

From the classic era of Doctor Who

LETHBRIDGE STEWART



THE CASE OF THE MISSING FAIRY



STEVEN WALTON

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LETHBRIDGE-STEWART

The Case of the Missing Fairy

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

Steve Walton



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*(This story is set before the 1980s section
of the television story, Mawdryn Undead)*

The morning had been quite easy for former-brigadier, Alistair Lethbridge-Stewart; his last class had finished early the day before and his next wasn't until later that afternoon. The pupils of Brendon Public School were all, for now, someone else's problem. With this running through his mind, he smiled as he took the first sip of his tea. Christmas was fast approaching and with this being the last week of half term, it should be an easy ride to the holidays and through to the New Year.

Unfortunately for him, the second the cup touched his lips a rushed tapping hit his door. He gave a disappointed sigh, as he knew his quiet time was officially over.

'Quick, sir,' cried a young boy. 'There's been a kidnapping!'

He jumped from his seat and readied himself for action.

Across at the main hall a large crowd had gathered around the Christmas tree, through which the Brigadier made his way to join his colleagues.

'I came as soon as I could.' He was slightly out of breath, but only due to the fact he hadn't done anything for nearly twenty-four hours. 'Is it a boy or a teacher?'

he asked solemnly.

‘Neither,’ Mr Grey, the English teacher, said, looking sad. ‘Look!’

He pointed to the top of the tree. He was quite an old man and his finger was knobbly and meatless.

‘I can’t see anything.’

‘Precisely.’ The headmaster, Mr Newton, stepped forward; his face matched that of Mr Grey. ‘Someone here has taken our wonderful Christmas fairy.’

The Brigadier took Newton to one side.

‘Sir, please don’t tell me the whole school has come to an utter standstill because of a tree topper?’ He considered himself and the headmaster above the usual ludicrousness of the pupils, which sadly included some of the teachers too.

At that point there was a large flash of light; behind the teachers the best reporter from the school paper, young Max Redfern, had just taken a photograph for his next headline. Normally the Brigadier would be lenient on the paper, but he found the whole scenario playing out in front of him to be absolutely ridiculous and almost said something about a slow news day... And would have done, had it not been for the look on many of the faculty’s faces.

‘Brigadier,’ Newton stated, ‘you have a history of this sort of thing. I want you to team up with Mr Grey here. Get this case solved and get that fairy back on top of the tree.’

‘Sir, couldn’t we just buy a new one?’ the Brigadier asked in a low voice so as not to offend anyone else, though he wasn’t too sure why people were getting agitated in the first place.

The headmaster didn’t respond.

It wasn’t long before Mr Grey had set up an interrogation room in his office. The Brigadier didn’t say anything while the history teacher was setting up, but Grey’s sense of humour failed when he was asked if he would prefer to be good cop or bad cop. That led to some rather foul language being muttered quite loudly. Grey had not yet forgiven the Brigadier over the fact that he had suggested a replacement, so anything the Brigadier had to say was quickly dismissed – if it was listened to at all.

‘You know we could just search the dorms,’ the Brigadier suggested.

‘No, they will expect us to do that. There were six pupils in the area on the night of the twentieth: Critchley, Granger, Shore, Peters, Mullings, and Abbott. One of them is a kidnapper and it is my job to find this person and bring justice.’ Grey had one of his bony fingers in the air at this point. The Brigadier rolled his eyes and pursed his lips together.

He was about to say something, but resisted the temptation to raise his voice out of respect for Grey’s advanced age. Instead, he bit his tongue and fetched

the suspect that had been waiting patiently outside the room while Mr Grey positioned the chair in the most intimidating position.

The first young man to enter the makeshift interrogation room was Duncan Critchley; he was one of the smartest children in the school, even though he was one of the youngest. He hoisted himself up in the chair while Mr Grey dimmed the lights. Marvelling at the fact the room looked like a police station, the Brigadier watched in disbelief.

‘Do you remember where you were on the twentieth?’ Grey’s pen was poised. The Brigadier expected a dictaphone to come out of his pocket at any moment.

