

Merry Christmas from Anty Boisjoly

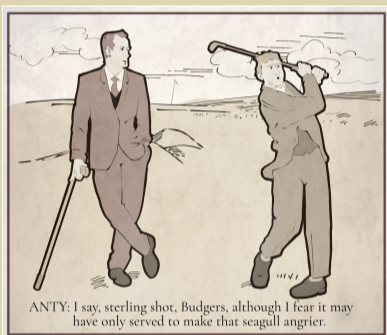


With apologies and thanks to Bruegel's Hunters in the Snow

In keeping with the strict policy of not saying anything when there's nothing to say, this Christmas number of the Anty Boisjoly Intermittent Newsletter contains no less than two brief bits of exclusive nonsense.

During the course of the year, in a nice, clean example of that adage about the devil finding work for idle hands, Anty Boisjoly has manifest in a number of 1920s-style illustrations. Some of them, such as this winter wonder adapted from [The Case of the Ghost of Christmas Morning](#), have yet to be inflicted on the public.

Instead, the above and one other cartoon below, inspired by [The Case of the Case of Kilcladdich](#), are offered for the Christmas consideration of those who have subscribed to the newsletter. I'm keenly aware that these days everyone wants your email and habits and home address and heart rate, so I very much appreciate that you've let me into your inbox. I hope these wishes for the season — and a third, bonus bit of exclusive news which you'll find below — go some distance in expressing my gratitude.



Between you and me, the greatest literary leap I took this year was the golf game in [The Case of the Case of Kilcladdich](#). I lost sleep, very literally, until the first reviews came in and I knew that those who appreciate Anty Boisjoly's particular perspective on life understood exactly what I was getting at, why I took that risk, and why it was so very worth it.



Anty saw out 2023 with [Foreboding Foretelling at Ficklehouse Felling](#), which I described as Anty's 'reddest-of-herringed, twistiest-of-turned, locked-roomiest manor mystery yet'. Ficklehouse was written in four acts instead of the usual three to give breathing space to a record number of characters, suspects, red herrings, and even possible victims. The grain of inspiration for this slight departure was a small but recurring number of reviews comparing Anty Boisjoly to the board game *Clue*.



This is the bonus bonus that I mentioned above — we already have a very-close-to-final cover for *Mystery and Malice aboard RMS Ballast*, which comes out next year.

In *Mystery and Malice*, we finally have a pirate number in which Anty, Vickers, Inspector Wittersham, and a passenger list of howling eccentrics find themselves prey to the sway and spray of the Scilly Seas when what at first seems a simple, unexplainable, locked-stateroom murder twists into a tale of buried treasure, perilous weather, and dangerous endeavours at sea.

Thanks for reading this far, assuming that you did, and even more so for reading Anty Boisjoly Mysteries. If there's someone on your Christmas card list who you think might get a lift out of some of these cartoons or content I hope you won't hesitate to share this newsletter (Anty Boisjoly positively *adores* attention).

If, incidentally, you've received this from one of the tight Boisjoly insiders whose access to this exclusive silliness you covet, please [click here to sign up for the Anty Boisjoly Intermittent Newsletter](#).

May you and yours and theirs and, frankly, everybody, have a healthy, happy, harmonious holiday that carries into the new year and well beyond.

PJ Fitzsimmons

