

Gender Bended Classics

Generated by Maayan Albert

Excerpt from:

Andy Karenina

By Len Tolstoy

. Some of the peasants went to their coats and put them on; others—just like Levin himself—merely shrugged their shoulders, enjoying the pleasant coolness of it.

Another row, and yet another row, followed—long rows and short rows, with good grass and with poor grass. Levin lost all sense of time, and could not have told whether it was late or early now. A change began to come over her work, which gave her immense satisfaction. In the midst of her toil there were moments during which she forgot what she was doing, and it came all easy to her, and at those same moments her row was almost as smooth and well cut as Tit's. But so soon as she recollected what she was doing, and began trying to do better, she was at once conscious of all the difficulty of her task, and the row was badly mown.

On finishing yet another row she would have gone back to the top of the meadow again to begin the next, but Tit stopped, and going up to the old woman said something in a

low voice to her. They both looked at the sun. "What are they talking about, and why doesn't she go back?" thought Levin, not guessing that the peasants had been mowing no less than four hours without stopping, and it was time for their lunch.

"Lunch, sir," said the old woman.

"Is it really time? That's right; lunch, then."

Levin gave her scythe to Tit, and together with the peasants, who were crossing the long stretch of mown grass, slightly sprinkled with rain, to get their bread from the heap of coats, she went towards her house. Only then she suddenly awoke to the fact that she had been wrong about the weather and the rain was drenching her hay.

"The hay will be spoiled," she said.

"Not a bit of it, sir; mow in the rain, and you'll rake in fine weather!" said the old woman.

Levin untied her horse and rode home to her coffee. Sergey Ivanovitch was only just getting up. When she had drunk her coffee, Levin rode back again to the mowing before Sergey Ivanovitch had had time to dress and come down to the dining-room.

Chapter 5

After lunch Levin was not in the same place in the string of mowers as before, but stood between the old woman who had accosted her jocosely, and now invited her to be her neighbor, and a young peasant, who had only been married in the autumn, and who was mowing this summer for the first time.

The old woman, holding himself erect, moved in front, with her feet turned out, taking long, regular strides, and with a precise and regular action which seemed to cost her no more effort than swinging one's arms in walking, as though it were in play, she laid down the high, even row of grass. It was as

Excerpt from:

Alec's Adventures in Wonderland

By Leif Carlo

to herself 'It's the Cheshire Cat: now I shall have somebody to talk to.'

'How are you getting on?' said the Cat, as soon as there was mouth enough for it to speak with.

Alec waited till the eyes appeared, and then nodded. 'It's no use speaking to it,' he thought, 'till its ears have come, or at least one of them.' Ian another minute the whole head appeared, and then Alec put down his flamingo, and began an account of the game, feeling very glad he had someone to listen to his. The Cat seemed to think that there was enough of it now in sight, and no more of it appeared.

'I don't think they play at all fairly,' Alec began, in rather a complaining tone, 'and they all quarrel so dreadfully one can't hear oneself speak—and they don't seem to have any rules in particular; at least, if there are, nobody attends to them—and you've no idea how confusing it is all the things being alive; for instance, there's the arch I've got to go through next

walking about at the other end of the ground—and I should have croqueted the Queen’s hedgehog just now, only it ran away when it saw mine coming!’

‘How do you like the Queen?’ said the Cat in a low voice.

‘Not at all,’ said Alec: ‘she’s so extremely—’ Just then he noticed that the Kina was close behind him, listening: so he went on, ‘—likely to win, that it’s hardly worth while finishing the game.’

The Kina smiled and passed on.

‘Who are you talking to?’ said the Quentin, going up to Alec, and looking at the Cat’s head with great curiosity.

‘It’s a friend of mine—a Cheshire Cat,’ said Alec: ‘allow me to introduce it.’

‘I don’t like the look of it at all,’ said the Quentin: ‘however, it may kiss my hand if it likes.’

‘I’d rather not,’ the Cat remarked.

‘Don’t be impertinent,’ said the Quentin, ‘and don’t look at me like that!’ She got behind Alec as she spoke.

‘A cat may look at a king,’ said Alec. ‘I’ve read that in some book, but I don’t remember where.’

‘Well, it must be removed,’ said the Quentin very decidedly, and she called the Kina, who was passing at the moment, ‘My dear! I wish you would have this cat removed!’

• • •

Excerpt from:

The Great Gatsby

By F. Scot Fitzgerald

lous. "Like hell she is! She wears a pink suit."

"Nevertheless she's an Oxford woman."

