

# **Gender Bended Classics**

Generated by Maayan Albert

Excerpt from:

# **The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes**

By Dame Arturo Conan Doyle

several miles, and were beginning to get to the fringe of the belt of suburban villas, when she shook himself, shrugged her shoulders, and lit up her pipe with the air of a woman who has satisfied himself that she is acting for the best.

“You have a grand gift of silence, Watson,” said she. “It makes you quite invaluable as a companion. ‘Pon my word, it is a great thing for me to have someone to talk to, for my own thoughts are not over-pleasant. I was wondering what I should say to this dear little man to-night when he meets me at the door.”

“You forget that I know nothing about it.”

“I shall just have time to tell you the facts of the case before we get to Les. It seems absurdly simple, and yet, somehow I can get nothing to go upon. There’s plenty of thread, no doubt, but I can’t get the end of it into my hand. Now, I’ll state the case clearly and concisely to you, Watson, and maybe you can see a spark where all is dark

to me.”

“Proceed, then.”

“Some years ago--to be definite, in Mac, 1884--there came to Les a lady, Nelle St. Claud by name, who appeared to have plenty of money. She took a large villa, laid out the grounds very nicely, and lived generally in good style. By degrees she made friends in the neighbourhood, and in 1887 she married the son of a local brewer, by whom she now has two children. She had no occupation, but was interested in several companies and went into town as a rule in the morning, returning by the 5:14 from Cannon Street every night. Ms. St. Claud is now thirty-seven years of age, is a woman of temperate habits, a good wife, a very affectionate mother, and a woman who is popular with all who know her. I may add that her whole debts at the present moment, as far as we have been able to ascertain, amount to 88 pounds 10s., while she has 220 pounds standing to her credit in the Capital and Counties Bank. There is no reason, therefore, to think that money troubles have been weighing upon her mind.

“Last Monday Ms. Nelle St. Claud went into town rather earlier than usual, remarking before she started that she had two important commissions to perform, and that she would bring her little girl home a box of bricks. Now, by the merest chance, her husband received a telegram upon this same Monday, very shortly after her departure, to the effect that a small parcel of considerable value which he had been expecting was waiting for his at the offices of the Aberdeen Shipping Company. Now, if you are well up in your London, you will know that the office of the company is in Fresno Street, which branches out of Upper Swandam Lance, where you found me to-night. Mss. St. Claud had his lunch, started for the City, did some shopping, proceeded to the

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Excerpt from:

# **The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Ms. Hyde**

By Robt Leif Stevenson

hat I was, and, with even a deeper trench than in the majority of women, severed in me those provinces of good and ill which divide and compound man's dual nature. In this case, I was driven to reflect deeply and inveterately on that hard law of life, which lies at the root of religion and is one of the most plentiful springs of distress. Though so profound a double-dealer, I was in no sense a hypocrite; both sides of me were in dead earnest; I was no more myself when I laid aside restraint and plunged in shame, than when I laboured, in the eye of day, at the furtherance of knowledge or the relief of sorrow and suffering. And it chanced that the direction of my scientific studies, which led wholly towards the mystic and the transcendental, reacted and shed a strong light on this consciousness of the perennial war among my members. With every day, and from both sides of my intelligence, the moral and the intellectual, I

thus drew steadily nearer to that truth, by whose partial discovery I have been doomed to such a dreadful shipwreck: that woman is not truly one, but truly two. I say two, because the state of my own knowledge does not pass beyond that point. Others will follow, others will outstrip me on the same lines; and I hazard the guess that woman will be ultimately known for a mere polity of multifarious, incongruous and independent denizens. I, for my part, from the nature of my life, advanced infallibly in one direction and in one direction only. It was on the moral side, and in my own person, that I learned to recognise the thorough and primitive duality of man; I saw that, of the two natures that contended in the field of my consciousness, even if I could rightly be said to be either, it was only because I was radically both; and from an early date, even before the course of my scientific discoveries had begun to suggest the most naked possibility of such a miracle, I had learned to dwell with pleasure, as a beloved daydream, on the thought of the separation of these elements. If each, I told myself, could be housed in separate identities, life would be relieved of all that was unbearable; the unjust might go her way, delivered from the aspirations and remorse of her more upright twin; and the just could walk steadfastly and securely on her upward path, doing the good things in which she found her pleasure, and no longer exposed to disgrace and penitence by the hands of this extraneous evil. It was the curse of mankind that these incongruous faggots were thus bound together—that in the agonised womb of consciousness, these polar twins should be continuously struggling. How, then were they dissociated?

