



# Lady Whistledown's SOCIETY PAPERS

1814

EXTRAORDINARY PEOPLE. EXTRAORDINARY NEWS

**Capital-R-Rake**  
Dearest gentle reader: Did you miss me?

As the members of our esteemed ton lazily sojourned in their rustic retreats, this author was doing but one thing, honing my skills. Or should I say hatching my plans? No, even better, I was sharpening my knives. For all of you.

Questions abound as to this author's identity and means. Seeking those answers shall prove, fruitless indeed. There is, of course, another unknown identity at present. Though, this one you will be able to unearth. Is peak of the season's diamond, wherever she may be.

Your move, Your Majesty.

There is nothing quite like the sweet-scented smell of success. But after taking in the scene from last night's festivities, it is clear that the season won't be quite so fragrant for everyone.

The Viscount

Brigerton's own mama may have loudly declared her eldest son's lofty intentions to marry, yet I cannot be the only one wondering if this former Capital-R-Rake is, indeed, ready to flourish.

Perhaps the viscount, like the rest of us, is simply waiting for the green to finally name her diamond. Or perhaps this author should take matters into her own hands.

Though, of the many purportedly well-trained and bred hothouse flowers displayed this year, this author must wonder if a more surprising choice might still be in store.

Whichever darling miss receives such high esteem, let us hope there is a suitor available of only the sharpest wit, lest his dry musings leave a young lady

witling like a parched rose.

Formed under pressure, desired by many, yet possessed only by a fortunate few, there is nothing on earth quite so envied as a diamond.

Inspired by the show *Bridgerton*. Created by *Macarons for Breakfast*

Yet this author has it on very good authority that the viscount's failed nuptials may not be the only betrayal our dear Bridgertons must manage at present.

Should our lives be distilled down to the sum total of our choices, then Miss Eloise Bridgerton has certainly made a dangerous, perhaps ruinous one. For she's apparently been associating, unchaperoned, with improper company.

Political radicals, in fact.

It might be that the young miss spent a great deal of time considering her decisions. Or, perhaps, they were made in haste. Whatever the case may be, we all must remember, as one makes one's bed, so one must lie in it.

## The Viscount Who Loved Me

It has been said that silence can wield more power than words. No one knows that better than me. It is in silence where one may find truth. All one has to do, I suppose is listen for it. I know there will always be times when silence is necessary. And, of course, times when it is not.

Gentle reader, you thought I was silenced, but you thought wrong. And if there is one thing you should know by now, it is that this author cannot keep quiet for long.

Yours truly, Lady Whistledown.

and their cakes. Is it not a wonder that anyone marries at all?

Indeed, some may call a wedding the ultimate act of faith. While others would venture that it is the ultimate act of fools.

Eagerly awaiting two words: "I do." Bride and groom declare intention alone with no guarantee of happiness.

Marriage amounts to little more than human ritual. We may not force the rooster or hen, yet we continue to collect eggs. Does that make us more complicated, or simply too stubborn to believe that we must orchestrate what nature has already ordained?

## Harmony

A jilted groom. A broken-hearted bride-to-be. A royal wedding in shambles. Sensational? Quite. But true? This author may traffic in chatter and speculation, dear reader, but disinformation? Never.

Explanations of why Miss Edwina absconded from the altar may be greater in number than anyone could possibly fathom. But we must not forget, it was Her Majesty the Queen who placed the young miss on that stage so that she could make her grand exit. Allow *this* author to hope for Her Majesty's sake, as well as both the Shannas and Bridgertons, that an official explanation emerges swiftly, lest the ton are run away by their tawdry imaginings.

What is it about betrayal that excites us so? The ton itself has certainly felt its peculiar kind of frenzy after the promise of a wedding to end all weddings was broken.

Might our queen finally extinguish the fevered speculation and bestow the highest of honors to a most fortunate young lady tonight? With so many futures at risk, I do suspect this author is not the only one waiting with baited breath.

Color, clarity, carat, cut. At long last, the queen has named her most precious stone.

While this author finds Miss Edwina Sharma to be an exceptional young lady, it is about time I used these pages of record for something else. A shift.

