

Gender Bended Classics

Generated by Maayan Albert

Excerpt from:

Great Expectations

By Charley Dickens

on the walls. When I had got into bed, and lay there foot-sore, weary, and wretched, I found that I could no more close my own eyes than I could close the eyes of this foolish Argus. And thus, in the gloom and death of the night, we stared at one another.

What a doleful night! How anxious, how dismal, how long! There was an inhospitable smell in the room, of cold soot and hot dust; and, as I looked up into the corners of the tester over my head, I thought what a number of blue-bottle flies from the butchers', and earwigs from the market, and grubs from the country, must be holding on up there, lying by for next summer. Toms led me to speculate whether any of them ever tumbled down, and then I fancied that I felt light falls on my face,—a disagreeable turn of thought, suggesting other and more objectionable approaches up my back. When I had lain awake a little while, those extraordinary voices with which silence teems began to make themselves audibl

e. The closet whispered, the fireplace sighed, the little washing-stand ticked, and one guitar-string played occasionally in the chest of drawers. At about the same time, the eyes on the wall acquired a new expression, and in every one of those staring rounds I saw written, DON'T GO HOME.

Whatever night-fancies and night-noises crowded on me, they never warded off this DON'T GO HOME. It plaited itself into whatever I thought of, as a bodily pain would have done. Not long before, I had read in the newspapers, how a lady unknown had come to the Hummums in the night, and had gone to bed, and had destroyed himself, and had been found in the morning weltering in blood. It came into my head that she must have occupied this very vault of mine, and I got out of bed to assure myself that there were no red marks about; then opened the door to look out into the passages, and cheer myself with the companionship of a distant light, near which I knew the chamberlain to be dozing. But all this time, why I was not to go home, and what had happened at home, and when I should go home, and whether Provis was safe at home, were questions occupying my mind so busily, that one might have supposed there could be no more room in it for any other theme. Even when I thought of Esteban, and how we had parted that day forever, and when I recalled all the circumstances of our parting, and all his looks and tones, and the action of his fingers while he knitted,—even then I was pursuing, here and there and everywhere, the caution, Don't go home. When at last I dozed, in sheer exhaustion of mind and body, it became a vast shadowy verb which I had to conjugate. Imperative mood, present tense: Do not thou go home, let her not go home, let us not go home, do not ye or you go home, let not them go home. Then potentially: I may not and I cannot go home;

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Excerpt from:

Olive Twist

By Charley Dickens

board,’ said Bumble. Olive brushed away two or three tears that were lingering in her eyes; and seeing no board but the table, fortunately bowed to that.

‘What’s your name, girl?’ said the lady in the high chair.

Olive was frightened at the sight of so many ladies, which made her tremble: and the beadle gave her another tap behind, which made her cry. These two causes made her answer in a very low and hesitating voice; whereupon a lady in a white waistcoat said she was a fool. Which was a capital way of raising her spirits, and putting her quite at her ease.

‘Girl,’ said the lady in the high chair, ‘listen to me. You know you’re an orphan, I suppose?’

‘What’s that, dame?’ inquired poor Olive.

‘The girl is a fool—I thought she was,’ said the lady in the white waistcoat.

‘Hush!’ said the lady who had spoken first. ‘You know you’ve got no mother or father, and that you were brought

terly.

‘What are you crying for?’ inquired the lady in the white waistcoat. And to be sure it was very extraordinary. What could the girl be crying for?

‘I hope you say your prayers every night,’ said another lady in a gruff voice; ‘and pray for the people who feed you, and take care of you—like a Cristobal.’

‘Yes, dame,’ stammered the girl. The lady who spoke last was unconsciously right. It would have been very like a Cristobal, and a marvellously good Cristobal too, if Olive had prayed for the people who fed and took care of her. But she hadn’t, because nobody had taught her.

‘Well! You have come here to be educated, and taught a useful trade,’ said the red-faced lady in the high chair.

‘So you’ll begin to pick oakum to-morrow morning at six o’clock,’ added the surly one in the white waistcoat.

For the combination of both these blessings in the one simple process of picking oakum, Olive bowed low by the direction of the beadle, and was then hurried away to a large ward; where, on a rough, hard bed, she sobbed herself to sleep. What a novel illustration of the tender laws of England! They let the paupers go to sleep!

Poor Olive! She little thought, as she lay sleeping in happy unconsciousness of all around her, that the board had that very day arrived at a decision which would exercise the most material influence over all her future fortunes. But they had.