‘I... I... I...’ Critchley was nervous. He swallowed and took a deep breath; then a bundle of words splurged out of his mouth. ‘I didn’t take the fairy, I wouldn’t have stolen it. But I was hiding in the Hall, sir.’

‘Why? What for?’

‘There was someone after me.’

‘Who was after you?’ the Brigadier interrupted, cautious that Grey’s demented attitude to a Christmas ornament might distract him from helping a young man who had an actual real-life problem.

‘It doesn’t matter,’ Critchley said, looking down at his feet.

‘Now come on, we can’t help you if you don’t tell us. Was it a fellow pupil?’ The Brigadier’s brow raised in the way only his did.

‘It was, but I don’t want to say, don’t make me say, sir.’

‘Maybe we could take this up at a later date.’ The Brigadier frowned at Grey. ‘When we have normal lighting and a little more sense.’

Critchley nodded but was still fixated on the floor.

‘Off you go,’ the Brigadier said. And then added, ‘Actually, before you go, do you know who may have took the fairy?’

Critchley shook his head, hopped out of the chair that was a little too big for him, and went to leave the room. He stopped at the door, and looked back at the Brigadier.

‘Sir, I did see Edward and George talking to each other, but I don’t know what about.’

The Brigadier consulted his list. Edward Mullings and George Abbott; known to bully lads like Critchley, so he could just be passing the blame.

‘Have you gone completely mad?’ Grey growled once Critchley had left the room.

‘Me? You want to know if I’m the one who’s mad?’ The Brigadier would have laughed, if the man wasn’t so serious. ‘I can assure you I am most likely the sanest person here, particularly in this room. This whole scenario is absurd. Surely this toy cannot mean as

much as this to anyone. It was clear the young man knew nothing, he was hiding from some rough boys and there he stayed.'

For a moment Grey looked away, his shoulders tense. Then he relaxed. 'You're right,' he agreed.

This filled the Brigadier with a bit of relief; perhaps this surreal situation would finally go away and maybe his teapot was still warm and he could enjoy that cup of tea after all.

'What we need is a spot light!' Mr Grey declared suddenly.

The Brigadier's shoulders dropped. His patience was through. He left the room as Grey pulled out a desk lamp and attempted to align its shine with the chair.

There was a knock at Newton's door. He moved the newspaper he was reading to his top drawer and reshuffled the paperwork on his desk before granting permission for the visitor to enter.

'Sir, may I have a word?'

It was the Brigadier. Newton liked the ex-soldier, he kept good timing and was marvellous at keeping even the unruliest boys in line. The only problem was he had been quite high up apparently, more so than his rank would indicate, and he sometimes forgot that he was now just an ordinary maths teacher; not even head of his faculty.

'Headmaster, can we please drop the Christmas fairy

fiasco? Mr Grey, the poor old chap, has rather gone a bit too far, too much cinnamon and gingerbread most likely. Gone to his head no doubt.'

'Brigadier, you've been here almost five years now.' Newton gestured for his employee to take a seat. 'As you well now, Mr Grey is one of our most experienced faculty members, his expertise on the history of Britain is second to none, and he has multiple letters after his name.'

'This may be the case, but don't you think that setting up an interrogation room with a spotlight and hot seat is taking the boundaries of school teacher too far?'

'Every teacher is different.' Newton relaxed back in his chair.

'Sir, I can appreciate that, but—'

'Brigadier, let me tell you something about Mr Grey.' Newton moved closer to the maths teacher, his hands twitching. 'All these awards and accolades he has are all from his past, he's old now with nowhere to go. He had no children, but he was married. That fairy was a gift from his wife.'

He noticed a flicker on the Brigadier's face. Five years, and still Newton knew so little about the man. He heard rumour that the Brigadier once had a wife, but something happened almost a decade ago, and as a result he barely ever saw his daughter.

Newton continued. 'She was a lovely woman and

loved to help out at the school where she could. At one point she acted as a sort of head dinner lady. It was a sad day when she passed away, it affected everyone here. All the boys adored her, staff loved her and Mr Grey... Well, Mr Grey had lost his soul mate. So here he is, alone and getting on in years. Go easy on him; that fairy was a tradition his wife had started, he just wants to make sure it carries on.'

