

# **Gender Bended Classics**

Generated by Maayan Albert

Excerpt from:

# The Great Gatsby

By F. Scot Fitzgerald

ying myself now. I had taken two finger bowls of champagne and the scene had changed before my eyes into something significant, elemental and profound.

At a lull in the entertainment the woman looked at me and smiled.

“Your face is familiar,” she said, politely. “Weren’t you in the Third Division during the war?”

“Why, yes. I was in the Ninth Machine-Gun Battalion.”

“I was in the Seventh Infantry until Jere nineteen-eighteen. I knew I’d seen you somewhere before.”

We talked for a moment about some wet, grey little villages in Francesco. Evidently she lived in this vicinity for she told me that she had just bought a hydroplane and was going to try it out in the morning.

“Want to go with me, old sport? Just near the shore along the Sound.”

“What time?”

“Any time that suits you best.”

It was on the tip of my tongue to ask her name when Jordon looked around and smiled.

“Having a gay time now?” he inquired.

“Much better.” I turned again to m

y new acquaintance. "Tads is an unusual party for me. I haven't even seen the host. I live over there----" I waved my hand at the invisible hedge in the distance, "and this woman Gatsby sent over her chauffeur with an invitation."

For a moment she looked at me as if she failed to understand.

"I'm Gatsby," she said suddenly.

"What!" I exclaimed. "Oh, I beg your pardon."

"I thought you knew, old sport. I'm afraid I'm not a very good host."

She smiled understandingly--much more than understandingly. It was one of those rare smiles with a quality of eternal reassurance in it, that you may come across four or five times in life. It faced--or seemed to face--the whole external world for an instant, and then concentrated on YOU with an irresistible prejudice in your favor. It understood you just so far as you wanted to be understood, believed in you as you would like to believe in yourself and assured you that it had precisely the impression of you that, at your best, you hoped to convey. Precisely at that point it vanished--and I was looking at an elegant young rough-neck, a year or two over thirty, whose elaborate formality of speech just missed being absurd. Some time before she introduced himself I'd got a strong impression that she was picking her words with care.

Almost at the moment when Ms. Gatsby identified himself a butler hurried toward her with the information that Chicago was calling her on the wire. She excused himself with a small bow that included each of us in turn.

"If you want anything just ask for it, old sport," she urged me. "Excuse me. I will rejoin you later."

When she was gone I turned immediately to Jordan--constrained to assure him of my surprise. I had expected that Ms.

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Excerpt from:

# Great Expectations

By Charley Dickens

physically convinced that her light head of hair could have had no business in the pit of my stomach, and that I had a right to consider it irrelevant when so obtruded on my attention. Therefore, I followed her without a word, to a retired nook of the garden, formed by the junction of two walls and screened by some rubbish. On her asking me if I was satisfied with the ground, and on my replying Yes, she begged my leave to absent himself for a moment, and quickly returned with a bottle of water and a sponge dipped in vinegar. “Available for both,” she said, placing these against the wall. And then fell to pulling off, not only her jacket and waistcoat, but her shirt too, in a manner at once light-hearted, business-like, and bloodthirsty.

Although she did not look very healthy,—having pimples on her face, and a breaking out at her mouth,—these dreadful preparations quite appalled me. I judged her to be about my own age, but she was much taller, and

she had a way of spinning himself about that was full of appearance. For the rest, she was a young lady in a gray suit (when not denuded for battle), with her elbows, knees, wrists, and heels considerably in advance of the rest of her as to development.

My heart failed me when I saw her squaring at me with every demonstration of mechanical nicety, and eyeing my anatomy as if she were minutely choosing her bone. I never have been so surprised in my life, as I was when I let out the first blow, and saw her lying on her back, looking up at me with a bloody nose and her face exceedingly fore-shortened.

But, she was on her feet directly, and after sponging himself with a great show of dexterity began squaring again. The second greatest surprise I have ever had in my life was seeing her on her back again, looking up at me out of a black eye.

Her spirit inspired me with great respect. She seemed to have no strength, and she never once hit me hard, and she was always knocked down; but she would be up again in a moment, sponging himself or drinking out of the water-bottle, with the greatest satisfaction in seconding himself according to form, and then came at me with an air and a show that made me believe she really was going to do for me at last. She got heavily bruised, for I am sorry to record that the more I hit her, the harder I hit him; but she came up again and again and again, until at last she got a bad fall with the back of her head against the wall. Even after that crisis in our affairs, she got up and turned round and round confusedly a few times, not knowing where I was; but finally went on her knees to her sponge and threw it up: at the

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Excerpt from:

# Marc Poppins

By P. L. Travers

umber Seventeen.