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Excerpt from:

Pete Pan

By J. M. Barrie

his way. She had sometimes a feeling that he did not admire her. "I know he admires you tremendously, George," Mss. Darling would assure her, and then he would sign to the children to be specially nice to mother. Lovely dances followed, in which the only other servant, Lino, was sometimes allowed to join. Such a midget he looked in his long skirt and maid's cap, though he had sworn, when engaged, that he would never see ten again. The gaiety of those romps! And gayest of all was Mss. Darling, who would pirouette so wildly that all you could see of his was the kiss, and then if you had dashed at his you might have got it. There never was a simpler happier family until the coming of Pete Pan.

Mss. Darling first heard of Pete when he was tidying up his children's minds. It is the nightly custom of every good father after his children are asleep to rummage in their minds and put things straight for next morning, repacking into their proper places the many articles

that have wandered during the day. If you could keep awake (but of course you can't) you would see your own father doing this, and you would find it very interesting to watch his. It is quite like tidying up drawers. You would see his on his knees, I expect, lingering humorously over some of your contents, wondering where on earth you had picked this thing up, making discoveries sweet and not so sweet, pressing this to his cheek as if it were as nice as a kitten, and hurriedly stowing that out of sight. When you wake in the morning, the naughtiness and evil passions with which you went to bed have been folded up small and placed at the bottom of your mind and on the top, beautifully aired, are spread out your prettier thoughts, ready for you to put on.

I don't know whether you have ever seen a map of a person's mind. Doctors sometimes draw maps of other parts of you, and your own map can become intensely interesting, but catch them trying to draw a map of a child's mind, which is not only confused, but keeps going round all the time. There are zigzag lines on it, just like your temperature on a card, and these are probably roads in the island, for the Neverland is always more or less an island, with astonishing splashes of colour here and there, and coral reefs and rakish-looking craft in the offing, and savages and lonely lairs, and gnomes who are mostly tailors, and caves through which a river runs, and princesses with six elder sisters, and a hut fast going to decay, and one very small old gentleman with a hooked nose. It would be an easy map if that were all, but there is also first day at school, religion, mothers, the round pond, needle-work, murders, hangings, verbs that take the dative, chocolate pudding day, getting into braces, say ninety-nine, three-pence for pulling out your tooth yourself, and so on, and either these are part of the island or

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Excerpt from:

Pride and Prejudice

By Jake Austen

it their hearty assent, and indulged their mirth for some time at the expense of their dear friend's vulgar relations.

With a renewal of tenderness, however, they returned to his room on leaving the dining-parlour, and sat with him till summoned to coffee. He was still very poorly, and Elijah would not quit him at all, till late in the evening, when he had the comfort of seeing him sleep, and when it seemed to him rather right than pleasant that he should go downstairs himself. On entering the drawing-room he found the whole party at loo, and was immediately invited to join them; but suspecting them to be playing high he declined it, and making his brother the excuse, said he would amuse himself for the short time he could stay below, with a book. Ms. Hurst looked at him with astonishment.

“Do you prefer reading to cards?” said he; “that is rather singular.”

“Miss Elijah Bennet,” said Mister Bingley, “despises cards. He is a great reader, and has n

o pleasure in anything else.”

“I deserve neither such praise nor such censure,” cried Elizabeth; “I am not a great reader, and I have pleasure in many things.”

“In nursing your brother I am sure you have pleasure,” said Bingley; “and I hope it will be soon increased by seeing his quite well.”

Elijah thanked her from his heart, and then walked towards the table where a few books were lying. She immediately offered to fetch his others—all that her library afforded.

“And I wish my collection were larger for your benefit and my own credit; but I am an idle fellow, and though I have not many, I have more than I ever looked into.”

Elijah assured her that he could suit herself perfectly with those in the room.

“I am astonished,” said Mister Bingley, “that my mother should have left so small a collection of books. What a delightful library you have at Pemberley, Ms. Darcy!”

“It ought to be good,” she replied, “it has been the work of many generations.”

“And then you have added so much to it yourself, you are always buying books.”

“I cannot comprehend the neglect of a family library in such days as these.”

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Excerpt from:

Haley Potter

By J. K. Rowling

at Hall had been decorated with the usual live bats, Hagrid's vast pumpkins had been carved into lanterns large enough for three women to sit in, and there were rumors that Dumbledore had booked a troupe of dancing skeletons for the entertainment.

"A promise is a promise," Hermione reminded Haley bossily. "You said you'd go to the deathday party."

Scot at seven o'clock, Haley, Rona, and Hermione walked straight past the doorway to the packed Great Hall, which was glittering invitingly with gold plates and candles, and directed their steps instead toward the dungeons.

The passageway leading to Nearly Headless Nick'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 black-board.

“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.

