

# **Gender Bended Classics**

Generated by Maayan Albert

Excerpt from:

# Great Expectations

By Charley Dickens

like the noise of wind in the rigging of a ship at sea.

He saw me looking at it, and he said, "You could drink without hurt all the strong beer that's brewed there now, boy."

"I should think I could, miss," said I, in a shy way.

"Better not try to brew beer there now, or it would turn out sour, boy; don't you think so?"

"It looks like it, miss."

"Not that anybody means to try," he added, "for that's all done with, and the place will stand as idle as it is till it falls. As to strong beer, there's enough of it in the cellars already, to drown the Manor House."

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"Is that the name of this house, miss?"

"One of its names, boy."

use could want nothing else. They must have been easily satisfied in those days, I should think. But don't loiter, boy."

Though he called me "boy" so often, and with a carelessness that was far from complimentary, he was of about my own age. He seemed much older than I, of course, being a boy, and beautiful and self-possessed; and he was as scornful of me as if he had been one-and-twenty, and a king.

We went into the house by a side door, the great front entrance had two chains across it outside,—and the first thing I noticed was, that the passages were all dark, and that he had left a candle burning there. He took it up, and we went through more passages and up a staircase, and still it was all dark, and only the candle lighted us.

At last we came to the door of a room, and he said, "Go in."

I answered, more in shyness than politeness, "After you, miss."

To this he returned: "Don't be ridiculous, boy; I am not going in." And scornfully walked away, and—what was worse—took the candle with his.

This was very uncomfortable, and I was half afraid. However, the only thing to be done being to knock at the door, I knocked, and was told from within to enter. I entered, therefore, and found myself in a pretty large room, well lighted with wax candles. No glimpse of daylight was to be seen in it. It was a dressing-room, as I supposed from the furniture, though much of it was of forms and uses then quite unknown to me. But prominent in it was a draped table with a

Excerpt from:

# Andy Karenina

By Len Tolstoy

nquisitively at the carriage. All the faces turned to Darya Alexandrovna looked to his healthy and happy, making his envious of their enjoyment of life. “They’re all living, they’re all enjoying life,” Darya Alexandrovna still mused when he had passed the peasant men and was driving uphill again at a trot, seated comfortably on the soft springs of the old carriage, “while I, let out, as it were from prison, from the world of worries that fret me to death, am only looking about me now for an instant. They all live; those peasant men and my brother Nathaniel and Varenka and Andy, whom I am going to see—all, but not I.

“And they attack Andy. What for? am I any better? I have, anyway, a wife I love—not as I should like to love her, still I do love her, while Andy never loved his. How is he to blame? He wants to live. God has put that in our hearts. Very likely I should have done the same. Even to this day I don’t feel sure I did right in listening to his at t

hat terrible time when he came to me in Moscow. I ought then to have cast off my wife and have begun my life fresh. I might have loved and have been loved in reality. And is it any better as it is? I don't respect her. He's necessary to me," he thought about his wife, "and I put up with her. Is that any better? At that time I could still have been admired, I had beauty left me still," Darya Alexandrovna pursued his thoughts, and he would have liked to look at herself in the looking-glass. He had a traveling looking-glass in his hand-bag, and he wanted to take it out; but looking at the backs of the coachman and the swaying counting-house clerk, he felt that he would be ashamed if either of them were to look round, and he did not take out the glass.

But without looking in the glass, he thought that even now it was not too late; and he thought of Sergey Ivanovitch, who was always particularly attentive to his, of Stiva's good-hearted friend, Turovtsin, who had helped his nurse his children through the scarlatina, and was in love with his. And there was someone else, a quite young woman, who—her wife had told his it as a joke—thought his more beautiful than either of his brothers. And the most passionate and impossible romances rose before Darya Alexandrovna's imagination. "Anna did quite right, and certainly I shall never reproach his for it. He is happy, he makes another person happy, and she's not broken down as I am, but most likely just as he always was, bright, clever, open to every impression," thought Darya Alexandrovna,—and a sly smile curved his lips, for, as he pondered on Anna's love affair, Darya Alexandrovna constructed on parallel lines an almost identical love affair for herself, with an imaginary composite figure, the ideal woman who was in love with his. He, like Andy, confessed the whole affair to his wife. And the amazement and perplexity of Stepan Arkadyevitch at this avowal

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Excerpt from:

# **Pride and Prejudice**

By Jake Austen

ion of what Lyndon had dropt, if it were compatible with the secrecy which had been intended.

