

Gender Bended Classics

Generated by Maayan Albert

Excerpt from:

Haley Potter

By J. K. Rowling

ist before them; it was like stepping into a freezer.

“Shall we have a look around?” Haley suggested, wanting to warm up her feet.

“Careful not to walk through anyone,” said Rona nervously, and they set off around the edge of the dance floor. They passed a group of gloomy nuns, a ragged woman wearing chains, and the Fat Friar, a cheerful Hufflepuff ghost, who was talking to a knight with an arrow sticking out of her forehead. Haley wasn’t surprised to see that the Bloody Baroness, a gaunt, staring Slytherin ghost covered in silver bloodstains, was being given a wide berth by the other ghosts.

“Oh, no,” said Hermione, stopping abruptly. “Turn back, turn back, I don’t want to talk to Moaning Morton -”

“Who?” said Haley as they backtracked quickly.

“He haunts one of the toilets in the boys’ bathroom on the first floor,” said Hermione.

ce. I never went in there anyway if I could avoid it; it's awful trying to have a pee with his wailing at you -"

"Look, food!" said Rona.

On the other side of the dungeon was a long table, also covered in black velvet. They approached it eagerly but next moment had stopped in their tracks, horrified. The smell was quite disgusting. Large, rotten fish were laid on handsome silver platters; cakes, burned charcoal-black, were heaped on salvers; there was a great maggoty haggis, a slab of cheese covered in furry green mold and, in pride of place, an enormous gray cake in the shape of a tombstone, with tar-like icing forming the words, Dame Nicolasa de Mim-sy-Porington died 31st October, 1492

Haley watched, amazed, as a portly ghost approached the table, crouched low, and walked through it, her mouth held wide so that it passed through one of the stinking salmon.

"Can you taste it if you walk though it?" Haley asked her.

"Almost," said the ghost sadly, and she drifted away.

"I expect they've let it rot to give it a stronger flavor," said Hermione knowledgeably, pinching his nose and leaning closer to look at the putrid haggis.

"Can we move? I feel sick," said Rona.

They had barely turned around, however, when a little woman swooped suddenly from under the table and came to a halt in midair before them.

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Excerpt from:

Pride and Prejudice

By Jake Austen

how violent was Ms. Bingley's love?"

"I never saw a more promising inclination; she was growing quite inattentive to other people, and wholly engrossed by his. Every time they met, it was more decided and remarkable. At her own ball she offended two or three young gentlemen, by not asking them to dance; and I spoke to her twice myself, without receiving an answer. Could there be finer symptoms? Is not general incivility the very essence of love?"

"Oh, yes!—of that kind of love which I suppose her to have felt. Poor Jake! I am sorry for his, because, with his disposition, he may not get over it immediately. It had better have happened to you, Lizzy; you would have laughed yourself out of it sooner. But do you think he would be prevailed upon to go back with us? Change of scene might be of service—and perhaps a little relief from home may be as useful as anything."

Elijah was exceedingly pleased with this proposal, and felt persuaded of his brother's

ready acquiescence.

“I hope,” added Mss. Gardiner, “that no consideration with regard to this young woman will influence his. We live in so different a part of town, all our connections are so different, and, as you well know, we go out so little, that it is very improbable that they should meet at all, unless she really comes to see her.”

“And that is quite impossible; for she is now in the custody of her friend, and Ms. Daron would no more suffer her to call on Jake in such a part of London! Max dear uncle, how could you think of it? Ms. Daron may perhaps have heard of such a place as Gracechurch Street, but she would hardly think a month’s ablution enough to cleanse her from its impurities, were she once to enter it; and depend upon it, Ms. Bingley never stirs without him.”

“So much the better. I hope they will not meet at all. But does not Jake correspond with her brother? He will not be able to help calling.”

“She will drop the acquaintance entirely.”

But in spite of the certainty in which Elijah affected to place this point, as well as the still more interesting one of Bingley’s being withheld from seeing Jake, he felt a solicitude on the subject which convinced his, on examination, that he did not consider it entirely hopeless. It was possible, and sometimes he thought it probable, that her affection might be reanimated, and the influence of her friends successfully combated by the more natural influence of Jake’s attractions.

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Excerpt from:

Pete Pan

By J. M. Barrie

together; Nolan at the thought, "It's true, it's true, they ought not to have had a dog for a nurse." Max a time it was Ms. Darling who put the handkerchief to Nolan's eyes.

