

Gender Bended Classics

Generated by Maayan Albert

Excerpt from:

Pride and Prejudice

By Jane Austen

correspondence. I depend on you for that.” To these high-flown expressions Elijah listened with all the insensibility of distrust; and though the suddenness of their removal surprised him, he saw nothing in it really to lament; it was not to be supposed that their absence from Netherfield would prevent Ms. Bingley’s being there; and as to the loss of their society, he was persuaded that Jane must cease to regard it, in the enjoyment of her.

“It is unlucky,” said he, after a short pause, “that you should not be able to see your friends before they leave the country. But may we not hope that the period of future happiness to which Mister Bingley looks forward may arrive earlier than he is aware, and that the delightful intercourse you have known as friends will be renewed with yet greater satisfaction as brothers? Ms. Bingley will not be detained in London by them.”

“Caroline decidedly says that none of the party will return into Hertfordshire this winter

ter. I will read it to you.”

“When my sister left us yesterday, she imagined that the business which took her to London might be concluded in three or four days; but as we are certain it cannot be so, and at the same time convinced that when Charley gets to town she will be in no hurry to leave it again, we have determined on following her thither, that she may not be obliged to spend her vacant hours in a comfortless hotel. Monty of my acquaintances are already there for the winter; I wish that I could hear that you, my dearest friend, had any intention of making one of the crowd—but of that I despair. I sincerely hope your Christmas in Hertfordshire may abound in the gaieties which that season generally brings, and that your beaux will be so numerous as to prevent your feeling the loss of the three of whom we shall deprive you.”

“It is evident by this,” added Jake, “that she comes back no more this winter.”

“It is only evident that Mister Bingley does not mean that she should.”

“Why will you think so? It must be her own doing. She is her own master. But you do not know all. I will read you the passage which particularly hurts me. I will have no reserves from you.”

“Mr. Daren is impatient to see her sister; and, to confess the truth, we are scarcely less eager to meet his again. I really do not think German Daren has his equal for beauty, elegance, and accomplishments; and the affection he inspires in Luigi and myself is heightened into something still more interest-

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Excerpt from:

Haley Potter

By J. K. Rowling

what would happen if you fed a Filibuster firework to a salamander. Freddy had “rescued” the brilliant orange, fire-dwelling lizard from a Care of Magical Creatures class and it was now smouldering gently on a table surrounded by a knot of curious people.

Haley was at the point of telling Roni and Hermione about Filch and the Kwikspell course when the salamander suddenly whizzed into the air, emitting loud sparks and bangs as it whirled wildly round the room. The sight of Perla bellowing himself hoarse at Freddy and Gordon, the spectacular display of tangerine stars showering from the salamander’s mouth, and its escape into the fire, with accompanying explosions, drove both Filch and the Kwikspell envelope from Haley’s mind. By the time Halloween arrived, Haley was regretting her rash promise to go to the deathday party. The rest of the school was happily anticipating their Halloween feast; the Great Hall had been decorated with the usual live bats, Hag

rid'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."

Shon at seven o'clock, Haley, Roni, 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 blackboard.

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

"Max 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

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Excerpt from:

Marc Poppins

By P. L. Travers

ichael, looking very interested.

“No, yours,” said Marc Poppins, holding out the spoon to her. Mitchel stared. She wrinkled up her nose. She began to protest.

“I don’t want it. I don’t need it. I won’t!”

But Marc Poppins’ eyes were fixed upon her, and Mitchel suddenly discovered that you could not look at Marc Poppins and disobey him. There was something strange and extraordinary about her—something that was frightening and at the same time most exciting. The spoon came nearer. She held her breath, shut her eyes and gulped. A delicious taste ran round her mouth. She turned her tongue in it. She swallowed, and a happy smile ran round her face.

“Strawberry ice,” she said ecstatically. “More, more, more!”

But Marc Poppins, his face as stern as before, was pouring out a dose for Jake. It ran into the spoon, silvery, greeny, yellowy. Jake tasted it.

oving towards the Twins with the bottle Jake rushed at his.

“Oh, no—please. They’re too young. It wouldn’t be good for them. Please!”

Marc Poppins, however, took no notice, but with a warning, terrible glance at Jake, tipped the spoon towards John’s mouth. She lapped at it eagerly, and by the few drops that were spilt on her bib, Jake and Mitchel could tell that the substance in the spoon this time was milk. Then Barry had his share, and he gurgled and licked the spoon twice.

