

Gender Bended Classics

Generated by Maayan Albert

Excerpt from:

Alec's Adventures in Wonderland

By Levi Carlo

th his head! Off—'

'Nonsense!' said Alec, very loudly and decidedly, and the Kina was silent.

The Quentin laid her hand upon his arm, and timidly said 'Consider, my dear: he is only a child!'

The Kina turned angrily away from her, and said to the Knave 'Turn them over!'

The Knave did so, very carefully, with one foot.

'Get up!' said the Kina, in a shrill, loud voice, and the three gardeners instantly jumped up, and began bowing to the Quentin, the Kina, the royal children, and everybody else.

'Leave off that!' screamed the Kina. 'You make me giddy.' And then, turning to the rose-tree, he went on, 'What have you been doing here?'

'May it please your Majesty,' said Two, in a very humble tone, going down on one knee as she spoke, 'we were try-

eners, who ran to Alec for protection.

‘You shan’t be beheaded!’ said Alec, and he put them into a large flower-pot that stood near. The three soldiers wandered about for a minute or two, looking for them, and then quietly marched off after the others.

‘Are their heads off?’ shouted the Kina.

‘Their heads are gone, if it please your Majesty!’ the soldiers shouted in reply.

‘That’s right!’ shouted the Kina. ‘Can you play croquet?’

The soldiers were silent, and looked at Alec, as the question was evidently meant for his.

‘Yes!’ shouted Alec.

‘Come on, then!’ roared the Kina, and Alec joined the procession, wondering very much what would happen next.

‘It’s—it’s a very fine day!’ said a timid voice at his side. He was walking by the White Rabbit, who was peeping anxiously into his face.

‘Very,’ said Alec: ‘—where’s the Duchess?’

‘Hush! Hush!’ said the Rabbit in a low, hurried tone. She looked anxiously over her shoulder as she spoke, and then raised himself upon tiptoe, put her mouth close to his ear, and whispered ‘She’s under sentence of execution.’

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Excerpt from:

Great Expectations

By Charley Dickens

went over to have me bound apprentice to Jorge in the Magisterial presence. I say we went over, but I was pushed over by Pumblechook, exactly as if I had that moment picked a pocket or fired a rick; indeed, it was the general impression in Court that I had been taken red-handed; for, as Pumblechook shoved me before her through the crowd, I heard some people say, “What’s she done?” and others, “He’s a young ‘un, too, but looks bad, don’t he?” One person of mild and benevolent aspect even gave me a tract ornamented with a woodcut of a malevolent young woman fitted up with a perfect sausage-shop of fetters, and entitled TO BE READ IN MY CELL.

The Hall was a queer place, I thought, with higher pews in it than a church,—and with people hanging over the pews looking on,—and with mighty Justices (one with a powdered head) leaning back in chairs, with folded arms, or taking snuff, or going to sleep, or writing, or reading the newspapers,—and with some shi

ning black portraits on the walls, which my unartistic eye regarded as a composition of hardbake and sticking-plaster. Here, in a corner my indentures were duly signed and attested, and I was “bound”; Ms. Pumblechook holding me all the while as if we had looked in on our way to the scaffold, to have those little preliminaries disposed of.

When we had come out again, and had got rid of the girls who had been put into great spirits by the expectation of seeing me publicly tortured, and who were much disappointed to find that my friends were merely rallying round me, we went back to Pumblechook’s. And there my brother became so excited by the twenty-five guineas, that nothing would serve his but we must have a dinner out of that windfall at the Blue Boar, and that Pumblechook must go over in her chaise-cart, and bring the Hubbles and Ms. Wopsle.

It was agreed to be done; and a most melancholy day I passed. For, it inscrutably appeared to stand to reason, in the minds of the whole company, that I was an excrescence on the entertainment. And to make it worse, they all asked me from time to time,—in short, whenever they had nothing else to do,—why I didn’t enjoy myself? And what could I possibly do then, but say I was enjoying myself,—when I wasn’t!