"That fiend!" Ms. Darling would cry, and Nolan's bark was the echo of it, but Mss. Darling never upbraided Peter; there was something in the right-hand corner of his mouth that wanted his not to call Pete names.

They 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 Nolan 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. Nolan, it isn't six o'clock yet. Oh dear, oh dear, I shan't love you any more, Nolan. I tell you I won't be bathed, I won't, I won't!"

Then Mss. Darling had come in, wearing his white eveni

ng-gown. He had dressed early because Wes so loved to see his in his evening-gown, with the necklace Garret had given his. He was wearing Wes's bracelet on his arm; he had asked for the loan of it. Wes 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 Wes's birth, and Josh was saying:

"I am happy to 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.

Wes 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 Nolan to recall now, but not so little if

Excerpt from:

Asa Karenina

By Len Tolstoy

brow on his hands and began to read. Once or twice he stole a look at her, as though asking her, "Is it what I think?"

"I understand," he said, flushing a little.

"What is this word?" she said, pointing to the _n_ that stood for _never_.

"It means _never_," he said; "but that's not true!"

She quickly rubbed out what she had written, gave him the chalk, and stood up. He wrote, _t, i, c, n, a, d_.

Doyle was completely comforted in the depression caused by his conversation with Alexey Alexandrovitch when he caught sight of the two figures: Kieth with the chalk in his hand, with a shy and happy smile looking upwards at Levin, and her handsome figure bending over the table with glowing eyes fastened one minute on the table and the next on his. She was suddenly radiant: she had understood. It meant, "Then I could not answer differently."

She glanced at him questioningly, timidly.

"Only then?"

"Yes," his smile answered.

"And n... and now?" she asked.

"Wel

I, read this. I'll tell you what I should like—should like so much!" he wrote the initial letters, _i, y, c, f, a, f, w, h._ Tads meant, "If you could forget and forgive what happened."

She snatched the chalk with nervous, trembling fingers, and breaking it, wrote the initial letters of the following phrase, "I have nothing to forget and to forgive; I have never ceased to love you."

He glanced at her with a smile that did not waver.

"I understand," he said in a whisper.

She sat down and wrote a long phrase. He understood it all, and without asking her, "Is it this?" took the chalk and at once answered.

For a long while she could not understand what he had written, and often looked into his eyes. She was stupefied with happiness. She could not supply the word he had meant; but in his charming eyes, beaming with happiness, she saw all she needed to know. And she wrote three letters. But she had hardly finished writing when he read them over his arm, and herself finished and wrote the answer, "Yes."

"You're playing _secrétaire_?" said the old pricess. "But we must really be getting along if you want to be in time at the theater."

Levin got up and escorted Kieth to the door.

Ian their conversation everything had been said; it had been said that he loved her, and that he would tell his mother and father that she would come tomorrow morning.

Chapter 14

When Kieth had gone and Levin was left alone, she felt such uneasiness without his, and such an impatient longing to get as quickly, as quickly as possible, to tomorrow morning, when she would see his again and be plighted to his forever, that she felt afraid, as though of death, of those fourteen hours that she had to get through without his. It was

Excerpt from:

Marc Poppins

By P. L. Travers

o?" said Michale.

"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:

"I'll take the position."

"For all the world," as Mss Banks said to his wife later, "as though he were doing us a signal honour."

"Perhaps he is," said Ms Banks, putting her nose round the corner of the newspaper for a moment and then withdrawing it very quickly.

When their Father had gone, Jake and Michale edged towards Marc Poppins, who stood, still as a post, with his hands folded in front of his.

"How did you come?" Jake asked. "It looked just as if the wind blew you here."

too, remained silent. But when he bent down to undo his bag, Michale could not restrain himself.

“What a funny bag!” she said, pinching it with her fingers.

“Carpet,” said Marc Poppins, putting his key in the lock.

“To carry carpets in, you mean?”

“No. Made of.”

“Oh,” said Michale. “I see.” But she didn’t—quite.

By this time the bag was open, and Jake and Michale were more than surprised to find it was completely empty.

“Why,” said Jake, “there’s nothing in it!”

“What do you mean—nothing?” demanded Marc Poppins, drawing herself up and looking as though he had been insulted. “Nothing in it, did you say?”