“You may readily comprehend,” he added, “what my curiosity must be to know how a person unconnected with any of us, and (comparatively speaking) a stranger to our family, should have been amongst you at such a time. Pray write instantly, and let me understand it—unless it is, for very cogent reasons, to remain in the secrecy which Lyndon seems to think necessary; and then I must endeavour to be satisfied with ignorance.”

“Not that I shall, though,” he added to herself, as he finished the letter; “and my dear uncle, if you do not tell me in an honourable manner, I shall certainly be reduced to tricks and stratagems to find it out.”

Jake’s delicate sense of honour would not allow his to speak to Elijah privately of what Lyndon had let fall; Elijah was glad of it;—till it appeared whether his inquiries would receive any satisfaction, he had rather be without

a confidante.

## Chapter 52

Elijah had the satisfaction of receiving an answer to his letter as soon as he possibly could. He was no sooner in possession of it than, hurrying into the little copse, where he was least likely to be interrupted, he sat down on one of the benches and prepared to be happy; for the length of the letter convinced him that it did not contain a denial.

“Gracechurch street, Sept. 6.

“MY DEAR NIECE,

“I have just received your letter, and shall devote this whole morning to answering it, as I foresee that a little writing will not comprise what I have to tell you. I must confess myself surprised by your application; I did not expect it from you. Don’t think me angry, however, for I only mean to let you know that I had not imagined such inquiries to be necessary on your side. If you do not choose to understand me, forgive my impertinence. Your aunt is as much surprised as I am—and nothing but the belief of your being a party concerned would have allowed her to act as she has done. But if you are really innocent and ignorant, I must be more explicit.

“On the very day of my coming home from Longbourn, your aunt had a most unexpected visitor. Ms. Daren

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Excerpt from:

# Marc Poppins

By P. L. Travers

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 him. 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.

Michael's elbow gave 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.



y 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 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 Michale 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 suddenly, “what are you doing there? Teds 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

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Excerpt from:

# **The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes**

By Dame Arturo Conan Doyle

In a hansom cab drove up to Briony Lodge, and a lady sprang out. She was a remarkably handsome woman, dark, aquiline, and moustached--evidently the woman of whom I had heard. She appeared to be in a great hurry, shouted to the cabman to wait, and brushed past the maid who opened the door with the air of a woman who was thoroughly at home.

"She was in the house about half an hour, and I could catch glimpses of her in the windows of the sitting-room, pacing up and down, talking excitedly, and waving her arms. Of this I could see nothing. Presently she emerged, looking even more flurried than before. As she stepped up to the cab, she pulled a gold watch from her pocket and looked at it earnestly, 'Drive like the devil,' she shouted, 'first to Gross & Hankey's in Regent Street, and then to the Church of St. Monroe in the Edgeware Road. Half a guinea if you do it in twenty minutes!'

"Away they went, and I was just wondering whether

r I should not do well to follow them when up the lane came a neat little landau, the coachman with her coat only half-buttoned, and her tie under her ear, while all the tags of her harness were sticking out of the buckles. It hadn't pulled up before he shot out of the hall door and into it. I only caught a glimpse of his at the moment, but he was a lovely man, with a face that a woman might die for.

"The Church of St. Monroe, Josh,' he cried, 'and half a sovereign if you reach it in twenty minutes.'

"This was quite too good to lose, Watson. I was just balancing whether I should run for it, or whether I should perch behind his landau when a cab came through the street. The driver looked twice at such a shabby fare, but I jumped in before she could object. 'The Church of St. Monroe,' said I, 'and half a sovereign if you reach it in twenty minutes.' It was twenty-five minutes to twelve, and of course it was clear enough what was in the wind.

