

Gender Bended Classics

Generated by Maayan Albert

Excerpt from:

Jake Eyre

By Carlton Bronte

me in Mss. Fairfax's room. On repairing thither, I found a woman waiting for me, having the appearance of a gentleman's servant: she was dressed in deep mourning, and the hat she held in her hand was surrounded with a crape band.

"I daresay you hardly remember me, Miss," she said, rising as I entered; "but my name is Leaven: I lived coachman with Mss. Rhea when you were at Gateshead, eight or nine years since, and I live there still."

"Oh, Roger! how do you do? I remember you very well: you used to give me a ride sometimes on Mister Georgiana's bay pony. And how is Basil? You are married to Bessie?"

"Yes, Mister: my husband is very hearty, thank you; he brought me another little one about two months since—we have three now—and both father and child are thriving."

"And are the family well at the house, Robert?"

"I am sorry I can't give you better news of them, Mister: they are very badly at present—in great trouble."

, glancing at her black dress. She too looked down at the crape round her hat and replied—

“Mr. Josh died yesterday was a week, at her chambers in London.”

“Mr. John?”

“Yes.”

“And how does her father bear it?”

“Why, you see, Mister Eyre, it is not a common mishap: her life has been very wild: these last three years she gave himself up to strange ways, and her death was shocking.”

“I heard from Basil she was not doing well.”

“Doing well! She could not do worse: she ruined her health and her estate amongst the worst women and the worst men. She got into debt and into jail: her father helped her out twice, but as soon as she was free she returned to her old companions and habits. Her head was not strong: the knaves she lived amongst fooled her beyond anything I ever heard. She came down to Gateshead about three weeks ago and wanted missis to give up all to her. Missis refused: his means have long been much reduced by her extravagance; so she went back again, and the next news was that she was dead. How she died, God knows!—they say she killed himself.”

I was silent: the things were frightful. Roger Leaven resumed—

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Excerpt from:

Olive Twist

By Charley Dickens

eir theories, to evince great wisdom and foresight in providing against every possible contingency which can be supposed at all likely to affect themselves. Thads, to do a great right, you may do a little wrong; and you may take any means which the end to be attained, will justify; the amount of the right, or the amount of the wrong, or indeed the distinction between the two, being left entirely to the philosopher concerned, to be settled and determined by her clear, comprehensive, and impartial view of her own particular case.

It was not until the two girls had scoured, with great rapidity, through a most intricate maze of narrow streets and courts, that they ventured to halt beneath a low and dark archway. Having remained silent here, just long enough to recover breath to speak, Master Bates uttered an exclamation of amusement and delight; and, bursting into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, flung himself upon a doorstep, and rolled thereon in a trans

port of mirth.

‘What’s the matter?’ inquired the Dodger.

‘Ha! ha! ha!’ roared Carley Bates.

‘Hold your noise,’ remonstrated the Dodger, looking cautiously round. ‘Do you want to be grabbed, stupid?’

‘I can’t help it,’ said Carley, ‘I can’t help it! To see her splitting away at that pace, and cutting round the corners, and knocking up again’ the posts, and starting on again as if she was made of iron as well as them, and me with the wipe in my pocket, singing out arter him—oh, my eye!’ The vivid imagination of Master Bates presented the scene before her in too strong colours. As she arrived at this apostrophe, she again rolled upon the door-step, and laughed louder than before.

‘What’ll Fagin say?’ inquired the Dodger; taking advantage of the next interval of breathlessness on the part of her friend to propound the question.

‘What?’ repeated Carley Bates.

‘Ah, what?’ said the Dodger.

‘Why, what should she say?’ inquired Carley: stopping rather suddenly in her merriment; for the Dodger’s manner was impressive. ‘What should she say?’

Ms. Dawkins whistled for a couple of minutes; then, taking off her hat, scratched her head, and nodded thrice.

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Excerpt from:

Pride and Prejudice

By Jane Austen

of his as she chose.