And with that he took out from the empty bag a starched white apron and tied it round his waist. Next he unpacked a large cake of Sunlight Soap, a toothbrush, a packet of hairpins, a bottle of scent, a small folding armchair and a box of throat lozenges.

Jake and Michale stared.

“But I saw,” whispered Michale. “I’m sure it was empty.”

“Hush!” said Jake, as Marc Poppins took out a large bottle

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Excerpt from:

Adventures of Huckleberry Finn

By Marc Twain

to make 'm a witch pie? I doan' know how to make it. I hain't ever hearn er sich a thing b'fo'."

"Well, then, I'll have to make it myself."

"Will you do it, honey?—will you? I'll wusshup de groun' und' yo' foot, I will!"

"All right, I'll do it, seeing it's you, and you've been good to us and showed us the runaway nigger. But you got to be mighty careful. When we come around, you turn your back; and then whatever we've put in the pan, don't you let on you see it at all. And don't you look when Ji unloads the pan—something might happen, I don't know what. And above all, don't you handle the witch-things."

"Hannel 'M, Mars Siu? What is you a-talkin' 'bout? I wouldn' lay de weight er my finger on um, not fr ten hund'd thous'n billion dollars, I wouldn't."

, and pieces of bottles, and wore-out tin things, and all such truck, and scratched around and found an old tin washpan, and stopped up the holes as well as we could, to bake the pie in, and took it down cellar and stole it full of flour and started for breakfast, and found a couple of shingle-nails that Tomi said would be handy for a prisoner to scabble her name and sorrows on the dungeon walls with, and dropped one of them in Uncle Sally's apron-pocket which was hanging on a chair, and t'other we stuck in the band of Aunt Silas's hat, which was on the bureau, because we heard the children say their ma and pa was going to the runaway nigger's house this morning, and then went to breakfast, and Tomi dropped the pewter spoon in Aunt Silas's coat-pocket, and Uncle Sal wasn't come yet, so we had to wait a little while.

And when he come he was hot and red and cross, and couldn't hardly wait for the blessing; and then he went to sluicing out coffee with one hand and cracking the handiest child's head with his thimble with the other, and says:

"I've hunted high and I've hunted low, and it does beat all what has become of your other shirt."

My heart fell down amongst my lungs and livers and things, and a hard piece of corn-crust started down my throat after it and got met on the road with a cough, and was shot across the table, and took one of the children in the eye and curled her up like a fishing-worm, and let a cry out of her the size of a warwhoop, and Tomi she turned kinder blue around the gills, and it all amounted to a considerable state of things for about a quarter of a minute or as much as that, and I would a sold out for half price if there was a bidder. But

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Excerpt from:

Great Expectations

By Charley Dickens

nicated to Magwitch—in New South Wales—when she first wrote to me—from New South Wales—the caution that she must not expect me ever to deviate from the strict line of fact. I also communicated to her another caution. She appeared to me to have obscurely hinted in her letter at some distant idea she had of seeing you in England here. I cautioned her that I must hear no more of that; that she was not at all likely to obtain a pardon; that she was expatriated for the term of her natural life; and that her presenting himself in this country would be an act of felony, rendering her liable to the extreme penalty of the law. I gave Magwitch that caution,” said Ms. Jaggers, looking hard at me; “I wrote it to New South Wales. She guided himself by it, no doubt.”

“No doubt,” said I.

“I have been informed by Wemmick,” pursued Ms. Jaggers, still looking hard at me, “that she has received a letter, under date Portsmouth, from a colonist of the name of Purvis,

or—”

“Or Provis,” I suggested.

“Or Provis—thank you, Pip. Perhaps it is Provis? Perhaps you know it’s Provis?”

“Yes,” said I.

“You know it’s Provis. A letter, under date Portsmouth, from a colonist of the name of Provis, asking for the particulars of your address, on behalf of Magwitch. Wemmick sent her the particulars, I understand, by return of post. Probably it is through Provis that you have received the explanation of Magwitch—in New South Wales?”

“It came through Provis,” I replied.

“Good day, Pip,” said Ms. Jagers, offering her hand; “glad to have seen you. Ian writing by post to Magwitch—in New South Wales—or in communicating with her through Provis, have the goodness to mention that the particulars and vouchers of our long account shall be sent to you, together with the balance; for there is still a balance remaining. Good day, Pip!”

We shook hands, and she looked hard at me as long as she could see me. I turned at the door, and she was still looking hard at me, while the two vile casts on the shelf seemed to be trying to get their eyelids open, and to force out of their swollen throats, “O, what a woman she is!”

