

*From the classic era of Doctor Who*

# LETHBRIDGE STEWART



## THE TWO BRIGADIERS



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# LETHBRIDGE-STEWART

## THE TWO BRIGADIERS

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

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Jonathan Macho

With special scene by Andy Frankham-Allen



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In the cave beneath the mountain, the thing in the armour sat on its throne and thought. It thought about conquest and death, about times past. It so missed the never-ending war. The red sparks that were its eyes burned into the stone wall before it, the sole, scant source of light in the entire chamber. This was meant to be just like then, but... Things were not going as planned, not at all. First the targets had escaped, and now this female asking questions... No matter. They were too good at this for them to ever fail after all. It would be just like the good old days. They only had to move up their schedule.

Their timing couldn't have been better. The Earthers were beginning their new Millennium. A suitably momentous start to the age of the Cessatrons.

It lazily waved a gauntleted claw and a foot soldier snapped to attention. 'Commander?'

'Bring me the prisoner. The one called Bishop.'

Looking out at his son's garden through glass conservatory doors, Alistair Gordon Lethbridge-Stewart CBE, retired, sat in his armchair and thought. What he was thinking about was a source of speculation amongst those nearest and dearest to him. Their big money was on his past, on adventures and derring-do, and men who went by titles instead of names. The other hot contenders were his grandchildren, children, and dear wife Doris, the



substantial extended family he found himself with over the last decade. Since it was mostly said family doing the speculating, they hoped this didn't mean they overestimated their importance. Alistair certainly gave no indication that they might have been.

Of the topics considered to be no-hopers, current events were high on the list. Indeed, the world today seemed to be of no interest to Alistair. He appeared content to let it fly by as he sat in that chair, and that detachment occupied far too much of his time lately. For a man who had always been at the centre of things, nationwide, worldwide, sometimes even wider, to then just plant himself outside of it all... That was worrying. At least, that was the opinion of Albert Wilson, no title, not retired.

Now, he'd be the first to admit to being no expert on his father. Far too much of their lives had been spent apart to say that. Ever since he'd got back into contact with Alistair though, ever since he'd reintroduced him to his mother and their romance had rekindled, Albert had made an effort to be a part of his life, to not let the man who he'd grown up hearing stories about ever be a stranger again. It had been a bizarre ten years, of course; the wedding alone was motion picture worthy, but then with the circles his father moved in that was pretty much inevitable. Regardless, Albert had seen his father in good times and bad since their first wonderfully awkward meeting, and he'd like to think

that he, well... *knew* him now, better than most anyway. He knew his father shouldn't be like this.

It wasn't a permanent state, of course. They weren't together 24/7, and sometimes their visits retained that warmth, that twinkle that his father had down to a fine art. It was when one stayed with the other that Albert would notice the reticence, like the rest was only a short reprieve. When he'd asked about why, Albert had only ever received vague complaints, and a general feeling of... What? Guilt? His father had never been an emotional man, he knew that much, but him being so withdrawn was new. Alistair only really brightened up when his grandchildren were about, hanging off his every word as he told another spine chilling tale; or when his old army friends invited him for a drink and catch-up. Albert had noted that these two events shared a common link: reminiscing. It seemed his father was only ever happy, really happy, when he was swapping stories about his career, telling tales of the Brigadier that had saved the world again and again. He was only happy in the past. Albert was sure that couldn't be a good thing.

It had been going on for a while now too. Ever since they'd had that scare, when his 'retirement' had been interrupted yet again and he'd nearly died facing down what could only be described as a demon, as far as Albert could gather. He could distinctly remember when his father had first stayed with them after that,

how he'd watch from the doorway as Alistair sat in that chair for so long and stayed so quiet. Albert had thought it was just a reaction that would pass, they all did. Now it was three years later, and Albert found himself returning to that doorway again and again, concern building with each time he'd see his father watching life go by. Today was no exception. He shifted a little, leaning on the doorframe, lost so much in his thoughts that a little voice to his left made him jump.

