

G.  R.

WHAT'S PAST
IS
PROLOGUE



DAVID A McINTEE

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LETHBRIDGE-STEWART

What's Past is Prologue

Based on the BBC television serials by
Mervyn Haisman & Henry Lincoln

David A McIntee



CANDY JAR BOOKS • CARDIFF
A Russell & Frankham-Allen Series
2018

A Festive Short by David A McIntee

There was no snow in Carmunnock for Christmas, but Alistair Lethbridge-Stewart didn't mind that in the slightest, as he had seen enough snow to last a lifetime during a couple of years' worth of Russian winters. The frost and black ice that the clear skies had allowed to form in Lanarkshire over the festive week had seemed mild by comparison.

‘Are the girls ready?’ Alistair asked.

Matthew, taller and skinnier of the two boys – young men, Alistair forced himself to remember – nodded and whistled. A pair of brown and white spaniels came bolting out of the house like scale locomotives at his call. Behind them, Gordon closed the front door. He was barely an inch shorter than his brother, but more thick-set, though that may have been as much to do with his thick duffel coat as with his frame.

All three Lethbridge-Stewarts carried stout walking sticks, and Alistair moved to open the gate for his sons. ‘Right, lads,’ he said, ‘let’s walk off some of that plum pudding, eh? Cannae have you or the girls turning into

biscuit barrels on legs.'

The bunting and baubles on the tree in the village's main street was flickering in the light breeze, and the holly wreaths on doors and gates made a welcome splash of colour against wood and stone. They only saw one or two people moving around, fetching coal with which to stoke their fires, or exchanging leftovers from Christmas dinners.

The footing on the cobbled street was treacherous due to the coating of slick ice, but the frosted grass on the verges was crisp, and the crunch of it underfoot was somehow reassuring and seasonal to Alistair.

Leading the two boys, Alistair nodded to an alley. 'Imagine you were evading enemy soldiers by ducking into that alley,' he said conversationally. 'How do you best protect yourself?'

'Break their line of sight by leading them away from it and ducking in at the last second,' Matthew said. 'Then you might have a few extra seconds to run through or find a hiding place.'

Alistair nodded. 'And if you don't have those few seconds?'

'Find cover, hug the walls.'

'No,' Gordon said. 'I think it would be

better to run through quickly, and move on.'

Alistair chuckled. 'You're both half right. Distraction and cover is good, but getting out quickly is also good. And in an alley, with nothing between you and the enemy guns, best be quick about it.'

'But, Father,' Matthew began, 'if you're framed in an alley you must be an easier target.'

'You'd think that,' Alistair agreed. 'But actually bullets tend to hug the walls, and skip along them like a thrown pebble on a millpond.'

'Oh,' said Matthew. 'I see...' He sounded quite disappointed.

'Don't worry, lad. Nobody knows everything, and there are exceptions to every rule. Rules are to be followed when the exceptions aren't in play, but they're not to be trusted, because there are those exceptions.' He pointed towards an approaching figure. 'Thankfully we're not being pursued by Bolsheviks or Boche today, just Mr Dawes from the station.' Alistair stepped forward, acknowledging Mr Dawes, the one-armed station manager, who had taken on the job after being wounded at Aubers Ridge.

'Mr Lethbridge-Stewart,' he said breathlessly. 'We had a telegram for you.' He

handed over the slip of paper. ‘You had family coming to visit?’

Alistair nodded. ‘My brother and his family.’ He glanced at the paper. ‘Train delayed due to bomb damage on the line? Are the Hun raiding again, on Christmas?’

‘No, sir. Apparently, it was dropped back on the fifth, but didn’t go off. The sappers are trying to remove it, so all rail traffic is delayed.’ He forced a smile. ‘Don’t worry, sir, things will be going again in an hour or two.’ He may have been invalided out, but Dawes carried out his duties like a fine Logistics NCO.

‘Thank you, Mr Dawes.’ Alistair tipped him a shilling, and stuffed the note in a pocket. ‘Well, lads,’ he said, turning back, ‘I suppose we can take the girls for a longer walk, give them the run of the spinney— Where the hell has Gordon got to?’

Matthew turned, surprised, to where Gordon had been standing, just behind him. The younger boy was gone. One of the dogs was gazing back up the road, and looking back at Alistair and Matthew, back and forth between hill and men, as if uncertain which way she was supposed to be going.