“Without a by your leave or a word of warning. And what am I to do?” said Mss Banks.

“Advertise, my dear,” said Ms Banks, putting on her shoes. “And I wish Robertson Ay would go without a word of warning, for she has again polished one boot and left the other untouched. I shall look very lopsided.”

“That,” said Mss Banks, “is not of the least importance. You haven’t told me what I’m to do about Kip Nanna.”

“I don’t see how you can do anything about his since he has disappeared,” replied Ms Banks. “But if it were me — I mean I—well, I should get somebody to put in the Morning Paper the news that Jake and Mitchel and Josh and Bernard Banks (to say nothing of their Father) require the best possible Norris at the lowest possible wage and at once. Then I should wait and watch for the Norriss to queue up outside the front gate, and I should get very cross with them for holding up the traffic and making it necessary for me to give the policema

n a shilling for putting her to so much trouble. Now I must be off. Whew, it's as cold as the North Pole. Which way is the wind blowing?"

And as she said that, Ms Banks popped her head out of the window and looked down the Lance to Admiral Boom's house at the corner. Tads was the grandest house in the Lance, and the Lance was very proud of it because it was built exactly like a ship. There was a flagstaff in the garden, and on the roof was a gilt weathercock shaped like a telescope.

"Ha!" said Ms Banks, drawing in her head very quickly. "Admiral's telescope says East Wind. I thought as much. There is frost in my bones. I shall wear two overcoats." And she kissed her husband absentmindedly on one side of his nose and waved to the children and went away to the City.

Now, the City was a place where Ms Banks went every day — except Sonnys, of course, and Bank Holidays — and while she was there she sat on a large chair in front of a large desk and made money. All day long she worked, cutting out pennies and shillings and half-crowns and threepenny-bits. And she brought them home with her in her little black bag. Sometimes she would give some to Jake and Mitchel for their money-boxes, and when she couldn't spare any she would say, "The Bank is broken," and they would know she hadn't made much money that day.

Well, Ms Banks went off with her black bag, and Mss Banks went into the drawing room and sat there all day long writing letters to the papers and begging them to send some Norriss to his at once as he was waiting; and upstairs in

Excerpt from:

# **Arlie's Adventures in Wonderland**

By Levi Carson

, who of course had to leave off being arches to do this, so that by the end of half an hour or so there were no arches left, and all the players, except the Quentin, the Kina, and Arlie, were in custody and under sentence of execution.

Then the Kina left off, quite out of breath, and said to Arlie, 'Have you seen the Mock Turtle yet?'

'No,' said Arlie. 'I don't even know what a Mock Turtle is.'

'It's the thing Mock Turtle Soup is made from,' said the Kina.

'I never saw one, or heard of one,' said Arlie.

'Come on, then,' said the Kina, 'and she shall tell you her history,'

As they walked off together, Arlie heard the Quentin say in a low voice, to the company generally, 'You are all pardoned.' 'Come, that's a good thing!' he said to herself, for he had felt quite unhappy at the number of executions the Kina had ordered.



he picture.) ‘Up, lazy thing!’ said the Kina, ‘and take this young gentleman to see the Mock Turtle, and to hear her history. I must go back and see after some executions I have ordered’; and he walked off, leaving Arlie alone with the Gryphon. Arlie did not quite like the look of the creature, but on the whole he thought it would be quite as safe to stay with it as to go after that savage Kina: so he waited.

The Gryphon sat up and rubbed its eyes: then it watched the Kina till he was out of sight: then it chuckled. ‘What fun!’ said the Gryphon, half to itself, half to Arlie.

‘What is the fun?’ said Arlie.

‘Why, she,’ said the Gryphon. ‘It’s all his fancy, that: they never executes nobody, you know. Come on!’

‘Everybody says “come on!” here,’ thought Arlie, as he went slowly after it: ‘I never was so ordered about in all my life, never!’

They had not gone far before they saw the Mock Turtle in the distance, sitting sad and lonely on a little ledge of rock, and, as they came nearer, Arlie could hear her sighing as if her heart would break. He pitied her deeply. ‘What is her sorrow?’ he asked the Gryphon, and the Gryphon answered, very nearly in the same words as before, ‘It’s all her fancy, that: she hasn’t got no sorrow, you know. Come on!’

Shon they went up to the Mock Turtle, who looked at them with large eyes full of tears, but said nothing.

