

*From the classic
era of Doctor Who*



ONE COLD STEP
DAVID A McINTEE
ANDY FRANKHAM-ALLEN

The right of David A McIntee & Andy Frankham-Allen to be identified as the Author of the Work has been asserted by them in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988.

Copyright © David A McIntee & Andy Frankham-Allen 2015

Characters and Concepts from 'The Web of Fear'

© Hannah Haisman & Henry Lincoln

HAVOC developed by and © Andy Frankham-Allen & Shaun Russell

The Vault © Gary Russell

Doctor Who is © British Broadcasting Corporation, 1963, 2015.

Editor: Shaun Russell

Deputy Editor: Andy Frankham-Allen

Cover: Nathan Hudson

Editorial: Will Rees

Licensed by Hannah Haisman

Published by

Candy Jar Books

Mackintosh House

136 Newport Road, Cardiff, CF24 1DJ

www.candyjarbooks.co.uk

All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted at any time or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise without the prior permission of the copyright holder. This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not by way of trade or otherwise be circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published.

LETHBRIDGE-STEWART

ONE COLD STEP

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

David A McIntee
Andy Frankham-Allen



CANDY JAR BOOKS CARDIFF
A Russell & Frankham-Allen Series
2015

ONE COLD STEP

Anne Travers supposed that technically they were ripples, but that word was too insignificant to fit the scale of what she was watching. Wafts of steam drifted along the ship's rail, already chilly against Anne's face. Even though the icebreaker *Amundsen* was designed to safely approach this close to solid icebergs, and was built for the utmost possible stability against any turbulent waters that could be thrown at it, Anne still felt her skin prickle, and held on tight to the nearest stanchion.

The ship tilted by several degrees as the swell rolled under her, but it did so very slowly and steadily. Anne knew there was no danger of the ship being swamped or overturning, but knowing something and feeling it were two completely different things. She knew she was safe, but she certainly didn't feel safe. What she did feel was a pair of eyes on her, and a sense of amusement at her expense. The amusement was written all over her father's face, when she turned to see who was watching her. He wasn't even bothering to hold onto anything, she noticed, a little jealous. Stocky and grey-bearded, he looked every inch the sea-captain, apart from the glasses and Homburg hat.

She knew that Edward Travers had spent some time exploring the snow-capped Himalayas, and had learned very quickly that it was good sense to keep the head covered

when winter was snowy and cold, or when one was in the vicinity of one of the Earth's polar caps. The skies remained clear and blue, and she was glad that no storms were filling the air from horizon to horizon with shrieking sharp particles. Her father rolled with the ship's motion, and gestured towards the new-born berg with the steaming coffee-mug he held in his left hand.

'Always a privilege to be at a birth,' he said. 'Not as meaningful as yours or your brother's, of course, but I prefer to take the more glass-half-full view on such a bright day.'

She couldn't resist a chuckle. 'You're right, of course, Father. A new island... A lot of geologists are going to be very jealous of us.'

'Yes, well, that's academia for you, Anne. Wolves fighting over the nearest deer.'

'Was it as bad in your day?'

'I'd like to say no, but I rather fear I'd be lying, on nostalgic grounds. You know, the whole "when I grew up nobody locked their doors", and all that gubbins. It's all nonsense, of course.'

'How long do you think it'll be before we can look for the crater?'

'Up to the captain and the pilot, I suppose.' They looked towards the stern of the ship, where a couple of overall-clad sailors were pulling a tarpaulin off the helicopter. More accurately, off most of what would be the helicopter – it was tied down by many cables, and the rotor blades were still stored below decks, not attached to the chopper itself.

'Well, it looks like it won't be long, Father.'

It was like re-living her student days, although back then she'd

never have been able to afford the bungalow she now lived in. But, looking around her, at the sparse furnishing, the almost empty rooms, bereft of all the personal touches of her apartment in America, it wasn't so far from how she had lived back in the late '50s. A fact her brother noted with some measure of glee.

'I would never have pegged you for digs in a small Yorkshire village,' Alun said, looking around the living room. 'And no TV.'

'Nor I, but needs must, and it's as near to my place of work as I can get without compromising its location. As for television, I hardly have time to put my feet up and indulge in the latest episode of Tomorrow's World or Panorama. Not that I would need to, of course.'

Alun nodded, reached down for his tea, and briefly considered the cracked mug. 'Not exactly mother's best china.'