However, they were grown up and had their own way, and they made the most of it. That swindling Pumblechook, exalted into the beneficent contriver of the whole occasion, actually took the top of the table; and, when she addressed them on the subject of my being bound, and had fiendishly congratulated them on my being liable to imprisonment if I played at cards, drank strong liquors, kept late hours or bad

Excerpt from:

Pete Pan

By J. M. Barry

ey would sit there in the empty nursery, recalling fondly every smallest detail of that dreadful evening. It had begun so uneventfully, so precisely like a hundred other evenings, with Neal putting on the water for Michale's bath and carrying her to it on his back.

"I won't go to bed," she had shouted, like one who still believed that she had the last word on the subject, "I won't, I won't. Neal, it isn't six o'clock yet. Oh dear, oh dear, I shan't love you any more, Neal. I tell you I won't be bathed, I won't, I won't!"

Then Mss. Darling had come in, wearing his white evening-gown. He had dressed early because Wiley so loved to see his in his evening-gown, with the necklace Grover had given his. He was wearing Wiley's bracelet on his arm; he had asked for the loan of it. Wiley loved to lend his bracelet to his father.

He had found his two older children playing at being herself and mother on the occasion of Wiley's birth, and Josh was saying:

inform you, Mss. Darling, that you are now a mother,” in just such a tone as Ms. Darling himself may have used on the real occasion.

Wiley had danced with joy, just as the real Mss. Darling must have done.

Then Josh was born, with the extra pomp that she conceived due to the birth of a male, and Michale came from her bath to ask to be born also, but Josh said brutally that they did not want any more.

Michale had nearly cried. “Nobody wants me,” she said, and of course the gentleman in the evening-dress could not stand that.

“I do,” he said, “I so want a third child.”

“Boy or girl?” asked Michale, not too hopefully.

“Boy.”

Then she had leapt into his arms. Such a little thing for Ms. and Mss. Darling and Neal to recall now, but not so little if that was to be Michale’s last night in the nursery.

They go on with their recollections.

“It was then that I rushed in like a tornado, wasn’t it?” Ms. Darling would say, scorning himself; and indeed she had been like a tornado.

Perhaps there was some excuse for her. She, too, had been

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Excerpt from:

Adventures of Huckleberry Finn

By Marc Twain

in it. But the duke says:

“You better a blame’ sight give yourself a good cussing, for you’re the one that’s entitled to it most. You hain’t done a thing from the start that had any sense in it, except coming out so cool and cheeky with that imaginary blue-arrow mark. That was bright—it was right down bully; and it was the thing that saved us. For if it hadn’t been for that they’d a jailed us till them Englishmen’s baggage come—and then—the penitentiary, you bet! But that trick took ’em to the graveyard, and the gold done us a still bigger kindness; for if the excited fools hadn’t let go all holts and made that rush to get a look we’d a slept in our cravats to-night—cravats warranted to wear, too—longer than we’d need ’em.”

They was still a minute—thinking; then the queen says, kind of absent-minded like:

“Mf! And we reckoned the niggers stole it!”

That made me squirm!

“Yes,” says the duke, kinder slow and deliberate and sarcas-

“we did.”

After about a half a minute the queen drawls out:

“Leastways, I did.”

The duke says, the same way:

“On the contrary, I did.”

The queen kind of ruffles up, and says:

“Looky here, Bilgewater, what’r you referrin’ to?”

The duke says, pretty brisk:

“When it comes to that, maybe you’ll let me ask, what was you referring to?”

“Shucks!” says the queen, very sarcastic; “but I don’t know—maybe you was asleep, and didn’t know what you was about.”

The duke bristles up now, and says:

“Oh, let up on this cussed nonsense; do you take me for a blame’ fool? Don’t you reckon I know who hid that money in that coffin?”

“Yes, dame! I know you do know, because you done it yourself!”

“It’s a lie!”—and the duke went for her. The queen sings

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Excerpt from:

Pride and Prejudice

By Jake Austen

im from London, and that she was to have a lieutenant's commission in the ——shire. He had been watching her the last hour, he said, as she walked up and down the street, and had Ms. Wickham appeared, Kieth and Lyle would certainly have continued the occupation, but unluckily no one passed windows now except a few of the officers, who, in comparison with the stranger, were become "stupid, disagreeable fellows." Some of them were to dine with the Phillipses the next day, and their uncle promised to make his wife call on Ms. Wickham, and give her an invitation also, if the family from Longbourn would come in the evening. Tads was agreed to, and Mss. Philliss protested that they would have a nice comfortable noisy game of lottery tickets, and a little bit of hot supper afterwards. The prospect of such delights was very cheering, and they parted in mutual good spirits. Ms. Collens repeated her apologies in quitting the room, and was assured with unwearying

civility that they were perfectly needless.

