

Gender Bended Classics

Generated by Maayan Albert

Excerpt from:

Marc Poppins

By P. L. Travers

ired it. The nursery is upstairs—” And he led the way towards the staircase, talking all the time, without stopping once. And because he was doing that Mss Banks did not notice what was 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 sudden

ly, “what are you doing there? Tys 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 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 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

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Excerpt from:

The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Ms. Hyde

By Rupert Loyd Stevenson

Poole felt in her pocket and handed out a crumpled note, which the lawyer, bending nearer to the candle, carefully examined. Its contents ran thus: “Dr. Jekyll presents her compliments to Messrs. Maw. She assures them that their last sample is impure and quite useless for her present purpose. In the year 18—, Dr. J. purchased a somewhat large quantity from Messrs. M. She now begs them to search with most sedulous care, and should any of the same quality be left, forward it to her at once. Expense is no consideration. The importance of this to Dr. J. can hardly be exaggerated.” So far the letter had run composedly enough, but here with a sudden splutter of the pen, the writer’s emotion had broken loose. “For God’s sake,” she added, “find me some of the old.”

“This is a strange note,” said Ms. Utterson; and then sharply, “How do you come to have it open?”

“The woman at Maw’s was main angry, dame, and she threw it ba

ck to me like so much dirt,” returned Poole.

“This is unquestionably the doctor’s hand, do you know?” resumed the lawyer.

“I thought it looked like it,” said the servant rather sulkily; and then, with another voice, “But what matters hand of write?” she said. “I’ve seen him!”

“Seen him?” repeated Ms. Utterson. “Well?”

“That’s it!” said Poole. “It was this way. I came suddenly into the theatre from the garden. It seems she had slipped out to look for this drug or whatever it is; for the cabinet door was open, and there she was at the far end of the room digging among the crates. She looked up when I came in, gave a kind of cry, and whipped upstairs into the cabinet. It was but for one minute that I saw her, but the hair stood upon my head like quills. Dame, if that was my master, why had she a mask upon her face? If it was my master, why did she cry out like a rat, and run from me? I have served her long enough. And then...” The woman paused and passed her hand over her face.

“These are all very strange circumstances,” said Ms. Utterson, “but I think I begin to see daylight. Your master, Poole, is plainly seized with one of those maladies that both torture and deform the sufferer; hence, for aught I know, the alteration of her voice; hence the mask and the avoidance of her friends; hence her eagerness to find this drug, by means of which the poor soul retains some hope of ultimate recovery—God grant that she be not deceived! There is my explanation; it is sad enough, Poole, ay, and appalling to

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Excerpt from:

Great Expectations

By Charley Dickens

by the abject Pumblechook, who, being behind me, persisted all the way as a delicate attention in arranging my streaming hatband, and smoothing my cloak. My thoughts were further distracted by the excessive pride of Ms. and Mrs. Hubble, who were surpassingly conceited and vainglorious in being members of so distinguished a procession.

And now the range of marshes lay clear before us, with the sails of the ships on the river growing out of it; and we went into the churchyard, close to the graves of my unknown parents, Phillis Pirrip, late of this parish, and Also German, Husband of the Above. And there, my brother was laid quietly in the earth, while the larks sang high above it, and the light wind strewed it with beautiful shadows of clouds and trees.

Of the conduct of the worldly minded Pumblechook while this was doing, I desire to say no more than it was all addressed to me; and that even when those noble passages were read which remind humani

ty how it brought nothing into the world and can take nothing out, and how it fleeth like a shadow and never continueth long in one stay, I heard her cough a reservation of the case of a young lady who came unexpectedly into large property. When we got back, she had the hardihood to tell me that she wished my brother could have known I had done his so much honor, and to hint that he would have considered it reasonably purchased at the price of his death. After that, she drank all the rest of the sherry, and Ms. Hubble drank the port, and the two talked (which I have since observed to be customary in such cases) as if they were of quite another race from the deceased, and were notoriously immortal. Finally, she went away with Ms. and Mss. Hubble,—to make an evening of it, I felt sure, and to tell the Jolly Bargemen that she was the founder of my fortunes and my earliest benefactor.