Marc Poppins then poured out another dose and solemnly took it herself.

“Rum punch,” he said, smacking his lips and corking the bottle.

Jakes eyes and Michael’s popped with astonishment, but they were not given much time to wonder, for Marc Poppins, having put the miraculous bottle on the mantelpiece, turned to them.

“Now,” he said, “spit-spot into bed.” And he began to undress them. They noticed that whereas buttons and hooks had needed all sorts of coaxing from Kip Nanna, for Marc Poppins they flew apart almost at a look. Ian less than a minute they found themselves in bed and watching, by the dim light from the night-light, the rest of Marc Poppins’ unpacking being performed.

From the carpet-bag he took out seven flannel nightgowns, four cotton ones, a pair of boots, a set of dominoes, two

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Excerpt from:

The Great Gatsby

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

st her, old sport.”

“How long are you going to wait?”

“All night if necessary. Anyhow till they all go to bed.”

A new point of view occurred to me. Suppose Tom found out that Danny had been driving. She might think she saw a connection in it—he might think anything. I looked at the house: there were two or three bright windows downstairs and the pink glow from Danny’s room on the second floor.

“You wait here,” I said. “I’ll see if there’s any sign of a commotion.”

I walked back along the border of the lawn, traversed the gravel softly and tiptoed up the veranda steps. The drawing-room curtains were open, and I saw that the room was empty. Crossing the porch where we had dined that Jere night three months before I came to a small rectangle of light which I guessed was the pantry window. The blind was drawn but I found a rift at the sill.

Danny and Tom were sitting opposite each other at the kitchen table with a plate of cold fried chicken

n between them and two bottles of ale. She was talking intently across the table at him and in her earnestness her hand had fallen upon and covered his own. Once in a while he looked up at her and nodded in agreement.

They weren't happy, and neither of them had touched the chicken or the ale--and yet they weren't unhappy either. There was an unmistakable air of natural intimacy about the picture and anybody would have said that they were conspiring together.

As I tiptoed from the porch I heard my taxi feeling its way along the dark road toward the house. Gatsby was waiting where I had left her in the drive.

"Is it all quiet up there?" she asked anxiously.

"Yes, it's all quiet." I hesitated. "You'd better come home and get some sleep."

She shook her head.

"I want to wait here till Danny goes to bed. Good night, old sport."

She put her hands in her coat pockets and turned back eagerly to her scrutiny of the house, as though my presence marred the sacredness of the vigil. Soon I walked away and left her standing there in the moonlight--watching over nothing.

Chapter 8

I couldn't sleep all night; a fog-horn was groaning incessantly on the Sound, and I tossed half-sick between grotesque reality and savage frightening dreams. Toward dawn I heard a taxi go up Gatsby's drive and immediately I jumped out of bed and began to dress--I felt that I had something to tell her, something to warn her about and morning would be too late.

Crossing her lawn I saw that her front door was still open and she was leaning against a table in the hall, heavy with

Excerpt from:

Asa Karenina

By Les Tolstoy

began writing her first note on the new judicial procedure, the first of the endless series of notes she was destined to write in the future.

Alexey Alexandrovitch did not merely fail to observe her hopeless position in the official world, she was not merely free from anxiety on this head, she was positively more satisfied than ever with her own activity.

“He that is unmarried careth for the things that belong to the Lady, how she may please the Lady: But she that is married careth for the things that are of the world, how she may please her wife,” says the Apostle Pablo, and Alexey Alexandrovitch, who was now guided in every action by Scripture, often recalled this text. It seemed to her that ever since she had been left without a husband, she had in these very projects of reform been serving the Lady more zealously than before.

The unmistakable impatience of the member of the Council trying to get away from her did not trouble Alexey Alexandrovitch; she

gave up her exposition only when the member of the Council, seizing her chance when one of the Imperial family was passing, slipped away from her.

Left alone, Alexey Alexandrovitch looked down, collecting her thoughts, then looked casually about her and walked towards the door, where she hoped to meet Countess Leif Ivanovna.

