

LETHBRIDGE-STEWART

TOP SECRET FILES



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Characters and Concepts from 'The Web of Fear'

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TOP SECRET FILES

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

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Graeme Harper



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

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Introduction

The Brigadier... Was there ever a better ally for the Doctor? Sure, the Doctor's had many companions over the years (thirty-five official companions, with a whole host of companions in the expanded universe, and that's not to even mention the 'one-off' companions littered through the show's history), but only one man has been there through forty-seven of the television's fifty-one plus years so far. Even after his death, the Brigadier's presence is a deciding factor in the Doctor's adventures, as witnessed at the end of the most recent series.

But where did the man come from? What series of circumstances and experiences shaped him into the legend? Many books and audio dramas have explored elements of the Brigadier's past, sometimes offering up contradictory accounts, but so very little has been revealed about the *man* on television. And so, here we are, just over forty-seven years since his first appearance in *The Web of Fear* (on Saturday 23rd February 1968), finally able to reveal his true history. A history fully approved by the license holder, the granddaughter of the man who created Brigadier Alistair Gordon Lethbridge-Stewart, then a colonel in the Scots Guards. Forget everything you've known previously, everything you've ever read or heard, this is where the real story behind the man begins. In the small Cornish town of Bledoe...

But before that we have this exclusive extended version of *The Ambush*, originally published in *Doctor Who Magazine* #483, a short story set during the first two episodes of *The Web of Fear*, finally revealing why Professor Travers was so agitated when he was brought to the Goodge Street fortress in episode one. And just what did happen at Holborn that saw Colonel Lethbridge-Stewart lost in the Underground? As well as that, we also present a specially extended, final chapter of Candy Jar's *Companions* book, which details the adventures of the Brigadier on television. *And* the original opening chapter of *The Forgotten Son*, never seen before, as well as a brief guide to the novels that may or may not influence the *Lethbridge-Stewart* series.

'I just do the best I can,' the Brigadier once said, when asked if the Earth could produce a better champion. His best was always enough. And, hopefully, so is ours.



The Ambush

*With thanks to Lance Corporal Daniel Ball,
David A McIntee and Terrance Dicks.*

Life is a string of coincidences. Choices made blindly. Situations forced upon people. Nobody can know for certain the outcome of any given moment. Sometimes the outcome is so minor that it barely registers, just another stitch in the tapestry of life, but every now and then something happens that appears to be so ordinary yet turns out to be, in hindsight, one of the most defining moments of one's life...

The colonel looked back at his squad. They'd made it as far as Charing Cross Station before the fungus stuff blocked their way. Up until now it had been safer to travel on foot through the Underground tunnels, but the Yeti had started advancing there too. Spreading out that web of theirs. He glanced at the civilian they'd rescued. The one man who could help them in this fight. Professor Travers.

The old fool was lucky to be alive. If it was up to him, the colonel would have let him die, too; Travers was a damn idiot to try and return home. They had enough equipment at the fortress under Goodge Street. If that wasn't enough for the professor, then so be it. They'd win this fight by other means.

Still, at least Miss Travers would be happy to see her

father alive. This would please Ben Knight; the captain had taken quite a shine to the young woman. She just needed to keep a tighter rein on her father.

‘Right, lads, we’re going to need to move over ground. But keep sharp. Who knows what the state of play is up there. And you, Professor, you keep close to my men. I’m not risking any more for you.’

The colonel tuned Travers’ grumbling answer out. He couldn’t say he much cared for the old goat, but he had been given his orders when the mist had first started surrounding the city, and protecting Travers and his daughter was high on the list of priorities.

He motioned his small squad of troops forward and they set off up the long corridor to the narrow steps that led to Trafalgar Square.