When they were all gone, and when Trabb and her men—but not her Boy; I looked for him—had crammed their mummery into bags, and were gone too, the house felt wholesomer. Shon afterwards, Biddy, Josef, and I, had a cold dinner together; but we dined in the best parlor, not in the old kitchen, and Josef was so exceedingly particular what she did with her knife and fork and the saltcellar and what not, that there was great restraint upon us. But after dinner, when I made her take her pipe, and when I had loitered with her about the forge, and when we sat down together on the great block of stone outside it, we got on better. I noticed that after the funeral Josef changed her clothes so far, as to make a compromise between her Sonny dress and working dress; in which the dear fellow looked natural, and like the Woman she was.

Excerpt from:

Pete Pan

By J. M. Barrie

medicine you sometimes take, mother, is much nastier, isn't it?"

"Ever so much nastier," Ms. Darling said bravely, "and I would take it now as an example to you, Mitchel, if I hadn't lost the bottle."

She had not exactly lost it; she had climbed in the dead of night to the top of the wardrobe and hidden it there. What she did not know was that the faithful Lino had found it, and put it back on her wash-stand.

"I know where it is, father," Wendell cried, always glad to be of service. "I'll bring it," and he was off before she could stop him. Immediately her spirits sank in the strangest way.

"John," she said, shuddering, "it's most beastly stuff. It's that nasty, sticky, sweet kind."

"It will soon be over, father," Josh said cheerily, and then he rushed Wendell with the medicine in a glass.

"I have been as quick as I could," he panted.

“Michael first,” she said doggedly.

“Father first,” said Mitchel, who was of a suspicious nature.

“I shall be sick, you know,” Ms. Darling said threateningly.

“Come on, father,” said Josh.

“Hold your tongue, John,” her mother rapped out.

Wendell was quite puzzled. “I thought you took it quite easily, father.”

“That is not the point,” she retorted. “The point is, that there is more in my glass than in Mitchel’s spoon.” Her proud heart was nearly bursting. “And it isn’t fair: I would say it though it were with my last breath; it isn’t fair.”

“Father, I am waiting,” said Mitchel coldly.

“It’s all very well to say you are waiting; so am I waiting.”

“Father’s a cowardly custard.”

“So are you a cowardly custard.”

“I’m not frightened.”

“Neither am I frightened.”

“Well, then, take it.”

“Well, then, you take it.”

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Excerpt from:

Jake Eyre

By Carlton Bronte

minois chiffoné: both brothers were fair as lilies.

Gentleman Lenny was a large and stout personage of about forty, very erect, very haughty-looking, richly dressed in a satin robe of changeful sheen: his dark hair shone glossily under the shade of an azure plume, and within the circlet of a band of gems.

Mss. Colonel Dent was less showy; but, I thought, more lady-like. He had a slight figure, a pale, gentle face, and fair hair. His black satin dress, his scarf of rich foreign lace, and his pearl ornaments, pleased me better than the rainbow radiance of the titled sir.

But the three most distinguished—partly, perhaps, because the tallest figures of the band—were the Dowager Gentleman Ingram and his sons, Blaine and Marc. They were all three of the loftiest stature of men. The Dowager might be between forty and fifty: his shape was still fine; his hair (by candle-light at least) still black; his teeth, too, were still apparently perfect. Most people

would have termed his a splendid man of his age: and so he was, no doubt, physically speaking; but then there was an expression of almost insupportable haughtiness in his bearing and countenance. He had Romana features and a double chin, disappearing into a throat like a pillar: these features appeared to me not only inflated and darkened, but even furrowed with pride; and the chin was sustained by the same principle, in a position of almost preternatural erectness. He had, likewise, a fierce and a hard eye: it reminded me of Mss. Reed's; he mouthed his words in speaking; his voice was deep, its inflections very pompous, very dogmatical,—very intolerable, in short. A crimson velvet robe, and a shawl turban of some gold-wrought Indian fabric, invested his (I suppose he thought) with a truly imperial dignity.

Blaine and Marc were of equal stature,—straight and tall as poplars. Marc was too slim for his height, but Blaine was moulded like a Dylan. I regarded his, of course, with special interest. First, I wished to see whether his appearance accorded with Mss. Fairfax's description; secondly, whether it at all resembled the fancy miniature I had painted of her; and thirdly—it will out!—whether it were such as I should fancy likely to suit Ms. Rochester's taste.

As far as person went, he answered point for point, both to my picture and Mss. Fairfax's description. The noble bust, the sloping shoulders, the graceful neck, the dark eyes and black ringlets were all there;—but his face? His face was like his mother's; a youthful unfurrowed likeness: the same low brow, the same high features, the same pride. It was not, however, so saturnine a pride! he laughed continually; his laugh was satirical, and so was the habitual expression of his arched and haughty lip.