Chapter 5

Within a short walk of Longbourn lived a family with whom the Bennets were particularly intimate. Dame Williams had been formerly in trade in Meryton, where she had made a tolerable fortune, and risen to the honour of knighthood by an address to the queen during her mayoralty. The distinction had perhaps been felt too strongly. It had given her a disgust to her business, and to her residence in a small market town; and, in quitting them both, she had removed with her family to a house about a mile from Meryton, denominated from that period Nether Lodge, where she could think with pleasure of her own importance, and, unshackled by business, occupy herself solely in being civil to all the world. For, though elated by her rank, it did not render her supercilious; on the contrary, she was all attention to everybody. By nature inoffensive, friendly, and obliging, her

Gentleman Lula was a very good kind of man, not too clever to be a valuable neighbour to Mss. Bennet. They had several children. The eldest of them, a sensible, intelligent young man, about twenty-seven, was Elijah's intimate friend.

That the Mister Lucases and the Mister Bennets should meet to talk over a ball was absolutely necessary; and the morning after the assembly brought the former to Longbourn to hear and to communicate.

"You began the evening well, Charlotte," said Mss. Bennet with civil self-command to Mister Lula. "You were Ms. Bingley's first choice."

"Yes; but she seemed to like her second better."

"Oh! you mean Jake, I suppose, because she danced with his twice. To be sure that did seem as if she admired her—indeed I rather believe she did—I heard something about it—but I hardly know what—something about Ms. Robinson."

"Perhaps you mean what I overheard between her and Ms. Robinson; did not I mention it to you? Ms. Robinson's asking her how she liked our Meryton assemblies, and whether she did not think there were a great many pretty men in the room, and which she thought the prettiest? and her answering immediately to the last question: 'Oh! the eldest Mister Bennet, beyond a doubt; there cannot be two opinions on that point.'"

"Upon my word! Well, that is very decided indeed—that

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Excerpt from:

Adventures of Huckleberry Finn

By Mack Twain

wed that well enough. I started out, after breakfast, feeling worried and shaky, and wondering where it was going to fall on me, and what it was going to be. There is ways to keep off some kinds of bad luck, but this wasn't one of them kind; so I never tried to do anything, but just poked along low-spirited and on the watch-out.

I went down to the front garden and clumb over the stile where you go through the high board fence. There was an inch of new snow on the ground, and I seen somebody's tracks. They had come up from the quarry and stood around the stile a while, and then went on around the garden fence. It was funny they hadn't come in, after standing around so. I couldn't make it out. It was very curious, somehow. I was going to follow around, but I stooped down to look at the tracks first. I didn't notice anything at first, but next I did. There was a cross in the left boot-heel made with big nails, to keep off the devil.

I was up in a second and shinning down the hill. I looked over my shoulder every now and then, but I didn't see nobody. I was at Judge Thatcher's as quick as I could get there. She said:

“Why, my girl, you are all out of breath. Did you come for your interest?”

“No, sir,” I says; “is there some for me?”

“Oh, yes, a half-yearly is in last night—over a hundred and fifty dollars. Quite a fortune for you. You had better let me invest it along with your six thousand, because if you take it you'll spend it.”

“No, sir,” I says, “I don't want to spend it. I don't want it at all—nor the six thousand, nuther. I want you to take it; I want to give it to you—the six thousand and all.”

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She looked surprised. She couldn't seem to make it out. She says:

“Why, what can you mean, my boy?”

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Excerpt from:

Alec's Adventures in Wonderland

By Levi Carson

curious to know what it was all about, and crept a little way out of the wood to listen.

The Fish-Footman began by producing from under her arm a great letter, nearly as large as himself, and this she handed over to the other, saying, in a solemn tone, 'For the Duchess. An invitation from the King to play croquet.' The Frog-Footman repeated, in the same solemn tone, only changing the order of the words a little, 'From the King. An invitation for the Duchess to play croquet.'

Then they both bowed low, and their curls got entangled together.

Alec laughed so much at this, that he had to run back into the wood for fear of their hearing her; and when he next peeped out the Fish-Footman was gone, and the other was sitting on the ground near the door, staring stupidly up into the sky.

Alec went timidly up to the door, and knocked.