'Permission to enter, sir?' It was Conall, his own son, a bundle of recently printed papers stuffed under one arm, a look of palpable excitement on his slightly bronzed nine-year-old face.

And just like that, it was back. That spark in Alistair's eye. 'Permission granted!' All at once he sat up, turned to the doorway, and beckoned Con over, giving Albert a nod as the boy passed him. 'And what intel do you have to offer today, Sergeant?' he asked as Con pulled up a chair and hurriedly fumbled his collection into some kind of order.

Albert loved this; it was a little ritual that had built up between the two of them over time. Alistair would share a story from his past, a new adventure or old favourite depending on the mood, and in exchange Con would tell some tales of his own, whether fictional or newsworthy, his own creations or whatever had caught his eye. Albert was sure it was the teacher in his

father, bribing the boy with adventure and excitement, tricking him into learning and being creative, and it had worked wonders. Ever since Con had found the Internet, there was simply no stopping him when it came to bizarre tales. He'd even surprised Alistair with a few of them.

'Well,' Con said, flipping through the printouts and carefully separating stories onto the floor. 'I got a bunch of weird but true stories from that one website from before, and I printed my favourite new strip from the Telepress.'

'Hmm, a fine selection from the sounds of it, Conall,' Alistair said, making a show of getting himself comfortable. 'Why don't we start with the website? I did enjoy that last time.'

Con raised a suspicious eyebrow. 'And in exchange for my hard-won intel?' After a moment, he added a, 'Sir.'

'Very well,' Alistair said in as caught-out a tone as possible. 'Which would you prefer: that business with the Loch Ness monster, or those hard-boiled Ymir again?'

Glad to see the reprieve and the smiles on both their faces, Albert left them to it and made his way to the kitchen. The door was open and his wife, Tamara, had her back to him as she did the washing up. Buoyed by the simple pleasure of watching his two favourite guys getting along, Albert crept up behind her and went for

an ambush hug when a spatula appeared over her shoulder and kept him at arm's length.

'Don't cross my flipper,' she warned, not turning around. 'If you don't want a face full of suds.'

'How do you do that?' he asked, laughing, and dodged around the spatula, giving her a peck on the cheek before leaning back on the counter.

'Never underestimate the senses of a trained washer-upper. It's like meditation to us,' she said, grinning at him and dropping the implement back in the sink. 'Did I just hear Conall's sergeant routine?'

'Yeah, he just popped in to see Alistair now.' Even after a decade, Albert still found it hard to *say* father.

'And how goes the Brig-watch?'

'Much the same really.' Albert sighed, looking out of the window into the garden himself. 'I don't know what's left to do honestly, Tam. He's not getting better, and he won't talk to me or mum about any of it.'

'And Doris doesn't have any new idea what could be causing it?'

'None more than me.' Albert scrunched his eyes shut and massaged the bridge of his nose. 'I just hope she's having a good time anyway, and not worrying too much.'

'Where'd she and Katie go again?' Tamara asked as she finished up, racking up the dishes and pulling the plug. 'Somewhere in South America?'

'Yeah, to see a friend who's out there; they say she

can't stop raving about it.' Albert let out a long breath. 'Well, it's just hard seeing him like this, you know? What would you do? To try and get him back here, in the present.'

Tamara turned to face him, arms behind her back, brown eyes smiling sadly out of her mocha face as she walked over to him. 'You know you can't force him, Albert. You say he's only happy when he's reminiscing, right? Telling old stories? The best thing you can do is get him out of that chair and into some new ones.'

Albert blinked. 'New stories? What do you...?'

And her arm came from behind her back and caught him in the face with a handful of suds.

'Hey!'

'Told you not to cross my flipper!' Tamara laughed, and it was as he went in for soapy retaliation that the doorbell rang. They looked at each other. 'Are you expecting anyone?' Albert shook his head and went to leave, only stopping briefly to let Tamara dab any remaining bubbles off his face.