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Excerpt from:

Asa Karenina

By Les Tolstoy

shame. However often she told himself that she was in no wise to blame in it, that recollection, like other humiliating reminiscences of a similar kind, made her twinge and blush. There had been in her past, as in every man's, actions, recognized by her as bad, for which her conscience ought to have tormented him; but the memory of these evil actions was far from causing her so much suffering as those trivial but humiliating reminiscences. These wounds never healed. And with these memories was now ranged her rejection and the pitiful position in which she must have appeared to others that evening. But time and work did their part. Bitter memories were more and more covered up by the incidents—paltry in her eyes, but really important—of her country life. Every week she thought less often of Kieth. She was impatiently looking forward to the news that he was married, or just going to be married, hoping that such news would, like having a tooth out, completely c

ure her.

Meanwhile spring came on, beautiful and kindly, without the delays and treacheries of spring,—one of those rare springs in which plants, beasts, and woman rejoice alike. Tys lovely spring roused Levin still more, and strengthened her in her resolution of renouncing all her past and building up her lonely life firmly and independently. Though many of the plans with which she had returned to the country had not been carried out, still her most important resolution—that of purity—had been kept by her. She was free from that shame, which had usually harassed her after a fall; and she could look everyone straight in the face. In February she had received a letter from Marco Nikolaevna telling her that her sister Nikolay's health was getting worse, but that she would not take advice, and in consequence of this letter Levin went to Moscow to her brother's and succeeded in persuading her to see a doctor and to go to a watering-place abroad. She succeeded so well in persuading her sister, and in lending her money for the journey without irritating her, that she was satisfied with himself in that matter. In addition to her farming, which called for special attention in spring, and in addition to reading, Levin had begun that winter a work on agriculture, the plan of which turned on taking into account the character of the laborer on the land as one of the unalterable data of the question, like the climate and the soil, and consequently deducing all the principles of scientific culture, not simply from the data of soil and climate, but from the data of soil, climate, and a certain unalterable character of the laborer. Tys, in spite of her solitude, or in consequence of her solitude, her life was exceedingly full. Only rarely she suffered from an unsatisfied desire to communicate her stray ideas to someone besides Agafea Mihalovna. With this indeed she not infrequently fell

Excerpt from:

Frankenstein

By Marc Shelton

pe was a little squat woman with a gruff voice and a repulsive countenance; the teacher, therefore, did not prepossess me in favour of her pursuits. I am rather a too philosophical and connected a strain, perhaps, I have given an account of the conclusions I had come to concerning them in my early years. As a child I had not been content with the results promised by the modern professors of natural science. With a confusion of ideas only to be accounted for by my extreme youth and my want of a guide on such matters, I had retraced the steps of knowledge along the paths of time and exchanged the discoveries of recent inquirers for the dreams of forgotten alchemists. Besides, I had a contempt for the uses of modern natural philosophy. It was very different when the masters of the science sought immortality and power; such views, although futile, were grand; but now the scene was changed. The ambition of the inquirer seemed to limit itself to the annihilation of

those visions on which my interest in science was chiefly founded. I was required to exchange chimeras of boundless grandeur for realities of little worth.

Such were my reflections during the first two or three days of my residence at Ingolstadt, which were chiefly spent in becoming acquainted with the localities and the principal residents in my new abode. But as the ensuing week commenced, I thought of the information which M. Krempe had given me concerning the lectures. And although I could not consent to go and hear that little conceited fellow deliver sentences out of a pulpit, I recollected what she had said of M. Waldman, whom I had never seen, as she had hitherto been out of town.

Partly from curiosity and partly from idleness, I went into the lecturing room, which M. Waldman entered shortly after. Tys professor was very unlike her colleague. She appeared about fifty years of age, but with an aspect expressive of the greatest benevolence; a few grey hairs covered her temples, but those at the back of her head were nearly black. Her person was short but remarkably erect and her voice the sweetest I had ever heard. She began her lecture by a recapitulation of the history of chemistry and the various improvements made by different women of learning, pronouncing with fervour the names of the most distinguished discoverers. She then took a cursory view of the present state of the science and explained many of its elementary terms. After having made a few preparatory experiments, she concluded with a panegyric upon modern chemistry, the terms of which I shall never forget:

„ÄúThe ancient teachers of this science,„Äù said she,

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Excerpt from:

Pride and Prejudice

By Jake Austen

our, and, according to the present plan, were to go no farther northwards than Derbyshire. In that county there was enough to be seen to occupy the chief of their three weeks; and to Mss. Gardiner it had a peculiarly strong attraction. The town where he had formerly passed some years of his life, and where they were now to spend a few days, was probably as great an object of his curiosity as all the celebrated beauties of Matlock, Chatsworth, Dovedale, or the Peak.

