

Successful Deceit

It is imperative that no one else hears of my transgressions.

If father knew what I had done he would disown me for sure. I must be bricky if he questions me. You know clearly, if anyone, the nature of my father. He is often heard saying, "Don't smell me a dog." I cannot look him in the eye and lie to him. If he even gets a hint of this and asks me about it, I will crumble for sure.

Oh, I feel so ashamed.

I meant nothing of what I had done. I thought only of protecting my sister. Poor Maribelle...she is so naïve.

I know she regarded Sir William highly and considered him a suitable husband but he is nothing but a scoundrel. Always in his gas-pipes, he is a gal-sneaker for sure. He treats women worse than the dung of his boots.

Why do I always feel that I must save the day? The world spins and time passes. There is no need for me to constantly interfere with the lives of others. I have my own miserable life to worry about.

Had I not sent that anonymous letter to Madame Gottfried, I would not find myself in such fear of my father. Being that she is the town gossip, it was inevitable that the falsehoods I wrote about Sir William would spread throughout the town like an uncontrollable brushfire.

Father was so looking forward to Maribelle leaving his nest. I am certain he must have known Sir William's true character; however, he turned a blind eye due to their business venture. We were all well aware of the sizable investment father was counting on from Sir William.

Clearly, he was not the right man for my poor sister but the picture I painted of him made him look like a criminal and he, as you know, was forced to leave town...and with him went his money.

I shall never speak another word of this and I trust you will do the same.

I must go to Maribelle now. She is in a sad state and I will do whatever I can to bring that sparkle back to her eyes.

Until the marrow my dear friend.