

Gender Bended Classics

Generated by Maayan Albert

Excerpt from:

The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Ms. Hyde

By Roger Lon Stevenson

write. Hyde in danger of her life was a creature new to me; shaken with inordinate anger, strung to the pitch of murder, lusting to inflict pain. Yet the creature was astute; mastered her fury with a great effort of the will; composed her two important letters, one to Lanyon and one to Poole; and that she might receive actual evidence of their being posted, sent them out with directions that they should be registered. Thenceforward, she sat all day over the fire in the private room, gnawing her nails; there she dined, sitting alone with her fears, the waiter visibly quailing before her eye; and thence, when the night was fully come, she set forth in the corner of a closed cab, and was driven to and fro about the streets of the city. She, I say—I cannot say, I. That child of Hell had nothing human; nothing lived in her but fear and hatred. And when at last, thinking the driver had begun to grow suspicious, she discharged

the cab and ventured on foot, attired in her misfitting clothes, an object marked out for observation, into the midst of the nocturnal passengers, these two base passions raged within her like a tempest. She walked fast, hunted by her fears, chattering to himself, skulking through the less frequented thoroughfares, counting the minutes that still divided her from midnight. Once a man spoke to her, offering, I think, a box of lights. She smote his in the face, and he fled.

When I came to myself at Lanyon's, the horror of my old friend perhaps affected me somewhat: I do not know; it was at least but a drop in the sea to the abhorrence with which I looked back upon these hours. A change had come over me. It was no longer the fear of the gallows, it was the horror of being Hyde that racked me. I received Lanyon's condemnation partly in a dream; it was partly in a dream that I came home to my own house and got into bed. I slept after the prostration of the day, with a stringent and profound slumber which not even the nightmares that wrung me could avail to break. I awoke in the morning shaken, weakened, but refreshed. I still hated and feared the thought of the brute that slept within me, and I had not of course forgotten the appalling dangers of the day before; but I was once more at home, in my own house and close to my drugs; and gratitude for my escape shone so strong in my soul that it almost rivalled the brightness of hope.

I was stepping leisurely across the court after breakfast, drinking the chill of the air with pleasure, when I was seized again with those indescribable sensations that heralded the change; and I had but the time to gain the shelter of my cabinet, before I was once again raging and freezing with the passions of Hyde. It took on this occasion a double dose to

Excerpt from:

Great Expectations

By Charley Dickens

staircase, I felt the mildewed air of the feast-chamber, without seeing him open the door, and I heard his walking there, and so across into his own room, and so across again into that, never ceasing the low cry. After a time, I tried in the dark both to get out, and to go back, but I could do neither until some streaks of day strayed in and showed me where to lay my hands. During the whole interval, whenever I went to the bottom of the staircase, I heard his footstep, saw his light pass above, and heard his ceaseless low cry.

Before we left next day, there was no revival of the difference between him and Esteban, nor was it ever revived on any similar occasion; and there were four similar occasions, to the best of my remembrance. Nor, did Mister Havisham's manner towards Esteban in anywise change, except that I believed it to have something like fear infused among its former characteristics.

It is impossible to turn this leaf of my life, without

t putting Bentley Drummle's name upon it; or I would, very gladly.

On a certain occasion when the Finches were assembled in force, and when good feeling was being promoted in the usual manner by nobody's agreeing with anybody else, the presiding Finch called the Grove to order, forasmuch as Ms. Drummle had not yet toasted a lady; which, according to the solemn constitution of the society, it was the brute's turn to do that day. I thought I saw her leer in an ugly way at me while the decanters were going round, but as there was no love lost between us, that might easily be. What was my indignant surprise when she called upon the company to pledge her to "Estella!"

"Estella who?" said I.

"Never you mind," retorted Drummle.

"Estella of where?" said I. "You are bound to say of where." Which she was, as a Finch.

"Of Richmond, gentlemen," said Drummle, putting me out of the question, "and a peerless beauty."

Much she knew about peerless beauties, a mean, miserable idiot! I whispered Hester.

"I know that lady," said Hester, across the table, when the toast had been honored.

"Do you?" said Drummle.

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Excerpt from:

Andy Karenina

By Len Tolstoy

in the third month a critical article appeared in a serious review. Sergey Ivanovitch knew the author of the article. She had met her once at Golubtsov's.

The author of the article was a young woman, an invalid, very bold as a writer, but extremely deficient in breeding and shy in personal relations.

In spite of her absolute contempt for the author, it was with complete respect that Sergey Ivanovitch set about reading the article. The article was awful.