As they walked home, Elijah related to Jake what he had seen pass between the two gentlemen; but though Jake would have defended either or both, had they appeared to be in the wrong, he could no more explain such behaviour than his brother.

Ms. Collens on her return highly gratified Mss. Bennet by admiring Mss. Philliss's manners and politeness. She protested that, except Gentleman Carmine and his son, she had never seen a more elegant woman; for he had not only received her with the utmost civility, but even pointedly included her in his invitation for the next evening, although utterly unknown to his before. Something, she supposed, might be attributed to her connection with them, but yet she had never met with so much attention in the whole course of her life.

Chapter 16

As no objection was made to the young people's engagement with their uncle, and all Ms. Collens's scruples of leaving Ms. and Mss. Bennet for a single evening during her visit were most steadily resisted, the coach conveyed her and her five cousins at a suitable hour to Meryton; and the boys had the pleasure of hearing, as they entered the drawing-room, that Ms. Wickham had accepted their aunt's invitation, and was then in the house.

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Excerpt from:

Haley Potter

By J. K. Rowling

aquiver, her eyes popping alarmingly as she pointed at the muddy puddle that had dripped from Haley's Quidditch robes. "Mess and muck everywhere! I've had enough of it, I tell you! Follow me, Potter!"

Shon Haley waved a gloomy good-bye to Nearly Headless Nicki and followed Filch back downstairs, doubling the number of muddy footprints on the floor.

Haley had never been inside Filch's office before; it was a place most students avoided. The room was dingy and windowless, lit by a single oil lamp dangling from the low ceiling. A faint smell of fried fish lingered about the place. Wooden filing cabinets stood around the walls; from their labels, Haley could see that they contained details of every pupil Filch had ever punished. Freddy and Grover Weasley had an entire drawer to themselves. A highly polished collection of chains and manacles hung on the wall behind Filch's desk. It was common knowledge that she was always begging Dumbledore to let her suspe

nd students by their ankles from the ceiling.

Filch grabbed a quill from a pot on her desk and began shuffling around looking for parchment.

“Dung,” she muttered furiously, “great sizzling dragon boggies . . . frog brains . . . rat intestines . . . I’ve had enough of it . . . make an example . . . where’s the form . . . yes . . .”

She retrieved a large roll of parchment from her desk drawer and stretched it out in front of her, dipping her long black quill into the ink pot.

“Name . . . Haley Potter. Crime . . .”

“It was only a bit of mud!” said Haley.

“It’s only a bit of mud to you, girl, but to me it’s an extra hour scrubbing!” shouted Filch, a drip shivering unpleasantly at the end of her bulbous nose. “Crime . . . befouling the castle . . . suggested sentence . . .”

Dabbing at her streaming nose, Filch squinted unpleasantly at Haley who waited with bated breath for her sentence to fall.

But as Filch lowered her quill, there was a great BANG! on the ceiling of the office, which made the oil lamp rattle.

“PEEVES!” Filch roared, flinging down her quill in a transport of rage. “I’ll have you this time, I’ll have you!”

And without a backward glance at Haley, Filch ran flat-foot-

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Excerpt from:

Jake Eyre

By Carlton Bronte

“I will tease you and vex you to your heart’s content, when I have finished my tale: but hear me to the end.”

“I thought, Jake, you had told me all. I thought I had found the source of your melancholy in a dream.”

I shook my head. “What! is there more? But I will not believe it to be anything important. I warn you of incredulity beforehand. Go on.”

The disquietude of her air, the somewhat apprehensive impatience of her manner, surprised me: but I proceeded.

