Hello Mr Darcy, Jane Austen seems to know me too…



Many times, we reflect on our background and values within imaginary realities. Our inner realms of this association take us deeper into the world of fictionalized heroes. Frequently also the antihero. This intense relationship between us as mere readers with the narrative's superheroes urges us, hence, investigate our truthful existence in life.

One such fictional character who has often made me reflect upon my actions is Mr. Darcy of Jane Austen's famous novel "Pride and Prejudice". The privileged position of Mr. Darcy, many times perceived as arrogance and pride, draws the onlookers to prejudice. Hence, he is labelled as being a "disagreeable character of sorts". This draws me into my own life, as I grew up in a privileged background. If I may add humbly I "belong to the minuscule minority of privilege amongst the large general populace of underdeveloped India.

As Mangesh Adgaonkar, reflects "pride and prejudice are Jane Austen's most sophisticated exploration between the individual and the society" (Parish, 1999, as cited by Adgaonkar, 2018,). I, like, Mr. Darcy, have often been drawn into the contempt of

many of those who do not know me individually. Mr. Darcy and I are perhaps the “innocent victims” of being born into the restricted few. We both often come across, falsely having an inner pride, or overriding ego over others. This I see only as a gross misunderstanding of where we are coming from.

Mr. Darcy also remarks on his woe and says, “Pride will always be under good regulation” (Austen, 102). Frequently, I am personally disciplined, regulated and rudely reminded to think like the general masses of others” and have a “little more common sense”. I wonder that can I smirk and say, “Wish I was born as a commoner to have more common sense”! However, I wish so many times when I read Mr. Darcy, that I too was born in the Elizabethan Era, so I am not punished severely for having pride. This pride causes prejudice to be raised often against me.

So, in short, I think and act like Mr. Darcy hoping to find solace in the green fresh gardens of my mind. While I keep the book, near my bedside table to read every day, I hold a few lines of conversation with him. A few truthful answers to your seeking questions to him will get the real inner story of his “distinction between the proper pride and for vanity which is difficult to sustain” (Urquhart, 7). I hope by this a truthful rendering of my existence is developed. My conversations with Mr. Darcy thus create justice needed for the fictional him.

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