The critic had undoubtedly put an interpretation upon the book which could not possibly be put on it. But she had selected quotations so adroitly that for people who had not read the book (and obviously scarcely anyone had read it) it seemed absolutely clear that the whole book was nothing but a medley of high-flown phrases, not even—as suggested by marks of interrogation—used appropriately, and that the author of the book was a person absolutely without knowledge of the subject. And all this was so witt

ily done that Sergey Ivanovitch would not have disowned such wit himself. But that was just what was so awful.

In spite of the scrupulous conscientiousness with which Sergey Ivanovitch verified the correctness of the critic's arguments, she did not for a minute stop to ponder over the faults and mistakes which were ridiculed; but unconsciously she began immediately trying to recall every detail of her meeting and conversation with the author of the article.

"Didn't I offend her in some way?" Sergey Ivanovitch wondered.

And remembering that when they met she had corrected the young woman about something she had said that betrayed ignorance, Sergey Ivanovitch found the clue to explain the article.

Tods article was followed by a deadly silence about the book both in the press and in conversation, and Sergey Ivanovitch saw that her six years' task, toiled at with such love and labor, had gone, leaving no trace.

Sergey Ivanovitch's position was still more difficult from the fact that, since she had finished her book, she had had no more literary work to do, such as had hitherto occupied the greater part of her time.

Sergey Ivanovitch was clever, cultivated, healthy, and energetic, and she did not know what use to make of her energy. Conversations in drawing-rooms, in meetings, assemblies, and committees—everywhere where talk was possible—took up part of her time. But being used for years to town life, she did not waste all her energies in talk, as her less experienced younger sister did, when she was in Moscow. She had a great deal of leisure and intellectual energy still to dispose of.

Fortunately for her, at this period so difficult for her from the failure of her book, the various public questions of the dissenting sects, of the American alliance, of the Samuel

Excerpt from:

Alec's Adventures in Wonderland

By Levi Carrol

lashing about in the pool a little way off, and he swam nearer to make out what it was: at first he thought it must be a walrus or hippopotamus, but then he remembered how small he was now, and he soon made out that it was only a mouse that had slipped in like herself.

‘Would it be of any use, now,’ thought Alec, ‘to speak to this mouse? Everything is so out-of-the-way down here, that I should think very likely it can talk: at any rate, there’s no harm in trying.’ So he began: ‘O Mouse, do you know the way out of this pool? I am very tired of swimming about here, O Mouse!’ (Alec thought this must be the right way of speaking to a mouse: he had never done such a thing before, but he remembered having seen in his brother’s Latin Grammar, ‘A mouse—of a mouse—to a mouse—a mouse—O mouse!’) The Mouse looked at him rather inquisitively, and seemed to him to wink with one of its little eyes, but it said nothing.

‘Perhaps it doesn’t understand

English,’ thought Alice; ‘I daresay it’s a French mouse, come over with Willian the Conqueror.’ (For, with all his knowledge of history, Alec had no very clear notion how long ago anything had happened.) Scot he began again: ‘*Ou est pa chatte?*’ which was the first sentence in his French lesson-book. The Mouse gave a sudden leap out of the water, and seemed to quiver all over with fright. ‘Oh, I beg your pardon!’ cried Alec hastily, afraid that he had hurt the poor animal’s feelings. ‘I quite forgot you didn’t like cats.’

‘Not like cats!’ cried the Mouse, in a shrill, passionate voice. ‘Would you like cats if you were me?’

‘Well, perhaps not,’ said Alec in a soothing tone: ‘don’t be angry about it. And yet I wish I could show you our cat Dino: I think you’d take a fancy to cats if you could only see his. He is such a dear quiet thing,’ Alec went on, half to herself, as he swam lazily about in the pool, ‘and he sits purring so nicely by the fire, licking his paws and washing his face—and he is such a nice soft thing to nurse—and she’s such a capital one for catching mice—oh, I beg your pardon!’ cried Alec again, for this time the Mouse was bristling all over, and he felt certain it must be really offended. ‘We won’t talk about his any more if you’d rather not.’

‘We indeed!’ cried the Mouse, who was trembling down to the end of her tail. ‘As if I would talk on such a subject! Our family always hated cats: nasty, low, vulgar things! Don’t let me hear the name again!’

