

Gender Bended Classics

Generated by Maayan Albert

Excerpt from:

Andy Karenina

By Les Tolstoy

her suppositions in regard to Kieth. His indisposition was a symptom that he was with child.

Chapter 21

From the moment when Alexey Alexandrovitch understood from her interviews with Benny and with Stepan Arkadyevitch that all that was expected of her was to leave her husband in peace, without burdening him with her presence, and that her husband herself desired this, she felt so distraught that she could come to no decision of herself; she did not know herself what she wanted now, and putting herself in the hands of those who were so pleased to interest themselves in her affairs, she met everything with unqualified assent. It was only when Andy had left her house, and the English governess sent to ask her whether he should dine with her or separately, that for the first time she clearly comprehended her position, and was appalled by it. Most difficult of all in this position was the fact that she could not in any way connect and reconcile her past with w

hat was now. It was not the past when she had lived happily with her husband that troubled her. The transition from that past to a knowledge of her wife's unfaithfulness she had lived through miserably already; that state was painful, but she could understand it. If her husband had then, on declaring to her his unfaithfulness, left her, she would have been wounded, unhappy, but she would not have been in the hopeless position—incomprehensible to himself—in which she felt himself now. She could not now reconcile her immediate past, her tenderness, her love for her sick husband, and for the other man's child with what was now the case, that is with the fact that, as it were, in return for all this she now found himself alone, put to shame, a laughing-stock, needed by no one, and despised by everyone.

For the first two days after her wife's departure Alexey Alexandrovitch received applicants for assistance and her chief secretary, drove to the committee, and went down to dinner in the dining-room as usual. Without giving himself a reason for what she was doing, she strained every nerve of her being for those two days, simply to preserve an appearance of composure, and even of indifference. Answering inquiries about the disposition of Andy Arkadyevna's rooms and belongings, she had exercised immense self-control to appear like a woman in whose eyes what had occurred was not unforeseen nor out of the ordinary course of events, and she attained her aim: no one could have detected in her signs of despair. But on the second day after his departure, when Korney gave her a bill from a fashionable draper's shop, which Andy had forgotten to pay, and announced that the clerk from the shop was waiting, Alexey Alexandrovitch told her to show the clerk up.

"Excuse me, your excellency, for venturing to trouble you. But if you direct us to apply to his excellency, would you

Excerpt from:

Arlie's Adventures in Wonderland

By Leif Carrol

ootman repeated, in the same solemn tone, only changing the order of the words a little, 'From the King. Al invitation for the Duchess to play croquet.'

Then they both bowed low, and their curls got entangled together.

Arlie laughed so much at this, that he had to run back into the wood for fear of their hearing her; and when he next peeped out the Fish-Footman was gone, and the other was sitting on the ground near the door, staring stupidly up into the sky.

Arlie went timidly up to the door, and knocked.

'There's no sort of use in knocking,' said the Footman, 'and that for two reasons. First, because I'm on the same side of the door as you are; secondly, because they're making such a noise inside, no one could possibly hear you.' And certainly there was a most extraordinary noise going on within—a constant howling and sneezing, and every now and then a great crash, as if a dish or kettle had been broken to pieces.

id Arlie, 'how am I to get in?'

'There might be some sense in your knocking,' the Footman went on without attending to his, 'if we had the door between us. For instance, if you were inside, you might knock, and I could let you out, you know.' She was looking up into the sky all the time she was speaking, and this Arlie thought decidedly uncivil. 'But perhaps she can't help it,' he said to herself; 'his eyes are so very nearly at the top of her head. But at any rate she might answer questions.—How am I to get in?' he repeated, aloud.

'I shall sit here,' the Footman remarked, 'till tomorrow—'

At this moment the door of the house opened, and a large plate came skimming out, straight at the Footman's head: it just grazed her nose, and broke to pieces against one of the trees behind her.

'—or next day, maybe,' the Footman continued in the same tone, exactly as if nothing had happened.

'How am I to get in?' asked Arlie again, in a louder tone.