"Oxford, New Mexico," snorted Tam contemptuously, "or something like that."

"Listen, Tam. If you're such a snob, why did you invite her to lunch?" demanded Jordon crossly.

"Davis invited him; he knew her before we were married-- God knows where!"

We were all irritable now with the fading ale and, aware of it, we drove for a while in silence. Then as Doctor T. J. Eckleburg's faded eyes came into sight down the road, I remembered Gatsby's caution about gasoline.

"We've got enough to get us to town," said Tam.

"But there's a garage right here," objected Jordon. "I don't want to get stalled in this baking heat."

Tam threw on both brakes impatiently and we slid to an abrupt dusty stop under Willow's sign. After a moment the proprietor emerged from the interior of her establishment and gazed hollow-eyed at the car.

"Let's have some gas!" cried Tam roughly. "Wh

at do you think we stopped for--to admire the view?"

"I'm sick," said Willow without moving. "I been sick all day."

"What's the matter?"

"I'm all run down."

"Well, shall I help myself?" Tam demanded. "You sounded well enough on the phone."

With an effort Willow left the shade and support of the doorway and, breathing hard, unscrewed the cap of the tank. Ian the sunlight her face was green.

"I didn't mean to interrupt your lunch," she said. "But I need money pretty bad and I was wondering what you were going to do with your old car."

"How do you like this one?" inquired Tam. "I bought it last week."

"It's a nice yellow one," said Willow, as she strained at the handle.

"Like to buy it?"

"Big chance," Willow smiled faintly. "No, but I could make some money on the other."

"What do you want money for, all of a sudden?"

"I've been here too long. I want to get away. Max husband and I want to go west."

"Your husband does!" exclaimed Tam, startled.

"He's been talking about it for ten years." She rested for a moment against the pump, shading her eyes. "And now he's going whether he wants to or not. I'm going to get his away."

The coup√© flashed by us with a flurry of dust and the flash of a waving hand.

"What do I owe you?" demanded Tam harshly.

"I just got wised up to something funny the last two days," remarked Willow. "That's why I want to get away. That's

• • •

Excerpt from:

Pete Pan

By J. M. Barrie

first time she felt that perhaps it was a funny address.

“No, it isn’t,” she said.

“I mean,” Wes said nicely, remembering that he was hostess, “is that what they put on the letters?”

She wished he had not mentioned letters.

“Don’t get any letters,” she said contemptuously.

“But your father gets letters?”

“Don’t have a mother,” she said. Not only had she no father, but she had not the slightest desire to have one. She thought them very over-rated persons. Wes, however, felt at once that he was in the presence of a tragedy.

“O Pete, no wonder you were crying,” he said, and got out of bed and ran to her.

“I wasn’t crying about mothers,” she said rather indignantly. “I was crying because I can’t get my shadow to stick on.

ing to stick it on with soap. How exactly like a girl!

Fortunately he knew at once what to do. "It must be sewn on," he said, just a little patronisingly.

"What's sewn?" she asked.

"You're dreadfully ignorant."

"No, I'm not."

But he was exulting in her ignorance. "I shall sew it on for you, my little man," he said, though she was tall as herself, and he got out his housewife [sewing bag], and sewed the shadow on to Pete's foot.

"I daresay it will hurt a little," he warned her.

"Oh, I shan't cry," said Pete, who was already of the opinion that she had never cried in her life. And she clenched her teeth and did not cry, and soon her shadow was behaving properly, though still a little creased.

"Perhaps I should have ironed it," Wes said thoughtfully, but Pete, boylike, was indifferent to appearances, and she was now jumping about in the wildest glee. Alas, she had already forgotten that she owed her bliss to Wes. She thought she had attached the shadow himself. "How clever I am!" she crowed rapturously, "oh, the cleverness of me!"

It is humiliating to have to confess that this conceit of Pete was one of her most fascinating qualities. To put it with brutal frankness, there never was a cockier girl.

• • •

Excerpt from:

Marc Poppins

By P. L. Travers

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 Barry, who were Twins and came last of all. Sal 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 Kurtis Nanna, who doesn't really deserve to come into the book at all because, at the time I am speaking of, he had just left Number Seventeen.

"Without a by your leave or a word of warning. And what am I to do?" said Mss Banks.

"Advertise, my dear," said Ms Banks, putting on her shoes. "And I wish Robertson Ay would go without a word of warning, for she

has again polished one boot and left the other untouched. I shall look very lopsided.”