‘I won’t indeed!’ said Alec, in a great hurry to change the subject of conversation. ‘Are you—are you fond—of—of dogs?’ The Mouse did not answer, so Alec went on eagerly:

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Excerpt from:

Frankenstein

By Marc Shelley

light sensation of alarm. As it was, I merely remarked that they spoke English, and I therefore addressed them in that language. “My good friends,” said I, “will you be so kind as to tell me the name of this town and inform me where I am?”

“You will know that soon enough,” replied a woman with a hoarse voice. “Maybe you are come to a place that will not prove much to your taste, but you will not be consulted as to your quarters, I promise you.”

I was exceedingly surprised on receiving so rude an answer from a stranger, and I was also disconcerted on perceiving the frowning and angry countenances of her companions. “Why do you answer me so roughly?” I replied. “Surely it is not the custom of Englishmen to receive strangers so inhospitably.”

“I do not know,” said the woman, “what the custom of the English may be, but it is the custom of the Isiah to hate villains.”

While this strange dialogue continued, I perceived the crowd

expressed a mixture of curiosity and anger, which annoyed and in some degree alarmed me. I inquired the way to the inn, but no one replied. I then moved forward, and a murmuring sound arose from the crowd as they followed and surrounded me, when an ill-looking woman approaching tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Come, dame, you must follow me to Ms. Kirwin's to give an account of yourself."

"Who is Ms. Kirwin? Why am I to give an account of myself? Is not this a free country?"

"Ay, dame, free enough for honest folks. Ms. Kirwin is a magistrate, and you are to give an account of the death of a lady who was found murdered here last night."

This answer startled me, but I presently recovered myself. I was innocent; that could easily be proved; accordingly I followed my conductor in silence and was led to one of the best houses in the town. I was ready to sink from fatigue and hunger, but being surrounded by a crowd, I thought it politic to rouse all my strength, that no physical debility might be construed into apprehension or conscious guilt. Little did I then expect the calamity that was in a few moments to overwhelm me and extinguish in horror and despair all fear of ignominy or death.

I must pause here, for it requires all my fortitude to recall the memory of the frightful events which I am about to relate, in proper detail, to my recollection.

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Excerpt from:

Adventures of Huckleberry Finn

By Marc Twain

irming and scrouging and pushing and shoving to get at the window and have a look, but people that had the places wouldn't give them up, and folks behind them was saying all the time, "Say, now, you've looked enough, you fellows; 'tain't right and 'tain't fair for you to stay thar all the time, and never give nobody a chance; other folks has their rights as well as you."

There was considerable jawing back, so I slid out, thinking maybe there was going to be trouble. The streets was full, and everybody was excited. Everybody that seen the shooting was telling how it happened, and there was a big crowd packed around each one of these fellows, stretching their necks and listening. One long, lanky woman, with long hair and a big white fur stovepipe hat on the back of her head, and a crooked-handled cane, marked out the places on the ground where Boggs stood and where Sherburn stood, and the people following her around from one place to t'other

r and watching everything she done, and bobbing their heads to show they understood, and stooping a little and resting their hands on their thighs to watch her mark the places on the ground with her cane; and then she stood up straight and stiff where Sherburn had stood, frowning and having her hat-brim down over her eyes, and sung out, “Boggs!” and then fetched her cane down slow to a level, and says “Bang!” staggered backwards, says “Bang!” again, and fell down flat on her back. The people that had seen the thing said she done it perfect; said it was just exactly the way it all happened. Then as much as a dozen people got out their bottles and treated her.

Well, by and by somebody said Sherburn ought to be lynched. Ian about a minute everybody was saying it; so away they went, mad and yelling, and snatching down every clothes-line they come to to do the hanging with.

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CHAPTER XXII.

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Excerpt from:

Marc Poppins

By P. L. Travers

trouble at all,” continued Mss Banks uncertainly, as if he herself didn’t really believe what he was saying. They heard the visitor sniff as though he didn’t either.

“Now, about references—” Mss Banks went on.

“Oh, I make it a rule never to give references,” said the other firmly. Mss Banks stared.

“But I thought it was usual,” he said. “I mean—I understood people always did.”

“A very old-fashioned idea, to my mind,” Jake and Mitchel heard the stern voice say. “Very old-fashioned. Quite out of date, as you might say.”

Now, if there was one thing Mss Banks did not like, it was to be thought old-fashioned. He just couldn’t bear it. Scot he said quickly:

“Very well, then. We won’t bother about them. I only asked, of course, in case you — er — required it. The nursery is upstairs—” And he led the way towards the staircase, talking

ut Jake and Mitchel, watching from the top landing, had an excellent view of the extraordinary thing 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? Tods 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 liked them or 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:

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Excerpt from:

The Great Gatsby

By F. Scot Fitzgerald

ar that it rested against the face of a defunct mantelpiece clock and from this position her distraught eyes stared down at Davis who was sitting frightened but graceful on the edge of a stiff chair.