'No,' Anne said, 'that's still in America. I haven't decided if I'm staying yet, so until I do, I'm not shipping anything over.'

'And yet you bought a bungalow,' Alun pointed out.

'Well, it wasn't exactly me who bought it...'

Alun looked at her for a moment, his brown eyes boring deep. 'Hmm. All sounds a little too cloak and dagger for me.'

Anne wasn't surprised. Her brother, older than she by eighteen months, had never approved of the way Anne lived her life. Never staying in one place for long, always moving on to wherever her research took her. She took after her father, whereas Alun took after their mother, a stable influence by all accounts. Not that Anne knew – their mother had died when she was young, too young to really remember her. Alun, at least, had some vague recollections of Margaret Travers. Ironic that he should be so inspired by their mother, since he looked so much like their father's side. Anne recalled photographs of their grandfather, Lyndon Travers, and looking at Alun was like seeing Lyndon brought back to life,

especially with the silly whiskers on the side of his face. Anne, of course, took after the Goffs, in her looks. She was, according to their father, the spit of Margaret. Not that Anne would know that, since there seemed to be no photos of her mother by which she could compare.

'Yes, it's exciting,' Anne said, and raised a finger to silence any response he was about to give. 'But you know I can't tell you more than that.' Alun shrugged. She knew he wasn't that interested anyway. He had enough on his plate, what with his teaching duties at Oxford College of Further Education. 'So, what does bring you here? Not just a social visit, I imagine.'

Alun looked offended, although it was all put on. He knew she was right. 'Can't I simply just visit my little sister, to see how she's doing? I haven't seen you for, what, over a year?'

'That is true, but you could have visited me in Nevada. I know plenty of people who would have loved to pick your mind on certain historical topics.'

At this Alun raised his eyebrows. 'You told them about me?'

'Well, of course. Father may not show it, but we are both proud of what you have achieved.'

For a moment Alun was silent. He stood up and crossed the living room. He stopped by the window and looked out at the fields surrounding Kilham. 'It's Dad who brings me here.'

'You have heard from him?'

Alun glanced back. 'I hear from him less than you. But I do have contacts, and it's come to my attention that he wishes to return to Tibet.'

Anne already knew this. Plans were well underway. 'I don't see the problem, Alun. Father has been through a lot lately. He needs to rest, and the monks at Det-Sen are old friends of his. They will help him.'

'He's too damn old to go gallivanting across the world, Anne!'

Anne found herself taken aback by the tone of Alun's voice. He was usually soft spoken, very rarely raised his voice. She stood and joined her brother at the window. 'This is Father we're talking about. Do you think I can really stop him?'

Alun sighed. 'No. No, of course not, but... Well, this work you're doing that's so hush-hush, can't you bring him on board? He does have certain clearances. Or have you forgotten his stories about his adventures with the Fourth Operational Corps in the '40s?'

'That was a long time ago. If indeed it even happened. I've got a few military contacts of my own, and no one has even heard of the Operational Corp, fourth or otherwise.'

'Then where do you suppose he was during the war?'

Now it was Anne's turn to shrug. During the '40s Alun and she had spent a lot of time with their uncle and aunt, Sebastian and Kathleen Goff. They had been children, and so didn't really question it, simply enjoyed the endless hours of games they played with their cousins. It was only as they got older that they started to question things, and learned some truths of their father's exploits.

'You know Father,' Anne said, 'he rarely stayed home. He could have been anywhere.'

'Nonetheless, was he not involved in the recent evacuation of London? I believe that involved the British Army.' Alun looked down at Anne, his expression resolute. 'And he called you in to help.'

Anne smiled within, but gave nothing away on the outside. Her brother was often sharper than he appeared. He liked to play the part of the academic whose head was so entrenched in books that he missed what was going on around him. But it was just an act, and Anne knew that well.

'Very well,' she said with a sigh. 'I don't know what I can do, but I will find a way to keep him in the UK. And with me.'

Alun put an arm around Anne's shoulders and brought her closer to him. 'Thank you,' he said, and kissed her gently on the forehead. 'That's all I ask.'

Days later and still her mind was on her promise to Alun. She'd been at the Vault for over a month now, and knew about as much as when she had first been assigned there. It was run by the Ministry of Technology, ostensibly, and was all part of Wilson's mandate to find new ways to develop technology that would help the industry of the United Kingdom. At least on paper. In truth the Vault was more about securing alien technology, finding ways to use that, than developing new technologies. And even then Anne felt sure she was missing something.

