

the spring sun. The carriage is a golden colour with our house crest of an owl on it, printed in black.

“Hello, Terrance. Fine day is it not?” I ask, petting Harlow’s brown mane, his hair a brittle texture that folds slightly under the pressure. Harlow presses his head into the motion and I grin.

“Yes, Miss. I would say so,” he replies with a smile. “Come along now, Miss Mayes. We must go before Mr. Mayes grows cross. You have a special dinner tonight,” he comments.

I nod as Terrance climbs down from the driver’s seat and holds my hand – covered with a white laced glove – assisting me with stepping into the carriage.

Terrance jumps back into the driver’s seat as I make myself comfortable in the back, taking a deep breath of relief at finally being away from prying eyes. *The ton can be exhausting at times. Always having the judgemental eyes of others on you.* I take another moment to ponder how the tea party was.

Then the carriage lurches forward, breaking me from my thoughts as the journey to the house begins.



When we arrive at the house, I glance through the carriage window to spot my papa, Mr. Arthur Mayes, standing at the entrance with an agitated look on his face. Our large cobblestone house stretches on behind him, the familiar building bringing a smile to my face.

“Good afternoon, Papa,” I say, opening the door of the carriage gently.

“You’re late again, Sophie. How many times must I tell you to be on time for these sorts of dinners,” he grumbles, walking forwards slowly with his hands behind his back in a postured manner. “These guests are extremely important to your mama and I,” he says rubbing his hand over his face; coming to a halt in front of me, he assists me from the carriage.