



Lady Whistledown's SOCIETY PAPERS

1824

EXTRAORDINARY PEOPLE. EXTRAORDINARY NEWS

2 April 1824

Matchmaking mamas are united in their glee – Colin Bridgerton has returned from Greece!

For those gentle (and ignorant) readers who are new to town this year, Mr. Bridgerton is third in the legendary string of eight Bridgerton siblings (hence the name Colin, beginning with C; he follows Anthony and Benedict, and precedes

Daphne, Eloise, Francesca, Gregory, and Hyacinth).

Although Mr. Bridgerton holds no noble title and is unlikely ever to do so (he is seventh in line for the title of Viscount Bridgerton, behind the two sons of the current viscount, his elder brother Benedict, and his three sons) he is still considered one of the prime catches of the season, due to his fortune, his face, his form, and most of all, his charm. It is difficult, however, to predict whether

9 April 1824

It has always been fashionable among the ton to complain of ennui, but surely this year's crop of partygoers has raised boredom to an art form. One cannot take two steps at a society function these days without hearing the phrase “dreadfully dull,” or “hopelessly banal.”

Indeed, This Author has even been informed that Cressida Twombly

24 April 1824

There is nothing I despise more than a gentleman who thinks it amusing to give a lady a condescending pat on the hand as he murmurs, “It is a woman’s prerogative to change her mind.” And indeed, because I feel one should always support one’s words with one’s actions, I endeavor to keep my opinions and decisions steadfast and true.

Which is why, Gentle Reader, when I wrote my column of 19 April, I truly intended it to be my last. However, events entirely beyond my control (or indeed my approval) force me to put my pen to paper one last time.

Ladies and Gentlemen, This Author is NOT Lady Cressida Twombly. She is nothing more than a scheming imposter, and it would break my heart to see my years of hard work attributed to one such as her.

Lady Whistledown

I bid you au revoir, London! It has been a pleasure to serve you.

Inspired by the show Bridgerton. Created by Macarons for Breakfast

recently remarked that she was convinced that she might perish of eternal boredom if forced to attend one more off-key musicale.

(This Author must concur with Lady Twombly on that note: while this year's selection of debutantes are an amiable bunch, there is not a decent musician among them.)

If there is to be an antidote for the disease of tedium, surely it will be Sunday's fête at Bridgerton House. The entire family will gather, along with a hundred or so of their closest friends, to celebrate the dowager viscountess's birthday.

It is considered crass to mention a lady's age, and so

This Author will not reveal which birthday Lady Bridgerton is celebrating.

But have no fear! This Author knows!

Newsheet.

One thousand pounds is certainly a great deal of money, but Lady Blackwood is hardly in need of funds, and moreover, the situation is growing absurd. Surely Londoners have better things to do with their time than chase down poor, hapless delivery boys in a fruitless attempt to uncover the identity of This Author.

Or maybe not.

This Author has chronicled the activities of the ton for over a decade now and has found no evidence that they do indeed have anything better to do with their time.

Everyone has secrets. Especially me.

16 April 1824

Colin Bridgerton has quite the bevy of young ladies at his side at the Smythe-Smith musicale Wednesday night, all fawning over his injured hand.

This Author does not know how the injury was sustained – indeed, Mr. Bridgerton has been rather annoyingly tight-lipped about it. Speaking of annoyances, the man in question seemed rather irritated by all the attention. Indeed, This Author overheard him tell his brother Anthony that he wished he'd left the (unrepeatable word) bandage at home.

Colin Bridgerton and Penelope

Featherington were seen in conversation at the Smythe-Smith musicale, although no one seems to know what exactly they were discussing. This Author would venture to guess that their conversation centered upon This Author's identity, since that was what everyone else seemed to be talking about before, after, and (rather rudely, in This Author's esteemed opinion) during the performance.

In other news, Honoria Smythe-Smith's violin was accidentally knocked off a table while waving her cane.

Lady Danbury insisted upon replacing the instrument, but then declared that as it is not her habit to buy anything but the best, Honoria will have a Ruggieri violin, imported from Cremona, Italy.

It is This Author's understanding that when one factors in manufacturer and shipping time, along with a lengthy waiting list, it takes six months for a Ruggieri violin to reach our shores.

plan to attend, including Mr. Colin Bridgerton (assuming he does not collapse from exhaustion after four days with the ten Bridgerton grandchildren), Viscount Burwick, and Mr. Michael Anstruther-Wetherly.

This Author anticipates that a great many young and unmarried ladies will choose to attend as well, following the publication of this column.

19 April 1824

Dear Reader –

It is with a surprisingly sentimental heart that I write these words: After eleven years of chronicling the lives and times of the beau monde, This Author is putting down her pen.

Although Lady Danbury's challenge was surely the catalyst for the retirement, in truth the blame cannot be placed (entirely) upon that countess' shoulders. The column has grown wearisome of late, less fulfilling to write, and perhaps less entertaining to read. This Author needs a change. It is not so difficult to fathom. Eleven years is a long time.

And in truth, the recent renewal of interest in This Author's identity has grown disturbing. Friends are turning against friends, brothers against sisters, all in the futile attempt to solve an unsolvable secret. Furthermore, the slouching of the ton has grown downright dangerous. Last week it was Lady Blackwood's twisted ankle, this week's injury apparently

12 April 1824

This Author would be remiss if it was not mentioned that the most talked-about moment at last night's birthday ball at Bridgerton House was not the rousing toast to Lady Bridgerton (age not to be revealed) but rather Lady Danbury's impertinent offer of one thousand pounds to whomever unmasks... Me.

Do your worst, ladies and gentlemen of the ton. You haven't a prayer of solving this mystery.