He went to the door, opened it and found a man in his mid-fifties, dressed in military uniform, standing on the doorstep and grinning ear to ear. 'Hello there,' William Bishop said. 'I don't suppose your dad's in?'

In the darkness of a winter's night in South Wales, a village was waking up to horror.

Manuel was roused abruptly from his contented sleep by the sounds of shouting and car engines outside his house. Anger and confusion quickly turned to worry. It was a sign of the sorry state of things that he reached his conclusions so quickly. It was an even worse sign that he was quickly proven right. Wrapped in his dressing gown, he stepped into the night air and flagged down Cook, his neighbour and friend, who confirmed the worst.

‘It’s happened again,’ Cook said, shaking his head. ‘Another one gone. Robert’s girl this time. That’s the first from the same family. I can’t believe it’s happened again.’

Manuel could believe it all too well. Poor Robert. To go through all that he did, to know what it’s like and then... Even before all of this, Manuel wouldn’t dare imagine how he might feel if one of his girls were so ill, let alone taken. ‘Are they heading down there now?’ Before Cook had even finished his nod, he was walking to his car. ‘I’ll follow on with the rest,’ Manuel said. ‘See if I can lend a hand at all.’

Manuel hurried to his own car and climbed behind the wheel, nodding to other neighbours doing the same as he passed them. He loved the village at times like this. A real community, looking out for each other. They all knew what to expect by this stage of course, but that didn’t stop the hair on the back of his neck prickling as he started the ignition, flicked on his



headlights, and drove off into the dark.

Manuel was a good driver, but he couldn't help but be unnerved. He was used to pitch black nights, living where he did; hell, he liked it that way. That didn't mean he liked driving on these roads with only headlights and memory to guide the way. It was like seeing the world through a balaclava, the twin beams cutting eye holes into the dark that let him see all of a few feet in front of him. The landscape, usually so familiar, beautiful and reassuring, cut past with sudden ferocity, ducking out of sight as soon as any of it was even remotely recognisable. It was like stop motion, individual, disconnected frames instead of a continuous moving picture. They were going too fast. It was a mistake to let Robert lead the convoy; he couldn't have been used to driving again, let alone at these speeds. Manuel could understand his urgency, but if they didn't slow down then someone could get seriously—

The girl was there, stumbling into the light as suddenly as everything else. Her pyjamas were torn and muddy, her eyes wide. Cursing, Manuel slammed down on the breaks and swerved, honking his horn and praying the cars behind him would stop too. Just as quickly as she had appeared, the girl was gone, vanishing to the side of the screaming vehicle as it skidded to a stop.

After a moment, Manuel got out of the car, shaking

despite himself, and stumbled to the girl's side.

'Seren?' he said hoarsely. She was now lit by the next car's headlights, which had stopped in time thank God, and Manuel was sure it was her. 'Somebody get Bob here now!' he called to no one in particular, his throat stinging in the cold night air. Watching a car pull off to catch up with her da, Manuel took off his dressing gown and draped it around the shivering figure's shoulders.

He couldn't help but note where they were; looking up, he could see the endless bulk of Narrowback cutting into the sky, blacker by far. They were getting closer each time.

Forcing himself back to the present, he knelt next to Seren and gave her a smile. 'Gave us a fright there, Seren. Got us all out looking for you. What happened?'

After a moment she spoke, her voice wavering almost as much as his. 'It was just like the others, just like they said. There was this... this light, and then... then I was here. In the mountains. Here with them.' She looked up at him then, and she was so afraid. 'The red-eyed men took me.'

'As I live and breathe,' Brigadier Bishop said, looking at his old friend and his grandson and beaming. 'The Lethbridge-Stewarts at home!'

Bishop knew that, technically, most of the people in the house were Wilsons, but by blood they were still

Lethbridge-Stewarts, and that was more important to him than what it said on a piece of paper.

‘Bill?’ Lethbridge-Stewart had that rare expression of surprise on his face. ‘My word, is that you?’