The Brigadier was quiet for a moment, then he stood and nodded sharply. 'Understood, Headmaster. I'm not unfamiliar with the concept of sentimental keepsakes myself.'

Newton just smiled. But inside he thought, I daresay you are, Brigadier. One day I may even find out why.

'Granger, you don't want to be here, I don't want to be here.' Grey paced the floor, as he was wont to do when lecturing. 'But here we are in the one room neither of us can leave, but there is a way.'

Alfie Granger was an older boy than Critchley, he was coming up to leaving age and would take his finals next year; he wasn't expected to do very well. He should have been expelled years ago, after a rather strange incident with a hosepipe, but his parents gave a rather large grant which purposely more than covered the cost of the damages.

Granger just looked at his teacher; his messy hair covered his left eyebrow.

‘Confess.’ Grey grabbed his lapels. ‘Confess your sins, or those of who you know, and you can walk out of this door.’

‘I haven’t got the angel.’ The boy was terribly laid-back in his attitude, which rather explained his lack of academic prowess.

‘Maybe you are trying to play overly innocent by not knowing the name of the creature you have kidnapped.’ Grey tapped the desk. ‘It won’t work, you know it was a fairy and I know it was a fairy, every man, woman and child in this school knows it was a fairy.’

Granger shrugged. ‘This man might know it, but this man doesn’t care.’

Grey glared at the obstinate boy. ‘A real man cares about those less fortunate than himself,’ he growled. ‘You are labelled in my case as a child, and you will do well to remember it.’

If Granger cared, he didn’t show it. Instead he sighed and looked at the door. ‘Sir, can I go?’

‘If you tell me everything you know. Like why Critchley was hiding in that room.’

The boy’s demeanour changed suddenly. He became a little tenser.

‘Getting nervous, are we?’ Mr Grey leaned over the desk, his fraying silk tie touching the table top. ‘If you see the light, sonny, you know where I am.’

He opened the door to let the boy out. Once Granger

had gone, Grey allowed himself a self-satisfied smile. The boys of Brendon ought to know better than think they could pull one over him.

As the Brigadier walked past Mr Grey's room he heard a familiar sound, that of Edward Mullings answering back. He smiled to himself.

He quickly popped his head around the door to inform Mr Grey that he was looking for clues around the tree. If anything, it meant that he wouldn't have to be in the same room as his colleague, but he kept that part to himself. He also made a joke about thumb screws which he thought was quite amusing; however, he was rather less amused when he was presented with a magnifying glass from the science room. He felt that he may have been on the receiving end of a joke this time and somehow it out trumped his. He soldiered on to the hall.

'To continue, young Mullings, I have heard that you and Abbott were definitely having a discussion in the hall.'

Edward Mullings was a trouble maker. And like all bullies he was, ultimately, a coward himself, only good in numbers. 'What were you talking about, eh? Were you conspiring kidnap?'

Mullings wasn't a very pleasant person to be around and, unfortunately for Grey, he had very little respect

for the more mild-mannered teachers. That did not include the Brigadier, of course, which Mr Grey knew, and he secretly wished that the man had stayed to help.

‘If you must know,’ Mullings said, ‘we were talking about a fight.’

‘I didn’t hear about a fight, and I know everything.’

Mullings smiled. Insolently. ‘Well, you don’t know who pinched the fairy, do you?’

The Brigadier hitched up his trousers at the knees, showing the top half of his plain grey socks. He clambered down on his knees slowly, then after putting the magnifying glass in his jacket pocket, got down on all fours, edging himself under the tree. At what point had his life come to this?

A once-proud, decorated officer, with a family, saving the planet almost every week... And here he was looking for a blasted Christmas tree fairy!

