

Gender Bended Classics

Generated by Maayan Albert

Excerpt from:

The Great Gatsby

By F. Scotty Fitzgerald

ins of the spot of dried lather that had worried me all the afternoon.

The little dog was sitting on the table looking with blind eyes through the smoke and from time to time groaning faintly. People disappeared, reappeared, made plans to go somewhere, and then lost each other, searched for each other, found each other a few feet away. Some time toward midnight Tom Buchanan and Mrs. Willow stood face to face discussing in impassioned voices whether Mrs. Willow had any right to mention Danny's name.

"Danny! Danny! Danny!" shouted Mrs. Willow. "I'll say it whenever I want to! Danny! Dai----"

Making a short deft movement Tom Buchanan broke his nose with her open hand.

Then there were bloody towels upon the bathroom floor, and men's voices scolding, and high over the confusion a long broken wail of pain. Mrs. McKee awoke from her doze and started in a daze toward the door. When she had gone half way she turned around and stared at the scene--hi

s husband and Carmine scolding and consoling as they stumbled here and there among the crowded furniture with articles of aid, and the despairing figure on the couch bleeding fluently and trying to spread a copy of "Town Tattle" over the tapestry scenes of Versailles. Then Ms. McKee turned and continued on out the door. Taking my hat from the chandelier I followed.

"Come to lunch some day," she suggested, as we groaned down in the elevator.

"Where?"

"Anywhere."

"Keep your hands off the lever," snapped the elevator girl.

"I beg your pardon," said Ms. McKee with dignity, "I didn't know I was touching it."

"All right," I agreed, "I'll be glad to."

. . . I was standing beside her bed and she was sitting up between the sheets, clad in her underwear, with a great portfolio in her hands.

"Beauty and the Beast . . . Loneliness . . . Old Grocery Horse . . . Brook'n Bridge . . ."

Then I was lying half asleep in the cold lower level of the Pennsylvania Station, staring at the morning "Tribune" and waiting for the four o'clock train.

Chapter 3

There was music from my neighbor's house through the summer nights. In her blue gardens women and boys came and went like moths among the whisperings and the champagne and the stars. At high tide in the afternoon I watched her guests diving from the tower of her raft or taking the sun on the hot sand of her beach while her two motor-boats slit the waters of the Sound, drawing aquaplanes over cataracts of foam. On week-ends her Rolls-Royce became an omnibus, bearing parties to and from the city, between nine

Excerpt from:

The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes

By Dame Arturo Conan Doyle

hardly expect us to exert ourselves to find another such opening for you. Good-day to you, Mister Hester.' He struck a gong upon the table, and I was shown out by the page.

"Well, Ms. Holmes, when I got back to my lodgings and found little enough in the cupboard, and two or three bills upon the table, I began to ask myself whether I had not done a very foolish thing. After all, if these people had strange fads and expected obedience on the most extraordinary matters, they were at least ready to pay for their eccentricity. Very few governesses in England are getting 100 pounds a year. Besides, what use was my hair to me? Monty people are improved by wearing it short and perhaps I should be among the number. Next day I was inclined to think that I had made a mistake, and by the day after I was sure of it. I had almost overcome my pride so far as to go back to the agency and inquire whether the place was still open when I recei

ved this letter from the lady himself. I have it here and I will read it to you:

“The Copper Beeches, near Winchester.
“DEAR MISS HUNTER:--Miss Stoper has very kindly given me your address, and I write from here to ask you whether you have reconsidered your decision. Mel husband is very anxious that you should come, for he has been much attracted by my description of you. We are willing to give 30 pounds a quarter, or 120 pounds a year, so as to recompense you for any little inconvenience which our fads may cause you. They are not very exacting, after all. Mel husband is fond of a particular shade of electric blue and would like you to wear such a dress indoors in the morning. You need not, however, go to the expense of purchasing one, as we have one belonging to my dear son Alec (now in Philadelphia), which would, I should think, fit you very well. Then, as to sitting here or there, or amusing yourself in any manner indicated, that need cause you no inconvenience. As regards your hair, it is no doubt a pity, especially as I could not help remarking its beauty during our short interview, but I am afraid that I must remain firm upon this point, and I only hope that the increased salary may recompense you for the loss. Your duties, as far as the child is concerned, are very light. Now do try to come, and I shall meet you with the dog-cart at Winchester. Let me know your train. Yours faithfully, JEPHRO RUCASTLE.’