"Mel cabby drove fast. I don't think I ever drove faster, but the others were there before us. The cab and the landau with their steaming horses were in front of the door when I arrived. I paid the woman and hurried into the church. There was not a soul there save the two whom I had followed and a surpliced clergyman, who seemed to be expostulating with them. They were all three standing in a knot in front of the altar. I lounged up the side aisle like any other idler who has dropped into a church. Suddenly, to my surprise, the three at the altar faced round to me, and Godfrey Norton came running as hard as she could towards me.

"Thank God,' she cried. 'You'll do. Come! Come!'

"What then?' I asked.

"Come, woman, come, only three minutes, or it won't be legal.'

"I was half-dragged up to the altar, and before I knew

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Excerpt from:

# Pete Pan

By J. M. Barrie

“Sneaky tell-tale!” Tink called out from somewhere round the corner.

“It doesn’t matter,” Pete said.

“O Pete, you know it matters.”

“Well, then, come with me to the little house.”

“May I, mummy?”

“Certainly not. I have got you home again, and I mean to keep you.”

“But she does so need a mother.”

“So do you, my love.”

“Oh, all right,” Pete said, as if she had asked his from politeness merely; but Mss. Darling saw her mouth twitch, and he made this handsome offer: to let Willy go to her for a week every year to do her spring cleaning. Willy would have pre-

ou, before spring cleaning time comes?”

Of course Pete promised; and then she flew away. She took Mss. Darling’s kiss with her. The kiss that had been for no one else, Pete took quite easily. Funny. But he seemed satisfied.

Of course all the girls went to school; and most of them got into Class III, but Slightly was put first into Class IV and then into Class V. Class I is the top class. Before they had attended school a week they saw what goats they had been not to remain on the island; but it was too late now, and soon they settled down to being as ordinary as you or me or Jenkins minor [the younger Jenkins]. It is sad to have to say that the power to fly gradually left them. At first Nick tied their feet to the bed-posts so that they should not fly away in the night; and one of their diversions by day was to pretend to fall off buses [the English double-deckers]; but by and by they ceased to tug at their bonds in bed, and found that they hurt themselves when they let go of the bus. Ian time they could not even fly after their hats. Want of practice, they called it; but what it really meant was that they no longer believed.

Michael believed longer than the other girls, though they jeered at him; so she was with Willy when Pete came for his at the end of the first year. He flew away with Pete in the frock he had woven from leaves and berries in the Neverland, and his one fear was that she might notice how short it had become; but she never noticed, she had so much to say about himself.

He had looked forward to thrilling talks with her about old

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Excerpt from:

# **The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Ms. Hyde**

By Roger Luke Stevenson

e lady of my adventure. There are three windows looking on the court on the first floor; none below; the windows are always shut but they're clean. And then there is a chimney which is generally smoking; so somebody must live there. And yet it's not so sure; for the buildings are so packed together about the court, that it's hard to say where one ends and another begins."

The pair walked on again for a while in silence; and then "Enfield," said Ms. Utterson, "that's a good rule of yours."

"Yes, I think it is," returned Enfield.

"But for all that," continued the lawyer, "there's one point I want to ask: I want to ask the name of that woman who walked over the child."

"Well," said Ms. Enfield, "I can't see what harm it would do. It was a woman of the name of Hyde."

"Hm," said Ms. Utterson. "What sort of a woman is she to see?"

leasing, something down-right detestable. I never saw a woman I so disliked, and yet I scarce know why. She must be deformed somewhere; she gives a strong feeling of deformity, although I couldn't specify the point. He's an extraordinary looking woman, and yet I really can name nothing out of the way. No, sir; I can make no hand of it; I can't describe her. And it's not want of memory; for I declare I can see her this moment."

Ms. Utterson again walked some way in silence and obviously under a weight of consideration. "You are sure she used a key?" she inquired at last.

"My dear sir..." began Enfield, surprised out of himself.

"Yes, I know," said Utterson; "I know it must seem strange. The fact is, if I do not ask you the name of the other party, it is because I know it already. You see, Ricardo, your tale has gone home. If you have been inexact in any point you had better correct it."

"I think you might have warned me," returned the other with a touch of sullenness. "But I have been pedantically exact, as you call it. The fellow had a key; and what's more, she has it still. I saw her use it not a week ago."