The first thing he picked out was a chewed pencil with a green pattern around the edge. There was nothing else except something glittery a little bit further; it looked like a piece of rubbish, but he collected it anyway, even if it was just better housekeeping than actual importance. As he reached under the Christmas tree for the object, annoyed that no one had checked here just in case the tree topper had slipped off, his mind drifted back to the good old days of the Fifth and UNIT. He had saved the Earth

on more than one occasion, all ‘hush hush’ of course, and most of it was a haze now, but he had built a career he was proud of once, one his father would have been proud of too. He recalled the raised eyebrows of people like Major Bill Bishop, Sergeant Major John Benton... Anne Bishop, too... when he retired from the military and said he was going into teaching. They all thought he was mad. Only his daughter, Kate, seemed to be okay with his decision. But what would they think if they could see him now?

As he dusted himself down, he noticed his knees were now covered in mud.

Looking around the floor he saw that there were various muddy foot prints, patterned as if there had been a struggle. He thought for a minute and saw some larger clumps on the far side nearest the tree. Reluctantly he pulled the magnifying glass from his pocket; he looked around to make sure no one saw him use it. It was a mash of grass and mud.

Definitely from the field, he thought.

He left the room just as Abbott was approaching.

‘What are you doing here?’ the Brigadier asked.

‘I’m on my way to my English class, sir,’ the young man replied. He was a promising pupil but not the best with numbers, and his long hair had annoyed the Brigadier when they first met. A terrible look for a young man.

‘Has Mr Grey spoken to you yet?’

‘No, sir, but Edward said Mr Grey threatened him with Chinese torture.’

The Brigadier resisted the urge to roll his eyes. ‘Did he now?’

Still thinking furiously, Mr Grey sat down and placed a tea cup on his desk. He picked up a framed photograph.

‘Oh Elizabeth, everyone must think I’m going mad.’ He smiled at the image of his wife. ‘But that fairy belonged to us and...’

There was a knock on the door, he smiled once again at the photo and commanded that the visitor entered.

‘Sorry, were you sleeping?’ the Brigadier asked.

‘No, no, just thinking,’ Grey remained in his chair. ‘Did you find anything?’

‘Not really.’ The Brigadier showed him a small patch of mud and a pencil. What use that was, Grey could only imagine.

‘Oh, except for some broken rubbish.’ The Brigadier threw down something that looked a little like porcelain. Something on the side of it glittered beneath the spotlight that was still positioned for interrogation.

‘What is that?’ Grey started to get up out of his chair. Lethbridge-Stewart moved to help but he was too late. Grey picked the ‘rubbish’ up, and a feeling of dread swept over him. ‘Oh no. Do you know what this is?’

‘Just some rubbish. Some kind of broken plate maybe?’

Mr Grey was disappointed in the Brigadier. He tutted. ‘Not a plate, Brigadier, no. This is a wing.’

‘It is?’ The Brigadier peered closer. ‘Well, yes, I suppose it might be.’

‘Don’t you understand?’

It was clear the Brigadier did not. So Grey spelled it out for him, his ire rising with each word.

‘It’s the fairy’s wing! We are not just looking at a kidnapping case now, Brigadier. We are looking at *murder!*’

Grey had succeeded in getting nothing from Gordon Peters except for confirmation that he had seen Critchley in the room, though he couldn’t remember where. Peters was one of those quiet pupils, his ginger hair and freckled face made him distinctive; it was safe to say he was more known for his features than his conversation.

Next up was George Abbott. The only question Grey wanted an answer to, was what had Mullings and Abbott been discussing in the hall. Grey didn’t inform Abbot about what Mullings had claimed, so when Abbott said it was an Art project he knew that Mullings had lied. Art was Abbott’s specialist area, he had never been in trouble before and, if Grey was honest, he believed him more than Mullings.

‘And did you see any fights?’

‘No, sir,’ Abbot said. ‘I only walked through the room to get to my art class.’

Grey stood there thinking for a while, and noticed the Brigadier slip back into the room.

‘Sorry, sir, can I go?’ Abbott asked. ‘I can’t be late for English Class.’

He was excused.

Once he was gone, the two men stood there looking at each other.

‘I just can’t seem to get my head around this one.’ Grey sat down. ‘It seems everyone has an honest reason to be there, but no one saw anyone take anything.’