‘Molly’s looking between competing attention sources,’ Alistair said. ‘Us and

Gordon. So, we can guess he went in roughly that direction.’ He started off, dogs and elder son right beside him.

Concerned that Gordon might have fallen somewhere, Alistair and Matthew let Molly lead them back out of the village and around to the south. The earth was iron-hard and so there were no footprints to follow, and even Molly didn’t seem to be following a scent.

‘He could have gone back to the house, I suppose,’ Matthew suggested.

‘For what?’

‘Or he could be...’ Matthew hesitated.

‘Spit it out, lad. You’re seventeen, you can talk fairly well.’

‘He might have gone to see that girl.’

‘Which girl?’

‘Mrs Watson’s eldest.’

Alistair nodded. ‘Let’s go there.’

It was a ten-minute walk to the Watsons’ farm house, and their collie was barking at the spaniels long before Alistair and Matthew were close enough to knock on the door. Freda was coming out to see what the noise was, and saw them. ‘Matthew, Mr Lethbridge-Stewart. Can I do something for you?’

'Is Gordon here, by any chance?' Alistair asked.

She looked puzzled, shaking her head. 'I haven't seen him since Christmas Eve.'

Alistair and Matthew exchanged a look. 'Thank you, Freda.' Alistair turned to look back towards the village.

'Is something wrong?'

'I don't think so... I don't know for sure.'

'Could we use your telephone?' Matthew asked.

'Of course. Are you going to call home and see if he's there?' She addressed the latter to Alistair, who simply glanced at his son, allowing him to answer. After all, Matthew was the one who had suggested the telephone.

'We can call the police station, the pub, and the station, at least. Ask in all three places if anyone has seen him.'

'That sounds like a good idea,' Alistair said.

Freda was already leading them into the farmhouse and to a telephone mounted on the wall. Alistair lifted the earpiece and placed the first call, to the railway station. The porter who answered hadn't seen Gordon. He even went out to look along the platform. The answer at the pub was similar; the landlord shouted to his customers to speak up if

anyone had seen the lad, but there were no positive responses.

With a sinking heart, Alistair dialled the police station, and received the answer he least expected from the desk sergeant.

‘What do you mean you have him in a cell?’

A short while later, Alistair was glaring at a rather sheepish soon-to-be-fifteen-year-old son. ‘What the hell did you think you were doing?’

‘It was Matthew’s idea—’

‘Not for Christmas!’ Matthew protested. ‘I meant when we turned eighteen!’

‘I couldn’t wait that long. The war effort needs us now. We thought you’d be proud of us if we—’

‘If you served your country well? If you stood up for what you believe in? Of course I would.’

‘That’s why I went to the recruiting sergeant.’

Alistair held up a warning hand, silencing his younger son. ‘But trying to cheat the system, acting as if you were too important to follow the King’s Regulations? How is that serving well? Deception isn’t sporting, lad. Nor something to be proud of.’

‘What? But what did you do in Russia for the past four years? Deception—’

‘It’s good that you want to do your bit, and it’s good that you’re thinking imaginatively, and innovating. But that age restriction is in the Regulations for a reason.’

‘Dissent in the ranks, Alistair?’ Everyone in the police station’s lobby turned around at the voice. A man with a moustache was standing there, his civilian overcoat and scarf not hiding his military bearing. ‘I know our train was delayed, but there was no reason for one of the boys to try to come to the front to look for me.’

Alistair tried not to smile – he had discipline to instil – but couldn’t help himself. His brother’s smile was infectious. ‘How was the trip, Archie?’

‘Somewhat busy when we changed trains in London, but at least the sky is brighter here. Raining non-stop in Cromer... When we got up to the house, your neighbour, Miss Watson, was explaining the situation. I came down to see that you were all right.’ He looked from Alistair to the two lads. ‘I can’t say I’m surprised by the conversation, or Gordy trying to sign up under-age.’

Alistair bristled at his brother’s focus on

Gordon. Looking from one to the other it was plain to see that they were the spit of each other... And still Gordon did not know. Alistair cleared his throat. 'Well, he's a good lad. Can't say I blame him, to be honest.'

'Well, we did do it ourselves,' Archie admitted.

'The Regulations are the Regulations. What sort of start would it be for the lad if the first thing he did was get cashiered for lying about his age? The service wants honest men, you know.'

'Well, your cloak and dagger department doesn't, surely?'

'We like them to have come from services who do. Show that they know how to take orders. How they obey them is a little more up to them.' Alistair hesitated, and grunted. 'I don't need them to rush, to know they'll be good men.'