‘Afraid so, sir,’ Bishop said, obviously resisting the urge to snap to attention. ‘I hope I haven’t changed quite that much since we last met.’ He hadn’t really. His face was more lined, his hair very grey in places, but then whose wasn’t these days? His uniform was certainly in better order than he had ever had it under Lethbridge-Stewart’s command.

Albert, who had followed him through, thought it best to leave the pair to it, and beckoned Con over as his father got to his feet and took Bishop by the hand.

‘Is sir formal enough?’ Bishop’s grin refused to dip. ‘You know I rarely have the opportunity to address a CBE.’

‘Brigadier’s just fine,’ Lethbridge-Stewart said, waving away the title, ‘or Lethbridge-Stewart, as I hear they give that rank out to just about anyone these days.’

Bishop took a step back and looked him up and down. ‘How are you, Brigadier?’

For the first time since he’d entered the room, Bishop saw his friend’s smile fade, just a little. ‘Oh, you know. Enjoying retirement.’

‘Retirement... Right. You know, your retirement sounds busier than my job. Heard you picked a fight with Satan not that long ago. Wish I could say I was

surprised, but...'

Ignoring Bishop's tone, Lethbridge-Stewart pressed: 'Speaking of the job, how are the Fifth? Still in Dolerite base?'

'Yes, yes, they couldn't kick us out of there if they tried! And Edinburgh Council have, repeatedly. Dolerite's just as you'd remember her, except the computers have less reels and more buttons.' He sniffed. 'I miss those reels, you know.'

That nearly got a laugh. 'And how is Doctor Bishop doing? And young Samuel? He must be around Conall's age now surely?'

It was then that Bishop's smile faded for the first time too. 'Yes, well, I'm afraid that's what I'm here to talk with you about. My visit is not due solely to pleasure. Sam's fine, don't worry about him, but... Anne's gone missing.'

It was like a switch. Bishop had seen the change so many times, but had never quite mastered it himself. From friend to commander in a second. This was what made Lethbridge-Stewart such a wonderful soldier – he was always prepared for the battlefield.

'Tell me everything you know.'

Bishop smiled, and nodded. 'Yes, sir. It was over the course of her investigations. You remember, of course, the work she was doing, searching for any way to help with her father and...' Bishop trailed off, giving Lethbridge-Stewart a cursory glance. He nodded his

assent and Bishop continued. 'She spends all of her hours on it these days. Searching for any new medicines, any alien technology that can heal. I can't help but think on Professor Travers... The first one, I mean. What happened to him back in '70... Maybe she just doesn't want all of that terrible business to come around again.'

'Or maybe she's just the same old Anne Travers,' Lethbridge-Stewart said. 'Searching the globe for marvellous things, fighting the good fight, not letting time slow her down one bit.'

Bishop couldn't help but smile at that. 'Yes, that sounds more like it. And she is so good at that, you know? The best. She's the only reason I'm still there, to be honest with you. I'm getting a bit old for all this Wetwork business. Sneaking everywhere does start to wear thin eventually. I could retire, with honours, service record like mine, but she needs me there, needs someone in her corner. I won't retire without her.'

'Then you'll never retire, old chap,' Lethbridge-Stewart said with a grin.

Bishop let out a short laugh. 'Can't argue with you there. And less of the old! Anyway, she was scouring the usual sources for any new intel, anything on mysterious recoveries, miracle cures or the like, and she stumbled across these incidents in South Wales... Have you heard about these?'

Lethbridge-Stewart's frown cut a little deeper.

‘Hmm. It does stir something.’

‘It’ll be easier if I just show you. Do you have an internet connection?’

Before Lethbridge-Stewart could answer, a small voice piped up from the doorway. ‘I have the intel.’

The pair turned to see Conall, standing on the threshold looking up at them, with his dad’s head sheepishly peering round the doorframe. ‘I, uh, just caught Conall. Eavesdropping,’ Albert tried, before hastily adding: ‘Bad, Con! I told you to give your grandad some privacy!’