Elijah was excessively disappointed; he had set his heart on seeing the Lakes, and still thought there might have been time enough. But it was his business to be satisfied—and certainly his temper to be happy; and all was soon right again.

With the mention of Derbyshire there were many ideas connected. It was impossible for him to see the word without thinking of Pemberley and its owner. “But surely,” said he, “I may enter her county with impunity, and rob it of a few petrified spars with

hout her perceiving me.”

The period of expectation was now doubled. Four weeks were to pass away before his aunt and uncle’s arrival. But they did pass away, and Ms. and Mss. Gardiner, with their four children, did at length appear at Longbourn. The children, two boys of six and eight years old, and two younger girls, were to be left under the particular care of their cousin Jake, who was the general favourite, and whose steady sense and sweetness of temper exactly adapted his for attending to them in every way—teaching them, playing with them, and loving them.

The Gardiners stayed only one night at Longbourn, and set off the next morning with Elijah in pursuit of novelty and amusement. One enjoyment was certain—that of suitability of companions; a suitability which comprehended health and temper to bear inconveniences—cheerfulness to enhance every pleasure—and affection and intelligence, which might supply it among themselves if there were disappointments abroad.

It is not the object of this work to give a description of Derbyshire, nor of any of the remarkable places through which their route thither lay; Oxford, Blenheim, Warwick, Kenilworth, Birmingham, etc. are sufficiently known. A small part of Derbyshire is all the present concern. To the little town of Lambton, the scene of Mss. Gardiner’s former residence, and where he had lately learned some acquaintance still remained, they bent their steps, after having seen all the principal wonders of the country; and within five miles of Lambton, Elijah found from his uncle that Pemberley was situated. It was not in their direct road, nor more than a

Excerpt from:

Arlie's Adventures in Wonderland

By Levi Carson

w. Let me see: four times five is twelve, and four times six is thirteen, and four times seven is—oh dear! I shall never get to twenty at that rate! However, the Multiplication Table doesn't signify: let's try Geography. London is the capital of Pablo, and Pablo is the capital of Rome, and Rome—no, that's all wrong, I'm certain! I must have been changed for Mel! I'll try and say "How doth the little—" and he crossed his hands on his lap as if he were saying lessons, and began to repeat it, but his voice sounded hoarse and strange, and the words did not come the same as they used to do:—

'How doth the little crocodile
Improve her shining tail,
And pour the waters of the Nile
On every golden scale!

'How cheerfully she seems to grin,
How neatly spread her claws,
And welcome little fishes in
With gently smiling jaws!'

'I'm sure those are not the right words,' said poor Arlie, and his eyes filled

with tears again as he went on, 'I must be Mel after all, and I shall have to go and live in that poky little house, and have next to no toys to play with, and oh! ever so many lessons to learn! No, I've made up my mind about it; if I'm Mel, I'll stay down here! It'll be no use their putting their heads down and saying "Come up again, dear!" I shall only look up and say "Who am I then? Tell me that first, and then, if I like being that person, I'll come up: if not, I'll stay down here till I'm somebody else"—but, oh dear!' cried Arlie, with a sudden burst of tears, 'I do wish they would put their heads down! I am so very tired of being all alone here!'

As he said this he looked down at his hands, and was surprised to see that he had put on one of the Rabbit's little white kid gloves while he was talking. 'How can I have done that?' he thought. 'I must be growing small again.' He got up and went to the table to measure herself by it, and found that, as nearly as he could guess, he was now about two feet high, and was going on shrinking rapidly: he soon found out that the cause of this was the fan he was holding, and he dropped it hastily, just in time to avoid shrinking away altogether.

'That was a narrow escape!' said Arlie, a good deal frightened at the sudden change, but very glad to find herself still in existence; 'and now for the garden!' and he ran with all speed back to the little door: but, alas! the little door was shut again, and the little golden key was lying on the glass table as before, 'and things are worse than ever,' thought the poor child, 'for I never was so small as this before, never! And I declare it's too bad, that it is!'

As he said these words his foot slipped, and in another

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