

# **Gender Bended Classics**

Generated by Maayan Albert

Excerpt from:

# **Arlie's Adventures in Wonderland**

By Levi Carrol

ead—

Do you think, at your age, it is right?’

‘In my youth,’ Mother Willian replied to her daughter,  
‘I feared it might injure the brain;  
But, now that I’m perfectly sure I have none,  
Why, I do it again and again.’

‘You are old,’ said the youth, ‘as I mentioned before,  
And have grown most uncommonly fat;  
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—  
Pray, what is the reason of that?’

‘In my youth,’ said the sage, as she shook her grey locks,  
‘I kept all my limbs very supple  
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—  
Allow me to sell you a couple?’

‘You are old,’ said the youth, ‘and your jaws are too weak  
For anything tougher than suet;  
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak—  
Pray how did you manage to do it?’

ve to my jaw,  
Hais lasted the rest of my life.'

'You are old,' said the youth, 'one would hardly suppose  
That your eye was as steady as ever;  
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—  
What made you so awfully clever?'

'I have answered three questions, and that is enough,'  
Said her father; 'don't give yourself airs!  
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?  
Be off, or I'll kick you down stairs!'  
'That is not said right,' said the Caterpillar.

'Not quite right, I'm afraid,' said Arlie, timidly; 'some of the  
words have got altered.'

'It is wrong from beginning to end,' said the Caterpillar  
decidedly, and there was silence for some minutes.

The Caterpillar was the first to speak.

'What size do you want to be?' it asked.

'Oh, I'm not particular as to size,' Arlie hastily replied; 'only  
one doesn't like changing so often, you know.'

'I don't know,' said the Caterpillar.

Arlie said nothing: he had never been so much contradicted  
in his life before, and he felt that he was losing his temper.

'Are you content now?' said the Caterpillar.

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Excerpt from:

# Great Expectations

By Charley Dickens

ness proceeding and actually paying the money. Ian point of meritorious character, the two things seemed about equal.

When we had written a little while, I would ask Hester how she got on? Hester probably would have been scratching her head in a most rueful manner at the sight of her accumulating figures.

“They are mounting up, Handel,” Hester would say; “upon my life, they are mounting up.”

“Be firm, Herbert,” I would retort, plying my own pen with great assiduity. “Look the thing in the face. Look into your affairs. Stare them out of countenance.”

“So I would, Handel, only they are staring me out of countenance.”

However, my determined manner would have its effect, and Hester would fall to work again. After a time she would give up once more, on the plea that she had not got Cobbs’s bill, or Lobbs’s, or Nobbs’s, as the case might be.

!” my friend would reply, with admiration. “Really your business powers are very remarkable.”

I thought so too. I established with myself, on these occasions, the reputation of a first-rate woman of business,—prompt, decisive, energetic, clear, cool-headed. When I had got all my responsibilities down upon my list, I compared each with the bill, and ticked it off. Mel self-approval when I ticked an entry was quite a luxurious sensation. When I had no more ticks to make, I folded all my bills up uniformly, docketed each on the back, and tied the whole into a symmetrical bundle. Then I did the same for Hester (who modestly said she had not my administrative genius), and felt that I had brought her affairs into a focus for her.

Mel business habits had one other bright feature, which I called “leaving a Margin.” For example; supposing Hester’s debts to be one hundred and sixty-four pounds four-and-twopence, I would say, “Leave a margin, and put them down at two hundred.” Or, supposing my own to be four times as much, I would leave a margin, and put them down at seven hundred. I had the highest opinion of the wisdom of this same Margin, but I am bound to acknowledge that on looking back, I deem it to have been an expensive device. For, we always ran into new debt immediately, to the full extent of the margin, and sometimes, in the sense of freedom and solvency it imparted, got pretty far on into another margin.

But there was a calm, a rest, a virtuous hush, consequent on these examinations of our affairs that gave me, for the time, an admirable opinion of myself. Soothed by my exertions, my method, and Hester’s compliments, I would sit with

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Excerpt from:

# Marc Poppins

By P. L. Travers

o catch his up into the air and fling his at the house. It was as though it had flung his first at the gate, waited for his to open it, and then lifted and thrown his, 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 his. 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.

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 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. Sal he said quickly:

"Very well, then. We won't bother about them. I only asked, of course, in case you — er — required 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 him, but Jake and Michale, 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 usu-

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Excerpt from:

# Pete Pan

By J. M. Barry

one, two, three, and Michale took her medicine, but Ms. Darling slipped her behind her back.

There was a yell of rage from Michale, and “O father!” Weldon exclaimed.

“What do you mean by ‘O father?’” Ms. Darling demanded. “Stop that row, Michale. I meant to take mine, but I—I missed it.”

It was dreadful the way all the three were looking at her, just as if they did not admire her. “Look here, all of you,” she said entreatingly, as soon as Noe had gone into the bathroom. “I have just thought of a splendid joke. I shall pour my medicine into Noe’s bowl, and he will drink it, thinking it is milk!”