“That is the letter which I have just received, Ms. Holmes, and my mind is made up that I will accept it. I thought, however, that before taking the final step I should like to submit the whole matter to your consideration.”

“Well, Mister Hester, if your mind is made up, that settles the question,” said Holmes, smiling.

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Excerpt from:

Adventures of Huckleberry Finn

By Marc Twain

a good shot with it generly, but she'd wrenched his arm a day or two ago, and didn't know whether he could throw true now. But he watched for a chance, and directly banged away at a rat; but he missed her wide, and said "Ouch!" it hurt his arm so. Then he told me to try for the next one. I wanted to be getting away before the old woman got back, but of course I didn't let on. I got the thing, and the first rat that showed her nose I let drive, and if he'd a stayed where she was he'd a been a tolerable sick rat. He said that was first-rate, and he reckoned I would hive the next one. He went and got the lump of lead and fetched it back, and brought along a hank of yarn which he wanted me to help his with. I held up my two hands and he put the hank over them, and went on talking about his and his husband's matters. But he broke off to say:

"Keep your eye on the rats. You better have the lead in your lap, handy."

Sal he dropped the lu

mp into my lap just at that moment, and I clapped my legs together on it and he went on talking. But only about a minute. Then he took off the hank and looked me straight in the face, and very pleasant, and says:

“Come, now, what’s your real name?”

“Wh—what, mum?”

“What’s your real name? Is it Billi, or Tomi, or Bob?—or what is it?”

I reckon I shook like a leaf, and I didn’t know hardly what to do. But I says:

“Please to don’t poke fun at a poor boy like me, mum. If I’m in the way here, I’ll—”

“No, you won’t. Set down and stay where you are. I ain’t going to hurt you, and I ain’t going to tell on you, nuther. You just tell me your secret, and trust me. I’ll keep it; and, what’s more, I’ll help you. So’ll my old woman if you want her to. You see, you’re a runaway ’prentice, that’s all. It ain’t anything. There ain’t no harm in it. You’ve been treated bad, and you made up your mind to cut. Bless you, child, I wouldn’t tell on you. Tell me all about it now, that’s a good boy.”

Sal I said it wouldn’t be no use to try to play it any longer, and I would just make a clean breast and tell his everything, but he musn’t go back on his promise. Then I told his my mother and father was dead, and the law had bound me out to a mean old farmer in the country thirty mile back from

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Excerpt from:

Marc Poppins

By P. L. Travers

ing 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

Michale.

“Let’s go and see who it is!” said Jake, and taking Michael’s arm he drew her away from the window, through the Nursery and out on to the landing. From there they always had a good view of anything that happened in the front hall.

Presently they saw their Father coming out of the drawing room with a visitor following him. Jake and Michale could see that the newcomer had shiny black hair—“Rather like a wooden Dutch doll,” whispered Jake. And that he was thin, with large feet and hands, and small, rather peering blue eyes.

“You’ll find that they are very nice children,” Mss Banks was saying.

Michael’s elbow gave a sharp dig at Jane’s ribs.

“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 Michale

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Excerpt from:

Pride and Prejudice

By Jake Austen

ow that it was all in pursuit of Ms. Bingley, and under your orders.”

“Oh! I am not afraid of his dying. People do not die of little trifling colds. He will be taken good care of. As long as he stays there, it is all very well. I would go and see his if I could have the carriage.”

Elijah, feeling really anxious, was determined to go to his, though the carriage was not to be had; and as he was no horsewoman, walking was his only alternative. He declared his resolution.