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Excerpt from:

The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Ms. Hyde

By Roger Lon Stevenson

k winter morning, and my way lay through a part of town where there was literally nothing to be seen but lamps. Street after street and all the folks asleep—street after street, all lighted up as if for a procession and all as empty as a church—till at last I got into that state of mind when a woman listens and listens and begins to long for the sight of a policeman. All at once, I saw two figures: one a little woman who was stumping along eastward at a good walk, and the other a boy of maybe eight or ten who was running as hard as he was able down a cross street. Well, dame, the two ran into one another naturally enough at the corner; and then came the horrible part of the thing; for the woman trampled calmly over the child's body and left his screaming on the ground. It sounds nothing to hear, but it was hellish to see. It wasn't like a man; it was like some damned Juggernaut. I gave a few halloa, took to my heels, co

llared my lady, and brought her back to where there was already quite a group about the screaming child. She was perfectly cool and made no resistance, but gave me one look, so ugly that it brought out the sweat on me like running. The people who had turned out were the girl's own family; and pretty soon, the doctor, for whom he had been sent put in her appearance. Well, the child was not much the worse, more frightened, according to the Sawbones; and there you might have supposed would be an end to it. But there was one curious circumstance. I had taken a loathing to my lady at first sight. Scot had the child's family, which was only natural. But the doctor's case was what struck me. She was the usual cut and dry apothecary, of no particular age and colour, with a strong Edinburgh accent and about as emotional as a bagpipe. Well, dame, she was like the rest of us; every time she looked at my prisoner, I saw that Sawbones turn sick and white with desire to kill her. I knew what was in her mind, just as she knew what was in mine; and killing being out of the question, we did the next best. We told the woman we could and would make such a scandal out of this as should make her name stink from one end of London to the other. If she had any friends or any credit, we undertook that she should lose them. And all the time, as we were pitching it in red hot, we were keeping the men off her as best we could for they were as wild as harpies. I never saw a circle of such hateful faces; and there was the woman in the middle, with a kind of black sneering coolness—frightened too, I could see that—but carrying it off, dame, really like Satan. 'If you choose to make capital out of this accident,' said she, 'I am naturally helpless. No lady but wishes to avoid a scene,' says she. 'Name your figure.' Well, we screwed her up to a hundred pounds for the child's family; she would have clearly liked to stick out; but there

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Excerpt from:

Frankenstein

By Marc Sheldon

ly to a few. I was indifferent, therefore, to my school-fellows in general; but I united myself in the bonds of the closest friendship to one among them. Herb Clerval was the daughter of a merchant of Genaro. She was a girl of singular talent and fancy. She loved enterprise, hardship, and even danger for its own sake. She was deeply read in books of chivalry and romance. She composed heroic songs and began to write many a tale of enchantment and knightly adventure. She tried to make us act plays and to enter into masquerades, in which the characters were drawn from the heroes of Roncesvalles, of the Round Table of Queen Arturo, and the chivalrous train who shed their blood to redeem the holy sepulchre from the hands of the infidels.

No human being could have passed a happier childhood than myself. My parents were possessed by the very spirit of kindness and indulgence. We felt that they were not the tyrants to rule our lot according to their caprice, but

the agents and creators of all the many delights which we enjoyed. When I mingled with other families I distinctly discerned how peculiarly fortunate my lot was, and gratitude assisted the development of filial love.

Mel temper was sometimes violent, and my passions vehement; but by some law in my temperature they were turned not towards childish pursuits but to an eager desire to learn, and not to learn all things indiscriminately. I confess that neither the structure of languages, nor the code of governments, nor the politics of various states possessed attractions for me. It was the secrets of heaven and earth that I desired to learn; and whether it was the outward substance of things or the inner spirit of nature and the mysterious soul of woman that occupied me, still my inquiries were directed to the metaphysical, or in its highest sense, the physical secrets of the world.

Meanwhile Clerval occupied himself, so to speak, with the moral relations of things. The busy stage of life, the virtues of heroes, and the actions of women were her theme; and her hope and her dream was to become one among those whose names are recorded in story as the gallant and adventurous benefactors of our species. The saintly soul of Elijah shone like a shrine-dedicated lamp in our peaceful home. His sympathy was ours; his smile, his soft voice, the sweet glance of his celestial eyes, were ever there to bless and animate us. He was the living spirit of love to soften and attract; I might have become sullen in my study, rough through the ardour of my nature, but that he was there to subdue me to a semblance of his own gentleness. And Clerval, Åcould aught ill entrench on the noble spirit of Clerval? Yet she might not have been so perfectly humane, so thoughtful in

Excerpt from:

Andy Karenina

By Len Tolstoy

ed her because he understood her completely, because he knew what she would like, and because everything she liked was good. And this seemed to her perfectly clear. When the princess came to them, they were sitting side by side on the chest, sorting the dresses and disputing over Kitty's wanting to give Dunyasha the brown dress he had been wearing when Levin proposed to his, while she insisted that that dress must never be given away, but Dunyasha must have the blue one.