‘Have you asked every pupil?’

‘No, just Shore left.’

‘I don’t know him, do I?’

‘How should I know?’ Grey shook his head, and explained, ‘He’s a new lad, joined this term; wealthy parents. Very bright but not much brawn. I would say he was almost the same as Critchley. In fact, that should be him,’ Grey said, at the knock on the door.

The Brigadier took a space to one side of the desk and folded his arms. Grey bid Alexander Shore enter.

Nervously, the boy took a seat.

‘Is there a problem, Shore?’ the Brigadier asked.

Shore swallowed. ‘You’re him, aren’t you? The soldier.’

‘Mr Lethbridge-Stewart to you, Shore!’ Grey snapped. Regardless of his personal feelings about the Brigadier, Grey wouldn’t have any boy in his school show a teacher disrespect.

Shore lowered his eyes, then blurted out, ‘I did it! I took it.’

Grey wasn’t sure what to say, so caught off guard was he. The Brigadier, however, took lead.

‘I see. Well, Mr Shore, where is it now?’

‘Someone took it from me.’ Shore looked as if he was about to cry.

‘Who would take it from you?’ Grey asked, finally able to find his voice.

The boy shrugged his shoulders.

‘Why did you take it?’ the Brigadier asked Shore.

A foolish question, in Grey’s view. ‘Well he’s a thief, isn’t he?’

The Brigadier shook his head. ‘Something is off about this.’ He looked at Shore. ‘According to Mr Grey here, you’re bright, parents well-off, so why resort to stealing?’

‘What are you talking about? He admitted it.’ Mr Grey turned on the boy. ‘Come on, sonny, why did you do it? What were we going to expect in the morning, a ransom note, maybe a different package every day with a different part of the fairy in it?’

Shore just looked down. The Brigadier looked long and hard at the boy.

‘Is the fairy broken?’ he asked eventually.

Mr Grey went to speak up, but he was shushed by the Brigadier. They both looked at the boy, waiting for an answer.

‘Well?’ Grey snapped.

‘No, it’s not broken... Just gone.’

‘But the wing...’

‘Mr Grey,’ the Brigadier began. ‘If you’d just let me de—’

‘Brigadier, the boy is guilty.’

‘You say you took the ornament from the tree, correct?’ the Brigadier asked Shore, ignoring Grey. ‘But you say it wasn’t broken?’

The boy nodded.

‘What if I were to tell you that I found a piece of the fairy at the tree just a short while ago?’

‘Then it must have been the boy who stole it from me.’ A small tremor could be heard in the boy’s voice.

‘Ah yes, tell me again, where did you hide it?’

The boy struggled to answer, but did so eventually. ‘In my locker.’

‘And does anyone have access to your locker, except yourself, of course?’

The boy shook his head.

‘You don’t talk much, do you? I fear I will need a word with your English teacher before the end of the day.’ The Brigadier smiled.

‘He doesn’t talk because he is riddled with guilt,’

Grey said. 'Surely, Brigadier, the fact that the boy said he did it is enough.'

'What time did you take the fairy?' The Brigadier ignored Grey. He was about to remind the Brigadier's whose office this was, but something told him to be quiet a moment.

'I don't know,' Shore muttered.

'Oh, come on, you must have some idea. Was it before or after lunch?'

'After.'

'And you took it straight to your dorm?'

'Yes.'

'But I thought you said you hid it in your locker?'

'I...'

'Your locker being near the PT changing rooms, nowhere near the dorms?'

Before Shore could utter a word the Brigadier shot in with another question.

'The broken fairy, why did you take it?'

'I don't know.'

'Was it to impress some of the other boys?'

'No...'

'Was it to spoil the festive season? Was it to get attention? Or maybe you just liked the look of it? Or maybe you are not telling the truth.'

Shore looked at Mr Grey, as if he'd find support there, but Grey glared at the boy.

