Dear Diary,

 Last night I couldn’t sleep, for Lady Catherine, Mr. Darcy’s aunt, had surprised me with an interrogation in which she declared Mr. Darcy’s proposal impossible. Her ladyship insulted my birth, deeming it inferior to hers. This was an alarming and depressing event. I decided to take a walk in the fields as I always do. It was now dawn, out of the mist appeared a figure in the shape of a man. Every muscle in my body stiffened as anxiety and excitement rushed through. For the figure in the mist was none other than Mr. Darcy. He attempted to make amends for his aunt’s behavior; I insinuated that it is I who should be making amends. I had made incorrect assumptions and accusations for which I am sorely embarrassed. He then proposed to me in the most romantic way, nothing like the first. Considering what he had done for my most beloved sister, Jane, and her fiancé, Mr. Bingley, and also my sister Lydia, I could not fathom the idea of rejecting his proposal a second time. Our foreheads touched and we held hands. His hands were cold. I wished so badly to kiss him, but I knew it would be improper to do so. It is evident that Mr. Darcy’s love for me is sincere and has been ever since last April when he first proposed. For this I am most thankful.

 After Mr. Darcy and I parted ways, I went to my father straight away to tell him the good news; I am his favorite daughter. He was as excited as I was! This day was more than I could ever ask. It was perfect in every way. Mr. Darcy and I plan to live happily ever after.

Sincerely,

 Mrs. Elizabeth Darcy