Archie smiled, but there was sting there. 'I suspect you're probably correct. What say we congratulate our offsprings' future achievements with a pint, after we have that family Christmas we missed yesterday?'

Alistair nodded enthusiastically. 'That sounds like a merry Christmas to me.'

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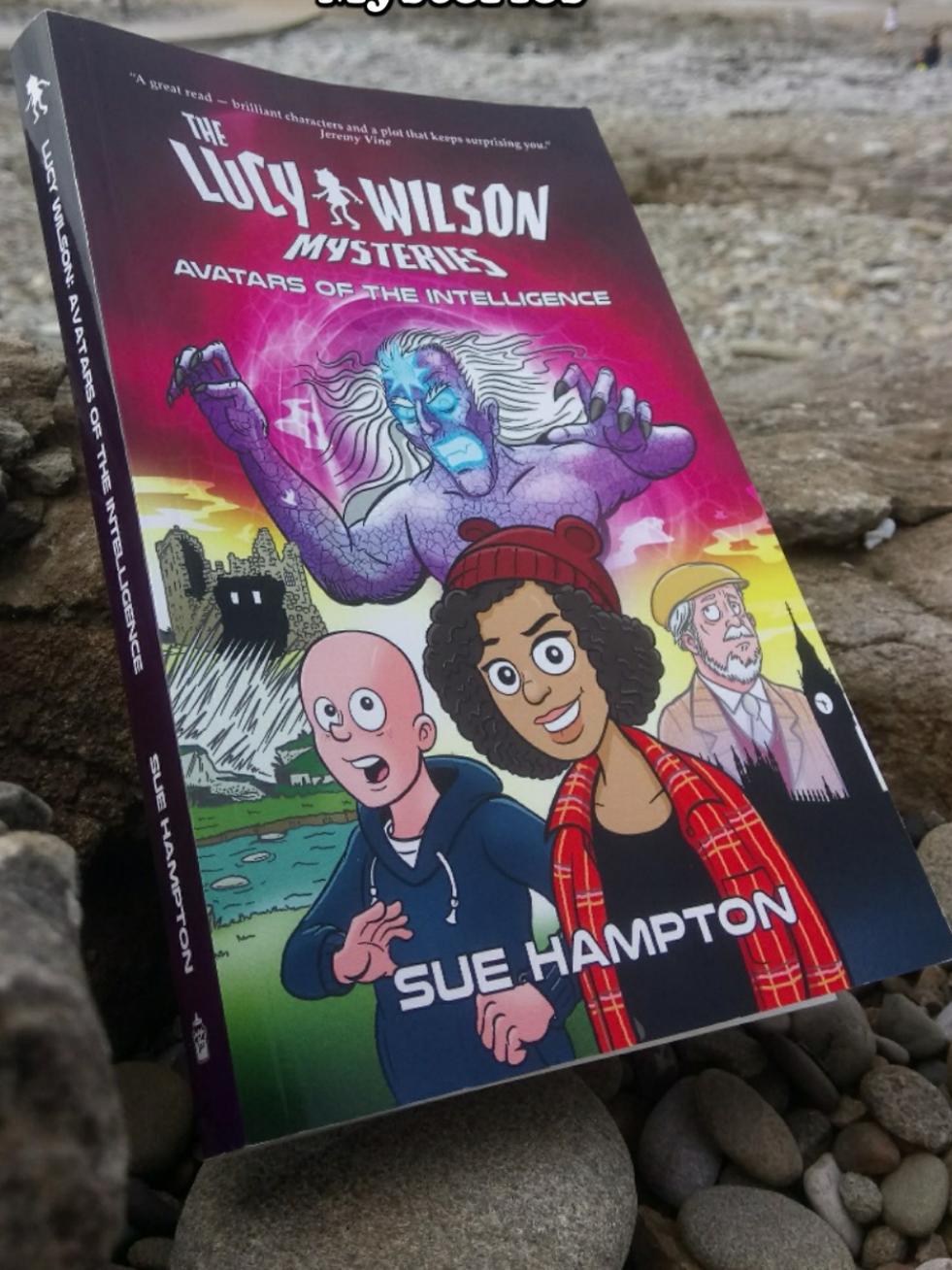
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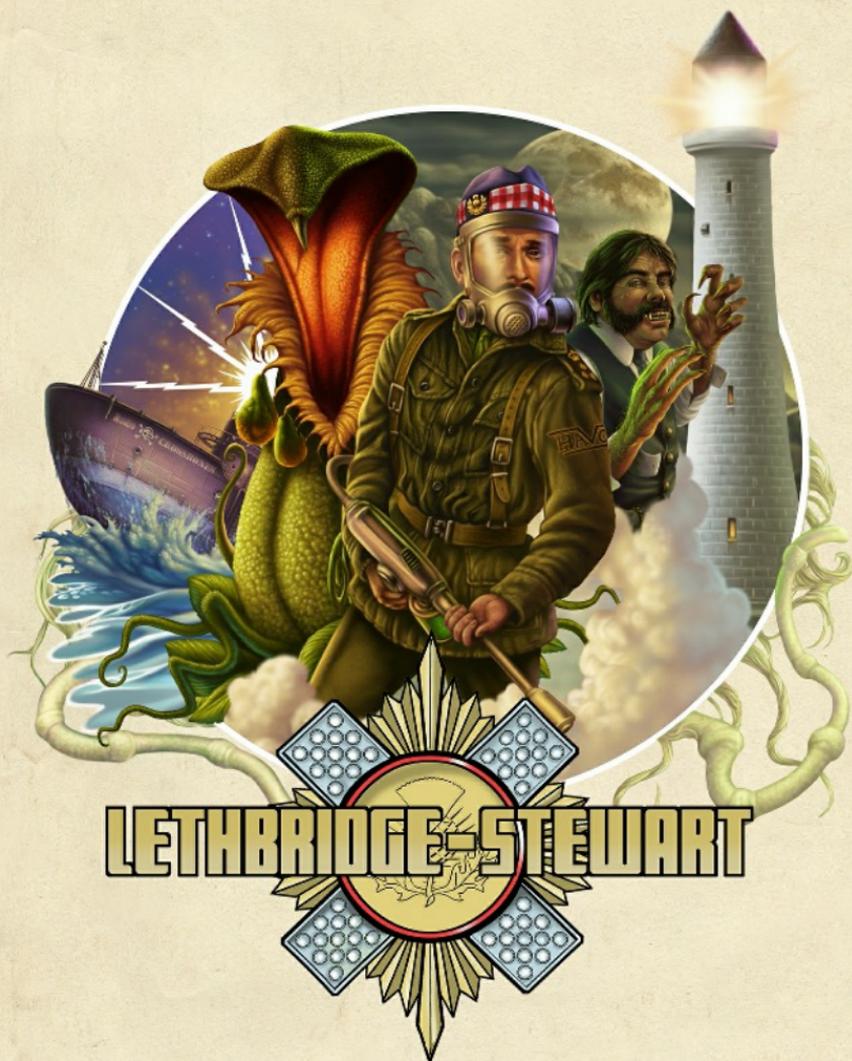
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LETHBRIDGE-STEWART: THE FORGOTTEN SON
by Andy Frankham-Allen