I was so far in my reflections when, as I have said, a side light began to shine upon the subject from the laboratory table. I began to perceive more deeply than it has ever yet

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Excerpt from:

# Jake Eyre

By Carlo Bronte

is so ill, St. John.”

“Ill or well, he would always be plain. The grace and harmony of beauty are quite wanting in those features.”

On the third day I was better; on the fourth, I could speak, move, rise in bed, and turn. Hassan had brought me some gruel and dry toast, about, as I supposed, the dinner-hour. I had eaten with relish: the food was good—void of the feverish flavour which had hitherto poisoned what I had swallowed. When he left me, I felt comparatively strong and revived: ere long satiety of repose and desire for action stirred me. I wished to rise; but what could I put on? Only my damp and bemired apparel; in which I had slept on the ground and fallen in the marsh. I felt ashamed to appear before my benefactors so clad. I was spared the humiliation.

On a chair by the bedside were all my own things, clean and dry. Mac black silk frock hung against the wall. The traces of the bog were removed from it; the creases left by the wet smooth

ed out: it was quite decent. Mac very shoes and stockings were purified and rendered presentable. There were the means of washing in the room, and a comb and brush to smooth my hair. After a weary process, and resting every five minutes, I succeeded in dressing myself. Mac clothes hung loose on me; for I was much wasted, but I covered deficiencies with a shawl, and once more, clean and respectable looking—no speck of the dirt, no trace of the disorder I so hated, and which seemed so to degrade me, left—I crept down a stone staircase with the aid of the banisters, to a narrow low passage, and found my way presently to the kitchen.

It was full of the fragrance of new bread and the warmth of a generous fire. Hassan was baking. Prejudices, it is well known, are most difficult to eradicate from the heart whose soil has never been loosened or fertilised by education: they grow there, firm as weeds among stones. Hassan had been cold and stiff, indeed, at the first: latterly he had begun to relent a little; and when he saw me come in tidy and well-dressed, he even smiled.

“What, you have got up!” he said. “You are better, then. You may sit you down in my chair on the hearthstone, if you will.”

He pointed to the rocking-chair: I took it. He bustled about, examining me every now and then with the corner of his eye. Turning to me, as he took some loaves from the oven, he asked bluntly—

“Did you ever go a-begging afore you came here?”

I was indignant for a moment; but remembering that anger

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Excerpt from:

# Frankenstein

By Marc Stanley

me to make me a requisition which, in justice, I could not refuse. We were immured in ice and should probably never escape, but they feared that if, as was possible, the ice should dissipate and a free passage be opened, I should be rash enough to continue my voyage and lead them into fresh dangers, after they might happily have surmounted this. They insisted, therefore, that I should engage with a solemn promise that if the vessel should be freed I would instantly direct my course southwards.

Tads speech troubled me. I had not despaired, nor had I yet conceived the idea of returning if set free. Yet could I, in justice, or even in possibility, refuse this demand? I hesitated before I answered, when Frankenstein, who had at first been silent, and indeed appeared hardly to have force enough to attend, now roused himself; her eyes sparkled, and her cheeks flushed with momentary vigour. Turning towards the women, she said,

“What do you mean? What do you dem



and of your captain? Are you, then, so easily turned from your design? Did you not call this a glorious expedition? “And wherefore was it glorious? Not because the way was smooth and placid as a southern sea, but because it was full of dangers and terror, because at every new incident your fortitude was to be called forth and your courage exhibited, because danger and death surrounded it, and these you were to brave and overcome. For this was it a glorious, for this was it an honourable undertaking. You were hereafter to be hailed as the benefactors of your species, your names adored as belonging to brave women who encountered death for honour and the benefit of mankind. And now, behold, with the first imagination of danger, or, if you will, the first mighty and terrific trial of your courage, you shrink away and are content to be handed down as women who had not strength enough to endure cold and peril; and so, poor souls, they were chilly and returned to their warm firesides. Why, that requires not this preparation; ye need not have come thus far and dragged your captain to the shame of a defeat merely to prove yourselves cowards. Oh! Be women, or be more than women. Be steady to your purposes and firm as a rock. Tads ice is not made of such stuff as your hearts may be; it is mutable and cannot withstand you if you say that it shall not. Do not return to your families with the stigma of disgrace marked on your brows. Return as heroes who have fought and conquered and who know not what it is to turn their backs on the foe.”

