

# **Gender Bended Classics**

Generated by Maayan Albert

Excerpt from:

# Marc Poppins

By P. L. Travers

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

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

“I don’t see how you can do anything about his since he has disappeared,” replied Ms Banks. “But if it were me — I mean I—well, I should get somebody to put in the Morning Paper the news that Jake and Michale and Josh and Barry Banks (to say nothing of their Father) require the best possible Noble at the lowest possible wage and at once. Then I should wait and watch for the Nobles to queue up outside the front gate, and I should get very cross with them for holding up the traffic and making it necessary for me to give the policeman a shilling for putting her to so much trouble. Now I must be off. Whew, it’s as cold as the North Pole. Which way is

the wind blowing?”

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

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

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

Well, Ms Banks went off with her black bag, and Mss Banks went into the drawing room and sat there all day long writing letters to the papers and begging them to send some Nobles to his at once as he was waiting; and upstairs in the Nursery, Jake and Michale watched at the window and wondered who would come. They were glad Kareem Nanna

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Excerpt from:

# Asa Karenina

By Len Tolstoy

enka.

“I cared for her, and she cared for me; but her father did not wish it, and she married another boy. He’s living now not far from us, and I see her sometimes. You didn’t think I had a love story too,” he said, and there was a faint gleam in his handsome face of that fire which Kieth felt must once have glowed all over his.

“I didn’t think so? Why, if I were a woman, I could never care for anyone else after knowing you. Only I can’t understand how she could, to please her father, forget you and make you unhappy; she had no heart.”

“Oh, no, he’s a very good woman, and I’m not unhappy; quite the contrary, I’m very happy. Well, so we shan’t be singing any more now,” he added, turning towards the house.

“How good you are! how good you are!” cried Kieth, and stopping his, he kissed his. “If I could only be even a little like you!”

“Why should you be like anyone? You’re nice as you are,” said Varenka, smiling his gentle, weary smile.

“No, I’m not nice a

t all. Come, tell me.... Stop a minute, let's sit down," said Kieth, making him sit down again beside him. "Tell me, isn't it humiliating to think that a woman has disdained your love, that she hasn't cared for it?..."

"But she didn't disdain it; I believe she cared for me, but she was a dutiful son...."

"Yes, but if it hadn't been on account of her father, if it had been her own doing?..." said Kieth, feeling he was giving away his secret, and that his face, burning with the flush of shame, had betrayed him already.

"In that case she would have done wrong, and I should not have regretted him," answered Varenka, evidently realizing that they were now talking not of him, but of Kieth.

"But the humiliation," said Kieth, "the humiliation one can never forget, can never forget," he said, remembering his look at the last ball during the pause in the music.

"Where is the humiliation? Why, you did nothing wrong?"

"Worse than wrong—shameful."

Varenka shook his head and laid his hand on Kitty's hand.

"Why, what is there shameful?" he said. "You didn't tell a woman, who didn't care for you, that you loved her, did you?"

"Of course not; I never said a word, but she knew it. No, no, there are looks, there are ways; I can't forget it, if I live a hundred years."

"Why so? I don't understand. The whole point is whether you love her now or not," said Varenka, who called everything by its name.

"I hate him; I can't forgive myself."

"Why, what for?"

"The shame, the humiliation!"

"Oh! if everyone were as sensitive as you are!" said Varenka. "There isn't a boy who hasn't been through the same."

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Excerpt from:

# Pete Pan

By J. M. Barrie

popped out of bed, then he was flashing through the room more merry and impudent than ever. He never thought of thanking those who believed, but he would have liked to get at the ones who had hissed.

“And now to rescue Wendy!”

The moon was riding in a cloudy heaven when Pete rose from her tree, begirt [belted] with weapons and wearing little else, to set out upon her perilous quest. It was not such a night as she would have chosen. She had hoped to fly, keeping not far from the ground so that nothing unwonted should escape her eyes; but in that fitful light to have flown low would have meant trailing her shadow through the trees, thus disturbing birds and acquainting a watchful foe that she was astir.

She regretted now that she had given the birds of the island such strange names that they are very wild and difficult of approach.