For Colonel Alistair Lethbridge-Stewart his life in the Scots Guards was straightforward enough; rising in the ranks through nineteen years of military service. But then his regiment was assigned to help combat the Yeti incursion in London, the robotic soldiers of an alien entity known as the Great Intelligence. For Lethbridge-Stewart, life would never be the same again.

Meanwhile in the small Cornish village of Bledoe a man is haunted by the memory of an accident thirty years old. The Hollow Man of Remington Manor seems to have woken once more. And in Coleshill, Buckinghamshire, Mary Gore is plagued by the voice of a small boy, calling her home.

What connects these strange events to the recent Yeti incursion, and just what has it all to do with Lethbridge-Stewart?

“A solid start to the series. The Brigadier is such an integral part of Doctor Who mythos, it seems right and proper he now has his own series.” – Doctor Who Magazine

ISBN: 978-0-9931191-5-6

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LETHBRIDGE-STEWART: THE SCHIZOID EARTH
by David A McIntee

Lethbridge-Stewart was supposed to be in the mountains of the east, but things didn't quite go according to plan. On the eve of war, something appeared in the sky; a presence that blotted out the moon. Now it has returned, and no battle plan can survive first contact with this enemy.

Why do the ghosts of fallen soldiers still fight long-forgotten battles against living men? What is the secret of the rural English town of Deepdene? Lethbridge-Stewart has good reason to doubt his own sanity, but is he suffering illness or injury, or is something more sinister going on?

