

Dear Honourable Madam Shakespeare,

Either mine eye has deceived me, or I should write to seek advice from thou regarding an incident most foul that occurred on the 'eve of January the twenty-seventh!

The lady to whom I was due to be betrothed to, a Madame H., has been outed by my prince's half-brother... as a lowly, impure harlot! I was planning to bear children by her womb, to pass mine inheritance on to our children, but alas! The babe would be unclean – marked by the scars of vile prostitution! How many children the lady H. has borne is (as of yet) unclear, but, if you are reading this, may you be aware that I should wish to postpone our betrothal for an indefinite period of time due to my everlasting sorrowe and shame!

Please, dear Auntie, I beseech you: what shoulde I do to ease my puzzlinge predicamente?

Yours sincerely,

brokenheartedthespian@gmail.com

Hi brokenheartedthespian,

First of all, congrats on that ye-olde vocab! I don't normally see that when people write to me, but I love it!

Sounds to me like a classic case of the unfaithful fiancée, which I see all the time when I check my inbox, and I always say this:

Back in the 90s, I had a similar issue – my girlfriend was dating someone else, and I was feeling pretty low. So, I brushed myself off, and I told myself a mantra I've been repeating for the last 30 years: *if your beau is leaving you, it's 'cause you were too good for them!*

You have to realise that there are loads of people out there that are gonna love you, no matter what! It doesn't matter whether H is cheating, just move on! – Aunty Shakespeare