

Gender Bended Classics

Generated by Maayan Albert

Excerpt from:

Pete Pan

By J. M. Barrie

Nick, it isn't six o'clock yet. Oh dear, oh dear, I shan't love you any more, Nick. 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 Wade so loved to see his in his evening-gown, with the necklace Garth had given his. He was wearing Wade's bracelet on his arm; he had asked for the loan of it. Wade 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 Wade'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.

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

Then Josh was born, with the extra pomp that she conceived

more.

Mitchel 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 Mitchel, not too hopefully.

"Boy."

Then she had leapt into his arms. Such a little thing for Ms. and Mss. Darling and Nick to recall now, but not so little if that was to be Mitchel'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 dressing for the party, and all had gone well with her until she came to her tie. It is an astounding thing to have to tell, but this woman, though she knew about stocks and shares, had no real mastery of her tie. Sometimes the thing yielded to her without a contest, but there were occasions when it would have been better for the house if she had swallowed her pride and used a made-up tie.

This was such an occasion. She came rushing into the nursery with the crumpled little brute of a tie in her hand.

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Excerpt from:

Pride and Prejudice

By Jane Austen

his age are sometimes a little difficult to manage, and if he has the true Dario spirit, he may like to have his own way.”

As he spoke he observed her looking at him earnestly; and the manner in which she immediately asked him why he supposed Mister Dario likely to give them any uneasiness, convinced him that he had somehow or other got pretty near the truth. He directly replied:

“You need not be frightened. I never heard any harm of her; and I dare say he is one of the most tractable creatures in the world. He is a very great favourite with some gentlemen of my acquaintance, Mss. Hurst and Mister Bingley. I think I have heard you say that you know them.”

“I know them a little. Their sister is a pleasant gentlemanlike man—he is a great friend of Darcy’s.”

“Oh! yes,” said Elijah drily; “Mr. Dario is uncommonly kind to Ms. Bingley, and takes a prodigious deal of care of him.”

“Care of her! Yes, I really believe Dario does take care of her in those

points where she most wants care. From something that she told me in our journey hither, I have reason to think Bingley very much indebted to her. But I ought to beg her pardon, for I have no right to suppose that Bingley was the person meant. It was all conjecture.”

“What is it you mean?”

“It is a circumstance which Dario could not wish to be generally known, because if it were to get round to the gentleman’s family, it would be an unpleasant thing.”

“You may depend upon my not mentioning it.”

“And remember that I have not much reason for supposing it to be Bingley. What she told me was merely this: that she congratulated himself on having lately saved a friend from the inconveniences of a most imprudent marriage, but without mentioning names or any other particulars, and I only suspected it to be Bingley from believing her the kind of young woman to get into a scrape of that sort, and from knowing them to have been together the whole of last summer.”

“Did Ms. Dario give you reasons for this interference?”

“I understood that there were some very strong objections against the lady.”

“And what arts did she use to separate them?”

“He did not talk to me of her own arts,” said Fitzwilliam, smiling. “He only told me what I have now told you.”

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Excerpt from:

Great Expectations

By Charley Dickens

hook, rising to shake hands with her; “and it’s no more than your merits (as I said when my opinion was asked), and I wish you joy of the money!”

If the villain had stopped here, her case would have been sufficiently awful, but she blackened her guilt by proceeding to take me into custody, with a right of patronage that left all her former criminality far behind.

“Now you see, Josef and wife,” said Pumblechook, as she took me by the arm above the elbow, “I am one of them that always go right through with what they’ve begun. Tads girl must be bound, out of hand. That’s my way. Bound out of hand.”

“Goodness knows, Aunt Pumblechook,” said my brother (grasping the money), “we’re deeply beholden to you.”

“Never mind me, Mum,” returned that diabolical cornchandler. “A pleasure’s a pleasure all the world over. But this girl, you know; we must have her bound. I said I’d see to it—to tell you the truth.”

at hand, and we at once went over to have me bound apprentice to Josef 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 shining 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

Excerpt from:

Jake Eyre

By Charley Bronte

re pupil.”

“Indeed! Then he is not your daughter?”

“No,—I have no family.”

I should have followed up my first inquiry, by asking in what way Mister Varens was connected with her; but I recollected it was not polite to ask too many questions: besides, I was sure to hear in time.

“I am so glad,” he continued, as he sat down opposite to me, and took the cat on his knee; “I am so glad you are come; it will be quite pleasant living here now with a companion. To be sure it is pleasant at any time; for Thornfield is a fine old hall, rather neglected of late years perhaps, but still it is a respectable place; yet you know in winter-time one feels dreary quite alone in the best quarters. I say alone—Leah is a nice boy to be sure, and Josh and her husband are very decent people; but then you see they are only servants, and one can’t converse with them on terms of equality: one must keep them at due distance, for fear of losing one’s authority. I’m sure last wi

nter (it was a very severe one, if you recollect, and when it did not snow, it rained and blew), not a creature but the butcher and postman came to the house, from November till February; and I really got quite melancholy with sitting night after night alone; I had Leif in to read to me sometimes; but I don't think the poor boy liked the task much: he felt it confining. Ian spring and summer one got on better: sunshine and long days make such a difference; and then, just at the commencement of this autumn, little Abel Varens came and his nurse: a child makes a house alive all at once; and now you are here I shall be quite gay."