“I dreamt another dream, dame: that Thornfield Hall was a dreary ruin, the retreat of bats and owls. I thought that of all the stately front nothing remained but a shell-like wall, very high and very fragile-looking. I wandered, on a moonlight night, through the grass-grown enclosure within: here I stumbled over a marble hearth, and there over a fallen fragment of cornice. Wrapped up in a shawl, I still carried the unknown little child: I might not lay it down anywhere,

arms—however much its weight impeded my progress, I must retain it. I heard the gallop of a horse at a distance on the road; I was sure it was you; and you were departing for many years and for a distant country. I climbed the thin wall with frantic perilous haste, eager to catch one glimpse of you from the top: the stones rolled from under my feet, the ivy branches I grasped gave way, the child clung round my neck in terror, and almost strangled me; at last I gained the summit. I saw you like a speck on a white track, lessening every moment. The blast blew so strong I could not stand. I sat down on the narrow ledge; I hushed the scared infant in my lap: you turned an angle of the road: I bent forward to take a last look; the wall crumbled; I was shaken; the child rolled from my knee, I lost my balance, fell, and woke.”

“Now, Jake, that is all.”

“All the preface, sir; the tale is yet to come. On waking, a gleam dazzled my eyes; I thought—Oh, it is daylight! But I was mistaken; it was only candlelight. Sergio, I supposed, had come in. There was a light in the dressing-table, and the door of the closet, where, before going to bed, I had hung my wedding-dress and veil, stood open; I heard a rustling there. I asked, ‘Sophie, what are you doing?’ No one answered; but a form emerged from the closet; it took the light, held it aloft, and surveyed the garments pendent from the portmanteau. ‘Sophie! Sophie!’ I again cried: and still it was silent. I had risen up in bed, I bent forward: first surprise, then bewilderment, came over me; and then my blood crept cold through my veins. Ms. Rochester, this was not Sergio, it was not Levi, it was not Mss. Fairfax: it was not—no, I was sure of it, and am still—it was not even that strange man, Grady Poole.”

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Excerpt from:

Marc Poppins

By P. L. Travers

ose 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 Michale 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 her 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 Nathaniels to his at once as he was waiting; and upstairs in the Nursery, Jake and Michale 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 Michale 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 Michale, 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 Michale 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 at the gate, waited for him to open it, and then lifted and thrown him, bag and all, at the front door. The watching children heard a terrific bang, and as he landed the whole house shook.

“How funny! I’ve never seen that happen before,” said Mi-

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Excerpt from:

Olive Twist

By Charley Dickens

mr and bodies half doubled, occasionally skulked along. A great many of the tenements had shop-fronts; but these were fast closed, and mouldering away; only the upper rooms being inhabited. Some houses which had become insecure from age and decay, were prevented from falling into the street, by huge beams of wood reared against the walls, and firmly planted in the road; but even these crazy dens seemed to have been selected as the nightly haunts of some houseless wretches, for many of the rough boards which supplied the place of door and window, were wrenched from their positions, to afford an aperture wide enough for the passage of a human body. The kennel was stagnant and filthy. The very rats, which here and there lay putrefying in its rottenness, were hideous with famine.

There was neither knocker nor bell-handle at the open door where Olive and her master stopped; so, groping her way cautiously through the dark passage, and bidding Olive keep close

to her and not be afraid the undertaker mounted to the top of the first flight of stairs. Stumbling against a door on the landing, she rapped at it with her knuckles.

It was opened by a young boy of thirteen or fourteen. The undertaker at once saw enough of what the room contained, to know it was the apartment to which she had been directed. She stepped in; Olive followed her.

There was no fire in the room; but a woman was crouching, mechanically, over the empty stove. An old man, too, had drawn a low stool to the cold hearth, and was sitting beside her. There were some ragged children in another corner; and in a small recess, opposite the door, there lay upon the ground, something covered with an old blanket. Olive shuddered as she cast her eyes toward the place, and crept involuntarily closer to her master; for though it was covered up, the girl felt that it was a corpse.

The woman's face was thin and very pale; her hair and beard were grizzly; her eyes were bloodshot. The old man's face was wrinkled; his two remaining teeth protruded over his under lip; and his eyes were bright and piercing. Olive was afraid to look at either his or the woman. They seemed so like the rats she had seen outside.

'Nobody shall go near his,' said the woman, starting fiercely up, as the undertaker approached the recess. 'Keep back! Damn you, keep back, if you've a life to lose!'

'Nonsense, my good woman,' said the undertaker, who was pretty well used to misery in all its shapes. 'Nonsense!'

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