'If I'm right, you don't know why you stole it but

you did,' the Brigadier said. 'You then hid it in your locker and your dorm at the same time despite them being on opposite ends of the school. You do not know what time you did it, but it was after lunch, and to top it off it wasn't broken but the person who took it from you then broke it and hid a piece under the tree?' The Brigadier took a deep breath and exhaled quite loudly. 'It doesn't quite fit, does it?'

The Brigadier told the young lad he could leave, and then sat down at the desk with Mr Grey. Once again the Brigadier insisted that he believed Shore was lying. Grey didn't agree.

'Why would he lie?'

'I'm not sure, but I do have an idea how we can find out.'

All of the pupil suspects were called back to the office. Mr Newton joined them too. Once everybody had settled, despite Grey's grumblings, the Brigadier began.

'Now the facts, as I see them, are as follows; six pupils enter the hall and are the last ones to be seen before the fairy disappeared from the tree. Now, as much as I find the whole thing rather tedious...' A look from Grey, which the Brigadier chose to ignore. '...I do feel that I have come up with an answer. Left at the scene was a pencil, the broken wing from the fairy and, one would say most importantly, mud from the field. But which of you did it? Critchley, you said you were

in the hall hiding from some other pupils; whereabouts were you hiding, behind a tree perhaps?’

The youngest of the children kept his eyes firmly fixed on the floor.

‘I know you were there, you left your pencil behind, I recognised it as identical to one you once left in my class. Unusual design, green with darker green diamonds around the centre, definitely that of someone who takes his school work seriously. I would doubt most lads in this school would want to buy their own pencil.’

The Brigadier turned to the next pupil.

‘Our confessor, Shore, we know you were lying. But if you didn’t do it, then you must know who did.’

Shore stood nervously before glancing at Mullings.

‘Ah, Mullings and Abbott. Your stories don’t match, I’m afraid, one claims you talked about a fight, the other than he was just passing through to his art class. Did you do it together, I wonder? Are you both that bad at matching your stories?’

Abbott went to speak but stopped himself. Mullings raised his eyebrows, waiting for his teacher to continue, but instead the Brigadier moved back to Critchley.

‘Mr Critchley, will you show me your arms please?’

‘Sir?’ He looked concerned. And rightly so, in the Brigadier’s opinion.

‘Come along, we haven’t got all day.’

The boy rolled up his sleeves to show two huge

clusters of bruises up and down his arms.

‘So, I take it you weren’t hiding for very long.’ The Brigadier turned his attention back to Mullings. ‘Now this fight you were talking about... I assume you meant the one between Critchley and yourself?’

Mullings smiled, clearly thinking he had the upper hand. ‘If I was fighting, I would have a bruise, wouldn’t I?’

‘Not if you had two people holding him down,’ the Brigadier pointed out. ‘I know Critchley isn’t the sportiest of lads, but then brawn isn’t everything. However, if he was free I would assume he would have done what he could to get away, so you might have the smallest of marks possibly. Granger and Peters, maybe you have the marks?’

The two lads looked guilty, but just like the others they remained quiet.

The Brigadier smiled slightly, and caught Newton’s gaze. The headmaster nodded almost imperceptibly. Carry on.

‘You all are very quiet. Cat got your tongues?’ the Brigadier asked.

‘This is stupid,’ Mullings whined.

‘Indeed, I am inclined to agree with you.’ The Brigadier started to pace. ‘The thing with beating people up is, it isn’t controlled, accidents do happen. Maybe a struggle took place, maybe young Critchley here tried to get free, maybe Granger or Peters knocked the tree, maybe Mullings hit him so hard he fell into

the tree... Or Mullings himself may have fell into it.' The Brigadier pondered for a moment.

'Well that didn't happen, how do you know we were anywhere near him?' said Mullings.

'Young man, I have been here a good five years now, and I can tell you for a fact that this school has a rather fine room full of pupil records. These records tell me who has been in trouble for what, all of the sick notes the school has received, and a timetable of who does what. Right before the fairy went missing you three were playing rugby. You have to walk through the hall back to your dorms. You left your muddy footprints behind; they may not have been finger prints, but they are close enough for me.'