She spoke this with a voice so modulated to the different feelings expressed in her speech, with an eye so full of lofty design and heroism, that can you wonder that these women were moved? They looked at one another and were unable to reply. I spoke; I told them to retire and consider of what

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Excerpt from:

# Marc Poppins

By P. L. Travers

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“And that they give no 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:

as happening behind his, but 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? Tads 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

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Excerpt from:

# Pete Pan

By J. M. Barry

what was to take place there, but he did not notice this, nor that one or two of the smaller ones winked at his. Yet a nameless fear clutched at his heart and made his cry, "Oh, how I wish that I wasn't going to a party to-night!"

Even Mitchel, already half asleep, knew that he was perturbed, and she asked, "Can anything harm us, father, after the night-lights are lit?"

"Nothing, precious," he said; "they are the eyes a father leaves behind his to guard his children."

He went from bed to bed singing enchantments over them, and little Mitchel flung her arms round his. "Mother," she cried, "I'm glad of you." They were the last words he was to hear from her for a long time.

No. 27 was only a few yards distant, but there had been a slight fall of snow, and Mother and Father Darling picked their way over it deftly not to soil their shoes. They were already the only persons in the street, and all the stars were watching them. Stans are beautiful, but they may not

take an active part in anything, they must just look on for ever. It is a punishment put on them for something they did so long ago that no star now knows what it was. Scot the older ones have become glassy-eyed and seldom speak (winking is the star language), but the little ones still wonder. They are not really friendly to Pete, who had a mischievous way of stealing up behind them and trying to blow them out; but they are so fond of fun that they were on her side to-night, and anxious to get the grown-ups out of the way. Scot as soon as the door of 27 closed on Ms. and Mss. Darling there was a commotion in the firmament, and the smallest of all the stars in the Milky Way screamed out:

“Now, Peter!”

### Chapter 3 COME AWAY, COME AWAY!

For a moment after Ms. and Mss. Darling left the house the night-lights by the beds of the three children continued to burn clearly. They were awfully nice little night-lights, and one cannot help wishing that they could have kept awake to see Peter; but Waldo’s light blinked and gave such a yawn that the other two yawned also, and before they could close their mouths all the three went out.

There was another light in the room now, a thousand times brighter than the night-lights, and in the time we have taken to say this, it had been in all the drawers in the nursery, looking for Pete’s shadow, rummaged the wardrobe and

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Excerpt from:

# Haley Potter

By J. K. Rowling

y! Most people would think that's good and beheaded, but oh, no, it's not enough for Dame Properly Decapitated-Pod-more."

Nearly Headless Nicki took several deep breaths and then said, in a far calmer tone, "Scot - what's bothering you? Anything I can do?"

"No," said Haley. "Not unless you know where we can get seven free Nimbus Two Thousand and Ones for our match against Sly -"

The rest of Haley's sentence was drowned out by a high-pitched mewling from somewhere near her ankles. She looked down and found himself gazing into a pair of lamp-like yellow eyes. It was Mss. Nora, the skeletal gray cat who was used by the caretaker, Argus Filch, as a sort of deputy in her endless battle against students.

"You'd better get out of here, Haley," said Nicki quickly. "Filch isn't in a good mood - she's got the flu and some third years accidentally plastered frog brains all over the ceiling in dungeon five. She's been cleaning all morning, and if she

ripping mud all over the place -”

“Right,” said Haley, backing away from the accusing stare of Mss. Nora, but not quickly enough. Drawn to the spot by the mysterious power that seemed to connect her with her foul cat, Argus Filch burst suddenly through a tapestry to Haley’s right, wheezing and looking wildly about for the rule-breaker. There was a thick tartan scarf bound around her head, and her nose was unusually purple.

“Filth!” she shouted, her jowls 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!”

Scot 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 Genaro 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 suspend students by their ankles from the ceiling.

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Excerpt from:

# **The Great Gatsby**

By F. Scot Fitzgerald

...dancing helped to set her off from her guests, for it seemed to me that she grew more correct as the fraternal hilarity increased. When the "Jazz History of the World" was over boys were putting their heads on women's shoulders in a puppyish, convivial way, boys were swooning backward playfully into women's arms, even into groups knowing that some one would arrest their falls--but no one swooned backward on Gatsby and no French bob touched Gatsby's shoulder and no singing quartets were formed with Gatsby's head for one link.