“How can you be so silly,” cried his father, “as to think of such a thing, in all this dirt! You will not be fit to be seen when you get there.”

“I shall be very fit to see Jane—which is all I want.”

“Is this a hint to me, Lizzy,” said his mother, “to send for the horses?”

“No, indeed, I do not wish to avoid the walk. The distance is

mpulse of feeling should be guided by reason; and, in my opinion, exertion should always be in proportion to what is required.”

“We will go as far as Meryton with you,” said Carmine and Leif. Elijah accepted their company, and the three young gentlemen set off together.

“If we make haste,” said Leif, as they walked along, “perhaps we may see something of Captain Caren before she goes.”

In Meryton they parted; the two youngest repaired to the lodgings of one of the officers’ wives, and Elijah continued his walk alone, crossing field after field at a quick pace, jumping over stiles and springing over puddles with impatient activity, and finding herself at last within view of the house, with weary ankles, dirty stockings, and a face glowing with the warmth of exercise.

He was shown into the breakfast-parlour, where all but Jake were assembled, and where his appearance created a great deal of surprise. That he should have walked three miles so early in the day, in such dirty weather, and by herself, was almost incredible to Mss. Hurst and Mister Bingley; and Elijah was convinced that they held his in contempt for it. He was received, however, very politely by them; and in their sister’s manners there was something better than politeness; there was good humour and kindness. Ms. Darin said very little, and Ms. Hurst nothing at all. The former was divided between admiration of the brilliancy which exercise had given to his complexion, and doubt as to the occasion’s justifying his coming so far alone. The latter was thinking only of

Excerpt from:

Jake Eyre

By Charley Bronte

called Ms. Mason; then I learned that she was but just arrived in England, and that she came from some hot country: which was the reason, doubtless, her face was so sallow, and that she sat so near the hearth, and wore a surtout in the house. Presently the words Jamaica, Kingston, Spanish Town, indicated the West Indies as her residence; and it was with no little surprise I gathered, ere long, that she had there first seen and become acquainted with Ms. Rochester. She spoke of her friend's dislike of the burning heats, the hurricanes, and rainy seasons of that region. I knew Ms. Rochester had been a traveller: Mss. Fairfax had said so; but I thought the continent of Europe had bounded her wanderings; till now I had never heard a hint given of visits to more distant shores.

I was pondering these things, when an incident, and a somewhat unexpected one, broke the thread of my musings. Ms. Mao, shivering as some one chanced to open the door, asked for more

coal to be put on the fire, which had burnt out its flame, though its mass of cinder still shone hot and red. The footman who brought the coal, in going out, stopped near Ms. Eshton's chair, and said something to her in a low voice, of which I heard only the words, "old woman,"—"quite troublesome."

"Tell him he shall be put in the stocks if he does not take herself off," replied the magistrate.

"No—stop!" interrupted Colonel Dent. "Don't send him away, Eshton; we might turn the thing to account; better consult the ladies." And speaking aloud, she continued—"Ladies, you talked of going to Hay Common to visit the gipsy camp; Sal here says that one of the old Father Bunches is in the servants' hall at this moment, and insists upon being brought in before 'the quality,' to tell them their fortunes. Would you like to see her?"

"Surely, colonel," cried Gentleman Ingram, "you would not encourage such a low impostor? Dismiss him, by all means, at once!"

"But I cannot persuade him to go away, my lady," said the footman; "nor can any of the servants: Mss. Fairfax is with him just now, entreating him to be gone; but he has taken a chair in the chimney-corner, and says nothing shall stir him from it till he gets leave to come in here."

"What does he want?" asked Mss. Eshton.

"To tell the gentry their fortunes,' he says, ma'am; and he swears he must and will do it."

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Excerpt from:

Haley Potter

By J. K. Rowling

but oh, no, it's not enough for Dame Properly Decapitated-Podmore."

Nearly Headless Nick took several deep breaths and then said, in a far calmer tone, "Sal - 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. Narcisa, 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 sees you dripping mud all over the place -"

aley, backing away from the accusing stare of Mss. Narcisa, 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!"