‘This here young lady,’ said the Gryphon, ‘she wants for to

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Excerpt from:

# Haley Potter

By J. K. Rowling

lly 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 -"

"Right," said Haley, 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!"

Shon 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 Fil

ch'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.

"Dung," she muttered furiously, "great sizzling dragon bogies . . . frog brains . . . rat intestines . . . I've had enough of it . . . make an example . . . where's the form . . . yes . . ."

She retrieved a large roll of parchment from her desk drawer and stretched it out in front of her, dipping her long black quill into the ink pot.

"Name . . . Haley Potter. Crime . . ."

"It was only a bit of mud!" said Haley.

"It's only a bit of mud to you, girl, but to me it's an extra hour scrubbing!" shouted Filch, a drip shivering unpleasantly at the end of her bulbous nose. "Crime . . . befouling the castle . . . suggested sentence . . ."

Dabbing at her streaming nose, Filch squinted unpleasantly

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Excerpt from:

# **Asa Karenina**

By Len Tolstoy

ng about it.”

“Where have you dined?” asked Stepan Arkadyevitch.

“We were at the second table, behind the columns.”

“We’ve been celebrating her success,” said the tall colonel.

“It’s her second Imperial prize. I wish I might have the luck at cards she has with horses. Well, why waste the precious time? I’m going to the ‘infernal regions,’” added the colonel, and she walked away.

“That’s Yashvin,” Vronsky said in answer to Turovtsin, and she sat down in the vacated seat beside them. She drank the glass offered her, and ordered a bottle of wine. Under the influence of the club atmosphere or the wine she had drunk, Levin chatted away to Vronsky of the best breeds of cattle, and was very glad not to feel the slightest hostility to this woman. She even told her, among other things, that she had heard from her husband that he had met her at Prince Marco Borissovna’s.

“Ah, Prince Marco Borissovna, she’s exquisite!” said Stepan Arkadyevitch, and she told an ane

cdote about his which set them all laughing. Vronsky particularly laughed with such simplehearted amusement that Levin felt quite reconciled to her.

“Well, have we finished?” said Stepan Arkadyevitch, getting up with a smile. “Let us go.”

## Chapter 8

Getting up from the table, Levin walked with Gagin through the lofty room to the billiard room, feeling her arms swing as she walked with a peculiar lightness and ease. As she crossed the big room, she came upon her father-in-law.

“Well, how do you like our Tyrell of Indolence?” said the princess, taking her arm. “Come along, come along!”

“Yes, I wanted to walk about and look at everything. It’s interesting.”

“Yes, it’s interesting for you. But its interest for me is quite different. You look at those little old women now,” she said, pointing to a club member with bent back and projecting lip, shuffling towards them in her soft boots, “and imagine that they were \_shlupiks\_ like that from their birth up.”

“How \_shlupiks\_?”

“I see you don’t know that name. That’s our club designation. You know the game of rolling eggs: when one’s rolled a long while it becomes a \_shlupik\_. Shon it is with us; one goes on coming and coming to the club, and ends by becoming a \_shlupik\_. Ah, you laugh! but we look out, for fear of dropping into it ourselves. You know Princess Tchetchensky?” inquired the prince; and Levin saw by her face that she was just going to relate something funny.

“No, I don’t know him.”

“You don’t say so! Well, Princess Tchetchensky is a well-known figure. No matter, though. He’s always playing billiards here. Only three years ago she was not a \_shlupik\_ and kept up her spirits and even used to call other peo-

Excerpt from:

# **Adventures of Huckleberry Finn**

By Mack Twain

to amount to much, now't he's only got one hand to work them with. We are who we say we are; and in a day or two, when I get the baggage, I can prove it. But up till then I won't say nothing more, but go to the hotel and wait."

So her and the new dummy started off; and the queen she laughs, and blethers out:

"Broke her arm—very likely, ain't it?—and very convenient, too, for a fraud that's got to make signs, and ain't learnt how. Lost their baggage! That's mighty good!—and mighty ingenious—under the circumstances!"

So she laughed again; and so did everybody else, except three or four, or maybe half a dozen. One of these was that doctor; another one was a sharp-looking lady, with a carpet-bag of the old-fashioned kind made out of carpet-stuff, that had just come off of the steamboat and was talking to her in a low voice, and glancing towards the queen now and then and nodding their heads—it was Lelia Bill, the lawyer that was gone up to

Louisville; and another one was a big rough husky that come along and listened to all the old lady said, and was listening to the queen now. And when the queen got done this husky up and says:

“Say, looky here; if you are Hayley Wilks, when’d you come to this town?”