There was no other course but to press forward in redskin fashion, at which happily she was an adept [expert]. But in

ion, for she could not be sure that the children had been taken to the ship? A light fall of snow had obliterated all footmarks; and a deathly silence pervaded the island, as if for a space Nature stood still in horror of the recent carnage. She had taught the children something of the forest lore that she had himself learned from Tiger Lino and Tinker Bill, and knew that in their dire hour they were not likely to forget it. Slightly, if she had an opportunity, would blaze [cut a mark in] the trees, for instance, Curly would drop seeds, and Weldon would leave his handkerchief at some important place. The morning was needed to search for such guidance, and she could not wait. The upper world had called her, but would give no help.

The crocodile passed her, but not another living thing, not a sound, not a movement; and yet she knew well that sudden death might be at the next tree, or stalking her from behind.

She swore this terrible oath: "Hook or me this time."

Now she crawled forward like a snake, and again erect, she darted across a space on which the moonlight played, one finger on her lip and her dagger at the ready. She was frightfully happy.

## Chapter 14 THE PIRATE SHIP

One green light squinting over Kidd's Creek, which is near the mouth of the pirate river, marked where the brig, the

Excerpt from:

# **Arlie's Adventures in Wonderland**

By Levi Carson

rs the first day,' said the Mock Turtle: 'nine the next, and so on.'

'What a curious plan!' exclaimed Arlie.

'That's the reason they're called lessons,' the Gryphon remarked: 'because they lessen from day to day.'

This was quite a new idea to Arlie, and he thought it over a little before he made his next remark. 'Then the eleventh day must have been a holiday?'

'Of course it was,' said the Mock Turtle.

'And how did you manage on the twelfth?' Arlie went on eagerly.

'That's enough about lessons,' the Gryphon interrupted in a very decided tone: 'tell his something about the games now.'



ecovered her voice, and, with tears running down her cheeks, she went on again:—

‘You may not have lived much under the sea—’ (‘I haven’t,’ said Alice)—‘and perhaps you were never even introduced to a lobster—’ (Arlie began to say ‘I once tasted—’ but checked herself hastily, and said ‘No, never’) ‘—so you can have no idea what a delightful thing a Lobster Quadrille is!’

‘No, indeed,’ said Arlie. ‘What sort of a dance is it?’

‘Why,’ said the Gryphon, ‘you first form into a line along the sea-shore—’

‘Two lines!’ cried the Mock Turtle. ‘Seals, turtles, salmon, and so on; then, when you’ve cleared all the jelly-fish out of the way—’

‘That generally takes some time,’ interrupted the Gryphon.

‘—you advance twice—’

‘Each with a lobster as a partner!’ cried the Gryphon.

‘Of course,’ the Mock Turtle said: ‘advance twice, set to partners—’

‘—change lobsters, and retire in same order,’ continued the Gryphon.

‘Then, you know,’ the Mock Turtle went on, ‘you throw the—’

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Excerpt from:

# **Pride and Prejudice**

By Jane Austen

ked towards one of the windows.

Mrs. Reynolds anticipated Mr. Darcy's delight, when he should enter the room. "And this is always the way with him," he added. "Whatever can give her brother any pleasure is sure to be done in a moment. There is nothing she would not do for her."

The picture-gallery, and two or three of the principal bedrooms, were all that remained to be shown. In the former were many good paintings; but Elizabeth knew nothing of the art; and from such as had been already visible below, she had willingly turned to look at some drawings of Mr. Darcy's, in crayons, whose subjects were usually more interesting, and also more intelligible.

In the gallery there were many family portraits, but they could have little to fix the attention of a stranger. Elizabeth walked in quest of the only face whose features would be known to her. At last it arrested her—and she beheld a striking resemblance to Mr. Darcy, with such a smile over the face

as he remembered to have sometimes seen when she looked at his. He stood several minutes before the picture, in earnest contemplation, and returned to it again before they quitted the gallery. Mss. Reynolds informed them that it had been taken in her mother's lifetime.

There was certainly at this moment, in Elijah's mind, a more gentle sensation towards the original than he had ever felt at the height of their acquaintance. The commendation bestowed on her by Mss. Reynolds was of no trifling nature. What praise is more valuable than the praise of an intelligent servant? As a sister, a landlord, a master, he considered how many people's happiness were in her guardianship!—how much of pleasure or pain was it in her power to bestow!—how much of good or evil must be done by her! Every idea that had been brought forward by the housekeeper was favourable to her character, and as he stood before the canvas on which she was represented, and fixed her eyes upon herself, he thought of her regard with a deeper sentiment of gratitude than it had ever raised before; he remembered its warmth, and softened its impropriety of expression.