‘Good work, Albert,’ Lethbridge-Stewart said wryly. ‘We can take it from here.’

Albert nodded a little too much as he backed out into the hallway.

‘Aren’t you a little young to be in Army Intelligence?’ Bishop asked, kneeling to get on Conall’s eye level.

‘Yes,’ he answered unflinchingly. ‘Yes I am.’

Bishop laughed and turned to Lethbridge-Stewart, good humour completely restored. ‘A Lethbridge-Stewart through and through!’

‘I *will* be, when I’m old enough,’ Conall said, with a proud smile.

Lethbridge-Stewart patted the boy’s head. ‘Was it on one of your print-outs, Conall?’ The boy nodded. ‘Go and find it for us, would you?’ Whilst Conall searched, Lethbridge-Stewart turned back to Bishop

with an eyebrow raised. 'Couldn't bring the intel yourself, could you?'

Bishop cleared his throat. 'Let's just say, Anne's activities aren't exactly on the Corps' books.'

'Thought as much. Perks of being a brigadier's wife, eh?'

'I'm sure Doris knows all about those.'

Then it was Lethbridge-Stewart's turn to clear his throat. Conall returned with his printouts, passed them to his grandad and saluted before re-joining his dad, unsubtly peering around the doorframe. Albert beamed with pride at his son, tousling his hair as he passed.

'He really reminds me of Sam, you know...' Bishop said as he flicked through the sheets, scanning for key details. 'Strange isn't it, the enthusiasm these youngsters have for the kind of stuff that drove us round the bend back in the -'

'Careful, Bishop,' Lethbridge-Stuart said with mock menace. 'Sounds to me like you were actually about to say the words back-in-the-day...'

'Who, me? Oh I'd never dare...' Finally finding what he was looking for, Bishop hurriedly changed the subject. 'Here we are. Terminal and chronic patients throughout rural South Wales are disappearing late at night, then reappearing the next day completely recovered from their afflictions. Honest to God miracles. One man, Robert Jones, was completely blind two months ago. Now his eyesight's never been



better.’ He handed Lethbridge-Stewart a page dealing specifically with Jones’ story. ‘Tabloids picked it up, called it the Second Coming in the valleys.’

‘God’s Welsh, is he? That doesn’t bode well for our sporting future.’

‘These are people with no hope, and they are finding it difficult to accept their sudden, nonsensical good fortune. The circumstances don’t help of course. The people crying holy work ignore that every one of the healed reports the same thing: being taken into the mountains by creatures with glowing red eyes on the nights they disappeared.’

Lethbridge-Stewart simply nodded. ‘Definitely more my speed. And Anne was looking into this?’

‘She went up there a few days ago, yes. Hasn’t reported in since. I wish I could say this wasn’t like her, but regardless, she promised she’d keep me posted, and I have a bad feeling about this one. A girl, Jones’ daughter actually, was reported healed just last night. I thought we could start there.’

Another raised eyebrow. ‘We?’

Bishop smiled. ‘As I said, Anne’s investigations aren’t exactly official and I’d like to keep this all as quiet as possible for now. What with it being between us in the old guard, I couldn’t think of a better man to watch my back.’ That smile saddened, just a little. ‘I’ve missed you, Alistair, and I need your help.’

Without a moment’s hesitation, Lethbridge-Stewart

noded. 'Of course. Whatever you need.' He extended a hand, which Bishop took. 'Well, as you've said, my retirement's been awfully busy. This might prove a welcome change of pace.'

Bishop laughed. 'You realise Anne will have this all sorted out by the time we get there?'

'I don't doubt it, Bill, old man.' Lethbridge-Stewart spared a quick glance to his son and grandson, and was surprised to see just how excited they looked. Turning back to Bishop, he added: 'South Wales you said? What was the name of this girl we're about to meet?'

Seren Jones lay in bed, haunted by bad dreams and twisted memories. Worst of all, she wasn't sure which were which anymore.