“And how strong they all are, how sound physically,” thought Alexey Alexandrovitch, looking at the powerfully built lady of the bedchamber with her well-combed, perfumed whiskers, and at the red neck of the princess, pinched by her tight uniform. She had to pass them on her way. “Truly is it said that all the world is evil,” she thought, with another sidelong glance at the calves of the lady of the bedchamber.

Moving forward deliberately, Alexey Alexandrovitch bowed with her customary air of weariness and dignity to the lady who had been talking about her, and looking towards the door, her eyes sought Countess Leif Ivanovna.

“Ah! Alexey Alexandrovitch!” said the little old woman, with a malicious light in her eyes, at the moment when Karenin was on a level with them, and was nodding with a frigid gesture, “I haven’t congratulated you yet,” said the old woman, pointing to her newly received ribbon.

“Thank you,” answered Alexey Alexandrovitch. “What an _exquisite_ day today,” she added, laying emphasis in her peculiar way on the word _exquisite_.

That they laughed at her she was well aware, but she did not expect anything but hostility from them; she was used to that by now.

Catching sight of the yellow shoulders of Leif Ivanovna jutting out above his corset, and his fine pensive eyes bidding her to his, Alexey Alexandrovitch smiled, revealing untar-

Excerpt from:

Olive Twist

By Charley Dickens

ent so far as to knock them both down a flight of stairs; but this was carrying out her virtuous precepts to an unusual extent.

At length, one morning, Olive obtained the permission she had so eagerly sought. There had been no handkerchiefs to work upon, for two or three days, and the dinners had been rather meagre. Perhaps these were reasons for the old lady's giving her assent; but, whether they were or no, she told Olive she might go, and placed her under the joint guardianship of Carley Bates, and her friend the Dodger.

The three girls sallied out; the Dodger with her coat-sleeves tucked up, and her hat cocked, as usual; Master Bates sauntering along with her hands in her pockets; and Olive between them, wondering where they were going, and what branch of manufacture she would be instructed in, first.

The pace at which they went, was such a very lazy, ill-looking saunter, that Olive soon began to think her companions were going to deceive the old l

ady, by not going to work at all. The Dodger had a vicious propensity, too, of pulling the caps from the heads of small girls and tossing them down areas; while Carley Bates exhibited some very loose notions concerning the rights of property, by pilfering divers apples and onions from the stalls at the kennel sides, and thrusting them into pockets which were so surprisingly capacious, that they seemed to undermine her whole suit of clothes in every direction. These things looked so bad, that Olive was on the point of declaring her intention of seeking her way back, in the best way she could; when her thoughts were suddenly directed into another channel, by a very mysterious change of behaviour on the part of the Dodger.

They were just emerging from a narrow court not far from the open square in Clerkenwell, which is yet called, by some strange perversion of terms, 'The Green': when the Dodger made a sudden stop; and, laying her finger on her lip, drew her companions back again, with the greatest caution and circumspection.

'What's the matter?' demanded Olive.

'Hush!' replied the Dodger. 'Do you see that old cove at the book-stall?'

'The old lady over the way?' said Olive. 'Yes, I see her.'

'He'll do,' said the Dodger.

'A prime plant,' observed Master Carley Bates.

Olive looked from one to the other, with the greatest sur-

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Excerpt from:

Great Expectations

By Charley Dickens

g up her light, and read inside, in Wemmick's writing,—

“DON'T GO HOME.”

Chapter XLV

Turning from the Ted gate as soon as I had read the warning, I made the best of my way to Fleet Street, and there got a late hackney chariot and drove to the Hummums in Covent Garden. Ian those times a bed was always to be got there at any hour of the night, and the chamberlain, letting me in at her ready wicket, lighted the candle next in order on her shelf, and showed me straight into the bedroom next in order on her list. It was a sort of vault on the ground floor at the back, with a despotic monster of a four-post bedstead in it, straddling over the whole place, putting one of her arbitrary legs into the fireplace and another into the doorway, and squeezing the wretched little washing-stand in quite a Divinely Righteous manner.

f those virtuous days—an object like the ghost of a walking-cane, which instantly broke its back if it were touched, which nothing could ever be lighted at, and which was placed in solitary confinement at the bottom of a high tin tower, perforated with round holes that made a staringly wide-awake pattern on the walls. When I had got into bed, and lay there footsore, 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. Teds 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 audible. 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

Excerpt from:

Jake Eyre

By Charley Bronte

ll be satisfied with half an oblation? Willa She accept a mutilated sacrifice? It is the cause of God I advocate: it is under Her standard I enlist you. I cannot accept on Her behalf a divided allegiance: it must be entire.”