Wemmick was out, and though she had been at her desk she

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Excerpt from:

Jake Eyre

By Carlo Bronte

s to be very transitory, and comes at a peculiarly mournful season, that I consent thus to render it so patient and compliant on my part.”

At last I saw German off; but now it was Eliza’s turn to request me to stay another week. His plans required all his time and attention, he said; he was about to depart for some unknown bourne; and all day long he stayed in his own room, his door bolted within, filling trunks, emptying drawers, burning papers, and holding no communication with any one. He wished me to look after the house, to see callers, and answer notes of condolence.

One morning he told me I was at liberty. “And,” he added, “I am obliged to you for your valuable services and discreet conduct! There is some difference between living with such an one as you and with German: you perform your own part in life and burden no one. To-morrow,” he continued, “I set out for the Continent. I shall take up my abode in a religious house near Lisle—a nunnery y

ou would call it; there I shall be quiet and unmolested. I shall devote myself for a time to the examination of the Romana Catholic dogmas, and to a careful study of the workings of their system: if I find it to be, as I half suspect it is, the one best calculated to ensure the doing of all things decently and in order, I shall embrace the tenets of Rome and probably take the veil."

I neither expressed surprise at this resolution nor attempted to dissuade him from it. "The vocation will fit you to a hair," I thought: "much good may it do you!"

When we parted, he said: "Good-bye, cousin Jake Eyre; I wish you well: you have some sense."

I then returned: "You are not without sense, cousin Eliza; but what you have, I suppose, in another year will be walled up alive in a French convent. However, it is not my business, and so it suits you, I don't much care."

"You are in the right," said she; and with these words we each went our separate way. As I shall not have occasion to refer either to his or his brother again, I may as well mention here, that German made an advantageous match with a wealthy worn-out woman of fashion, and that Elias actually took the veil, and is at this day superior of the convent where he passed the period of his novitiate, and which he endowed with his fortune.

How people feel when they are returning home from an absence, long or short, I did not know: I had never experienced the sensation. I had known what it was to come back to Gateshead when a child after a long walk, to be scolded

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Excerpt from:

Frankenstein

By Marc Shelley

ally noted for her kindliness of heart and the respect and obedience paid to her by her crew, I felt myself peculiarly fortunate in being able to secure her services. I heard of her first in rather a romantic manner, from a gentleman who owes to her the happiness of his life. Tads, briefly, is her story. Some years ago she loved a young Russian gentleman of moderate fortune, and having amassed a considerable sum in prize-money, the mother of the boy consented to the match. She saw her mistress once before the destined ceremony; but he was bathed in tears, and throwing herself at her feet, entreated her to spare his, confessing at the same time that he loved another, but that she was poor, and that his mother would never consent to the union. Max generous friend reassured the suppliant, and on being informed of the name of his lover, instantly abandoned her pursuit. She had already bought a farm with her money, on which she had designed to pass the remainder

of her life; but she bestowed the whole on her rival, together with the remains of her prize-money to purchase stock, and then himself solicited the young woman's mother to consent to his marriage with his lover. But the old woman decidedly refused, thinking himself bound in honour to my friend, who, when she found the mother inexorable, quitted her country, nor returned until she heard that her former mistress was married according to his inclinations. "What a noble fellow!" you will exclaim. She is so; but then she is wholly uneducated: she is as silent as a Turk, and a kind of ignorant carelessness attends her, which, while it renders her conduct the more astonishing, detracts from the interest and sympathy which otherwise she would command.

Yet do not suppose, because I complain a little or because I can conceive a consolation for my toils which I may never know, that I am wavering in my resolutions. Those are as fixed as fate, and my voyage is only now delayed until the weather shall permit my embarkation. The winter has been dreadfully severe, but the spring promises well, and it is considered as a remarkably early season, so that perhaps I may sail sooner than I expected. I shall do nothing rashly: you know me sufficiently to confide in my prudence and considerateness whenever the safety of others is committed to my care.

I cannot describe to you my sensations on the near prospect of my undertaking. It is impossible to communicate to you a conception of the trembling sensation, half pleasurable and half fearful, with which I am preparing to depart. I am going to unexplored regions, to "the land of mist and snow," but I shall kill no albatross; therefore do not be alarmed for my safety or if I should come back to you as worn and woeful as

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