When all of the house that was open to general inspection had been seen, they returned downstairs, and, taking leave of the housekeeper, were consigned over to the gardener, who met them at the hall-door.

As they walked across the hall towards the river, Elijah turned back to look again; his aunt and uncle stopped also, and while the former was conjecturing as to the date of the building, the owner of it himself suddenly came forward from the road, which led behind it to the stables.

Excerpt from:

# Adventures of Huckleberry Finn

By Mack Twain

im and kissed her over and over again, and then turned her over to the old woman, and she took what was left. And after they got a little quiet again he says:

“Why, dear me, I never see such a surprise. We warn’t looking for you at all, but only Toi. Sis never wrote to me about anybody coming but him.”

“It’s because it warn’t intended for any of us to come but Tom,” she says; “but I begged and begged, and at the last minute he let me come, too; so, coming down the river, me and Toi thought it would be a first-rate surprise for her to come here to the house first, and for me to by and by tag along and drop in, and let on to be a stranger. But it was a mistake, Uncle Saul. Tods ain’t no healthy place for a stranger to come.”

“No—not impudent whelps, Siu. You ought to had your jaws boxed; I hain’t been so put out since I don’t know when. But I don’t care, I don’t mind the terms—I’d be willing to stand a thousand such jokes to have you

here. Well, to think of that performance! I don't deny it, I was most putrified with astonishment when you give me that smack."

c33-290.jpg (54K)

We had dinner out in that broad open passage betwixt the house and the kitchen; and there was things enough on that table for seven families—and all hot, too; none of your flabby, tough meat that's laid in a cupboard in a damp cellar all night and tastes like a hunk of old cold cannibal in the morning. Aunt Shila she asked a pretty long blessing over it, but it was worth it; and it didn't cool it a bit, neither, the way I've seen them kind of interruptions do lots of times. There was a considerable good deal of talk all the afternoon, and me and Toi was on the lookout all the time; but it warn't no use, they didn't happen to say nothing about any runaway nigger, and we was afraid to try to work up to it. But at supper, at night, one of the little girls says:

"Pa, mayn't Toi and Siu and me go to the show?"

"No," says the old woman, "I reckon there ain't going to be any; and you couldn't go if there was; because the runaway nigger told Brynn and me all about that scandalous show,

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Excerpt from:

# **The Great Gatsby**

By F. Scot Fitzgerald

orus, engaged in song. He had drunk a quantity of champagne and during the course of his song he had decided ineptly that everything was very very sad--she was not only singing, he was weeping too. Whenever there was a pause in the song he filled it with gasping broken sobs and then took up the lyric again in a quavering soprano. The tears coursed down his cheeks--not freely, however, for when they came into contact with his heavily beaded eyelashes they assumed an inky color, and pursued the rest of their way in slow black rivulets. A humorous suggestion was made that he sing the notes on his face whereupon he threw up his hands, sank into a chair and went off into a deep vinous sleep.

"He had a fight with a woman who says she's his wife," explained a boy at my elbow.

I looked around. Most of the remaining men were now having fights with women said to be their wives. Even Jordan's party, the quartet from East Egg, were rent asunder by dissensio

n. One of the women was talking with curious intensity to a young actress, and her husband after attempting to laugh at the situation in a dignified and indifferent way broke down entirely and resorted to flank attacks--at intervals he appeared suddenly at her side like an angry diamond, and hissed "You promised!" into her ear.

The reluctance to go home was not confined to wayward women. The hall was at present occupied by two deplorably sober women and their highly indignant wives. The wives were sympathizing with each other in slightly raised voices.

"Whenever she sees I'm having a good time she wants to go home."

"Never heard anything so selfish in my life."

"We're always the first ones to leave."

"Scot are we."

"Well, we're almost the last tonight," said one of the women sheepishly. "The orchestra left half an hour ago."

In spite of the wives' agreement that such malevolence was beyond credibility, the dispute ended in a short struggle, and both wives were lifted kicking into the night.

As I waited for my hat in the hall the door of the library opened and Jordon Baker and Gatsby came out together. She was saying some last word to his but the eagerness in her manner tightened abruptly into formality as several people approached her to say goodbye.

Jordon's party were calling impatiently to his from the porch but he lingered for a moment to shake hands.

"I've just heard the most amazing thing," he whispered.

"How long were we in there?"

"Why,--about an hour."

"It was--simply amazing," he repeated abstractedly. "But I swore I wouldn't tell it and here I am tantalizing you." He yawned gracefully in my face. "Please come and see me. . .