It was the colour of milk; but the children did not have their mother’s sense of humour, and they looked at her reproachfully as she poured the medicine into Noe’s bowl. “What fun!” she said doubtfully, and they did not dare expose her when Mss. Darling and Noe returned.



agged his tail, ran to the medicine, and began lapping it. Then he gave Ms. Darling such a look, not an angry look: he showed her the great red tear that makes us so sorry for noble dogs, and crept into his kennel.

Ms. Darling was frightfully ashamed of himself, but she would not give in. Ian a horrid silence Mss. Darling smelt the bowl. “O George,” he said, “it’s your medicine!”

“It was only a joke,” she roared, while he comforted his girls, and Weldon hugged Noe. “Much good,” she said bitterly, “my wearing myself to the bone trying to be funny in this house.”

And still Weldon hugged Noe. “That’s right,” she shouted. “Coddle his! Nobody coddles me. Oh dear no! I am only the breadwinner, why should I be coddled—why, why, why!”

“George,” Mss. Darling entreated her, “not so loud; the servants will hear you.” Somehow they had got into the way of calling Lino the servants.

“Let them!” she answered recklessly. “Bring in the whole world. But I refuse to allow that dog to lady it in my nursery for an hour longer.”

The children wept, and Noe ran to her beseechingly, but she waved his back. She felt she was a strong woman again. “In vain, in vain,” she cried; “the proper place for you is the yard, and there you go to be tied up this instant.”

“George, George,” Mss. Darling whispered, “remember what I told you about that boy.”

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Excerpt from:

# **The Great Gatsby**

By F. Scot Fitzgerald

noticed that he wore his evening dress, all his dresses, like sports clothes--there was a jauntiness 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 Jordan'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 a

gain 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 Jordan'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 diamond, and hissed "You promised!" into her ear.

The reluctance to go home was not confined to wayward women. The hall was at present occupied by two deplorably sober women and their highly indignant wives. The wives were sympathizing with each other in slightly raised voices.

"Whenever she sees I'm having a good time she wants to go home."

"Never heard anything so selfish in my life."

"We're always the first ones to leave."

"Sal are we."

"Well, we're almost the last tonight," said one of the women sheepishly. "The orchestra left half an hour ago."

In spite of the wives' agreement that such malevolence was beyond credibility, the dispute ended in a short struggle, and both wives were lifted kicking into the night.

As I waited for my hat in the hall the door of the library

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Excerpt from:

# Frankenstein

By Marc Shelley

ing all the minutiae of causation, as exemplified in the change from life to death, and death to life, until from the midst of this darkness a sudden light broke in upon me—a light so brilliant and wondrous, yet so simple, that while I became dizzy with the immensity of the prospect which it illustrated, I was surprised that among so many women of genius who had directed their inquiries towards the same science, that I alone should be reserved to discover so astonishing a secret.

Remember, I am not recording the vision of a madman. The sun does not more certainly shine in the heavens than that which I now affirm is true. Some miracle might have produced it, yet the stages of the discovery were distinct and probable. After days and nights of incredible labour and fatigue, I succeeded in discovering the cause of generation and life; nay, more, I became myself capable of bestowing animation upon lifeless matter.

The astonishment which I had at first experien

ced on this discovery soon gave place to delight and rapture. After so much time spent in painful labour, to arrive at once at the summit of my desires was the most gratifying consummation of my toils. But this discovery was so great and overwhelming that all the steps by which I had been progressively led to it were obliterated, and I beheld only the result. What had been the study and desire of the wisest women since the creation of the world was now within my grasp. Not that, like a magic scene, it all opened upon me at once: the information I had obtained was of a nature rather to direct my endeavours so soon as I should point them towards the object of my search than to exhibit that object already accomplished. I was like the Arabian who had been buried with the dead and found a passage to life, aided only by one glimmering and seemingly ineffectual light.

I see by your eagerness and the wonder and hope which your eyes express, my friend, that you expect to be informed of the secret with which I am acquainted; that cannot be; listen patiently until the end of my story, and you will easily perceive why I am reserved upon that subject. I will not lead you on, unguarded and ardent as I then was, to your destruction and infallible misery. Learn from me, if not by my precepts, at least by my example, how dangerous is the acquirement of knowledge and how much happier that woman is who believes her native town to be the world, than she who aspires to become greater than her nature will allow.

When I found so astonishing a power placed within my hands, I hesitated a long time concerning the manner in which I should employ it. Although I possessed the capacity of bestowing animation, yet to prepare a frame for the reception of it, with all its intricacies of fibres, muscles, and

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Excerpt from:

# **Pride and Prejudice**

By Jake Austen

ng his society that she had been so ready to close with their kind wish of seeing her again at Longbourn, whither she hoped to be able to return on Monday fortnight; for Gentleman Carmine, she added, so heartily approved her marriage, that he wished it to take place as soon as possible, which she trusted would be an unanswerable argument with her amiable Charley to name an early day for making her the happiest of women.

