Parlour Game

by gardnerhill

Notes

So I'm at Escapade at a fish-n-chip restaurant with one of my roommates, waiting for a few other fans to join us for dinner, and I notice that our paper placemats have a ton of white space. There's the restaurant logo along the left-hand side, and then a nice clean sheet. To a fan that blank space is to be filled.

The roommate suggested writing a story. I said, "Okay, drabbles, 100 words. What fandom?" She said, "Anything from books." I said, "Right, Jane Austen."

So here is the drabble I wrote.

"Mr. Collins to see you, Mrs. Darcy."

Elizabeth nodded her thanks to the servant and prepared the tray. "Mr. Darcy, our visitor is here!"

By the time the self-important little man was ushered into the parlour the Darcys greeted him, all smiles, and each holding a glass of ale. A pitcher of ale sat on the tray.

"It is most gracious of you to see me," Mr. Collins began. "Your condescension and civility cannot but call to mind my most worthy patron, Lady Catherine de Bourgh--"

Elizabeth and Fitzwilliam both tossed back their ale. Say the name, do a shot.

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