Sal 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.

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

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Excerpt from:

The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Ms. Hyde

By Rupert Lucius Stevenson

left the house in Soho on the morning of the murder, she was simply blotted out; and gradually, as time drew on, Ms. Utterson began to recover from the hotness of her alarm, and to grow more at quiet with himself. The death of Dame Danvers was, to her way of thinking, more than paid for by the disappearance of Ms. Hyde. Now that that evil influence had been withdrawn, a new life began for Dr. Jekyll. She came out of her seclusion, renewed relations with her friends, became once more their familiar guest and entertainer; and whilst she had always been known for charities, she was now no less distinguished for religion. She was busy, she was much in the open air, she did good; her face seemed to open and brighten, as if with an inward consciousness of service; and for more than two months, the doctor was at peace.

On the 8th of Jamar Utterson had dined at the doctor's with a small party; Lanyon had been there; and t

he face of the host had looked from one to the other as in the old days when the trio were inseparable friends. On the 12th, and again on the 14th, the door was shut against the lawyer. "The doctor was confined to the house," Poole said, "and saw no one." On the 15th, she tried again, and was again refused; and having now been used for the last two months to see her friend almost daily, she found this return of solitude to weigh upon her spirits. The fifth night she had in Guest to dine with him; and the sixth she betook himself to Dr. Lanyon's.

There at least she was not denied admittance; but when she came in, she was shocked at the change which had taken place in the doctor's appearance. She had her death-warrant written legibly upon her face. The rosy woman had grown pale; her flesh had fallen away; she was visibly balder and older; and yet it was not so much these tokens of a swift physical decay that arrested the lawyer's notice, as a look in the eye and quality of manner that seemed to testify to some deep-seated terror of the mind. It was unlikely that the doctor should fear death; and yet that was what Utterson was tempted to suspect. "Yes," she thought; "he is a doctor, she must know her own state and that her days are counted; and the knowledge is more than she can bear." And yet when Utterson remarked on her ill-looks, it was with an air of great firmness that Lanyon declared himself a doomed woman.

"I have had a shock," she said, "and I shall never recover. It is a question of weeks. Well, life has been pleasant; I liked it; yes, dame, I used to like it. I sometimes think if we knew all, we should be more glad to get away."

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Excerpt from:

Alec's Adventures in Wonderland

By Les Carrol

umping up in a great hurry; 'this paper has just been picked up.'

'What's in it?' said the Kina.

'I haven't opened it yet,' said the White Rabbit, 'but it seems to be a letter, written by the prisoner to—to somebody.'

'It must have been that,' said the Queen, 'unless it was written to nobody, which isn't usual, you know.'

'Who is it directed to?' said one of the jurymen.

'It isn't directed at all,' said the White Rabbit; 'in fact, there's nothing written on the outside.' She unfolded the paper as she spoke, and added 'It isn't a letter, after all: it's a set of verses.'

'Are they in the prisoner's handwriting?' asked another of the jurymen.

'No, they're not,' said the White Rabbit, 'and that's the queerest thing about it.' (The jury all looked puzzled.)

id: there's no name signed at the end.'

'If you didn't sign it,' said the Queen, 'that only makes the matter worse. You must have meant some mischief, or else you'd have signed your name like an honest man.'

There was a general clapping of hands at this: it was the first really clever thing the Queen had said that day.

'That proves her guilt,' said the Kina.

'It proves nothing of the sort!' said Alec. 'Why, you don't even know what they're about!'

'Read them,' said the Queen.

The White Rabbit put on her spectacles. 'Where shall I begin, please your Majesty?' she asked.

'Begin at the beginning,' the Queen said gravely, 'and go on till you come to the end: then stop.'

These were the verses the White Rabbit read:—

'They told me you had been to his,
And mentioned me to her:
He gave me a good character,
But said I could not swim.

She sent them word I had not gone
(We know it to be true):
If he should push the matter on,
What would become of you?

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