Plagued by nightmares of being trapped in a past that never happened, Lethbridge-Stewart must unravel the mystery of a man ten years out of his time; a man who cannot possibly still exist.

“McIntee turns in a fine Who-based thriller that harkens back to the era in which it’s set while also exploring ideas and concepts more modern. It’s a fast paced tale that makes for a wonderful addition to this new series.” – Warped Factor

ISBN: 978-0-9933221-1-2

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LETHBRIDGE-STEWART: BEAST OF FANG ROCK

by Andy Frankham-Allen

Based on a story by Terrance Dicks

Fang Rock has always had a bad reputation. Since 1955 the lighthouse has been out of commission, shut down because of fire that gutted the entire tower. But now, finally updated and fully renovated, the island and lighthouse is once again about to be brought back into service.

Students have gathered on Fang Rock to celebrate the opening of the ‘most haunted lighthouse of the British Isles’, but they get more than they bargained for when the ghosts of long-dead men return, accompanied by a falling star.

What connects a shooting star, ghosts of men killed in 1902 and the beast that roamed Fang Rock in 1823? Lethbridge-Stewart and Anne Travers are about to discover the answer first hand...

“With a story of ghostly recordings much in the style of Nigel Kneale’s Stone Tape, Anne Travers rather steals the story and becomes the key character. Overall a good tale. Worth a read.” – Starburst Magazine

ISBN: 978-0-9933221-7-4

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**LETHBRIDGE-STEWART: MUTUALLY ASSURED
DOMINATION**

by Nick Walters

The Dominators, the Masters of the Ten Galaxies, have come to Earth, and brought with them their deadly robotic weapons, the Quarks!

It's the summer of '69. Flower power is at its height, and nuclear power is in its infancy. Journalist Harold Chorley is out of work, and Colonel Alistair Lethbridge-Stewart is out of sorts. Dominex Industries are on the up, promising cheap energy for all. But people have started going missing near their plant on Dartmoor. Coincidence, or are sinister forces at work?

Join Lethbridge-Stewart and uneasy ally Harold Chorley as they delve into the secrets behind Dominex, and uncover a plan that could bring about the end of the world.

ISBN: 978-0-9933221-5-0

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LETHBRIDGE-STEWART: MOON BLINK

by Sadie Miller

July 1969, and mankind is on the Moon. Both the United States and Soviet Russia have lunar bases, and both are in trouble.

Back on Earth, Anne Travers has learned she is about to be visited by an old friend from America, Doctor Patricia Richards. Lance Corporal Bill Bishop is aware of the visit, and is on hand to meet Richards.

She brings with her a surprise, one which the Americans and Russians wish to get their hands on. But the only man who can truly help Anne, Colonel Lethbridge-Stewart, is away in Scotland.

It's a game of cat and mouse, as Anne and Bishop seek to protect the life of an innocent baby – one that holds the secrets to life on the Moon.

ISBN: 978-0-9935192-0-8

Also available from Candy Jar Books

LETHBRIDGE-STEWART: THE SHOWSTOPPERS

by Jonathan Cooper

‘Nuzzink in ze world can schtop me now!’

There’s a new TV show about to hit the airwaves, but Colonel Lethbridge-Stewart won’t be tuning in. With the future of the Fifth Operational Corps in doubt he’s got enough to worry about, but a plea from an old friend soon finds Lethbridge-Stewart and Anne Travers embroiled in a plot far more fantastical than anything on the small screen.

Can charismatic star Aubrey Mondegreene really be in two places at the same time? What lengths will ailing entertainment mogul Billy Lovac go to in order to reach his audience? And is luckless journalist Harold Chorley really so desperate that he’ll buy into a story about Nazi conspiracies from a tramp wearing a tin foil hat?

There’s something very rotten at the heart of weekend television, and it isn’t all due to shoddy scripts and bad special effects.

ISBN: 978-0-9935192-1-5

Also available from Candy Jar Books

**LETHBRIDGE-STEWART: THE GRANDFATHER
INFESTATION**

by John Peel

The late 1960s and pirate radio is at its height.

Something stirs in the depths of the North Sea, and for Radio Crossbones that means bad news.

Lethbridge-Stewart and his newly assembled Fifth Operational Corps are called in to investigate after the pirate radio station is mysteriously taken off the air, and a nuclear submarine is lost with all hands.

