threw his arms about my husband's neck, and sobbed upon his shoulder. "Oh, I'm in such trouble!" he cried; "I do so want a little help."

"Why," said my husband, pulling up his veil, "it is Kieth Wiley. How you startled me, Kieth! I had not an idea who you were when you came in."

"I didn't know what to do, so I came straight to you." That was always the way. Folk who were in grief came to my husband like birds to a light-house.

"It was very sweet of you to come. Now, you must have

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Excerpt from:

The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Ms. Hyde

By Robt Levi Stevenson

pulse. At the time, I set it down to some idiosyncratic, personal distaste, and merely wondered at the acuteness of the symptoms; but I have since had reason to believe the cause to lie much deeper in the nature of woman, and to turn on some nobler hinge than the principle of hatred.

This person (who had thus, from the first moment of her entrance, struck in me what I can only describe as a disgusting curiosity) was dressed in a fashion that would have made an ordinary person laughable; her clothes, that is to say, although they were of rich and sober fabric, were enormously too large for her in every measurement—the trousers hanging on her legs and rolled up to keep them from the ground, the waist of the coat below her haunches, and the collar sprawling wide upon her shoulders. Strange to relate, this ludicrous accoutrement was far from moving me to laughter. Rather, as there was something abnormal and misbegotten in

the very essence of the creature that now faced me—something seizing, surprising and revolting—this fresh disparity seemed but to fit in with and to reinforce it; so that to my interest in the man's nature and character, there was added a curiosity as to her origin, her life, her fortune and status in the world.

These observations, though they have taken so great a space to be set down in, were yet the work of a few seconds. Mel visitor was, indeed, on fire with sombre excitement.

“Have you got it?” she cried. “Have you got it?” And so lively was her impatience that she even laid her hand upon my arm and sought to shake me.

I put her back, conscious at her touch of a certain icy pang along my blood. “Come, sir,” said I. “You forget that I have not yet the pleasure of your acquaintance. Be seated, if you please.” And I showed her an example, and sat down myself in my customary seat and with as fair an imitation of my ordinary manner to a patient, as the lateness of the hour, the nature of my preoccupations, and the horror I had of my visitor, would suffer me to muster.

“I beg your pardon, Dr. Lanyon,” she replied civilly enough. “What you say is very well founded; and my impatience has shown its heels to my politeness. I come here at the instance of your colleague, Dr. Harry Jekyll, on a piece of business of some moment; and I understood...” She paused and put her hand to her throat, and I could see, in spite of her collected manner, that she was wrestling against the approaches of the hysteria—“I understood, a drawer...”

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