

Diary of a Mountie - Part the Fifteenth Ffolliott's

by Jessica McGeary
(based on COTY)

Day 13 - August 20, 1936
Early Evening

I'm no fan of big cities, but I have to say that they do seem to be fertile ground for bookshops. When I mentioned the line of inquiry I planned to pursue to Lord Peter, he immediately gave me the names of several booksellers he felt could be relied upon. "Unfortunately," he noted, "they do tend more towards my end of the bibliophile's hobby, that can't be helped- but since that one volume, the Mackay, is coming up on the century mark within five years... well, Ffolliott's at least might be able to help you with that, eh?"

Ffolliott's turned out to be a shop dealing mostly in ancient, rare books. And I do mean ancient- most of the stock was in Latin or Greek, neither of which were exactly a big part of my schooling. I would probably still be wandering around in there like a lost calf if Mr. Ffolliott himself hadn't come out to ask if I were the owner of the enormous dog out front. When I told him yes, he must've caught my accent- asked what an American was doing this far from his native waters.

I felt pretty sure he thought I'd come into the store by mistake, so I said, "I'm not an American, sir. I'm here from Canada- I was sent by an acquaintance of mine, Lord Peter Wimsey..."

Well, that changed the look on his face pretty quickly! Apparently Lord Peter does a lot of business with the man. Once I'd told him what I was looking for, he led me to exactly the right spot- he did, in fact, have a copy of Extraordinary Popular Delusions and the Madness of Crowds in stock. It was in amazingly good shape for a book published in 1841, too, but then again the man deals in books easily five times older or more. I haven't got the hang of the currency just yet, but I doubt his Lordship would send me to someone who charged really excessive prices. He offered to show me a few other things as well, but I told him I wanted the book for research purposes, not a collection. "Although," I added, "if you could help me with something else-"

"Of course, sir. Anything for a friend of Lord Wimsey's."

"Ah- yes... I was wondering if you could help me find a bookshop that sells mostly children's books. Preferably one that didn't mind a lot of stuff from American

authors."

"Hmmm... well, that's a bit outside my field, but..." Ffolliott scribbled a few names and addresses down on a piece of paper. "Try here, first. I think you'll find them extremely helpful."

I thanked him and came back to headquarters, more to drop off Prince than anything else. He was starting to gather a pretty big crowd on the street- mostly people who thought a wolf had gotten loose from the zoo. I've got to buy him a more distinctive collar if I'm going to take him anywhere. Much as I hate putting the things on him without need, the last thing I want is for some London bobby to assume the worst and get hurt trying to take him into custody.

That reminds me- after I check the shops on Ffolliott's list, I've got one more thing to attend to. There's a man who gives baritsu lessons that I intend to see tonight.