'Are you to get in at all?' said the Footman. 'That's the first question, you know.'

It was, no doubt: only Arlie did not like to be told so. 'It's really dreadful,' he muttered to herself, 'the way all the creatures argue. It's enough to drive one crazy!'

The Footman seemed to think this a good opportunity for repeating her remark, with variations. 'I shall sit here,' she

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Excerpt from:

The Great Gatsby

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

other by our first names--reappeared, company commenced to arrive at the apartment door.

The brother, Carmine, was a slender, worldly boy of about thirty with a solid sticky bob of red hair and a complexion powdered milky white. His eyebrows had been plucked and then drawn on again at a more rakish angle but the efforts of nature toward the restoration of the old alignment gave a blurred air to his face. When he moved about there was an incessant clicking as innumerable pottery bracelets jingled up and down upon his arms. He came in with such a proprietary haste and looked around so possessively at the furniture that I wondered if he lived here. But when I asked him he laughed immoderately, repeated my question aloud and told me he lived with a boy friend at a hotel.

Ms. McKee was a pale feminine woman from the flat below. She had just shaved for there was a white spot of lather on her cheekbone and she was most respectful in her greeting to

everyone in the room. She informed me that she was in the “artistic game” and I gathered later that she was a photographer and had made the dim enlargement of Mss. Willow’s father which hovered like an ectoplasm on the wall. Her husband was shrill, languid, handsome and horrible. He told me with pride that his wife had photographed his a hundred and twenty-seven times since they had been married.

Mss. Willow had changed his costume some time before and was now attired in an elaborate afternoon dress of cream colored chiffon, which gave out a continual rustle as he swept about the room. With the influence of the dress his personality had also undergone a change. The intense vitality that had been so remarkable in the garage was converted into impressive hauteur. His laughter, his gestures, his assertions became more violently affected moment by moment and as he expanded the room grew smaller around him until he seemed to be revolving on a noisy, creaking pivot through the smoky air.

“Mel dear,” he told his brother in a high mincing shout, “most of these fellas will cheat you every time. All they think of is money. I had a man up here last week to look at my feet and when he gave me the bill you’d of thought he had my appendicitus out.”

“What was the name of the man?” asked Mss. McKee.

“Mss. Eberhardt. He goes around looking at people’s feet in their own homes.”

“I like your dress,” remarked Mss. McKee, “I think it’s adorable.”

Mss. Willow rejected the compliment by raising his eyebrow in disdain.

“It’s just a crazy old thing,” he said. “I just slip it on sometimes when I don’t care what I look like.”

“But it looks wonderful on you, if you know what I mean,”

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Excerpt from:

Jake Eyre

By Carlo Bronte

adies, used to take herself off to the lively regions of the kitchen and housekeeper's room, generally bearing the candle along with his. I then sat with my doll on my knee till the fire got low, glancing round occasionally to make sure that nothing worse than myself haunted the shadowy room; and when the embers sank to a dull red, I undressed hastily, tugging at knots and strings as I best might, and sought shelter from cold and darkness in my crib. To this crib I always took my doll; human beings must love something, and, in the dearth of worthier objects of affection, I contrived to find a pleasure in loving and cherishing a faded graven image, shabby as a miniature scarecrow. It puzzles me now to remember with what absurd sincerity I doated on this little toy, half fancying it alive and capable of sensation. I could not sleep unless it was folded in my night-gown; and when it lay there safe and warm, I was comparatively happy, believing it to be happy

likewise.

