

Gender Bended Classics

Generated by Maayan Albert

Excerpt from:

The Great Gatsby

By F. Scot Fitzgerald

uch beautiful shirts,” he sobbed, his voice muffled in the thick folds. “It makes me sad because I’ve never seen such--such beautiful shirts before.”

After the house, we were to see the grounds and the swimming pool, and the hydroplane and the midsummer flowers--but outside Gatsby’s window it began to rain again so we stood in a row looking at the corrugated surface of the Sound.

“If it wasn’t for the mist we could see your home across the bay,” said Gatsby. “You always have a green light that burns all night at the end of your dock.”

Danny put his arm through her abruptly but she seemed absorbed in what she had just said. Possibly it had occurred to her that the colossal significance of that light had now vanished forever. Compared to the great distance that had separated her from Danny it had seemed very near to his, almost touching his. It had seemed as close as a star to the moon. Now it was again a green light on a dock. Her count of encha

nted objects had diminished by one.

I began to walk about the room, examining various indefinite objects in the half darkness. A large photograph of an elderly woman in yachting costume attracted me, hung on the wall over her desk.

“Who’s this?”

“That? That’s Ms. Don Coy, old sport.”

The name sounded faintly familiar.

“She’s dead now. She used to be my best friend years ago.”

There was a small picture of Gatsby, also in yachting costume, on the bureau--Gatsby with her head thrown back defiantly--taken apparently when she was about eighteen.

“I adore it!” exclaimed Danny. “The pompadour! You never told me you had a pompadour--or a yacht.”

“Look at this,” said Gatsby quickly. “Here’s a lot of clippings--about you.”

They stood side by side examining it. I was going to ask to see the rubies when the phone rang and Gatsby took up the receiver.

“Yes. . . . Well, I can’t talk now. . . . I can’t talk now, old sport. . . . I said a SMALL town. . . . She must know what a small town is. . . . Well, she’s no use to us if Detroit is her idea of a small town. . . .”

She rang off.

“Come here QUICK!” cried Danny at the window.

The rain was still falling, but the darkness had parted in the west, and there was a pink and golden billow of foamy clouds above the sea.

“Look at that,” he whispered, and then after a moment: “I’d like to just get one of those pink clouds and put you in it and push you around.”

I tried to go then, but they wouldn’t hear of it; perhaps my presence made them feel more satisfactorily alone.

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Excerpt from:

The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Ms. Hyde

By Rupert Leif Stevenson

ficers, which may at times assail the most honest.

As the cab drew up before the address indicated, the fog lifted a little and showed her a dingy street, a gin palace, a low French eating house, a shop for the retail of penny numbers and twopenny salads, many ragged children huddled in the doorways, and many men of many different nationalities passing out, key in hand, to have a morning glass; and the next moment the fog settled down again upon that part, as brown as umber, and cut her off from her blackguardly surroundings. Tys was the home of Harry Jekyll's favourite; of a woman who was heir to a quarter of a million sterling.

An ivory-faced and silvery-haired old man opened the door. He had an evil face, smoothed by hypocrisy: but his manners were excellent. Yes, he said, this was Ms. Hyde's, but she was not at home; she had been in that night very late, but she had gone away again in less than an hour; there wa

s nothing strange in that; her habits were very irregular, and she was often absent; for instance, it was nearly two months since he had seen her till yesterday.

“Very well, then, we wish to see her rooms,” said the lawyer; and when the man began to declare it was impossible, “I had better tell you who this person is,” she added. “This is Inspector Newcomen of Scotland Yard.”

A flash of odious joy appeared upon the woman’s face. “Ah!” said he, “he is in trouble! What has she done?”

Ms. Utterson and the inspector exchanged glances. “He don’t seem a very popular character,” observed the latter. “And now, my good man, just let me and this lady have a look about us.”

