Colonel Brandon's Bedroom

by Losille

Summary

Col. Brandon comes home angry after a picnic at Sir John and Lady Middleton’s.

Notes

Writing informal fanfiction in my “Setting the Scene” course at Uni: TOTAL WIN! Thought it would be fun to share! The prompt was to describe one of our favorite literary character’s bedrooms from any point of view. It’s also serving double duty in helping me prepare for the next Hiddles story which will be Regency.

I always pictured Brandon’s bedroom to be no frills and utilitarian, from his military background. Hopefully I showed that.

Complete in 538 words.

I tossed open the heavy wooden door with the gilded scrollwork that led to my bedroom with no little amount of rage boiling inside me. If I had to endure Sir John and his insufferable mother-in-law’s teasing about Miss Marianne any longer, I would end up causing quite the scandal with the Almighty scream I wished to unleash on them. As it was, I had only, just barely, made my excuses to escape to the last bastion of solitude I could find in this country—my bedroom.

The cravat around my neck suddenly felt as though it were choking me. I clawed at the tidy knot my valet had secured earlier in the morning, finally freeing myself and flinging the cloth on the small French escritoire near the open door. My frockcoat soon followed after I realized the room was as blazing hot as it had been outside at Sir John and Lady Middleton’s picnic. My only relief came upon
opening the balcony doors across the room, allowing the slightest of breezes to sweep inside to ruffle my hair. The velvet draperies framing the door hardly moved. My feet felt as leaden as I moved back over the floral-carpeted flooring toward the bed. No march through the oppressive, steamy climate of the East Indies could compare to how I felt at the moment dragging myself through the room.

I sat on the edge of the grand four-post bed of dark oak dressed in rich emerald and gold bedclothes. Sometimes I dreamed I was back in the East Indies, and even imagined the lush green canopy to be the verdant trees and bush my regiment had traveled daily. I also wished that life in England were as simple as that time had been; receive official orders, plan attack, assign duties to my men, do. I understood that life. It made complete sense to me, unlike the life I had walked in on upon selling my commission. I wasn’t cut out for this life. Not this life of politics, picnics and ballrooms filled with simpering women.

Now that was truly oppressive.

I breathed slowly—in and out, in and out—waiting for the cool air to set me a right. When that hardly worked to calm my heated nerves, I resorted to the white porcelain ewer and bowl sitting on a tall stand across the room. At least the water inside the ewer had not warmed to the match the room; I poured it into the bowl and then splashed my face, dabbing at my skin with the cloth that had been folded beside it. Finally, as a strong gust of wind swirled through the room, it cooled my dampened skin. The ire began to evaporate with the water and I began to think clearly.

With a sigh, I grabbed the stack of correspondence I had brought to bed with me the previous evening. The maids had been through earlier and had ordered the square folded papers neatly into a pile beneath two books on the nightstand beside the bed. I had to find a suitable replacement for my now empty vicarage on the estate, and I had little luxury for remaining angry at my closest—albeit sometimes unbearable—friends.

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