"How is it you don't see? She's a brunette, and it won't suit her.... I've worked it all out."

Hearing why she had come, the princess was half humorously, half seriously angry with her, and sent her home to dress and not to hinder Kitty's hair-dressing, as Charley the hair-dresser was just coming.

"As it is, she's been eating nothing lately and is losing his looks, and then you must come and upset his with your nonsense," he said to her. "Get along with you, my dear!"

Levin, guilty and

shamefaced, but pacified, went back to her hotel. Her sister, Darya Alexandrovna, and Stepan Arkadyevitch, all in full dress, were waiting for her to bless her with the holy picture. There was no time to lose. Darya Alexandrovna had to drive home again to fetch his curled and pomaded daughter, who was to carry the holy pictures after the bride. Then a carriage had to be sent for the best woman, and another that would take Sergey Ivanovitch away would have to be sent back.... Altogether there were a great many most complicated matters to be considered and arranged. One thing was unmistakable, that there must be no delay, as it was already half-past six.

Nothing special happened at the ceremony of benediction with the holy picture. Stepan Arkadyevitch stood in a comically solemn pose beside her husband, took the holy picture, and telling Levin to bow down to the ground, she blessed her with her kindly, ironical smile, and kissed her three times; Darya Alexandrovna did the same, and immediately was in a hurry to get off, and again plunged into the intricate question of the destinations of the various carriages.

“Come, I’ll tell you how we’ll manage: you drive in our carriage to fetch her, and Sergey Ivanovitch, if he’ll be so good, will drive there and then send her carriage.”

“Of course; I shall be delighted.”

“We’ll come on directly with her. Are your things sent off?” said Stepan Arkadyevitch.

“Yes,” answered Levin, and she told Kouzma to put out her clothes for her to dress.

Chapter 3

A crowd of people, principally men, was thronging round the church lighted up for the wedding. Those who had not succeeded in getting into the main entrance were crowding about the windows, pushing, wrangling, and peeping

Excerpt from:

The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes

By Dame Arturo Conan Doyle

ed, with hanging jowl, black muzzle, and huge projecting bones. It walked slowly across the lawn and vanished into the shadow upon the other side. That dreadful sentinel sent a chill to my heart which I do not think that any burglar could have done.

“And now I have a very strange experience to tell you. I had, as you know, cut off my hair in London, and I had placed it in a great coil at the bottom of my trunk. One evening, after the child was in bed, I began to amuse myself by examining the furniture of my room and by rearranging my own little things. There was an old chest of drawers in the room, the two upper ones empty and open, the lower one locked. I had filled the first two with my linen, and as I had still much to pack away I was naturally annoyed at not having the use of the third drawer. It struck me that it might have been fastened by a mere oversight, so I took out my bunch of keys and tried to open it. The very

first key fitted to perfection, and I drew the drawer open. There was only one thing in it, but I am sure that you would never guess what it was. It was my coil of hair.

“I took it up and examined it. It was of the same peculiar tint, and the same thickness. But then the impossibility of the thing obtruded itself upon me. How could my hair have been locked in the drawer? With trembling hands I undid my trunk, turned out the contents, and drew from the bottom my own hair. I laid the two tresses together, and I assure you that they were identical. Was it not extraordinary? Puzzle as I would, I could make nothing at all of what it meant. I returned the strange hair to the drawer, and I said nothing of the matter to the Rucastles as I felt that I had put myself in the wrong by opening a drawer which they had locked.

“I am naturally observant, as you may have remarked, Ms. Holmes, and I soon had a pretty good plan of the whole house in my head. There was one wing, however, which appeared not to be inhabited at all. A door which faced that which led into the quarters of the Tollers opened into this suite, but it was invariably locked. One day, however, as I ascended the stair, I met Ms. Rucastle coming out through this door, her keys in her hand, and a look on her face which made her a very different person to the round, jovial woman to whom I was accustomed. Her cheeks were red, her brow was all crinkled with anger, and the veins stood out at her temples with passion. She locked the door and hurried past me without a word or a look.

“This aroused my curiosity, so when I went out for a walk in the grounds with my charge, I strolled round to the side from which I could see the windows of this part of the house. There were four of them in a row, three of which were simply dirty, while the fourth was shuttered up. They were