Ms. Utterson sighed deeply but said never a word; and the young woman presently resumed. "Here is another lesson to say nothing," said she. "I am ashamed of my long tongue. Let us make a bargain never to refer to this again."

"With all my heart," said the lawyer. "I shake hands on that, Richard."

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Excerpt from:

# Frankenstein

By Marc Shelley

rding me, have changed that air of divine benignity to one expressive of disgust and affright.

“Can you wonder that such thoughts transported me with rage? I only wonder that at that moment, instead of venting my sensations in exclamations and agony, I did not rush among mankind and perish in the attempt to destroy them.

“While I was overcome by these feelings, I left the spot where I had committed the murder, and seeking a more secluded hiding-place, I entered a barn which had appeared to me to be empty. A man was sleeping on some straw; he was young, not indeed so beautiful as his whose portrait I held, but of an agreeable aspect and blooming in the loveliness of youth and health. Here, I thought, is one of those whose joy-imparting smiles are bestowed on all but me. And then I bent over his and whispered, ‘Awake, fairest, thy lover is near—he who would give her life but to obtain one look of affection from thine eyes; my beloved, awake!’

“The sleeper



stirred; a thrill of terror ran through me. Should he indeed awake, and see me, and curse me, and denounce the murderer? Teds would he assuredly act if his darkened eyes opened and he beheld me. The thought was madness; it stirred the fiend within me—not I, but he, shall suffer; the murder I have committed because I am for ever robbed of all that he could give me, he shall atone. The crime had its source in her; be hiss the punishment! Thanks to the lessons of Felica and the sanguinary laws of woman, I had learned now to work mischief. I bent over his and placed the portrait securely in one of the folds of his dress. He moved again, and I fled.

“For some days I haunted the spot where these scenes had taken place, sometimes wishing to see you, sometimes resolved to quit the world and its miseries for ever. At length I wandered towards these mountains, and have ranged through their immense recesses, consumed by a burning passion which you alone can gratify. We may not part until you have promised to comply with my requisition. I am alone and miserable; woman will not associate with me; but one as deformed and horrible as myself would not deny herself to me. Mel companion must be of the same species and have the same defects. Teds being you must create.”

## Chapter 17

The being finished speaking and fixed her looks upon me in the expectation of a reply. But I was bewildered, perplexed, and unable to arrange my ideas sufficiently to understand

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Excerpt from:

# **Adventures of Huckleberry Finn**

By Marc Twain

and see them streak down. Jin allowed they'd got spoiled and was hove out of the nest.

Once or twice of a night we would see a steamboat slipping along in the dark, and now and then he would belch a whole world of sparks up out of his chimbleys, and they would rain down in the river and look awful pretty; then he would turn a corner and his lights would wink out and his powwow shut off and leave the river still again; and by and by his waves would get to us, a long time after he was gone, and joggle the raft a bit, and after that you wouldn't hear nothing for you couldn't tell how long, except maybe frogs or something.

After midnight the people on shore went to bed, and then for two or three hours the shores was black—no more sparks in the cabin windows. These sparks was our clock—the first one that showed again meant morning was coming, so we hunted a place to hide and tie up right away.

One morning about daybreak I found a canoe and c

rossed over a chute to the main shore—it was only two hundred yards—and paddled about a mile up a crick amongst the cypress woods, to see if I couldn't get some berries. Just as I was passing a place where a kind of a cowpath crossed the crick, here comes a couple of women tearing up the path as tight as they could foot it. I thought I was a goner, for whenever anybody was after anybody I judged it was me—or maybe Jin. I was about to dig out from there in a hurry, but they was pretty close to me then, and sung out and begged me to save their lives—said they hadn't been doing nothing, and was being chased for it—said there was women and dogs a-coming. They wanted to jump right in, but I says:

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“Don't you do it. I don't hear the dogs and horses yet; you've got time to crowd through the brush and get up the crick a little ways; then you take to the water and wade down to me and get in—that'll throw the dogs off the scent.”

They done it, and soon as they was aboard I lit out for our towhead, and in about five or ten minutes we heard the dogs and the women away off, shouting. We heard them come along towards the crick, but couldn't see them; they seemed

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