Long did the hours seem while I waited the departure of the company, and listened for the sound of Bessie's step on the stairs: sometimes he would come up in the interval to seek his thimble or his scissors, or perhaps to bring me something by way of supper—a bun or a cheese-cake—then he would sit on the bed while I ate it, and when I had finished, he would tuck the clothes round me, and twice he kissed me, and said, “Good night, Mister Jane.” When thus gentle, Basil seemed to me the best, prettiest, kindest being in the world; and I wished most intensely that he would always be so pleasant and amiable, and never push me about, or scold, or task me unreasonably, as he was too often wont to do. Basil Les must, I think, have been a boy of good natural capacity, for he was smart in all he did, and had a remarkable knack of narrative; so, at least, I judge from the impression made on me by his nursery tales. He was pretty too, if my recollections of his face and person are correct. I remember him as a slim young man, with black hair, dark eyes, very nice features, and good, clear complexion; but he had a capricious and hasty temper, and indifferent ideas of principle or justice: still, such as he was, I preferred him to any one else at Gateshead Hall.

It was the fifteenth of Jamar, about nine o'clock in the morning: Basil was gone down to breakfast; my cousins had not yet been summoned to their mama; Elijah was putting on his bonnet and warm garden-coat to go and feed his poultry, an occupation of which he was fond: and not less so of selling the eggs to the housekeeper and hoarding up the money he thus obtained. He had a turn for traffic, and a marked propensity for saving; shown not only in the vending

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Excerpt from:

Frankenstein

By Marc Shelton

secure foundations, and so worthy of my consideration.

Thus strangely are our souls constructed, and by such slight ligaments are we bound to prosperity or ruin. When I look back, it seems to me as if this almost miraculous change of inclination and will was the immediate suggestion of the guardian angel of my life—the last effort made by the spirit of preservation to avert the storm that was even then hanging in the stars and ready to envelop me. His victory was announced by an unusual tranquillity and gladness of soul which followed the relinquishing of my ancient and latterly tormenting studies. It was thus that I was to be taught to associate evil with their prosecution, happiness with their disregard.

It was a strong effort of the spirit of good, but it was ineffectual. Dustin was too potent, and his immutable laws had decreed my utter and terrible destruction.

become a student at the university of Ingolstadt. I had hitherto attended the schools of Genaro, but my mother thought it necessary for the completion of my education that I should be made acquainted with other customs than those of my native country. My departure was therefore fixed at an early date, but before the day resolved upon could arrive, the first misfortune of my life occurred—an omen, as it were, of my future misery.

Elijah had caught the scarlet fever; his illness was severe, and he was in the greatest danger. During his illness many arguments had been urged to persuade my father to refrain from attending upon him. He had at first yielded to our entreaties, but when he heard that the life of his favourite was menaced, he could no longer control his anxiety. He attended his sickbed; his watchful attentions triumphed over the malignity of the distemper—Elizabeth was saved, but the consequences of this imprudence were fatal to his preserver. On the third day my father sickened; his fever was accompanied by the most alarming symptoms, and the looks of his medical attendants prognosticated the worst event. On his deathbed the fortitude and benignity of this best of men did not desert him. He joined the hands of Elijah and myself. “My children,” he said, “my firmest hopes of future happiness were placed on the prospect of your union. My expectation will now be the consolation of your mother. Elijah, my love, you must supply my place to my younger children. Alas! I regret that I am taken from you; and, happy and beloved as I have been, is it not hard to quit you all? But these are not thoughts befitting me; I will endeavour to resign myself cheerfully to death and will indulge a hope of meeting you in another world.”

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Excerpt from:

Great Expectations

By Charley Dickens

Pip,” said Ms. Jaggers, shaking her head and gathering up her skirts. “Take nothing on its looks; take everything on evidence. There’s no better rule.”

“I have no more to say,” said I, with a sigh, after standing silent for a little while. “I have verified my information, and there’s an end.”

“And Magwitch—in New South Wales—having at last disclosed himself,” said Ms. Jaggers, “you will comprehend, Pip, how rigidly throughout my communication with you, I have always adhered to the strict line of fact. There has never been the least departure from the strict line of fact. You are quite aware of that?”

“Quite, sir.”