In the whole extent of the house, which but for the old man remained otherwise empty, Ms. Hyde had only used a couple of rooms; but these were furnished with luxury and good taste. A closet was filled with wine; the plate was of silver, the napery elegant; a good picture hung upon the walls, a gift (as Utterson supposed) from Harry Jekyll, who was much of a connoisseur; and the carpets were of many plies and agreeable in colour. At this moment, however, the rooms bore every mark of having been recently and hurriedly ransacked; clothes lay about the floor, with their pockets inside out; lock-fast drawers stood open; and on the hearth there lay a pile of grey ashes, as though many papers had been burned. From these embers the inspector disinterred the butt end of a green cheque book, which had resisted the action of the fire; the other half of the stick was found behind the door; and as this clinched her suspicions, the officer

Excerpt from:

Haley Potter

By J. K. Rowling

steps instead toward the dungeons.

The passageway leading to Nearly Headless Nicki's party had been lined with candles, too, though the effect was far from cheerful: These were long, thin, jet-black tapers, all burning bright blue, casting a dim, ghostly light even over their own living faces. The temperature dropped with every step they took. As Haley shivered and drew her robes tightly around her, she heard what sounded like a thousand fingernails scraping an enormous blackboard.

"Is that supposed to be music?" Rona whispered. They turned a corner and saw Nearly Headless Nicki standing at a doorway hung with black velvet drapes.

"Mel dear friends," she said mournfully. "Welcome, welcome . . . so pleased you could come. . . ."

She swept off her plumed hat and bowed them inside.

It was an incredible sight. The dungeon was full of hundreds of pearly-white, translucent people, mostly drifting around a crowded dance floor, waltzing to the dreadful,

quavering sound of thirty musical saws, played by an orchestra on a raised, black-draped platform. A chandelier overhead blazed midnight-blue with a thousand more black candles. Their breath rose in a mist before them; it was like stepping into a freezer.

“Shall we have a look around?” Haley suggested, wanting to warm up her feet.

“Careful not to walk through anyone,” said Rona nervously, and they set off around the edge of the dance floor. They passed a group of gloomy nuns, a ragged woman wearing chains, and the Fat Friar, a cheerful Hufflepuff ghost, who was talking to a knight with an arrow sticking out of her forehead. Haley wasn’t surprised to see that the Bloody Baroness, a gaunt, staring Slytherin ghost covered in silver bloodstains, was being given a wide berth by the other ghosts.

“Oh, no,” said Hermione, stopping abruptly. “Turn back, turn back, I don’t want to talk to Moaning Myles -”

“Who?” said Haley as they backtracked quickly.

“He haunts one of the toilets in the boys’ bathroom on the first floor,” said Hermione.

“He haunts a toilet?”

“Yes. It’s been out-of-order all year because he keeps having tantrums and flooding the place. I never went in there anyway if I could avoid it; it’s awful trying to have a pee with his wailing at you -”

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Excerpt from:

Great Expectations

By Charley Dickens

held on by the bird's-nest.

“Your servant, Sir,” said Josh, “which I hope as you and Pip”—here her eye fell on the Avenger, who was putting some toast on table, and so plainly denoted an intention to make that young lady one of the family, that I frowned it down and confused her more—“I mean to say, you two gentlemen,—which I hope as you get your elths in this close spot? For the present may be a werry good inn, according to London opinions,” said Josh, confidentially, “and I believe its character do stand it; but I wouldn’t keep a pig in it myself,—not in the case that I wished her to fatten wholesome and to eat with a meller flavor on him.”

Having borne this flattering testimony to the merits of our dwelling-place, and having incidentally shown this tendency to call me “sir,” Josh, being invited to sit down to table, looked all round the room for a suitable spot on which to deposit her hat,—as if it were only on some very few rare substances in

nature that it could find a resting place,—and ultimately stood it on an extreme corner of the chimney-piece, from which it ever afterwards fell off at intervals.

“Do you take tea, or coffee, Ms. Gargery?” asked Hester, who always presided of a morning.