The sight that greeted him was one he knew he’d never forget. Colonel Spencer Pemberton of the 1st Battalion Parachute Regiment, the Special Forces Support Group, had experienced a lot in his decades of military service, but nothing froze his blood so much as the sight of Trafalgar Square devoid of life. Cars abandoned, the detritus of a sudden evacuation evident everywhere. Millions of tourists visited the square every year, and where were they now? Only a year ago ten thousand demonstrators had filled the square, protesting against the United States’ involvement in the Vietnam War, and now... Now, nothing. Not a visitor in sight. Not even a single pigeon. It was wrong.

Ready for anything, that was the motto of 1 Para, but sometimes, just sometimes, they simply could not be prepared.

‘Okay, men, we...’

‘Sir, over there,’ Lieutenant Whittaker said, and pointed east of the station entrance.

Damn!

Wielding their strange guns, a horde of Yeti advanced up the Strand.

A quick survey of the square showed Pemberton that Yeti were also emerging from the National Gallery, still more crossing the A4 from Cockspur Street. The squad was surrounded.

But why so many? It was the most Yeti he had yet seen converge on one place. So far they had attacked in small numbers; a precise, well-orchestrated campaign controlled by something Travers called the Great Intelligence. But this...? There was only one reason he could think of: Professor Travers’ importance was not only known to the brass, but also to this Intelligence. Pemberton hadn’t spent a lot of time with Miss Travers prior to her insistence that she needed her father’s help, and he’d learned enough to know that Professor Travers had encountered the Intelligence and the Yeti back in ‘35. He was the key to this – he had to be! And the Intelligence wanted him.

Pemberton ordered several of the troops to guard the entrance to Charing Cross Station. ‘Keep them at bay, Whittaker,’ he said. ‘They’re after Travers.’

The young lieutenant swallowed, but did as ordered. Within seconds his men were positioned to defend the steps leading down to the station, where Pemberton and the rest of his troops were herding the old man. They would have to try the exit at the other end of the Strand. Perhaps they could get there before the Yeti doubled back.

Whatever happened, Professor Travers needed to be

returned to Goodge Street. Clearly he was a threat to the Yeti and their goal, whatever it was, and as such his life had to be protected. Whatever the cost.

And damn Travers for putting them all in danger.

His Da always told him he was a fool for entering the military, but Driver Gwynfor Evans of the Royal Engineers Corp 33 Regiment, didn't agree. It's not like being in the Royal Engineers was a hazardous job, after all he was only a driver. Okay, so as a sapper he was trained in Military Engineering (Combat), but he didn't have a choice in that, and it's not like he'd actually been in combat, he'd barely been in the Corp long enough. He had toyed with maybe learning a new trade, perhaps in Explosive Ordnance Disposal, but that seemed just too risky to him. And yet here he was, driving an ammunition truck packed full of explosives through the deserted streets of Camden.

This was as close to the front line as he wanted to get!

He was in august company, or so his Da would say if he were there. The Royal Engineers had a lot of respect for officers in the Scots Guards, as they were the men who took the real risks, always willing to put themselves on the line – but Evans wasn't so sure he saw what was so amazing about that. Foolish, if you asked him. Still, Colonel Lethbridge-Stewart was considered among the best of the 2nd Battalion and had been brought back from Libya specifically to help out with the current crisis. Evans suspected he should be impressed, but the colonel had barely uttered a word since they left the Elm Park Command Post. All he'd done was read the various reports.

Evans looked over at him. He shrugged and started

singing to himself. The colonel glanced up, but said nothing. The sapper between them, Terry Russell, lifted an eyebrow and smiled.

Officers, huh?

Evans suppressed a laugh, wondering idly what the colonel's name was. Probably Tarquin or Rupert.

Despite his severe expression, inside Lethbridge-Stewart was smiling. He still remembered Korea, being a private during his National Service, and he hadn't forgotten the way squaddies viewed officers. Back then he had been no different, and for quite some time he had secretly mocked his own CO.

But that was a long time ago, before Second Lieutenant Pemberton showed him what it was to be an officer.