Her da had insisted that sleep was the best thing for her, after everything, but she was sure that was just something that he thought dads were supposed to say. Honestly, she was pretty sure that he didn't actually know what was best at this stage at all. She couldn't blame him for being out of his depth. He'd been blind up until a week and a half ago, and now the same things that had taken him, changed him, had done the same to her. Well, not exactly the same. She hadn't been able to understand his reaction when he had been taken, couldn't understand how her daddy seeing again could ever have been a bad thing.

But then she had seen the misshapen things with the

red eyes, the first things her dad had seen in such a long time, and she knew why he had been so afraid.

That was all she could see now, whenever she closed her eyes. The bright lights and the squat shapes, silhouetted against the mountainside. How could she rest when they were still out there? She couldn't even take a moment to be glad she was cured. It was horrible what they had done. She couldn't really articulate it, but they had taken her relief away.

Seren was lying there, squeezing her eyes shut to try and squeeze the memories out, when the two brigadiers arrived. She heard the doorbell, but assumed it was just another concerned neighbour, asking after her or her father, or bringing little gifts. It was a while later, after a conversation downstairs that she couldn't really make out, that footsteps made their way up to the landing, to outside her bedroom door and there was a smart, prompt knock on the wood.

'Good afternoon,' came a kind voice from the other side. An English accent. That was a novelty. 'May we come in?'

Seren sat up, cleared her dry throat, and gave her assent. Her door creaked open and two men, older men in military uniforms, stepped over the threshold. They were both smiling gently, and it was the shorter, slightly rounder one with the white beard that spoke again. 'Thank you. Hello, Miss Jones. I'm the Brigadier, and this is, erm...' He stopped and glanced at his

companion, smile turning almost apologetic. 'I suppose this is the brigadier, too.'

'Yes, well, since you've pinched my title,' the other man said, returning the glance with a wry look of his own, 'I suppose you can call me Bill. Brigadier Bill Bishop. Pleased to meet you, Seren.' He offered her his hand, and after a moment she took it and shook.

'Are you with the army?'

The two men thought about this. 'No, not quite,' the Brigadier said. 'We're with a special group, a group who help people who have gone through what you have, and other things like it.'

Seren sat a little more upright, leaned a little bit closer. 'You're going to catch the monsters?'

The Brigadier's smile widened. 'That, my dear, is exactly what we're going to do.'

'But we need your help to do that, Seren,' Bill said. 'We need you to tell us exactly what happened to you last night.'

She was shrinking away again then, pulling her blankets close into her. 'No!'

Bill looked like he was about to say something, but the Brigadier raised his hand. Still smiling, he gestured to a spot on Seren's bed. She gave a quick nod, and he sat.

'I understand you're afraid. Really I do. These monsters of yours, they've taken you out of your bedroom, out of your home, where you're meant to be

safest. They did the same to your father, and your neighbours, and they very well may have done the same to Bill's wife.' Seren glanced quickly up at Bill, and he just about managed to hold her gaze. 'They've changed your life. That's what monsters do. But you can't let them get away with it, Miss Jones. You can't let the fear win. I promise you I will stop them from coming back, from hurting anyone else. It is what I do. I have done it hundreds of times before.'

Her eyes drifted back to the Brigadier's, and neither's gaze wavered. 'You promise?'

'I promise. Bill and I are the very best.' He leaned in a little closer. 'So, no more fear, eh? Help us stop the monsters.'

Bishop's eyes went from Alistair to the girl, counting the long seconds of silence. He couldn't think of a time he'd seen his old friend so comforting, so paternal, but then he hadn't been around him a great deal in the last decade. Bishop found he liked this side of Lethbridge-Stewart. Time may have slowed the Brigadier down a little, but maybe that wasn't such a bad thing.

Before too long, Seren sat forward again and gave a firm nod. 'I'll help.'

'Wonderful!' Bishop made an effort not to seem too relieved.