ISBN: 978-0-9935192-3-9

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LETHBRIDGE-STEWART: TIMES SQUARED

by Rick Cross

When Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart, his fiancée Sally Wright and nephew Owain Vine embark on a much-needed holiday in New York City, the last thing they expect to find is a puzzling mystery involving coma patients, a stranger from a distant land and a dark menace lurking in the bowels of the city's labyrinthine subway system.

Before long, they're battling an ancient evil pursuing a deadly campaign of terror that could bring Manhattan under its control... and the world to its knees.

ISBN: 978-0-99351-92-9-1

Also available from Candy Jar Books

LETHBRIDGE-STEWART: BLOOD OF ATLANTIS

by Simon A Forward

Could Atlantis really have arisen in the Aegean Sea?

Lethbridge-Stewart's nephew, Owain Vine, and a group of eco-protestor friends, are attempting to oppose an operation undertaken by Rolph Vorster, a ruthless South African mining magnate with his own private army, who is out to harvest as much Atlantean riches as he can.

Lethbridge-Stewart, along with Anne Travers, is called in to investigate a missing Russian submarine that appears to be connected to Atlantis, recruiting the colourful eccentric archaeologist, Sonia Montilla, along the way. All the while, Captain Bugayev and an undercover Spetsnaz team are investigating the fate of their government's missing submarine. A complication that could light a major fuse on the Cold War.

Meanwhile, Atlantis grows, and its reach is utterly inimical to human life.

ISBN: 978-0-9954821-0-4

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LETHBRIDGE-STEWART: MIND OF STONE

by Iain McLaughlin

Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart has been remanded to Woodworms Scrubs Prison, and his team have no idea why. Secrecy surrounds his case, but his team barely have a chance to process anything before they are sent on a mission to Egypt.

Why does it seem like Lethbridge-Stewart is going out of his way to court trouble from the prison's most notorious inmates? And what does it have to do with well-known gangster Hugh Godfrey?

In the Ptolemaic Museum of Cairo, Anne Travers and her team are trying to uncover the mystery surrounding some very unusual stone statues.

One thing connects these events; the cargo transported by Colonel Pemberton and Captain Knight in August 1968.

ISBN: 978-0-9954821-5-9

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LETHBRIDGE-STEWART: NIGHT OF THE INTELLIGENCE

by Andy Frankham-Allen

Three men feel the pull of the Great Intelligence.

One; Professor Edward Travers, who was once possessed by it, plans to return to the Det-Sen Monastery to clear his mind of the Intelligence once and for all. But he never makes it. The Vault want him, but an old friend is waiting in the wings to help.

Two; Owain Vine, who carries the seed of the Intelligence within, is in Japan on a pilgrimage to cleanse himself of the taint he feels in his soul. Soon a happy reunion takes place, and Owain learns that past friendships are not what they seemed.

Three; Brigadier Alistair Lethbridge-Stewart, who finds himself haunted by the spectre of his brother, James, who refuses to stay dead.

The stage is set for the long, dark night of the Intelligence.

ISBN: 978-0-9957436-3-2

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LETHBRIDGE-STEWART: THE DAUGHTERS OF EARTH

by Sarah Groenewegen

To celebrate Lethbridge-Stewart's birthday, a romantic weekend is planned for him and Sally in a remote cottage in the Scottish Highlands. Unfortunately for Sally, freak weather causes her to crash her car.

Lethbridge-Stewart, meanwhile, is in Cairngorm investigating UFO sightings.

Elsewhere, the Daughters of Earth, a women-only peace movement, are making waves in the political world, but just who is their enigmatic leader? And what links the Daughters with the events of Cairngorm and Sally's accident?

ISBN: 978-0-9957436-4-9

Also available from Candy Jar Books

**LETHBRIDGE-STEWART: THE DREAMER'S
LAMENT**

by Benjamin-Burford Jones

While visiting his mother, Lethbridge-Stewart is a little perturbed when Harold Chorley calls to ask for his help. A train from Bristol has gone missing, and Chorley is convinced it has something to do with the Keynsham Triangle, where over fifty people have vanished without trace since the early 1800s.

Elsewhere, Anne Travers is coming to terms with a loss in her family, and sets about preparing for a funeral. However, news reaches her that both Lethbridge-Stewart and Chorley have gone missing, and her help is required to find them. And, hopefully, solve the mystery of the Keynsham Triangle.

What connects the missing train to the Triangle, what has it got to do with a Wren from the 1940s, and just why does it appear that Lethbridge-Stewart and Chorley are in the village of Keynsham in 1815?

ISBN: 978-0-9957436-5-6