The Vault was run by a man everybody called the General, a mysterious figure who Anne had yet to meet, and one who appeared to produce dread in whoever talked about him. This in itself suggested that there was more going on at the Vault than she was seeing. Which, of course, was part of the reason she was there. To find out just what was going on.

She looked up from the laboratory bench, upon which sat a complicated apparatus covered in softly glowing web. Two men entered. The first was the only scientist at the Vault with whom she got on, Leonard Harkness, and he was followed in by the stores quartermaster, Captain Sam Hawkins.

'Hi, Anne, how's it going?' Leonard asked.

'Slowly,' she said, turning back to the bench. 'But I'm sure we can apply the principle of the web to a form of wireless communication... I just haven't quite worked out how yet. The problem lies with—'

'Sorry to interrupt you brainboxes,' Hawkins said, and handed a piece of paper to Anne. 'But I have orders from the General. You're needed to head an expedition to the North Atlantic.'

Anne bit her natural response. She still wasn't keen on being under orders from anybody, least of all a faceless General. But for now she had to bite her tongue, since she was under orders and she could do nothing about it. She perused the details on the paper, and considered. The North Atlantic was far from the UK, of course, but at least she could keep an eye on her father. And the expedition would certainly interest him.

'I see,' she said slowly. 'And I assume my team is not of my choosing?'

'Afraid not, Doctor,' Hawkins said.

Anne nodded. Then folded her arms. 'Then I refuse.'

'Doctor Travers, you can't refuse an order from...'

'I can, unless I get to pick at least one member of my team.'

Beside her Leonard smiled. 'You'd better ask the General, Sam,' he said, and winked at Anne. 'She won't move unless you do.'

Hawkins remained there for a moment, then shook his head, smiling slightly. 'OK, but assume his agreement and start packing out your trash.' He saluted them, and left the lab.

Anne turned to Leonard. 'Are you suggesting I'm stubborn?'

Leonard shook his head. 'Lord no, I wouldn't dare suggest such a thing.'

The helicopter was an ex-Royal Navy Westland Whirlwind, supplied, along with the pilot – a woman named Parr – by the British establishment. When in naval service, it had been heavily winterized for operations in the Arctic Circle. It had also originally been painted yellow, for an air-sea-rescue role. Aboard the ship, however, it had been re-painted a

brighter orangey-red so that it could easily be spotted in a storm, or found if crashed anywhere on the Arctic ice.

The ship's mechanics had fitted the rotor blades by now, and Anne was keen to get started. The Whirlwind was a good, solid machine, far more reliable than the smaller choppers Anne had flown in before. She actually felt confident about getting into the Whirlwind, rather than fearing that something was going to fall off in mid-air, not that she was keen on chopper flight as a rule. Susan Parr seemed thorough in her pre-flight inspection, but still found time to wave a greeting to Anne as she and her father boarded, along with a couple of technicians.

'Ready to go?'

'Yes indeed. Will it be a long trip?'

Parr shook her head, before pulling her helmet over her cropped blonde hair. 'Ten, maybe fifteen minutes, tops. There's a slight headwind, but that just means we'll be a little faster on the way back.'

'There's nothing wrong with that, if the galley has dinner ready.'

'Can't disagree with you there, Doctor. Anyway, you're in command, so as soon as you're ready, it's your show.'

'We've just got some measuring equipment to load,' Anne said, 'and then will be good to go.'

There was a light but biting wind, blowing volcanic grit in their faces as they trudged across the barren island. 'My money's still on a crashed plane,' one of the technicians said.

'Always a possibility,' Anne's father agreed. 'Especially if one was flying above the initial eruption that birthed the

island. The volume of smoke and steam would have been more than enough to blind any pilot.'

'And reduce the air density under his wings,' Anne added. She was carrying a portable magnetometer, and kept an eye on the needle of its gauge. 'The readings look interesting,' she added. 'There's definitely a huge metallic mass a mile or so to the north.'

'That's not our crater, surely?' her father asked.

'No, that's just over this ridge.' Anne pointed to her left, and walked briskly up the dark slope. Her father and the two technicians followed, and in a matter of minutes, they were all standing on the rim of a crater about forty yards across, and ten deep. 'It doesn't look volcanic,' Anne said, 'and there's something metallic in the centre.'

'A meteorite, most likely, in *my* opinion,' her father said, with a challenging glare at the technician who had predicted a plane crash.