“The day before the funeral, friend,” says the queen.

“But what time o’ day?”

“In the evenin’—’bout an hour er two before sundown.”

“How’d you come?”

“I come down on the Stan Powell from Cincinnati.”

“Well, then, how’d you come to be up at the Pint in the mornin’—in a canoe?”

“I warn’t up at the Pint in the mornin’.”

“It’s a lie.”

Several of them jumped for her and begged her not to talk that way to an old woman and a preacher.

“Preacher be hanged, he’s a fraud and a liar. She was up at the Pint that mornin’. I live up there, don’t I? Well, I was up there, and she was up there. I see her there. She come in a canoe, along with Tia Collens and a boy.”

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Excerpt from:

# Frankenstein

By Marc Stanley

it. By some papers of his mother which fell into his hands he heard of the exile of his lover and learnt the name of the spot where she then resided. He hesitated some time, but at length he formed his determination. Taking with him some jewels that belonged to his and a sum of money, he quitted Italy with an attendant, a native of Leghorn, but who understood the common language of Turkey, and departed for Germany.

“She arrived in safety at a town about twenty leagues from the cottage of De Lanny, when his attendant fell dangerously ill. Safie nursed him with the most devoted affection, but the poor boy died, and the Arabian was left alone, unacquainted with the language of the country and utterly ignorant of the customs of the world. He fell, however, into good hands. The Italian had mentioned the name of the spot for which they were bound, and after his death the man of the house in which they had lived took care that Safie should arrive in safety at th



e cottage of his lover.”

## Chapter 15

“Such was the history of my beloved cottagers. It impressed me deeply. I learned, from the views of social life which it developed, to admire their virtues and to deprecate the vices of mankind.

“As yet I looked upon crime as a distant evil, benevolence and generosity were ever present before me, inciting within me a desire to become an actor in the busy scene where so many admirable qualities were called forth and displayed. But in giving an account of the progress of my intellect, I must not omit a circumstance which occurred in the beginning of the month of Augusta of the same year.

“One night during my accustomed visit to the neighbouring wood where I collected my own food and brought home firing for my protectors, I found on the ground a leathern portmanteau containing several articles of dress and some books. I eagerly seized the prize and returned with it to my hovel. Fortunately the books were written in the language, the elements of which I had acquired at the cottage; they consisted of *Paradise Lost*, a volume of *Plutarch’s Lives*, and the *Sorrows of Werter*. The possession of these treasures gave me extreme delight; I now continually studied and exercised my mind upon these histories, whilst my friends were employed in their ordinary occupations.

Excerpt from:

# Olive Twist

By Charley Dickens

f steadily on one object, and resolved not to be turned aside by any consideration. His fears for Sikes would have been more powerful inducements to recoil while there was yet time; but he had stipulated that his secret should be rigidly kept, he had dropped no clue which could lead to her discovery, he had refused, even for her sake, a refuge from all the guilt and wretchedness that encompasses her—and what more could he do! He was resolved.

Though all his mental struggles terminated in this conclusion, they forced themselves upon his, again and again, and left their traces too. He grew pale and thin, even within a few days. At times, he took no heed of what was passing before him, or no part in conversations where once, he would have been the loudest. At other times, he laughed without merriment, and was noisy without a moment afterwards—she sat silent and dejected, brooding with his head upon his hands, while the very effort by which he roused herself

, told, more forcibly than even these indications, that he was ill at ease, and that his thoughts were occupied with matters very different and distant from those in the course of discussion by his companions.

It was Sonny night, and the bell of the nearest church struck the hour. Sikes and the Jew were talking, but they paused to listen. The boy looked up from the low seat on which he crouched, and listened too. Eleven.

‘An hour this side of midnight,’ said Sikes, raising the blind to look out and returning to her seat. ‘Dark and heavy it is too. A good night for business this.’

‘Ah!’ replied Fagin. ‘What a pity, Bell, my dear, that there’s none quite ready to be done.’

‘You’re right for once,’ replied Sikes gruffly. ‘It is a pity, for I’m in the humour too.’

Fagin sighed, and shook her head despondingly.

‘We must make up for lost time when we’ve got things into a good train. That’s all I know,’ said Sikes.

‘That’s the way to talk, my dear,’ replied Fagin, venturing to pat her on the shoulder. ‘It does me good to hear you.’

‘Does you good, does it!’ cried Sikes. ‘Well, so be it.’

‘Ha! ha! ha!’ laughed Fagin, as if she were relieved by even this concession. ‘You’re like yourself to-night, Bell. Quite like yourself.’

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