Is the entire practice of naming a diamond not...well, rather ridiculous? Should a woman not be valued for so much more than her dancing skills or her comportment?

Should we not value a woman instead for her candor, her character, her true accomplishments? Perhaps if the queen abandoned this absurdity that is the diamond, we would all see that a woman can be so much more.

**Off To The Races**  
Dearest reader. It has been said that competition is an opportunity for us to rise and stand ready before our greatest of challenges.

Well, if what this author hears this morning is true, then a great challenge concerning this season's diamond has been set forth, indeed.

Any suitor wishing to gain an audience with Miss Edwina Sharma must first tame the rather prickly spinster of a beast otherwise known as her sister.

Of course, the only competition that compels my attention is the game of courtship. So best of luck to this

year's players. Do try not to stumble on the starting line.

There are two things that lurk within the dark and shadowy places of our fair city, Vermin and secrets. I shall leave it to you, dear reader, as to which do the most harm.

One has to wonder what secrets the season's diamond is holding near and dear to her heart. And who shall she choose to share them with? The Viscount Bridgerton, perhaps? At least the elder Sharma's opinion on such a matter is certainly no secret at all.

To be fair, one might call this author the biggest secret-sharer of all. For who else could possibly keep all of you honest? When even the most well-kept of secrets must eventually come to light.

**A Bee In Your Bonnet**  
We all know the great lengths a young lady will go to in pursuit of a proposal. And apparently, she will travel great distances too. Lord Anthony Bridgerton appears to be inching ever so closer to selecting his viscountess, and to that end has invited our diamond to join him for an excursion at his ancestral home, Aubrey Hall.

Country air indeed clears the mind and invigorates the body. Might this be the final gust that pushes the viscount over the precipice of a proposal?

Of course, the luckless souls remaining in town will have to find new diversions in the absence of their most precious of stones.

An artist must be free to follow their muse. But it appears the ton has fallen prey to the fickleness of fashion. For how

else might one explain the lawdry, dare I say vulgar, gown sported lately by Miss Cressida Cowper?

Mayfair's newest modiste has one thing, and one thing only, going for her.

She is new.

Whereas Madame Delacroix might be old, but at least she is capable. Of course, not everyone can always get things so right.

Though I suppose, for some, it may be simply too late to change course. And undo any damage.

**Victory**  
If the Ancient Greeks were members of the ton, they might have added to their Olympic pentathlon one additional event. The hosting of a country visit.

This, of course, is the week of Lady Bridgerton's annual Hearts and Flowers Ball, the year's most coveted invitation in the country, and no event better designed to show the might and mettle of its host.

Dearest gentle reader, while much occurred at the Bridgerton country visit, this author feels not all is fit to print.

Especially when so much is already known by far too many members of the ton.

But if you thought we would reach the end of this journey without this trusted author finding a truly delectable morsel of gossip, then you are sorely mistaken.

While Prudence Featherington seems to have secured her match, it was not the only occurrence of note. Anthony Bridgerton is now betrothed to Miss Edwina Sharma.

Victory, indeed.

### An Unthinkable Fate

The frenzy of competition, the thrilling delight of hazarding your all. I am referring not to the lure of London's luxurious gaming halls but to a gamble with far higher stakes.

Matrimony.  
For once that particular wager is placed it cannot easily be undone. A fact which, I am sure is met with both regret and sheer relief.

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**Duty.** More than laws or faith, I have often thought it the bond that holds our fragile society together.

Duty to rank and title. Fidelity to one's family name. It demands both utter obedience and total sacrifice. But what happens when such duty is in conflict with the heart's true desire? Why, then, there is the potential for a considerable scandal, indeed.

The only question is, will the parties in question heed my warning? Or is it already too late to turn back to duty and away from desire?

**The Choice**  
A march down the aisle may very well be the longest walk any young lady ever takes. It does not simply cover the length of the church, but rather, countless floors for dancing, and meandering paths for every afternoon promenade too. It is a wonder, then, that feet do not tire or, heaven forbid, trip under the scrutiny of all those attentive eyes keeping close watch, indeed.

It is a distinctly human act to marry.

Animals require no contract or dowries. The hen and the rooster make no vows. Leave it to people to complicate matters with their ceremonies