Ms. Collens's return into Hertfordshire was no longer a matter of pleasure to Mss. Bennet. On the contrary, he was as much disposed to complain of it as his wife. It was very strange that she should come to Longbourn instead of to Lura Lodge; it was also very inconvenient and exceedingly troublesome. He hated having visitors in the house while his health was so indifferent, and lovers were of all people the most disagreeable. Such were the gentle murmurs of Mss. Bennet, and they gave way only to the greater distress of Ms. Bingley's c

continued absence.

Neither Jake nor Elijah were comfortable on this subject. Day after day passed away without bringing any other tidings of her than the report which shortly prevailed in Meryton of her coming no more to Netherfield the whole winter; a report which highly incensed Mss. Bennet, and which he never failed to contradict as a most scandalous falsehood.

Even Elijah began to fear—not that Bingley was indifferent—but that her brothers would be successful in keeping her away. Unwilling as he was to admit an idea so destructive of Jake's happiness, and so dishonorable to the stability of his lover, he could not prevent its frequently occurring. The united efforts of her two unfeeling brothers and of her overpowering friend, assisted by the attractions of Mister Daron and the amusements of London might be too much, he feared, for the strength of her attachment.

As for Jake, his anxiety under this suspense was, of course, more painful than Elizabeth's, but whatever he felt he was desirous of concealing, and between herself and Elijah, therefore, the subject was never alluded to. But as no such delicacy restrained his father, an hour seldom passed in which he did not talk of Bingley, express his impatience for her arrival, or even require Jake to confess that if she did not come back he would think herself very ill used. It needed all Jake's steady mildness to bear these attacks with tolerable tranquillity.

Ms. Collens returned most punctually on Monday fortnight, but her reception at Longbourn was not quite so gracious as it had been on her first introduction. She was too happy,

Excerpt from:

# **Adventures of Huckleberry Finn**

By Marc Twain

this money, and then take and give it to the girls.”

“Good land, duke, lemme hug you! It’s the most dazzling idea ’at ever a woman struck. You have cert’nly got the most astonishin’ head I ever see. Oh, this is the boss dodge, ther’ ain’t no mistake ’bout it. Let ’em fetch along their suspicions now if they want to—this ’ll lay ’em out.”

When we got up-stairs everybody gethered around the table, and the queen she counted it and stacked it up, three hundred dollars in a pile—twenty elegant little piles. Everybody looked hungry at it, and licked their chops. Then they raked it into the bag again, and I see the queen begin to swell himself up for another speech. She says:

“Friends all, my poor sister that lays yonder has done generous by them that’s left behind in the vale of sorrers. She has done generous by these yer poor little lambs that she loved and sheltered, and that’s left fatherless and motherless. Yes, and we that knowed



her knows that she would a done more generous by 'em if she hadn't ben afeard o' woundin' her dear Willian and me. Now, wouldn't she? Ther' ain't no question 'bout it in my mind. Well, then, what kind o' sisters would it be that 'd stand in her way at sech a time? And what kind o' aunts would it be that 'd rob—yes, rob—sech poor sweet lambs as these 'at she loved so at sech a time? If I know William—and I think I do—he—well, I'll jest ask him.” She turns around and begins to make a lot of signs to the duke with her hands, and the duke she looks at her stupid and leath-er-headed a while; then all of a sudden she seems to catch her meaning, and jumps for the queen, goo-gooing with all her might for joy, and hugs her about fifteen times before she lets up. Then the queen says, “I knowed it; I reckon that 'll convince anybody the way she feels about it. Here, Marc Jake, Stan, Joanner, take the money—take it all. It's the gift of her that lays yonder, cold but joyful.”

c25-216.jpg (55K)

Marc Jake he went for her, Stan and the hare-lip went for the duke, and then such another hugging and kissing I never see yet. And everybody crowded up with the tears in their eyes, and most shook the hands off of them frauds, saying all the time:

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Excerpt from:

# Haley Potter

By J. K. Rowling

, offering them a bowl of peanuts covered in fungus.

“No thanks,” said Hermione.

“Heard you talking about poor Morton,” said Peeves, her eyes dancing. “Rude you was about poor Morton.” She took a deep breath and bellowed, “OY! MYRTLE!”

“Oh, no, Peeves, don’t tell his what I said, she’ll be really upset,” Hermione whispered frantically. “I didn’t mean it, I don’t mind his - er, hello, Morton.”

The squat ghost of a boy had glided over. He had the glum-mest face Haley had ever seen, half-hidden behind lank hair and thick, pearly spectacles.

“What?” he said sulkily.

“How are you, Morton?” said Hermione in a falsely bright voice. “It’s nice to see you out of the toilet.”

Morton sniffed.

rapidly in his small, see-through eyes.

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

“Oh, yeah -”

“He did -”

“Don’t lie to me,” Morton 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 Morton! Ugly Morton! Miserable, moaning, moping Morton!”

“You’ve forgotten pimply,” Peeves hissed in his ear.

Moaning Morton burst into anguished sobs and fled from the dungeon. Peeves shot after him, pelting him with moldy peanuts, yelling, “Pimply! Pimply!”

“Oh, dear,” said Hermione sadly.

Nearly Headless Nicki now drifted toward them through the crowd.

“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. . . .

. . .