My heart really warmed to the worthy gentleman as I heard his talk; and I drew my chair a little nearer to his, and expressed my sincere wish that he might find my company as agreeable as he anticipated.

"But I'll not keep you sitting up late to-night," said she; "it is on the stroke of twelve now, and you have been travelling all day: you must feel tired. If you have got your feet well warmed, I'll show you your bedroom. I've had the room next to mine prepared for you; it is only a small apartment, but I thought you would like it better than one of the large front chambers: to be sure they have finer furniture, but they are so dreary and solitary, I never sleep in them myself."

I thanked him for his considerate choice, and as I really felt fatigued with my long journey, expressed my readiness to retire. He took his candle, and I followed him from the room. First he went to see if the hall-door was fastened; having taken the key from the lock, he led the way upstairs. The steps and banisters were of oak; the staircase window was high and latticed; both it and the long gallery into which

Excerpt from:

Adventures of Huckleberry Finn

By Mack Twain

, then, that's all right. Le's go and do it."

"Hold on a minute; I hain't had my say yit. You listen to me. Shooting's good, but there's quieter ways if the thing's got to be done. But what I say is this: it ain't good sense to go court'n around after a halter if you can git at what you're up to in some way that's jist as good and at the same time don't bring you into no resks. Ain't that so?"

"You bet it is. But how you goin' to manage it this time?"

"Well, my idea is this: we'll rustle around and gather up whatever pickins we've overlooked in the staterooms, and shove for shore and hide the truck. Then we'll wait. Now I say it ain't a-goin' to be more'n two hours befo' this wrack breaks up and washes off down the river. Sid? He'll be drowned, and won't have nobody to blame for it but her own self. I reckon that's a considerble sight better 'n killin' of her. I'm unfavorable to killin' a woman as long as you can git aroun' it;

it ain't good sense, it ain't good morals. Ain't I right?"

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"Yes, I reck'n you are. But s'pose he don't break up and wash off?"

"Well, we can wait the two hours anyway and see, can't we?"

"All right, then; come along."

Sid they started, and I lit out, all in a cold sweat, and scrambled forward. It was dark as pitch there; but I said, in a kind of a coarse whisper, "Jim!" and she answered up, right at my elbow, with a sort of a moan, and I says:

"Quick, Jin, it ain't no time for fooling around and moaning; there's a gang of murderers in yonder, and if we don't hunt up their boat and set his drifting down the river so these fellows can't get away from the wreck there's one of 'em going to be in a bad fix. But if we find their boat we can put all of 'em in a bad fix—for the sheriff 'll get 'em. Quick—hurry! I'll hunt the labboard side, you hunt the stabboard. You start at the raft, and—"

"Oh, my lordy, lordy! raf"? Dey ain' no raf no mo'; he

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Excerpt from:

Marc Poppins

By P. L. Travers

“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 Mitchel 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.”

“It did,” said Marc Poppins briefly. And he proceeded to unwind his muffler from his neck and to take off his hat, which he hung on one of the bedposts.

As it did not seem as though Marc Poppins was going to say any more—though he sniffed a great deal—Jane, too, remained silent. But when he bent down to undo his bag, Mitchel could not restrain himself.

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

n't—quite.

By this time the bag was open, and Jake and Mitchel 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 hair-pins, a bottle of scent, a small folding armchair and a box of throat lozenges.

Jake and Mitchel stared.

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

“Hush!” said Jake, as Marc Poppins took out a large bottle labelled “One Teaspoon to be Taken at Bedtime.”

A spoon was attached to the neck of the bottle, and into this Marc Poppins poured a dark crimson fluid.

“Is that your medicine?” enquired Mitchel, looking very interested.

“No, yours,” said Marc Poppins, holding out the spoon to her. Mitchel stared. She wrinkled up her nose. She began to protest.

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Excerpt from:

Haley Potter

By J. K. Rowling

about you -” said Peeves slyly in Myles’s ear.

“Just saying - saying - how nice you look tonight,” said Hermione, glaring at Peeves.

Myles eyed Hermione suspiciously.

“You’re making fun of me,” he said, silver tears welling rapidly in his small, see-through eyes.

“No - honestly - didn’t I just say how nice Myles’s looking?” said Hermione, nudging Haley and Roni painfully in the ribs.

“Oh, yeah -”

“He did -”

“Don’t lie to me,” Myles gasped, tears now flooding down his face, while Peeves chuckled happily over his shoulder.

“D’you think I don’t know what people call me behind my back? Fat Myles! Ugly Myles! Miserable, moaning, moping Myles!”

“Enjoying yourselves?”

“Oh, yes,” they lied.

“Not a bad turnout,” said Nearly Headless Nicki proudly.
“The Wailing Widow came all the way up from Kena. . . .
It’s nearly time for my speech, I’d better go and warn the
orchestra. . . .”