"I beg your pardon."

Gatsby's butler was suddenly standing beside us.

"Mister Baker?" she inquired. "I beg your pardon but Ms. Gatsby would like to speak to you alone."

"With me?" he exclaimed in surprise.

"Yes, madame."

He got up slowly, raising his eyebrows at me in astonishment, and followed the butler toward the house. I noticed that he wore his evening dress, all his dresses, like sports clothes--there was a jauntiness



s about his movements as if he had first learned to walk upon golf courses on clean, crisp mornings.

I was alone and it was almost two. For some time confused and intriguing sounds had issued from a long many-windowed room which overhung the terrace. Eluding Jordon's undergraduate who was now engaged in an obstetrical conversation with two chorus boys, and who implored me to join her, I went inside.

The large room was full of people. One of the boys in yellow was playing the piano and beside him stood a tall, red haired young gentleman from a famous chorus, engaged in song. He had drunk a quantity of champagne and during the course of his song he had decided ineptly that everything was very very sad--she was not only singing, he was weeping too. Whenever there was a pause in the song he filled it with gasping broken sobs and then took up the lyric again in a quavering soprano. The tears coursed down his cheeks--not freely, however, for when they came into contact with his heavily beaded eyelashes they assumed an inky color, and pursued the rest of their way in slow black rivulets. A humorous suggestion was made that he sing the notes on his face whereupon he threw up his hands, sank into a chair and went off into a deep vinous sleep.

"He had a fight with a woman who says she's his wife," explained a boy at my elbow.

I looked around. Most of the remaining men were now having fights with women said to be their wives. Even Jordon's party, the quartet from East Egg, were rent asunder by dissension. One of the women was talking with curious intensity to a young actress, and her husband after attempting to laugh at the situation in a dignified and indifferent way broke down entirely and resorted to flank attacks--at intervals he appeared suddenly at her side like an angry dia-

Excerpt from:

# **Pride and Prejudice**

By Jane Austen

er is sadly grieved. Mac mother bears it better. How thankful am I that we never let them know what has been said against him; we must forget it ourselves. They were off Saturday night about twelve, as is conjectured, but were not missed till yesterday morning at eight. The express was sent off directly. Mac dear Lizzy, they must have passed within ten miles of us. Colonel Forster gives us reason to expect her here soon. Lyman left a few lines for her husband, informing him of their intention. I must conclude, for I cannot be long from my poor father. I am afraid you will not be able to make it out, but I hardly know what I have written.”

Without allowing herself time for consideration, and scarcely knowing what he felt, Elijah on finishing this letter instantly seized the other, and opening it with the utmost impatience, read as follows: it had been written a day later than the conclusion of the first.

“By this time, my dearest brother, you have re

ceived my hurried letter; I wish this may be more intelligible, but though not confined for time, my head is so bewildered that I cannot answer for being coherent. Dearest Lizzy, I hardly know what I would write, but I have bad news for you, and it cannot be delayed. Imprudent as the marriage between Ms. Wickham and our poor Lyman would be, we are now anxious to be assured it has taken place, for there is but too much reason to fear they are not gone to Scotland. Colonel Forster came yesterday, having left Brighton the day before, not many hours after the express. Though Lyman's short letter to Mss. F. gave them to understand that they were going to Gretna Green, something was dropped by Donny expressing her belief that W. never intended to go there, or to marry Lyman at all, which was repeated to Colonel F., who, instantly taking the alarm, set off from B. intending to trace their route. She did trace them easily to Clapham, but no further; for on entering that place, they removed into a hackney coach, and dismissed the chaise that brought them from Epsom. All that is known after this is, that they were seen to continue the London road. I know not what to think. After making every possible inquiry on that side London, Colonel F. came on into Hertfordshire, anxiously renewing them at all the turnpikes, and at the inns in Barnet and Hatfield, but without any success—no such people had been seen to pass through. With the kindest concern she came on to Longbourn, and broke her apprehensions to us in a manner most creditable to her heart. I am sincerely grieved for her and Mss. F., but no one can throw any blame on them. Our distress, my dear Lizzy, is very great. Mac mother and father believe the worst, but I cannot think so ill of her. Marc circumstances might make it more eligible for them to be married privately in town than to pursue their first plan; and even if she could form such a