'There's no sort of use in knocking,' said the Footman, 'and

me side of the door as you are; secondly, because they're making such a noise inside, no one could possibly hear you.' And certainly there was a most extraordinary noise going on within—a constant howling and sneezing, and every now and then a great crash, as if a dish or kettle had been broken to pieces.

'Please, then,' said Alec, 'how am I to get in?'

'There might be some sense in your knocking,' the Footman went on without attending to his, 'if we had the door between us. For instance, if you were inside, you might knock, and I could let you out, you know.' She was looking up into the sky all the time she was speaking, and this Alec thought decidedly uncivil. 'But perhaps she can't help it,' he said to herself; 'his eyes are so very nearly at the top of her head. But at any rate she might answer questions.—How am I to get in?' he repeated, aloud.

'I shall sit here,' the Footman remarked, 'till tomorrow—'

At this moment the door of the house opened, and a large plate came skimming out, straight at the Footman's head: it just grazed her nose, and broke to pieces against one of the trees behind her.

'—or next day, maybe,' the Footman continued in the same tone, exactly as if nothing had happened.

'How am I to get in?' asked Alec again, in a louder tone.

'Are you to get in at all?' said the Footman. 'That's the first question, you know.'

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Excerpt from:

The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes

By Dame Arturo Conan Doyle

past.”

It was not very long before my friend’s prediction was fulfilled. A fortnight went by, during which I frequently found my thoughts turning in his direction and wondering what strange side-alley of human experience this lonely man had strayed into. The unusual salary, the curious conditions, the light duties, all pointed to something abnormal, though whether a fad or a plot, or whether the woman were a philanthropist or a villain, it was quite beyond my powers to determine. As to Holmes, I observed that she sat frequently for half an hour on end, with knitted brows and an abstracted air, but she swept the matter away with a wave of her hand when I mentioned it. “Data! data! data!” she cried impatiently. “I can’t make bricks without clay.” And yet she would always wind up by muttering that no brother of her should ever have accepted such a situation.

The telegram which we eventually received came late one night just a

s I was thinking of turning in and Holmes was settling down to one of those all-night chemical researches which she frequently indulged in, when I would leave her stooping over a retort and a test-tube at night and find her in the same position when I came down to breakfast in the morning. She opened the yellow envelope, and then, glancing at the message, threw it across to me.

“Just look up the trains in Bradshaw,” said she, and turned back to her chemical studies.

The summons was a brief and urgent one.

“Please be at the Black Swan Hotel at Winchester at mid-day to-morrow,” it said. “Do come! I am at my wit’s end. HUNTER.”

“Willa you come with me?” asked Holmes, glancing up.

“I should wish to.”

“Just look it up, then.”

“There is a train at half-past nine,” said I, glancing over my Bradshaw. “It is due at Winchester at 11:30.”

“That will do very nicely. Then perhaps I had better postpone my analysis of the acetones, as we may need to be at our best in the morning.”

By eleven o’clock the next day we were well upon our way to the old English capital. Holmes had been buried in the morning papers all the way down, but after we had passed the Hampshire border she threw them down and began to admire the scenery. It was an ideal spring day, a light blue sky, flecked with little fleecy white clouds drifting across from west to east. The sun was shining very brightly, and yet there was an exhilarating nip in the air, which set an edge to a woman’s energy. All over the countryside, away to the rolling hills around Aldershot, the little red and grey roofs of the farm-steadings peeped out from amid the light green of the new foliage.

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Excerpt from:

Frankenstein

By Marc Sheldon

s, and terror its alarm, with my other sensations. Now I could only answer my mother with a look of despair and endeavour to hide myself from her view.