'Thank you so much, Seren,' the Brigadier said. 'This will be a great help, really.' She smiled back at

Lethbridge-Stewart, but Bishop could tell she was still more than a little nervous. ‘Tell us the first thing you remember of that night.’

Her smile faded and her eyes drifted away from them. She took a second to get her thoughts in order, then began, her voice shaky. ‘I had taken my medicine for the night, and then gone to bed. I couldn’t get straight to sleep, because I was worried. The medicine can... It gives me bad dreams sometimes. I can’t remember if I slept, but everyone was woken up by the light a little later so I guess I must have. All I can remember is the light, like a flash, suddenly filling my room, and then I was outside, on the mountains.

‘It got so cold so fast. The grass was wet and my hands got all muddy. There were these shapes all around me, these lumpy dark things with bright red lights for eyes. I screamed at them, asked what they were, why they’d taken me and my da. They didn’t answer me. A couple more came from under the mountain with these... These machines, like long metal sticks with lights and switches all over. They spoke to each other, whispered things I couldn’t understand, and then they took the sticks, flicked the switches and pointed them at me. I thought...’ She trailed off.

Lethbridge-Stewart put his hand on her shoulder. Bishop saw Mr Jones in the corner of his eye, stood on the threshold, but not yet crossing over. The poor man. The poor girl. But they were so close.

‘It’s okay,’ Lethbridge-Stewart said gently. ‘We can take a break if you...’

‘No, no it’s okay,’ Seren was looking up at her father in the doorway, smiling as reassuring a smile as she could. He looked so scared, and so proud at the same time. ‘There was another light, a different one this time, coming from the sticks, shining right at me, and then it stopped. The blobs all seemed... I dunno, surprised, confused, so I just got up and ran. I ran all the way to the road, which is where my dad and everyone found me.’

Lethbridge-Stewart seemed lost in thought for a moment, so Bishop said, ‘Thank you very much for that, Seren, that’ll be a lot of help. Can we just ask a few more questions?’ He looked from the father to the daughter as he asked, trying to give both of them a say. She simply nodded, and Robert Jones seemed too awed at his daughter’s bravery to offer an interjection.

‘You said these... things came from under the mountain?’ Lethbridge-Stewart asked.

‘Yeah,’ she said. ‘It was Narrowback, down near *The Gwyn* pub. Me and my friends used to play down there, until Da said it was too dangerous.’

‘There you are, see?’ Lethbridge-Stewart said with a brief smile back at her dad. ‘Fathers are always right.’

‘And did you see anyone else up there?’ Bishop asked. ‘Anyone other than the monsters?’

Seren hurriedly nodded, remembering something.



‘Yes, yes, there was another shape, behind some rocks, watching the monsters and me. I caught a glimpse of her, when the lights went off.’

Bishop took a step forward. ‘Her?’

‘It was a woman, with grey and black hair, in a long muddy coat. She had her finger to her lips. I was so scared by everything, I almost forgot.’

‘That’s alright, Seren,’ Bishop said, beaming, the relief around him palpable. ‘That’s wonderful, don’t worry about a thing. You’ve been a great help.’

‘Really?’ she asked, as the Brigadier got to his feet and gave his friend a hearty slap on the back. ‘I’ve helped you beat the monsters?’

‘Oh, most certainly, Miss Jones,’ he said, shaking her hand again, brimming with a new confidence. ‘You’ve been invaluable, and a promise is a promise. Consider your monsters beaten!’

After a few more thanks and a cheery goodbye, the two Brigadiers left a far happier Seren Jones to try and get some sleep and made their way downstairs with her slightly less confident father.

‘We know Anne’s here then,’ Bishop said, hardly able to contain his excitement. ‘And we know she was unharmed just last night.’

‘And we know precisely where to start looking.’ The Brigadier nodded. ‘This is about as firm a grounding for an investigation as I’ve ever enjoyed, and it is all thanks to your daughter, Mr Jones. We must thank

you again for your letting us see her.'