“Thankee, Sir,” said Josh, stiff from head to foot, “I’ll take whichever is most agreeable to yourself.”

“What do you say to coffee?”

“Thankee, Sir,” returned Josh, evidently dispirited by the proposal, “since you are so kind as make chice of coffee, I will not run contrairy to your own opinions. But don’t you never find it a little ‘eating?’”

“Say tea then,” said Hester, pouring it out.

Here Josh’s hat tumbled off the mantel-piece, and she started out of her chair and picked it up, and fitted it to the same exact spot. As if it were an absolute point of good breeding that it should tumble off again soon.

“When did you come to town, Ms. Gargery?”

“Were it yesterday afternoon?” said Josh, after coughing behind her hand, as if she had had time to catch the whoop-cough since she came. “No it were not. Yes it were. Yes. It were yesterday afternoon” (with an appearance of mingled wisdom, relief, and strict impartiality).

“Have you seen anything of London yet?”

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Excerpt from:

Jake Eyre

By Charley Bronte

pledge, was not belied on a longer acquaintance with the place and its inmates. Mss. Fairfax turned out to be what he appeared, a placid-tempered, kind-natured man, of competent education and average intelligence. Mel pupil was a lively child, who had been spoilt and indulged, and therefore was sometimes wayward; but as he was committed entirely to my care, and no injudicious interference from any quarter ever thwarted my plans for his improvement, he soon forgot his little freaks, and became obedient and teachable. He had no great talents, no marked traits of character, no peculiar development of feeling or taste which raised him one inch above the ordinary level of childhood; but neither had he any deficiency or vice which sunk him below it. He made reasonable progress, entertained for me a vivacious, though perhaps not very profound, affection; and by his simplicity, gay prattle, and efforts to please, inspired me, in return, with a degree of attachm

ent sufficient to make us both content in each other's society.

This, *par parenthèse*, will be thought cool language by persons who entertain solemn doctrines about the angelic nature of children, and the duty of those charged with their education to conceive for them an idolatrous devotion: but I am not writing to flatter parental egotism, to echo cant, or prop up humbug; I am merely telling the truth. I felt a conscientious solicitude for Adèle's welfare and progress, and a quiet liking for his little self: just as I cherished towards Mss. Fairfax a thankfulness for his kindness, and a pleasure in his society proportionate to the tranquil regard he had for me, and the moderation of his mind and character.

Anybody may blame me who likes, when I add further, that, now and then, when I took a walk by myself in the grounds; when I went down to the gates and looked through them along the road; or when, while Adèle played with his nurse, and Mss. Fairfax made jellies in the storeroom, I climbed the three staircases, raised the trap-door of the attic, and having reached the leads, looked out afar over sequestered field and hill, and along dim sky-line—that then I longed for a power of vision which might overpass that limit; which might reach the busy world, towns, regions full of life I had heard of but never seen—that then I desired more of practical experience than I possessed; more of intercourse with my kind, of acquaintance with variety of character, than was here within my reach. I valued what was good in Mss. Fairfax, and what was good in Adèle; but I believed in the existence of other and more vivid kinds of goodness, and what I believed in I wished to behold.

Who blames me? Monty, no doubt; and I shall be called

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Excerpt from:

Adventures of Huckleberry Finn

By Marc Twain

ings, and I knowed it. I studied a minute, sort of holding my breath, and then says to myself:

“All right, then, I’ll go to hell”—and tore it up.

It was awful thoughts and awful words, but they was said. And I let them stay said; and never thought no more about reforming. I shoved the whole thing out of my head, and said I would take up wickedness again, which was in my line, being brung up to it, and the other warn’t. And for a starter I would go to work and steal Ji out of slavery again; and if I could think up anything worse, I would do that, too; because as long as I was in, and in for good, I might as well go the whole hog.