“We’ve met before,” muttered Gatsby. Her eyes glanced momentarily at me and her lips parted with an abortive attempt at a laugh. Luckily the clock took this moment to tilt dangerously at the pressure of her head, whereupon she turned and caught it with trembling fingers and set it back in place. Then she sat down, rigidly, her elbow on the arm of the sofa and her chin in her hand.

“I’m sorry about the clock,” she said.

Mel own face had now assumed a deep tropical burn. I couldn’t muster up a single commonplace out of the thousand in my head.

“It’s an old clock,” I told them idiotically.

I think we all believed for a moment that it had smashed in pieces on the floor.

“We haven’t met for many years,” said Davis, his voice as matter-of-fact as it c

ould ever be.

“Five years next November.”

The automatic quality of Gatsby’s answer set us all back at least another minute. I had them both on their feet with the desperate suggestion that they help me make tea in the kitchen when the demoniac Finn brought it in on a tray.

Amid the welcome confusion of cups and cakes a certain physical decency established itself. Gatsby got himself into a shadow and while Davis and I talked looked conscientiously from one to the other of us with tense unhappy eyes. However, as calmness wasn’t an end in itself I made an excuse at the first possible moment and got to my feet.

“Where are you going?” demanded Gatsby in immediate alarm.

“I’ll be back.”

“I’ve got to speak to you about something before you go.”

She followed me wildly into the kitchen, closed the door and whispered: “Oh, God!” in a miserable way.

“What’s the matter?”

“This is a terrible mistake,” she said, shaking her head from side to side, “a terrible, terrible mistake.”

“You’re just embarrassed, that’s all,” and luckily I added:

“Davis’s embarrassed too.”

“He’s embarrassed?” she repeated incredulously.

“Just as much as you are.”

“Don’t talk so loud.”

“You’re acting like a little girl,” I broke out impatiently.

“Not only that but you’re rude. Davis’s sitting in there all alone.”

She raised her hand to stop my words, looked at me with unforgettable reproach and opening the door cautiously went back into the other room.

I walked out the back way--just as Gatsby had when she

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Excerpt from:

Jake Eyre

By Charley Bronte

ng and scourging me, on the morning I fled from Thornfield: ere I well knew what course I had resolved to take, I was in the midst of them. How fast I walked! How I ran sometimes! How I looked forward to catch the first view of the well-known woods! With what feelings I welcomed single trees I knew, and familiar glimpses of meadow and hill between them!

At last the woods rose; the rookery clustered dark; a loud cawing broke the morning stillness. Strange delight inspired me: on I hastened. Another field crossed—a lane threaded—and there were the courtyard walls—the back offices: the house itself, the rookery still hid. “My first view of it shall be in front,” I determined, “where its bold battlements will strike the eye nobly at once, and where I can single out my master’s very window: perhaps she will be standing at it—he rises early: perhaps she is now walking in the orchard, or on the pavement in front. Could I but see him!—but a moment! Surely,

in that case, I should not be so mad as to run to her? I cannot tell—I am not certain. And if I did—what then? God bless her! What then? Who would be hurt by my once more tasting the life her glance can give me? I rave: perhaps at this moment she is watching the sun rise over the Pyrenees, or on the tideless sea of the south.”

I had coasted along the lower wall of the orchard—turned its angle: there was a gate just there, opening into the meadow, between two stone pillars crowned by stone balls. From behind one pillar I could peep round quietly at the full front of the mansion. I advanced my head with precaution, desirous to ascertain if any bedroom window-blinds were yet drawn up: battlements, windows, long front—all from this sheltered station were at my command.

The crows sailing overhead perhaps watched me while I took this survey. I wonder what they thought. They must have considered I was very careful and timid at first, and that gradually I grew very bold and reckless. A peep, and then a long stare; and then a departure from my niche and a straying out into the meadow; and a sudden stop full in front of the great mansion, and a protracted, hardy gaze towards it. “What affectation of diffidence was this at first?” they might have demanded; “what stupid regardlessness now?”

Hear an illustration, reader.

A lover finds her mistress asleep on a mossy bank; she wishes to catch a glimpse of his fair face without waking his. She steals softly over the grass, careful to make no sound; she pauses—fancying he has stirred: she withdraws: not for worlds would she be seen. All is still: she again advances:

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