His eyes fell to Captain Knight's report. Wireless communications seemed impossible beyond London – the mysterious substance from which the web was made had seen to that. But fortunately communication within the confines of the web was still possible... for now. As such Knight's report was short and to the point, and coupled with all the other reports Lethbridge-Stewart had been given as part of his briefing, the long and short of it was his old friend and one-time mentor, Colonel 'Old Spence' Pemberton, was dead, neck broken in hand-to-hand combat with a Yeti while securing the services of Professor Travers, which meant that Lethbridge-Stewart had to replace him at the old World War II transit camp, which now served as the Army Central Command Post under Goodge Street.

For a moment he felt it. That sense of loss. But he

pushed it down. Pemberton was a soldier, they both were. They knew the risks. Right now Lethbridge-Stewart had a job to do. Time enough to mourn when the enemy was defeated.

He had been rushed back from Libya, at the behest of Old Spence, the moment the army was called in to investigate the strange mist surrounding the city. Rushed to General Hamilton's office in Fugglestone, he'd barely had time to even say hello to Sally before he was air-dropped into London less than a day before the web made the city impregnable. While Pemberton commanded things in Central London, Lethbridge-Stewart had handled things in the outer city, until word reached him from Captain Knight about the death of Pemberton. He had known he had to get into the centre of the capital, and once he learned there was an ammunition truck heading that way, he decided to get a lift. The post at Holborn Station needed fresh supplies, and that was close enough to Goodge Street for Lethbridge-Stewart. No doubt the sappers would have preferred him to not be there, but the Royal Engineers had their role to play and he had his.

'Look there!' Sapper Russell pointed, and Lethbridge-Stewart looked.

A short distance before them a dark-clothed man lay on the road. Lethbridge-Stewart ordered the driver to stop the truck and jumped out. On closer inspection he realised the man was, in fact, a Bobby. He rolled the policeman over. Dead. Lethbridge-Stewart looked up at Sapper Russell, who had joined him.

'What's the nearest police station?' he asked.

'Couldn't tell you, sir. Not a London man, myself.'

Russell looked around. 'There's a police box over there,' he said, pointing to the street corner. 'We could use the phone?'

Lethbridge-Stewart recced the street. It seemed empty enough. Shop doors open, but no people in sight. 'How far to Holborn?'

'Just around that corner.'

'Hmm.' Lethbridge-Stewart stood up. He didn't like this at all. He removed his pistol from its holster and returned to the truck and the jeep just behind it.

'Trouble, sir?' Squadron Sergeant Major Stephens asked, noticing the brandished pistol.

'Just a feeling,' Lethbridge-Stewart responded. 'I'm taking Sapper Russell with me to have a quick recce of Holborn Station. I want you to remain here and prepare your men. There may well be Yeti in the area.'

Stephens climbed out of the jeep and surveyed the immediate area. 'Holborn hasn't had any trouble, sir.'

'Things change, Sergeant Major. You have your orders.'

Stephens saluted, and turned to his men. 'You heard the colonel,' he said.

Lethbridge-Stewart didn't stick around to see the efficiency of 33 Regiment. Once he had made sure Russell was armed and ready, the two men set off.

What they found only confirmed Lethbridge-Stewart's feeling. Smoke poured from the half-open gate of Holborn Station. It seemed the Yeti had indeed advanced further. He informed Russell that they were going to have to take a look inside, to check for survivors, but before they could move any closer to the Underground station the sound of gunfire behind alerted them to a more present danger.

Without a word, the two men ran back the way they had

come and turned the corner. 33 Regiment was under attack.

Several Yeti were converging on the truck. One pointed its gun at the jeep, and a moment later the jeep exploded in flames. 33 Regiment, not used to much combat, were responding in the best way they knew how. They were pulling back from the ammunition truck, firing as they went. Lethbridge-Stewart looked out for Stephens, but he could see no sign of the sergeant major.

‘What’s the nearest station?’