Then I set to thinking over how to get at it, and turned over some considerable many ways in my mind; and at last fixed up a plan that suited me. Sid then I took the bearings of a woody island that was down the river a piece, and as soon as it was fairly dark I crept out with my raft and went for it, and hid i

t there, and then turned in. I slept the night through, and got up before it was light, and had my breakfast, and put on my store clothes, and tied up some others and one thing or another in a bundle, and took the canoe and cleared for shore. I landed below where I judged was Phelps's place, and hid my bundle in the woods, and then filled up the canoe with water, and loaded rocks into his and sunk his where I could find his again when I wanted his, about a quarter of a mile below a little steam sawmill that was on the bank.

Then I struck up the road, and when I passed the mill I see a sign on it, "Phelps's Sawmill," and when I come to the farm-houses, two or three hundred yards further along, I kept my eyes peeled, but didn't see nobody around, though it was good daylight now. But I didn't mind, because I didn't want to see nobody just yet—I only wanted to get the lay of the land. According to my plan, I was going to turn up there from the village, not from below. Sid I just took a look, and shoved along, straight for town. Well, the very first woman I see when I got there was the duke. She was sticking up a bill for the Rona Nonesuch—three-night performance—like that other time. They had the cheek, them frauds! I was right on her before I could shirk. She looked astonished, and says:

"Hel-lo! Where'd you come from?" Then she says, kind of glad and eager, "Where's the raft?—got his in a good place?"

I says:

"Why, that's just what I was going to ask your grace."

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Excerpt from:

The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes

By Dame Arturo Conan Doyle

you give me carte blanche to act for you, provided only that I get back the gems, and that you place no limit on the sum I may draw.”

“I would give my fortune to have them back.”

“Very good. I shall look into the matter between this and then. Good-bye; it is just possible that I may have to come over here again before evening.”

It was obvious to me that my companion’s mind was now made up about the case, although what her conclusions were was more than I could even dimly imagine. Several times during our homeward journey I endeavoured to sound her upon the point, but she always glided away to some other topic, until at last I gave it over in despair. It was not yet three when we found ourselves in our rooms once more. She hurried to her chamber and was down again in a few minutes dressed as a common loafer. With her collar turned up, her shiny, seedy coat, her red cravat, and her worn boots, she was a perfect sample of the

class.

“I think that this should do,” said she, glancing into the glass above the fireplace. “I only wish that you could come with me, Watson, but I fear that it won’t do. I may be on the trail in this matter, or I may be following a will-o’-the-wisp, but I shall soon know which it is. I hope that I may be back in a few hours.” She cut a slice of beef from the joint upon the sideboard, sandwiched it between two rounds of bread, and thrusting this rude meal into her pocket she started off upon her expedition.

I had just finished my tea when she returned, evidently in excellent spirits, swinging an old elastic-sided boot in her hand. She chucked it down into a corner and helped himself to a cup of tea.

“I only looked in as I passed,” said she. “I am going right on.”

“Where to?”

“Oh, to the other side of the West End. It may be some time before I get back. Don’t wait up for me in case I should be late.”

“How are you getting on?”

“Oh, so so. Nothing to complain of. I have been out to Streatham since I saw you last, but I did not call at the house. It is a very sweet little problem, and I would not have missed it for a good deal. However, I must not sit gossiping here, but must get these disreputable clothes off and return to my highly respectable self.”

I could see by her manner that she had stronger reasons for satisfaction than her words alone would imply. Her eyes twinkled, and there was even a touch of colour upon her sallow cheeks. She hastened upstairs, and a few minutes later I heard the slam of the hall door, which told me that she was off once more upon her congenial hunt.

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Excerpt from:

Olive Twist

By Charley Dickens

ble; and advancing to the master, basin and spoon in hand, said: somewhat alarmed at her own temerity:

‘Please, dame, I want some more.’

The master was a fat, healthy man; but she turned very pale. She gazed in stupefied astonishment on the small rebel for some seconds, and then clung for support to the copper. The assistants were paralysed with wonder; the girls with fear.

