

From the classic era of Doctor Who

LETHBRIDGE STEWART



+ + + THE NOTE + + +

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I REGRET TO INFORM THAT WING COMMANDER
GORDON LETHBRIDGE-STEWART MIA AS RESULT
OF AIR OPERATIONS OVER BAY OF LÜBECK ON
THE NIGHT OF 3 MAY STOP + I HAVE INFORMED
THE PRIME MINISTER AND NOK STOP + + =
KENT-SMITH, AIR MARSH ++

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ANDY FRANKHAM-ALLEN

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LETHBRIDGE-STEWART

The Note

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

Andy Frankham-Allen



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2018

Colonel Alistair Conall Hamish Lethbridge-Stewart was so many different things to so many different people. After sixty-five years of life, he was now a husband, a father, a grandfather, an uncle, a brother and still, above all those things, the son the Honourable Hamish Lethbridge-Stewart. He remembered where he was when he learned of his father's death, and he remembered the impact it had on his life. But that was nothing to how he felt now, holding in his hands the kind of telegram a father dreaded receiving.

We regret to inform you that your son, Wing Commander Gordon Lethbridge-Stewart has been confirmed as MIA. Due to the sensitive nature of his mission, we are...

He folded the paper and looked out over the family estate in Appin, Scotland. Passed on to him twenty years ago. Too late for his sons to enjoy it; by that time they were both grown men, starting families of their own. But his wife, Lillian, enjoyed living on the estate, hosting parties, becoming something of a socialite while he continued to work for British Intelligence, supervising some of the more precarious Special Operations Executive missions, liasing with the Russians... But now the war was over, and it was time for him to retire, maybe offer his services for consultation occasionally, but mostly it was time to enjoy a life of retirement with his family.

He had hoped to have his children, and their children, over for Christmas.

He lowered his head and closed his eyes, and saw an image of fifteen-year-old Gordon, so keen to join up during the Great War. Well, he certainly got his chance when the Second World War broke out...

Alistair opened his eyes, heard the footsteps closing in behind him.

‘What is it, Con?’ Lillian asked, using her pet name for him. The one only she used.

What could he say? She had married a man who came from a military family, knew her sons would undoubtedly follow their father’s footsteps. But what parent was ever prepared for news of a child’s death...?

All he could do was hand her the telegram and hold her in his arms when the shock hit her.

A few days later and they were arriving in the small village of Bledoe in Cornwall. After confirming Gordon’s official status, it was agreed that the family would come together for a small memorial service. Alistair hadn’t visited Bledoe in a few years, so it was with a strange feeling of melancholy that he smiled as the sun shone down on the village while the taxi drove him and Lillian up to Redrose Cottage where Gordon’s wife, Mary, would be waiting for them.

By time the taxi pulled up, a few people were standing outside the cottage. Men holding a glass of whisky in one hand, a cigar in the other. Alistair imagined the women inside the cottage, huddled in little groups gossiping, talking about how worn out Mary looked, casting looks of sympathy but little else. While in the garden children would be playing, largely unaffected by the ostensibly sad occasion.

His assumption proved to be true. Mary was in the kitchen, talking to a friend, a woman who introduced herself as Eileen Phillips. Pleasantries were exchanged, hugs shared, and Lillian took it upon herself to put the kettle on the stove. While the

women chatted, Alistair watched them from the doorway. Mary didn't really join in, offering the occasional nod or smile. She had never quite been herself since James' death six years ago, and now to learn that her husband was confirmed Missing in Action, presumed dead...

'There's always a chance, though, isn't there?' Lillian had asked, once the shock of the telegram had settled a bit.

Alistair had wanted to tell his wife yes, but he knew that such a telegram wouldn't have been sent out had unless Gordon's fate was certain. Of course, there was always a chance, but it was a very slight one, and Alistair didn't want to fill his wife with any false hope. No doubt Mary had gone through similar emotions, and he hoped that her friends, who no doubt had service men in their families, had been able to keep her expectations grounded too.

Leaving the women to it, he excused himself and passed through the cottage into the large garden at the rear. There he found the lad he wanted to speak to; his grandson and namesake, Alistair Jnr. For a moment Alistair watched the young man, sixteen years old now and showing the first traces of facial hair, who was talking to his cousin, Violet. He could see a lot of the family in Alistair Jnr, traces of Gordon, of Matthew, and a strong trace of both Archie and their own father, Hamish. Even elements of Alistair's grandfather, Conall. Generations of Lethbridge-Stewarts culminating in one man.

A young man who, despite the best encouragement of his father and grandfather, had absolutely no interest in joining the military. Unfortunately Matthew

had only borne girls, so there was little chance of the family traditions carrying on there, and so it was up to Archie's lineage to continue the line.