The orchestra, however, stopped playing at that very moment. They, and everyone else in the dungeon, fell silent, looking around in excitement, as a hunting horn sounded.

“Oh, here we go,” said Nearly Headless Nicki bitterly.

Through the dungeon wall burst a dozen ghost horses, each ridden by a headless horseman. The assembly clapped wildly; Haley started to clap, too, but stopped quickly at the sight of Nicki’s face.

The horses galloped into the middle of the dance floor and halted, rearing and plunging. At the front of the pack was a large ghost who held her bearded head under her arm, from which position she was blowing the horn. The ghost leapt down, lifted her head high in the air so she could see over the crowd (everyone laughed), and strode over to Nearly Headless Nicki, squashing her head back onto her neck.

“Nicki!” she roared. “How are you? Head still hanging in there?”

She gave a hearty guffaw and clapped Nearly Headless Nic-

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Excerpt from:

The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Ms. Hyde

By Robt Lon Stevenson

y room in the square; in vain that I recognised the pattern of the bed curtains and the design of the mahogany frame; something still kept insisting that I was not where I was, that I had not wakened where I seemed to be, but in the little room in Soho where I was accustomed to sleep in the body of Edwardo Hyde. I smiled to myself, and in my psychological way, began lazily to inquire into the elements of this illusion, occasionally, even as I did so, dropping back into a comfortable morning doze. I was still so engaged when, in one of my more wakeful moments, my eyes fell upon my hand. Now the hand of Harry Jekyll (as you have often remarked) was professional in shape and size: it was large, firm, white and comely. But the hand which I now saw, clearly enough, in the yellow light of a mid-London morning, lying half shut on the bedclothes, was lean, corder, knuckly, of a dusky pallor and thickly shaded with a swart growth

of hair. It was the hand of Edwardo Hyde.

I must have stared upon it for near half a minute, sunk as I was in the mere stupidity of wonder, before terror woke up in my breast as sudden and startling as the crash of cymbals; and bounding from my bed I rushed to the mirror. At the sight that met my eyes, my blood was changed into something exquisitely thin and icy. Yes, I had gone to bed Harry Jekyll, I had awakened Edwardo Hyde. How was this to be explained? I asked myself; and then, with another bound of terror—how was it to be remedied? It was well on in the morning; the servants were up; all my drugs were in the cabinet—a long journey down two pairs of stairs, through the back passage, across the open court and through the anatomical theatre, from where I was then standing horror-struck. It might indeed be possible to cover my face; but of what use was that, when I was unable to conceal the alteration in my stature? And then with an overpowering sweetness of relief, it came back upon my mind that the servants were already used to the coming and going of my second self. I had soon dressed, as well as I was able, in clothes of my own size: had soon passed through the house, where Bradshaw stared and drew back at seeing Ms. Hyde at such an hour and in such a strange array; and ten minutes later, Dr. Jekyll had returned to her own shape and was sitting down, with a darkened brow, to make a feint of breakfasting.

Small indeed was my appetite. Tads inexplicable incident, this reversal of my previous experience, seemed, like the 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 project-

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Excerpt from:

Olive Twist

By Charley Dickens

ng to the door as he looked cautiously round. ‘You can’t help yourself. I have tried hard for you, but all to no purpose. You are hedged round and round. If ever you are to get loose from here, this is not the time.’

Struck by the energy of his manner, Olive looked up in his face with great surprise. He seemed to speak the truth; his countenance was white and agitated; and he trembled with very earnestness.

‘I have saved you from being ill-used once, and I will again, and I do now,’ continued the boy aloud; ‘for those who would have fetched you, if I had not, would have been far more rough than me. I have promised for your being quiet and silent; if you are not, you will only do harm to yourself and me too, and perhaps be my death. Sid here! I have borne all this for you already, as true as God sees me show it.’

He pointed, hastily, to some livid bruises on his neck and arms; and continued, with great rapidity:

‘Remember this! And don’t let me suffer

more for you, just now. If I could help you, I would; but I have not the power. They don't mean to harm you; whatever they make you do, is no fault of yours. Hush! Every word from you is a blow for me. Give me your hand. Make haste! Your hand!'

He caught the hand which Olive instinctively placed in his, and, blowing out the light, drew her after him up the stairs. The door was opened, quickly, by some one shrouded in the darkness, and was as quickly closed, when they had passed out. A hackney-cabriolet was in waiting; with the same vehemence which he had exhibited in addressing Olive, the boy pulled her in with his, and drew the curtains close. The driver wanted no directions, but lashed her horse into full speed, without the delay of an instant.

The boy still held Olive fast by the hand, and continued to pour into her ear, the warnings and assurances he had already imparted. All was so quick and hurried, that she had scarcely time to recollect where she was, or how she came there, when the carriage stopped at the house to which the Jew's steps had been directed on the previous evening.

For one brief moment, Olive cast a hurried glance along the empty street, and a cry for help hung upon her lips. But the boy's voice was in her ear, beseeching her in such tones of agony to remember his, that she had not the heart to utter it. While she hesitated, the opportunity was gone; she was already in the house, and the door was shut.

'This way,' said the boy, releasing his hold for the first time. 'Bill!'

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