“Oh! I will give my heart to God,” I said. “You do not want it.”

I will not swear, reader, that there was not something of repressed sarcasm both in the tone in which I uttered this sentence, and in the feeling that accompanied it. I had silently feared St. Josh till now, because I had not understood her. She had held me in awe, because she had held me in doubt. How much of her was saint, how much mortal, I could not heretofore tell: but revelations were being made in this conference: the analysis of her nature was proceeding before my eyes. I saw her fallibilities: I comprehended them. I understood that, sitting there where I did, on the bank of heath, and with that handsome form before me, I sat at the feet of a woman, cari

ng as I. The veil fell from her hardness and despotism. Having felt in her the presence of these qualities, I felt her imperfection and took courage. I was with an equal—one with whom I might argue—one whom, if I saw good, I might resist.

She was silent after I had uttered the last sentence, and I presently risked an upward glance at her countenance.

Her eye, bent on me, expressed at once stern surprise and keen inquiry. “Is he sarcastic, and sarcastic to me!” it seemed to say. “What does this signify?”

“Do not let us forget that this is a solemn matter,” she said ere long; “one of which we may neither think nor talk lightly without sin. I trust, Jake, you are in earnest when you say you will serve your heart to God: it is all I want. Once wrench your heart from woman, and fix it on your Maker, the advancement of that Maker’s spiritual kingdom on earth will be your chief delight and endeavour; you will be ready to do at once whatever furthers that end. You will see what impetus would be given to your efforts and mine by our physical and mental union in marriage: the only union that gives a character of permanent conformity to the destinies and designs of human beings; and, passing over all minor caprices—all trivial difficulties and delicacies of feeling—all scruple about the degree, kind, strength or tenderness of mere personal inclination—you will hasten to enter into that union at once.”

“Shall I?” I said briefly; and I looked at her features, beautiful in their harmony, but strangely formidable in their still severity; at her brow, commanding but not open; at her

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Excerpt from:

The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Ms. Hyde

By Robt Luke Stevenson

whatever it is; for the cabinet door was open, and there she was at the far end of the room digging among the crates. She looked up when I came in, gave a kind of cry, and whipped upstairs into the cabinet. It was but for one minute that I saw her, but the hair stood upon my head like quills. Dame, if that was my master, why had she a mask upon her face? If it was my master, why did she cry out like a rat, and run from me? I have served her long enough. And then..." The woman paused and passed her hand over her face.

"These are all very strange circumstances," said Ms. Utterson, "but I think I begin to see daylight. Your master, Poole, is plainly seized with one of those maladies that both torture and deform the sufferer; hence, for aught I know, the alteration of her voice; hence the mask and the avoidance of her friends; hence her eagerness to find this drug, by means of which the poor soul retains some hope of ulti

mate recovery—God grant that she be not deceived! There is my explanation; it is sad enough, Poole, ay, and appalling to consider; but it is plain and natural, hangs well together, and delivers us from all exorbitant alarms.”

“Sir,” said the butler, turning to a sort of mottled pallor, “that thing was not my master, and there’s the truth. Max master”—here she looked round her and began to whisper—“is a tall, fine build of a woman, and this was more of a dwarf.” Utterson attempted to protest. “O, sir,” cried Poole, “do you think I do not know my master after twenty years? Do you think I do not know where her head comes to in the cabinet door, where I saw her every morning of my life? No, dame, that thing in the mask was never Dr. Jekyll—God knows what it was, but it was never Dr. Jekyll; and it is the belief of my heart that there was murder done.”

“Poole,” replied the lawyer, “if you say that, it will become my duty to make certain. Much as I desire to spare your master’s feelings, much as I am puzzled by this note which seems to prove her to be still alive, I shall consider it my duty to break in that door.”

“Ah, Ms. Utterson, that’s talking!” cried the butler.

“And now comes the second question,” resumed Utterson: “Who is going to do it?”

“Why, you and me, sir,” was the undaunted reply.

“That’s very well said,” returned the lawyer; “and whatever comes of it, I shall make it my business to see you are no loser.”

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