Alistair moved forward to interrupt the cousins, but a call from behind made him stop. Before he turned to see what Mary wanted, he noticed Alistair Jnr look up from his conversation. He spotted his grandfather, and a smile passed between them. *Stiff upper lip, young man*, Alistair thought, and nodded slightly at his namesake. Alistair Jnr nodded briefly in response, and returned to his conversation with Violet.

'Mary, my dear, what can I do for you?'

Mary stopped before him, her face drawn, the sadness palpable. For a moment Alistair wasn't sure what to do. If it was his wife he'd respond instantly, but to show such a public outpouring of affection towards his daughter-in-law simply wouldn't do. So, instead, he offered her what he hoped was a supportive smile.

'Nothing, thank you. I'll be fine. But,' she said and handed something to him, 'I was instructed by the family solicitor to give this to you. Gordon left it for you.'

Alistair looked down at the envelope. His name was written in Gordon's familiar cursive. His son always had good writing. They'd always joked that Gordon would never turn to a desk job; his handwriting was far too neat.

'Hmm, do you know what it is?' Alistair asked.

'A letter, I believe. The solicitor had it since shortly after...' Mary looked down and let out a sigh. It stung Alistair to hear; such pain and grief. She looked back

up, tears stinging her eyes. ‘Excuse me,’ she said, and walked away back to the support of her friends.

Alistair looked back at his namesake, then down at the envelope. It was obviously important. Alistair Jnr could wait a while.

He took a stroll to the nearest field and found a bench. There he opened the envelope and the first thing he noticed was the date. April 2nd, 1938. Shortly after James’ funeral, as Mary was no doubt going to say.

Alistair took a deep breath and read.

Father,

As you can no doubt tell by the date, we buried James only a few days ago. I was allowed a few days of leave, and only yesterday we said goodbye once more. I’m sitting here late at night. Mary is in bed, crying. I wonder if the grief is too much for her. I wish I could stay and support her, but my squadron needs me. Luckily Mary has some good friends here, and after twenty years they know how to comfort her. Probably more than I do, if I’m honest.

Burying my son. It reminds me why we serve, and that our lives are at risk every day. Not only ours, but our children’s too.

I’m sure you can feel it. There is a war looming. I can’t say when, but soon. The signs are clear. And so, I’m writing this in case I don’t return. Hopefully I will, and I will live to see my son grow into a man, but if I don’t...

I know, Father.

This is why I’m writing. Secrets are kept for all kinds of reasons, and I don’t blame you or Archie, but I want you both to know that I died knowing the truth.

Alistair looked up from the letter, his eyes steel. It was bound to come. For thirty years Alistair had been expecting it, and often wondered what he'd do the day Gordon confronted him about the family secret. The one that neither he, nor Lillian and Archie ever mentioned. They didn't need to. From the moment Gordon entered his teens the evidence was there in front of them all.

The evidence of betrayal.

I've always been close to Archie, and as you've no doubt noticed, I have made certain my sons developed a strong relationship with their "great uncle" too. I'm not even sure I need to explain why now, as the previous passage says it all. But perhaps it's best to get this down once and for all.

I never knew. Always believed you were my father, but it was when I was about seventeen that I noticed. I remember looking at pictures of you and Archie as teenagers, and it hit me. Although of course I saw myself in you, after all Lethbridge-Stewarts have a strong lineage, I saw myself more in Archie. Especially in that picture. In fact, it could easily have been me standing there next to you.

I confronted Archie about this a few years ago, after sharing a number of ales. At first he tried to deny it, but eventually the secret was too much for him. He told me about that fateful night in 1902. You were away for a few weeks, and mother was feeling lonely. Archie sought to comfort her, and a bad error of judgement followed. Nine months later I was born. I can see it now. You and mother elated to have a new son, a younger brother for Matthew.

I daresay none of you even knew, at least not the way Archie told it. At least not at first. But as I grew... Well, the evidence was there in front of you all.

Alistair smiled slightly at the turn of phrase. Regardless, Gordon was so much like him.

Do you know, although at the time he only had one son, and never spoke of it to you, he told me that while serving in Ypres in 1914 he told his men he had two sons? Despite never being able to admit to the family, in his heart he just knew, knew before you did.

I have never told anybody. Not Mary, not my sons. So, should I not return the secret remains yours, mother's and Archie's. If you wish to tell my son the truth, tell Matthew the truth... Well, that is up to you. I'm not sure what difference it will make all these years later. But, then again, it may make all the difference in the world. That's for you to judge. Either way, I know my son, I know the man he's becoming. He can handle the truth.

One last thing. Although biologically Archie is actually my father, I want you to know that I will always consider you my real father. You raised me, you taught me everything I know, everything that truly mattered. Archie, of course, supplemented and supported whatever you taught me, but when the sun goes down it was always you I looked to.

I hope I survive this coming war, because then you will never need to read this, and the secret can remain as it is. But if you're reading this, then evidently I did not survive.