A groan of complaint behind him. 'Oh do get on with it, Brigadier,' said Grey. 'Who is responsible?'

The Brigadier raised an eyebrow and looked back at Grey. 'Well you, yourself, may also be considered a suspect. After all you may want to see the fairy kept safe and locked away.'

'It wasn't me,' Grey said, incredulous. 'Don't be ridiculous, man!'

'I know it wasn't you,' said the Brigadier, and smiled at the look of confusion on Grey's face. 'You are a proud man, your room is full of your certificates and awards, and you would never hide anything you were so proud of. It may not have been yours, but that fairy was a symbol of your wife's life here, there was no way

you would steal it.'

'So, who did?'

'The answer is no one stole it, but it was accidently broken.'

'But Shore confessed.'

'Yes, but only to protect Critchley.' The Brigadier nodded at the surprise on everybody's faces. 'A good show of British camaraderie, little more. Shore and Critchley are best friends, you know.'

It was clear Grey did not know. Had the old man become so out of touch with young men that he failed to see the obvious.

'So, if it was broken, where is it hidden?' Newton asked. 'I do hope it hasn't been thrown away, boys. Where is the fairy?'

'Ask Abbott,' the Brigadier said. Abbott's face blushed. 'You see, when they found they had broken the ornament, Mullings asked Abbott to fix it. After all, who would have better access to glue than an art pupil? I would assume to stop Mullings from getting in trouble, however, Abbott wasn't told how it had been broken.'

'So, they all lied?' Newton said.

'Is a lie of omission truly a lie?' The Brigadier shrugged. 'Philosophy, not really my field. Anyway, none of them knew who broke the fairy for sure, so together they had each other's backs. Which, I might add, one has to admire. A good company of troops

must have loyalty to each other, be there to protect each other.'

Grey clearly wasn't buying into it. 'But these boys...'

'Young men, Mr Grey. You would do well to remember that.' The Brigadier nodded at each of the lads. 'Critchley and Shore would never want to be in trouble. Granger and Mullings are on their last strikes. Peters... well, he wouldn't want to be told off for helping beat up his cousin, now would he?'

Evidently news to all except the headmaster. Mutters passed among the pupils, until the Brigadier cleared his throat. He probably should apologise to Peters; he no doubt had his own reasons for keeping his filial connection to Critchley a secret. Oh well, couldn't be helped.

He turned to Abbot. 'And you, of course, were just scared of being beaten up.'

The young man looked down in shame.

'All very good, Brigadier.' Grey moved forward. 'Okay, Abbott, where is it?'

Abbott looked at Mullings who looked away.

'I think you will find it at the top of the tree,' the Brigadier said. 'I saw Abbott walk into the room after I looked for clues, he said he was walking to an English lesson. However, whilst being interrogated by Mr Grey he *also* stated he had an English lesson to get to. No matter how keen he may be, we only give pupils one lesson per day of any subject.'

*

Newton approached the Brigadier in the staffroom the next day; he was holding the school newspaper which ran an article with a large picture of Mr Grey putting the fully mended fairy back on top of the tree.

‘Well done, Brigadier, the school is happy once again.’

‘It all seems a bit beyond me that it meant that much to everyone, and if it meant some bullies received a caning, then that is fine by me.’

‘Children get carried away, as it seems so do history teachers. You did a good job, a good job indeed.’ The headmaster patted him on the back. ‘We need something like this to make the school come together, that’s what that fairy symbolised.’

At that moment the secretary ran in the room.

‘Sir, it’s urgent,’ she cried.

‘What is it?’ Newton asked.

‘The Joseph from the Nativity scene in the hall.’ She took a deep breath. ‘It’s gone!’

Newton turned to his favourite sleuth. And smiled grimly. The Brigadier had managed to slip out of the staffroom unseen. Well, quite, perhaps it was time Mr Grey had a turn.

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Available from Candy Jar Books

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

Also available from Candy Jar Books

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

Also available from Candy Jar Books

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

Also available from Candy Jar Books

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

Also available from Candy Jar Books

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

Also available from Candy Jar Books

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

Also available from Candy Jar Books

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