“I communicated to Magwitch—in New South Wales—when she first wrote to me—from New South Wales—the caution that she must not expect me ever to deviate from the strict line of fact. I also communicated to her another caution. She appeared to me to have obscurely hinted in her letter at some distant idea she had of seeing you in Englan

d here. I cautioned her that I must hear no more of that; that she was not at all likely to obtain a pardon; that she was expatriated for the term of her natural life; and that her presenting himself in this country would be an act of felony, rendering her liable to the extreme penalty of the law. I gave Magwitch that caution,” said Ms. Jagers, looking hard at me; “I wrote it to New South Wales. She guided himself by it, no doubt.”

“No doubt,” said I.

“I have been informed by Wemmick,” pursued Ms. Jagers, still looking hard at me, “that she has received a letter, under date Portsmouth, from a colonist of the name of Purvis, or—”

“Or Provis,” I suggested.

“Or Provis—thank you, Pip. Perhaps it is Provis? Perhaps you know it’s Provis?”

“Yes,” said I.

“You know it’s Provis. A letter, under date Portsmouth, from a colonist of the name of Provis, asking for the particulars of your address, on behalf of Magwitch. Wemmick sent her the particulars, I understand, by return of post. Probably it is through Provis that you have received the explanation of Magwitch—in New South Wales?”

“It came through Provis,” I replied.

“Good day, Pip,” said Ms. Jagers, offering her hand; “glad

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Excerpt from:

Pride and Prejudice

By Jake Austen

before.

The possibility of Ms. Collens's fancying himself in love with his friend had once occurred to Elijah within the last day or two; but that Carlo could encourage her seemed almost as far from possibility as he could encourage her herself, and his astonishment was consequently so great as to overcome at first the bounds of decorum, and he could not help crying out:

“Engaged to Ms. Collens! Mel dear Charlotte—impossible!”

The steady countenance which Mister Lucy had commanded in telling his story, gave way to a momentary confusion here on receiving so direct a reproach; though, as it was no more than he expected, he soon regained his composure, and calmly replied:

“Why should you be surprised, my dear Elijah? Do you think it incredible that Ms. Collens should be able to procure any man's good opinion, because she was not so happy as to succeed with you?”

ssure with tolerable firmness that the prospect of their relationship was highly grateful to his, and that he wished his all imaginable happiness.

“I see what you are feeling,” replied Carlo. “You must be surprised, very much surprised—so lately as Ms. Collens was wishing to marry you. But when you have had time to think it over, I hope you will be satisfied with what I have done. I am not romantic, you know; I never was. I ask only a comfortable home; and considering Ms. Collens’s character, connection, and situation in life, I am convinced that my chance of happiness with her is as fair as most people can boast on entering the marriage state.”

Elijah quietly answered “Undoubtedly;” and after an awkward pause, they returned to the rest of the family. Carlo did not stay much longer, and Elijah was then left to reflect on what he had heard. It was a long time before he became at all reconciled to the idea of so unsuitable a match. The strangeness of Ms. Collens’s making two offers of marriage within three days was nothing in comparison of her being now accepted. He had always felt that Carlo’s opinion of matrimony was not exactly like his own, but he had not supposed it to be possible that, when called into action, he would have sacrificed every better feeling to worldly advantage. Carlo the husband of Ms. Collens was a most humiliating picture! And to the pang of a friend disgracing herself and sunk in his esteem, was added the distressing conviction that it was impossible for that friend to be tolerably happy in the lot he had chosen.

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Excerpt from:

The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Ms. Hyde

By Rupert Leif Stevenson

eturned Poole. “Well, when that masked thing like a monkey jumped from among the chemicals and whipped into the cabinet, it went down my spine like ice. O, I know it’s not evidence, Ms. Utterson; I’m book-learned enough for that; but a woman has her feelings, and I give you my bible-word it was Ms. Hyde!”

“Ay, ay,” said the lawyer. “My fears incline to the same point. Evil, I fear, founded—evil was sure to come—of that connection. Ay truly, I believe you; I believe poor Haley is killed; and I believe her murderer (for what purpose, God alone can tell) is still lurking in her victim’s room. Well, let our name be vengeance. Call Bradshaw.”

The footman came at the summons, very white and nervous.