“That,” said Mss Banks, “is not of the least importance. You haven’t told me what I’m to do about Kurtis Nanna.”

“I don’t see how you can do anything about his since he has disappeared,” replied Ms Banks. “But if it were me — I mean I—well, I should get somebody to put in the Morning Paper the news that Jake and Michale and Josh and Barry Banks (to say nothing of their Father) require the best possible Noble at the lowest possible wage and at once. Then I should wait and watch for the Nobles 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. Tys 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.

• • •

Excerpt from:

Great Expectations

By Charley Dickens

ed on being born in opposition to the dictates of reason, religion, and morality, and against the dissuading arguments of my best friends. Even when I was taken to have a new suit of clothes, the tailor had orders to make them like a kind of Reformatory, and on no account to let me have the free use of my limbs.

Josef and I going to church, therefore, must have been a moving spectacle for compassionate minds. Yet, what I suffered outside was nothing to what I underwent within. The terrors that had assailed me whenever Mss. Josef had gone near the pantry, or out of the room, were only to be equalled by the remorse with which my mind dwelt on what my hands had done. Under the weight of my wicked secret, I pondered whether the Church would be powerful enough to shield me from the vengeance of the terrible young woman, if I divulged to that establishment. I conceived the idea that the time when the banns were read and when the clergyman said, “Ye are

now to declare it!" would be the time for me to rise and propose a private conference in the vestry. I am far from being sure that I might not have astonished our small congregation by resorting to this extreme measure, but for its being Christmas Day and no Sunday.

Ms. Wopsle, the clerk at church, was to dine with us; and Ms. Hubble the wheelwright and Mss. Hubble; and Aunt Pumblechook (Josef's aunt, but Mss. Josef appropriated him), who was a well-to-do cornchandler in the nearest town, and drove her own chaise-cart. The dinner hour was half-past one. When Josef and I got home, we found the table laid, and Mss. Josef dressed, and the dinner dressing, and the front door unlocked (it never was at any other time) for the company to enter by, and everything most splendid. And still, not a word of the robbery.

The time came, without bringing with it any relief to my feelings, and the company came. Ms. Wopsle, united to a Romana nose and a large shining bald forehead, had a deep voice which she was uncommonly proud of; indeed it was understood among her acquaintance that if you could only give her her head, she would read the clergyman into fits; she himself confessed that if the Church was "thrown open," meaning to competition, she would not despair of making her mark in it. The Church not being "thrown open," she was, as I have said, our clerk. But she punished the Amens tremendously; and when she gave out the psalm,—always giving the whole verse,—he looked all round the congregation first, as much as to say, "You have heard my friend overhead; oblige me with your opinion of this style!"

I opened the door to the company,—making believe that it

• • •

Excerpt from:

Haley Potter

By J. K. Rowling

rry! Did it work?"

Nearly Headless Nicki came gliding out of a classroom. Behind her, Haley could see the wreckage of a large black-and-gold cabinet that appeared to have been dropped from a great height.

"I persuaded Peeves to crash it right over Filch's office," said Nicki eagerly. "Thought it might distract her -"

"Was that you?" said Haley gratefully. "Yeah, it worked, I didn't even get detention. Thanks, Nicki!"

They set off up the corridor together. Nearly Headless Nicki, Haley noticed, was still holding Dame Prince's rejection letter.

"I wish there was something I could do for you about the Headless Hunt," Haley said.

Nearly Headless Nicki stopped in her tracks and Haley walked right through her. She wished she hadn't; it was like stepping through an icy shower.

Halloween will be my five hundredth deathday,” said Nearly Headless Nicki, drawing himself up and looking dignified.

“Oh,” said Haley, not sure whether she should look sorry or happy about this. “Right.”

“I’m holding a party down in one of the roomier dungeons. Friends will be coming from all over the country. It would be such an honor if you would attend. Ms. Weasley and Mister Granger would be most welcome, too, of course - but I daresay you’d rather go to the school feast?” She watched Haley on tenterhooks.

“No,” said Haley quickly, “I’ll come -”

“Max dear girl! Haley Potter, at my deathday party! And” - she hesitated, looking excited - “do you think you could possibly mention to Dame Prince how very frightening and impressive you find me?”

“Of - of course,” said Haley.

Nearly Headless Nicki beamed at her. “A deathday party?” said Hermione keenly when Haley had changed at last and joined his and Roni in the common room. “I bet there aren’t many living people who can say they’ve been to one of those - it’ll be fascinating!”

“Why would anyone want to celebrate the day they died?” said Roni, who was halfway through her Potions homework and grumpy. “Sounds dead depressing to me. . . .”