'And you're sure this woman is your wife?' Jones asked, opening the front door.

'Too much coincidence otherwise,' Bishop said.

'In my career, I've dealt with Yeti, werewolves, Jack o' Kent, the Loch Ness monster and Arthurian Knights,' Lethbridge-Stewart said with a wry smile. 'I'm what you could call an expert on myths. Trust me when I say, coincidence is the biggest myth of them all.'

Bishop eyebrows rose. 'Jack o' Kent?'

'Well, you sound completely out of it to me,' Jones said, clearing his throat. 'But you seem to have brought my daughter some peace, at least. So, thanks for that.' He extended his hand, and Lethbridge-Stewart took it, then Bishop. 'Good luck catching those things.'

'Much obliged,' Bishop said, stepping outside before turning back. 'I must say, and I hope I'm not intruding, but you and your daughter seem awfully concerned for people who've just experienced miracles.'

Jones' smile was without mirth. 'Yes well, we're still waiting for the other one to drop, to be honest with you. Life like this, with things like that, never feels like things can stay this good for long.'

For the first time since they'd set out together, Bishop saw Lethbridge-Stewart's face drop as they waved their goodbyes and set off down the path. 'No. No it doesn't.'

EVERYBODY AT CANDY JAR  
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THE NEW DOCTOR!



– ANDY FRANKHAM-ALLEN –

*When Times Change...*

He wasn't having the best day. Sir Alistair reached for the water, but a coughing fit caused him to knock it over.

'Damn it!'

The door to his private room opened and a young man entered.

'Grandfather!'

Sir Alistair chuckled. 'It was only a cough, Con, nothing to worry about.'

Conall Lethbridge-Stewart, his eldest grandson, regarded him with suspicion. Sir Alistair was, unfortunately, used to it. He'd battled on as long as he could, but he knew, deep down, that the end was approaching. A voice, edged with a soft Scottish burr, entered his mind.

'You were supposed to die in bed.'

Conall placed the glass on the side and sat down. 'I have something for you,' he said, and reached into his pocket.

'Oh yes?' Sir Alistair peered closely at the postcard Conall was handing over.

He looked at it closely. No, it wasn't a postcard. It was a photograph. A young blonde woman, dressed in some kind of trench coat and one those... Oh, what did the kids call it? Oh yes. A hoodie.

'Who is this?'

'Well...' Conall smiled. 'Let's just say, she appeared in my living room with a big blue box.'

'She...?' Sir Alistair looked at the picture again. 'Surely you don't mean...?'

'She left a message on the back.'

Sir Alistair turned the photo over and read the message. An apology for not being able to visit, something to do with crossing personal timelines, and a final line about how he... no strike that... *she* wanted him to see her new face before the end.

The look of surprise on his face must have been a picture, as Conall burst out laughing. 'The women are taking over,' he said.

Sir Alistair smiled at this, an image of his daughter jumping to mind, and Conall's own sister and what she would go on to do. And now...

'Well,' Sir Alistair said, 'if there is one thing I have learned after all this time, it's that regardless of the face, the Doctor is always the Doctor. Even if she is now a woman.'

He reached over and poured two shots of whisky. He handed one to Conall and raised his own glass.

'To the Doctor. Splendid person, all of them.'




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**LETHBRIDGE-STEWART: THE FORGOTTEN SON**  
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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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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## **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

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**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.

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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

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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



*Available from Candy Jar Books*

**THE LIFE OF EVANS: A LETHBRIDGE-STEWART  
SPIN-OFF ADVENTURE**

by John Peel

Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart never could work out what to do with Evans. He never got on with the troops, was always shirking responsibility. So a reassignment to Imber was in order, and a whole new training programme under the watchful eye of Captain Younghusband.

Includes bonus short story, *Time and Again*, by Robert Mammone. This is a sequel to the 1985 *Doctor Who* television serial *Timelash* and prequel to the forthcoming spin-off series, *Travers & Wells*.