Anne turned, trying not to let the technician see her amusement. As it was, she could see the Whirlwind from the lip of the crater, and even make out Susan Parr walking around it. She turned her attention back to the interior of the crater.

'The temperature isn't any higher in there,' the second technician said.

'Then let's not waste any time,' her father said eagerly. He set off down into the crater. Anne struggled to keep up, despite his age.

Soon, the four of them were standing on flat ground again. Anne knelt in the gravel, and cleared a small patch with her hand. 'Look at this, Father, I was right. There is something metal here.' As the others gathered round, they

saw that she had uncovered a patch of dark metal. Anne's eyes widened. 'Oh, this has to be some kind of joke.'

Her father looked at her, his expression mixing excitement and concern. 'What is it, Anne?'

She put down the magnetometer, and used both hands to scoop the broken rock and ash away from more metal. She directed the others to step away. There was a raised curve bulging upwards, and she cleared the gravel away from it. 'I don't believe I'm saying this, but see if you can find the edges.'

Encumbered by his thick coat, her father was the first to do as she said. His gloved hands followed the other side of the raised curve. Smoked glass reflected the sky back at them.

All four of them redoubled their efforts. Within half an hour, they had exposed enough of the metal to see that it was a large flattened cylinder, with stubby wings, but no engines.

'An unexploded bomb!' Anne exclaimed.

She and the technicians scrambled away from it, but her father stood where he was. 'No, Anne, no. Oh, it's about the right size for a Tallboy, but look at these glass panels, and a hatch. Whatever it is, it isn't simply a bomb.' He harrumphed, fixing her with a glare. 'This was clearly meant to transport a person, or persons. I wonder who was in it.'

'Or,' Anne said ominously, 'who *is* in it?'

To Be Continued in...

The Schizoid Earth by David A McIntee

THE TRAVERS

A SHORT BIOGRAPHY

The Goffs, Anne's maternal ancestors, were very much dominated by the male gender; eccentrics all of them, which is why both Anne and her mother pushed against such eccentricities and became very straight-laced women, a trait Alun also held tight to. Strong, determined, focused in the more real aspects of life. Edward Travers, however, became quite enamoured with his wife's family, and soon developed their eccentricities. Anne's mother, Margaret, died when Anne and her brother Alun were very young.

There was a long history of bad blood between the Travers and the Goffs, which only healed with the marriage of Edward and Margaret. However, it was a rift that never healed entirely, and to this day the Travers and Goffs have a fractious relationship. The source of the bad blood, which goes back to the early 1800s, is something of a mystery to both Anne and Alun.

Anne and Edward are very much the characters we saw on television in *The Web of Fear*.

Anne is highly qualified and experienced in a great many fields, including some most scientists would deem errant nonsense. She also has a wide range of interests. Anne is thirty-one years old, and has been studying since her

mid-teens. Her formal training was initially sponsored privately by her father, but she went on to study for several years in Cambridge. Prejudice in the male dominated world of science in the '60s often made things difficult for them, and more than once put a wall up in Edward's own professional path. This just made Anne more determined to excel, which she has in spades, gaining qualifications and experience in many subjects, and in one or two cases advancing fields with original research of her own.

Between 1964 and 1969, Anne travelled extensively, learning everything she could about different cultures and other views of science and the world. Anne, always an original thinker with real courage in her convictions, has matured into a determined but pragmatic truth-seeker, primarily interested in enriching the world via new discoveries.

She is becoming increasingly interested in the idea of a family of her own, a husband and children, and may well start one when she can figure out a way of integrating her personal and professional lives in a way she considers healthy and balanced. As such she finds herself looking around her for such a suitable husband.

Following *The Abominable Snowmen* Edward Travers, after studying the robotic Yeti, started seeing the possibilities for modelling animal movements for study without having to endanger real animals, but others influenced him to look at potential medical applications, and so on – but in the end he went where the funding was. During World War II he worked with the British Government, in particular with the secret military arm, the Fourth Operational Corps.

OUT NOW



*From the classic
era of Doctor Who*



THE FORGOTTEN SON

ANDY FRANKHAM-ALLEN

FOREWORD BY TERRANCE DICKS

COMING SOON:

THE SCHIZOID EARTH BY DAVID A MCINTEE

BEAST OF FANG ROCK BY ANDY FRANKHAM-ALLEN

AND TERRANCE DICKS

MUTUALLY ASSURED DOMINATION BY NICK WALTERS



www.candyjarbooks.co.uk