*It remains a secret. But one thing does not; **you** are my father.*

Alistair folded the paper and looked up. And for another half hour he just sat there, looking out over the field, not moving an inch.

He made it back to Redrose Cottage just in time to see Archie's car pull up. For a moment, Alistair stood there, watching his brother and sister-in-law pull themselves out of the car. They spotted him and waved.

The look on Alistair's face must have been telling, for Archie ushered his wife into the cottage, saying they'd join her shortly.

'Alistair, old man, good to see you.'

The brothers shook hands, but still Alistair said nothing.

'What is it? You looked perturbed,' Archie said.

'Yes.' Alistair handed the note to Archie. 'Read this, and when you're finished, I think you'll agree it's about time we talked.'

Alistair left Archie looking confusedly at the envelope and entered the cottage. Before he and his brother decided what to do, Alistair wanted to chat to his grandson – his namesake, a young man who wasn't really his grandson at all.

Perhaps it was time to just accept that.

Perhaps.

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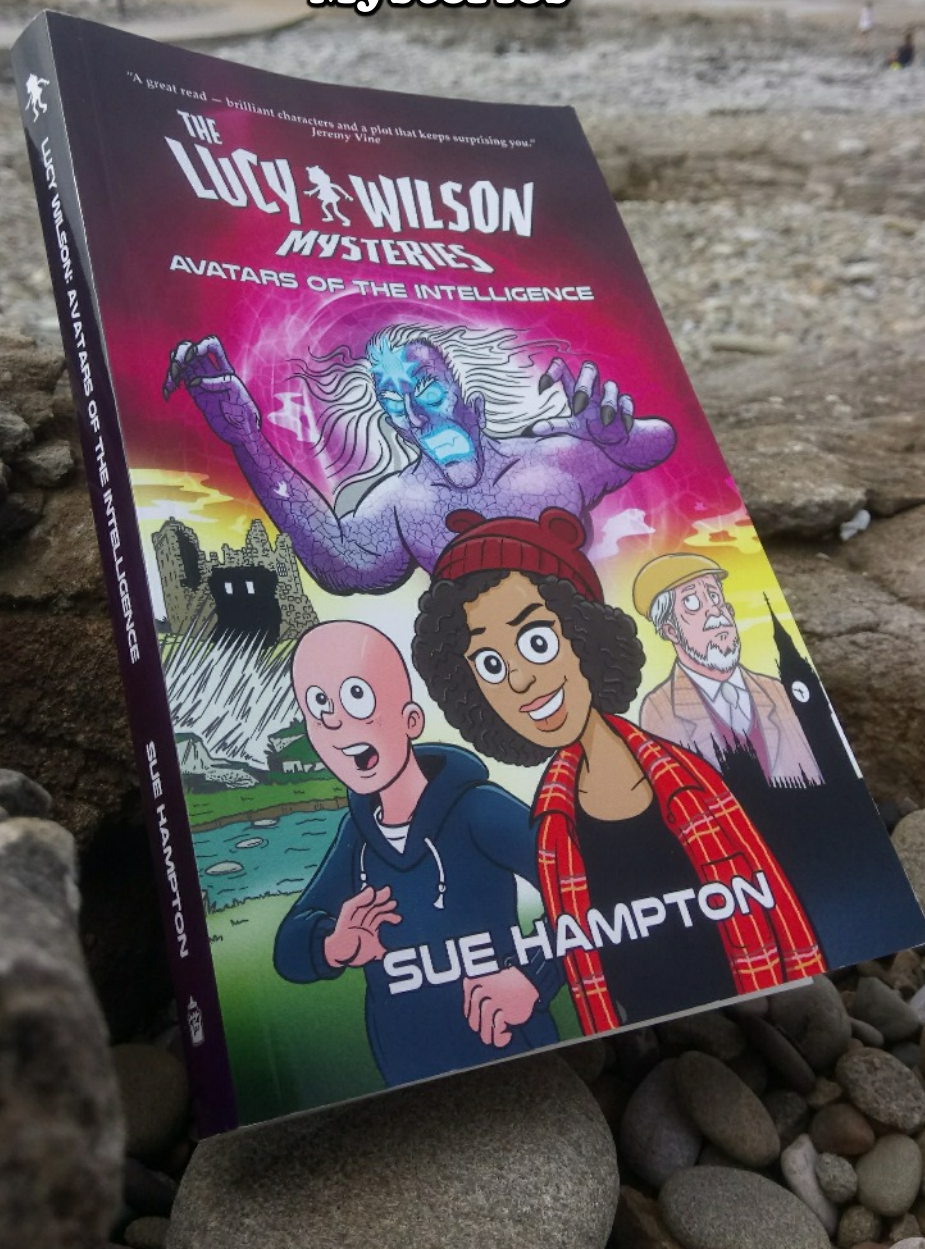
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LETHBRIDGE-STEWART: THE FORGOTTEN SON
by Andy Frankham-Allen

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

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

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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

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

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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