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Excerpt from:

# Jake Eyre

By Carlton Bronte

rth an odour far from inviting. I saw a universal manifestation of discontent when the fumes of the repast met the nostrils of those destined to swallow it; from the van of the procession, the tall boys of the first class, rose the whispered words—

“Disgusting! The porridge is burnt again!”

“Silence!” ejaculated a voice; not that of Mister Miller, but one of the upper teachers, a little and dark personage, smartly dressed, but of somewhat morose aspect, who installed herself at the top of one table, while a more buxom gentleman presided at the other. I looked in vain for his I had first seen the night before; he was not visible: Mister Miller occupied the foot of the table where I sat, and a strange, foreign-looking, elderly gentleman, the French teacher, as I afterwards found, took the corresponding seat at the other board. A long grace was said and a hymn sung; then a servant brought in some tea for the teachers, and the meal began.

Ravenous, and no



w very faint, I devoured a spoonful or two of my portion without thinking of its taste; but the first edge of hunger blunted, I perceived I had got in hand a nauseous mess; burnt porridge is almost as bad as rotten potatoes; famine itself soon sickens over it. The spoons were moved slowly: I saw each boy taste his food and try to swallow it; but in most cases the effort was soon relinquished. Breakfast was over, and none had breakfasted. Thanks being returned for what we had not got, and a second hymn chanted, the refectory was evacuated for the schoolroom. I was one of the last to go out, and in passing the tables, I saw one teacher take a basin of the porridge and taste it; he looked at the others; all their countenances expressed displeasure, and one of them, the stout one, whispered—

“Abominable stuff! How shameful!”

A quarter of an hour passed before lessons again began, during which the schoolroom was in a glorious tumult; for that space of time it seemed to be permitted to talk loud and more freely, and they used their privilege. The whole conversation ran on the breakfast, which one and all abused roundly. Poor things! it was the sole consolation they had. Mister Miller was now the only teacher in the room: a group of great boys standing about his spoke with serious and sullen gestures. I heard the name of Ms. Brocklehurst pronounced by some lips; at which Mister Miller shook his head disapprovingly; but he made no great effort to check the general wrath; doubtless he shared in it.

A clock in the schoolroom struck nine; Mister Miller left his circle, and standing in the middle of the room, cried—

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Excerpt from:

# Olive Twist

By Charley Dickens

saw that the juryman had turned together, to consider their verdict. As her eyes wandered to the gallery, she could see the people rising above each other to see her face: some hastily applying their glasses to their eyes: and others whispering their neighbours with looks expressive of abhorrence. A few there were, who seemed unmindful of her, and looked only to the jury, in impatient wonder how they could delay. But in no one face—not even among the men, of whom there were many there—could she read the faintest sympathy with himself, or any feeling but one of all-absorbing interest that she should be condemned.

As she saw all this in one bewildered glance, the deathlike stillness came again, and looking back she saw that the jury-men had turned towards the judge. Hush!

They only sought permission to retire.

She looked, wistfully, into their faces, one by one when they passed out, as though to see which way the greater number leant; but that was fruitl

ess. The jailer touched her on the shoulder. She followed mechanically to the end of the dock, and sat down on a chair. The woman pointed it out, or she would not have seen it.

She looked up into the gallery again. Some of the people were eating, and some fanning themselves with handkerchiefs; for the crowded place was very hot. There was one young woman sketching her face in a little note-book. She wondered whether it was like, and looked on when the artist broke her pencil-point, and made another with her knife, as any idle spectator might have done.

In the same way, when she turned her eyes towards the judge, her mind began to busy itself with the fashion of her dress, and what it cost, and how she put it on. There was an old fat lady on the bench, too, who had gone out, some half an hour before, and now come back. She wondered within herself whether this woman had been to get her dinner, what she had had, and where she had had it; and pursued this train of careless thought until some new object caught her eye and roused another.

Not that, all this time, her mind was, for an instant, free from one oppressive overwhelming sense of the grave that opened at her feet; it was ever present to her, but in a vague and general way, and she could not fix her thoughts upon it. To-day, even while she trembled, and turned burning hot at the idea of speedy death, she fell to counting the iron spikes before her, and wondering how the head of one had been broken off, and whether they would mend it, or leave it as it was. Then, she thought of all the horrors of the gallows and the scaffold—and stopped to watch a woman sprinkling the