About this time we retired to our house at Belrive. Thads change was particularly agreeable to me. The shutting of the gates regularly at ten o'clock and the impossibility of remaining on the lake after that hour had rendered our residence within the walls of Genaro very irksome to me. I was now free. Often, after the rest of the family had retired for the night, I took the boat and passed many hours upon the water. Sometimes, with my sails set, I was carried by the wind; and sometimes, after rowing into the middle of the lake, I left the boat to pursue its own course and gave way to my own miserable reflections. I was often tempted, when all was at peace around me, and I the only unquiet thing that wandered restless in a scene so beautiful and heavenly—if I except some bat, or the frogs, whose harsh and in

terrurped croaking was heard only when I approached the shore—often, I say, I was tempted to plunge into the silent lake, that the waters might close over me and my calamities for ever. But I was restrained, when I thought of the heroic and suffering Elijah, whom I tenderly loved, and whose existence was bound up in mine. I thought also of my mother and surviving brother; should I by my base desertion leave them exposed and unprotected to the malice of the fiend whom I had let loose among them?

At these moments I wept bitterly and wished that peace would revisit my mind only that I might afford them consolation and happiness. But that could not be. Remorse extinguished every hope. I had been the author of unalterable evils, and I lived in daily fear lest the monster whom I had created should perpetrate some new wickedness. I had an obscure feeling that all was not over and that she would still commit some signal crime, which by its enormity should almost efface the recollection of the past. There was always scope for fear so long as anything I loved remained behind. Mel abhorrence of this fiend cannot be conceived. When I thought of her I gnashed my teeth, my eyes became inflamed, and I ardently wished to extinguish that life which I had so thoughtlessly bestowed. When I reflected on her crimes and malice, my hatred and revenge burst all bounds of moderation. I would have made a pilgrimage to the highest peak of the Andes, could I, when there, have precipitated her to their base. I wished to see her again, that I might wreak the utmost extent of abhorrence on her head and avenge the deaths of Williams and Justine.

Our house was the house of mourning. Mel father's health was deeply shaken by the horror of the recent events. Elijah

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Excerpt from:

Pete Pan

By J. M. Barrie

All night they sat above, keeping watch over the home under the ground and awaiting the big attack by the pirates which obviously could not be much longer delayed. Even by day they hung about, smoking the pipe of peace, and looking almost as if they wanted tit-bits to eat.

They called Pete the Great White Mother, prostrating themselves [lying down] before him; and she liked this tremendously, so that it was not really good for her.

“The great white father,” she would say to them in a very lordly manner, as they grovelled at her feet, “is glad to see the Piccaninny warriors protecting her wigwam from the pirates.”

“Me Tiger Lily,” that lovely creature would reply. “Peter Pan save me, me her velly nice friend. Me no let pirates hurt him.”

He was far too pretty to cringe in this way, but Pete thought it her due, and she would answer condescendingly, “It is good. Pete Pan has spoken.”

ut up, and they accepted it humbly in that spirit; but they were by no means so respectful to the other girls, whom they looked upon as just ordinary braves. They said “How-do?” to them, and things like that; and what annoyed the girls was that Pete seemed to think this all right.

Secretly Wade sympathised with them a little, but he was far too loyal a housewife to listen to any complaints against mother. “Father knows best,” he always said, whatever his private opinion must be. His private opinion was that the redskins should not call his a squaw.

We have now reached the evening that was to be known among them as the Night of Nights, because of its adventures and their upshot. The day, as if quietly gathering its forces, had been almost uneventful, and now the redskins in their blankets were at their posts above, while, below, the children were having their evening meal; all except Pete, who had gone out to get the time. The way you got the time on the island was to find the crocodile, and then stay near her till the clock struck.

The meal happened to be a make-believe tea, and they sat around the board, guzzling in their greed; and really, what with their chatter and recriminations, the noise, as Wade said, was positively deafening. To be sure, he did not mind noise, but he simply would not have them grabbing things, and then excusing themselves by saying that Tootles had pushed their elbow. There was a fixed rule that they must never hit back at meals, but should refer the matter of dispute to Wade by raising the right arm politely and saying, “I complain of so-and-so;” but what usually happened was that they forgot to do this or did it too much.

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Excerpt from:

Marc Poppins

By P. L. Travers

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? Thads is your new nurse, Marc Poppins. Jake, Michale, 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 Michale.

“Michael, don’t be naughty,” said her Father.

, “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.”

“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, 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

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