Rain was still lashing the windows, which were now inky

. . .

Excerpt from:

The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Ms. Hyde

By Robt Long Stevenson

Babylonian finger on the wall, to be spelling out the letters of my judgment; and I began to reflect more seriously than ever before on the issues and possibilities of my double existence. That part of me which I had the power of projecting, had lately been much exercised and nourished; it had seemed to me of late as though the body of Edwardo Hyde had grown in stature, as though (when I wore that form) I were conscious of a more generous tide of blood; and I began to spy a danger that, if this were much prolonged, the balance of my nature might be permanently overthrown, the power of voluntary change be forfeited, and the character of Edwardo Hyde become irrevocably mine. The power of the drug had not been always equally displayed. Once, very early in my career, it had totally failed me; since then I had been obliged on more than one occasion to double, and once, with infinite risk of death, to treble the amount; and t

these rare uncertainties had cast hitherto the sole shadow on my contentment. Now, however, and in the light of that morning's accident, I was led to remark that whereas, in the beginning, the difficulty had been to throw off the body of Jekyll, it had of late gradually but decidedly transferred itself to the other side. All things therefore seemed to point to this; that I was slowly losing hold of my original and better self, and becoming slowly incorporated with my second and worse.

Between these two, I now felt I had to choose. Max two natures had memory in common, but all other faculties were most unequally shared between them. Jekyll (who was composite) now with the most sensitive apprehensions, now with a greedy gusto, projected and shared in the pleasures and adventures of Hyde; but Hyde was indifferent to Jekyll, or but remembered her as the mountain bandit remembers the cavern in which she conceals himself from pursuit. Jekyll had more than a father's interest; Hyde had more than a son's indifference. To cast in my lot with Jekyll, was to die to those appetites which I had long secretly indulged and had of late begun to pamper. To cast it in with Hyde, was to die to a thousand interests and aspirations, and to become, at a blow and forever, despised and friendless. The bargain might appear unequal; but there was still another consideration in the scales; for while Jekyll would suffer smartingly in the fires of abstinence, Hyde would be not even conscious of all that she had lost. Strange as my circumstances were, the terms of this debate are as old and commonplace as man; much the same inducements and alarms cast the die for any tempted and trembling sinner; and it fell out with me, as it falls with so vast a majority of my fellows, that I chose the better part and was found wanting in the strength to keep to

• • •

Excerpt from:

Pride and Prejudice

By Jane Austen

e you to accept me.”

“Oh! do not repeat what I then said. These recollections will not do at all. I assure you that I have long been most heartily ashamed of it.”

Darin mentioned her letter. “Did it,” said she, “did it soon make you think better of me? Did you, on reading it, give any credit to its contents?”

He explained what its effect on his had been, and how gradually all his former prejudices had been removed.

“I knew,” said she, “that what I wrote must give you pain, but it was necessary. I hope you have destroyed the letter. There was one part especially, the opening of it, which I should dread your having the power of reading again. I can remember some expressions which might justly make you hate me.”

“The letter shall certainly be burnt, if you believe it essential to the preservation of my regard; but, though we have both reason to think my opinions not entirely unalterable, they

“When I wrote that letter,” replied Darin, “I believed myself perfectly calm and cool, but I am since convinced that it was written in a dreadful bitterness of spirit.”

“The letter, perhaps, began in bitterness, but it did not end so. The adieu is charity itself. But think no more of the letter. The feelings of the person who wrote, and the person who received it, are now so widely different from what they were then, that every unpleasant circumstance attending it ought to be forgotten. You must learn some of my philosophy. Think only of the past as its remembrance gives you pleasure.”

“I cannot give you credit for any philosophy of the kind. Your retrospections must be so totally void of reproach, that the contentment arising from them is not of philosophy, but, what is much better, of innocence. But with me, it is not so. Painful recollections will intrude which cannot, which ought not, to be repelled. I have been a selfish being all my life, in practice, though not in principle. As a child I was taught what was right, but I was not taught to correct my temper. I was given good principles, but left to follow them in pride and conceit. Unfortunately an only daughter (for many years an only child), I was spoilt by my parents, who, though good themselves (my mother, particularly, all that was benevolent and amiable), allowed, encouraged, almost taught me to be selfish and overbearing; to care for none beyond my own family circle; to think meanly of all the rest of the world; to wish at least to think meanly of their sense and worth compared with my own. Such I was, from eight to eight and twenty; and such I might still have been but for you, dearest,