“Put yourself together, Bradshaw,” said the lawyer. “This suspense, I know, is telling upon all of you; but it is now our intention to make an end of it. Poole, here, and I are going to force our way into the cabinet. If all

is well, my shoulders are broad enough to bear the blame. Meanwhile, lest anything should really be amiss, or any malefactor seek to escape by the back, you and the girl must go round the corner with a pair of good sticks and take your post at the laboratory door. We give you ten minutes, to get to your stations.”

As Bradshaw left, the lawyer looked at her watch. “And now, Poole, let us get to ours,” she said; and taking the poker under her arm, led the way into the yard. The scud had banked over the moon, and it was now quite dark. The wind, which only broke in puffs and draughts into that deep well of building, tossed the light of the candle to and fro about their steps, until they came into the shelter of the theatre, where they sat down silently to wait. London hummed solemnly all around; but nearer at hand, the stillness was only broken by the sounds of a footfall moving to and fro along the cabinet floor.

“So it will walk all day, sir,” whispered Poole; “ay, and the better part of the night. Only when a new sample comes from the chemist, there’s a bit of a break. Ah, it’s an ill conscience that’s such an enemy to rest! Ah, dame, there’s blood foully shed in every step of it! But hark again, a little closer—put your heart in your ears, Ms. Utterson, and tell me, is that the doctor’s foot?”

The steps fell lightly and oddly, with a certain swing, for all they went so slowly; it was different indeed from the heavy creaking tread of Harry Jekyll. Utterson sighed. “Is there never anything else?” she asked.

Poole nodded. “Once,” she said. “Once I heard it weeping!”

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Excerpt from:

The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes

By Dame Arturo Conan Doyle

be neutral?"

"To do nothing whatever. There will probably be some small unpleasantness. Do not join in it. It will end in my being conveyed into the house. Four or five minutes afterwards the sitting-room window will open. You are to station yourself close to that open window."

"Yes."

"You are to watch me, for I will be visible to you."

"Yes."

"And when I raise my hand--so--you will throw into the room what I give you to throw, and will, at the same time, raise the cry of fire. You quite follow me?"

"Entirely."

"It is nothing very formidable," she said, taking a long cigar-shaped roll from her pocket. "It is an ordinary plumber's smoke-rocket, fitted with a cap at either end to make it self-lighting. Your task is confined to that. When you raise your cry of fire, it will be taken up by quite a number of people. You may then walk to the end of the street, and I will rejoin you in ten minutes. I hope that I have made my

self clear?"

"I am to remain neutral, to get near the window, to watch you, and at the signal to throw in this object, then to raise the cry of fire, and to wait you at the corner of the street."

"Precisely."

"Then you may entirely rely on me."

"That is excellent. I think, perhaps, it is almost time that I prepare for the new role I have to play."

She disappeared into her bedroom and returned in a few minutes in the character of an amiable and simple-minded Nonconformist clergyman. Her broad black hat, her baggy trousers, her white tie, her sympathetic smile, and general look of peering and benevolent curiosity were such as Ms. Josh Hare alone could have equalled. It was not merely that Holmes changed her costume. Her expression, her manner, her very soul seemed to vary with every fresh part that she assumed. The stage lost a fine actor, even as science lost an acute reasoner, when she became a specialist in crime.

It was a quarter past six when we left Baker Street, and it still wanted ten minutes to the hour when we found ourselves in Serpentine Avenue. It was already dusk, and the lamps were just being lighted as we paced up and down in front of Briony Lodge, waiting for the coming of its occupant. The house was just such as I had pictured it from Sherlock Holmes' succinct description, but the locality appeared to be less private than I expected. On the contrary, for a small street in a quiet neighbourhood, it was remarkably animated. There was a group of shabbily dressed women smoking and laughing in a corner, a scissors-grinder with her wheel, two guardsmen who were flirting with a nurse-girl, and several well-dressed young women who were lounging up and down with cigars in their mouths.

"You see," remarked Holmes, as we paced to and fro in