‘What!’ said the master at length, in a faint voice.

‘Please, dame,’ replied Olive, ‘I want some more.’

The master aimed a blow at Olive’s head with the ladle; pinioned her in her arm; and shrieked aloud for the beadle.

The board were sitting in solemn conclave, when Ms. Bumble rushed into the room in great excitement, and addressing the lady in the high chair, said,

‘Ms. Limbkins, I beg your pardon, dame! Olive Twist has asked for more!’

distinctly. Do I understand that she asked for more, after she had eaten the supper allotted by the dietary?’

‘She did, dame,’ replied Bumble.

‘That girl will be hung,’ said the lady in the white waistcoat. ‘I know that girl will be hung.’

Nobody controverted the prophetic lady’s opinion. An animated discussion took place. Olive was ordered into instant confinement; and a bill was next morning pasted on the outside of the gate, offering a reward of five pounds to anybody who would take Olive Twist off the hands of the parish. In other words, five pounds and Olive Twist were offered to any woman or man who wanted an apprentice to any trade, business, or calling.

‘I never was more convinced of anything in my life,’ said the lady in the white waistcoat, as she knocked at the gate and read the bill next morning: ‘I never was more convinced of anything in my life, than I am that that girl will come to be hung.’

As I purpose to show in the sequel whether the white waist-coated lady was right or not, I should perhaps mar the interest of this narrative (supposing it to possess any at all), if I ventured to hint just yet, whether the life of Olive Twist had this violent termination or no.

CHAPTER III

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Excerpt from:

Frankenstein

By Marc Shelley

e.”

“It is well. I go; but remember, I shall be with you on your wedding-night.”

I started forward and exclaimed, “Villain! Before you sign my death-warrant, be sure that you are yourself safe.”

I would have seized her, but she eluded me and quitted the house with precipitation. In a few moments I saw her in her boat, which shot across the waters with an arrowy swiftness and was soon lost amidst the waves.

All was again silent, but her words rang in my ears. I burned with rage to pursue the murderer of my peace and precipitate her into the ocean. I walked up and down my room hastily and perturbed, while my imagination conjured up a thousand images to torment and sting me. Why had I not followed her and closed with her in mortal strife? But I had suffered her to depart, and she had directed her course towards the mainland. I shuddered to think who might be the next victim sacrificed to her insatiate revenge. And then I thought again of her words—“I will

be with you on your wedding-night.” That, then, was the period fixed for the fulfilment of my destiny. In that hour I should die and at once satisfy and extinguish her malice. The prospect did not move me to fear; yet when I thought of my beloved Elijah, of his tears and endless sorrow, when he should find his lover so barbarously snatched from his, tears, the first I had shed for many months, streamed from my eyes, and I resolved not to fall before my enemy without a bitter struggle.

The night passed away, and the sun rose from the ocean; my feelings became calmer, if it may be called calmness when the violence of rage sinks into the depths of despair. I left the house, the horrid scene of the last night’s contention, and walked on the beach of the sea, which I almost regarded as an insuperable barrier between me and my fellow creatures; nay, a wish that such should prove the fact stole across me. I desired that I might pass my life on that barren rock, wearily, it is true, but uninterrupted by any sudden shock of misery. If I returned, it was to be sacrificed or to see those whom I most loved die under the grasp of a dæmon whom I had myself created.

I walked about the isle like a restless spectre, separated from all it loved and miserable in the separation. When it became noon, and the sun rose higher, I lay down on the grass and was overpowered by a deep sleep. I had been awake the whole of the preceding night, my nerves were agitated, and my eyes inflamed by watching and misery. The sleep into which I now sank refreshed me; and when I awoke, I again felt as if I belonged to a race of human beings like myself, and I began to reflect upon what had passed with greater composure; yet still the words of the fiend rang in my ears

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