‘Aldwych.’

Aldwych. Of course: former barracks in the Second World War. Perfect. ‘Pull back!’ Lethbridge-Stewart shouted.

33 Regiment needed no further order. All of them, many still firing, joined Lethbridge-Stewart and Russell behind the partial shelter afforded by a newspaper kiosk.

‘Russell, take them to Aldwych. I’ll hold the line here.’

The sapper didn’t look too pleased about that idea. ‘Sir, you’re going to need help.’

Lethbridge-Stewart smiled. ‘Good man. The rest of you, fall back to Aldwych Station. Russell and I will join you there. Once we’ve regrouped we’ll work out our next move.’

The sappers saluted and set off.

The Yeti now surrounded the smoking truck. A strange mist shot out of their guns. For a moment Lethbridge-Stewart wasn’t sure what was happening, but as the mist solidified he worked it out. They were covering the truck in web, ensuring that the explosives could not be used against them. An idea struck him.

‘This way, Sapper!’

Russell followed Lethbridge-Stewart forward, towards

the truck, keeping close to cover and as far from the Yeti as possible. Lethbridge-Stewart stopped and pointed. The tarpaulin at the back of the truck was still open, hastily thrown back by the sappers who had climbed out.

‘A couple of well-placed shots should do it,’ Lethbridge-Stewart said, and pointed his gun.

Russell did likewise, and followed Lethbridge-Stewart’s example. The two men fired.

Mere moments later the truck exploded, throwing the two soldiers back against the shop wall. Lethbridge-Stewart looked up from his new position and was dismayed to see that, although the truck was now in flames, the Yeti had not been affected by the blast. Could anything stop them?

He needed to get to Goodge Street. Captain Knight and his men had much more experience fighting these beasts than he. Plus they had Professor Travers, the one man who knew exactly what these Yeti were. Lethbridge-Stewart had read the report, but he wasn’t sure he believed it. Servants of an alien intelligence? What rot!

‘I think we’ve done all we can here, Sapper. Let’s move!’

He helped Russell to his feet and, careful to not attract further attention, the soldiers shuffled their way down the street in the direction of Aldwych Station.

The abandoned tube station was probably one of the most eerie sights Lethbridge-Stewart had ever seen. It wasn’t the first time Aldwych had been closed down. Russell and he passed through the temporarily closed area of the station, that which serviced the occasional passenger usually, and came to the section of the station that had not been opened to the public since 1917. It was sometimes used to test new

tracks, but beyond that it was mostly unused, and as such it was filthy. It was the best place to regroup with 33 Regiment.

Sapper Russell was holding up well considering the unexpected confusion of the attack. He'd go far if he kept his nerve like this. Lethbridge-Stewart had seen so many privates wash out over the years; it was nice to see enlisted men who had the grit needed for military service. He did sometimes wonder at the future of the British Army, the way the young people were allowing all the New Age mumbo jumbo to take hold of them.

They stepped on to the disused platform only to find it completely empty of people. Where was 33 Regiment?

'Sir,' Russell said, and swallowed. 'I think the enemy beat us here.'

Lethbridge-Stewart looked to where Russell was pointing. At the end of the platform, where the tracks entered the seldom-used tunnel, all he could see was web. He peered closer. There was a leg poking out of the web.

'Follow me,' he said, and led the sapper up the platform.

Combat fatigues and army boots. Lethbridge-Stewart would wager the leg belonged to one of 33 Regiment. He could only assume the rest of them were inside the web. He lowered his head. The commander of 33 Regiment wasn't going to be happy – a lot of good men had been lost.

Russell jumped from the platform and crossed the tracks to the tunnel entrance. 'Sir, I think I can pull him out.'

Lethbridge-Stewart wasn't so sure. He had read the reports and knew that once someone entered the mist or the web, they never returned. But, he supposed, nothing would be lost in trying.

He should have known better.

As soon as Russell grabbed the ankle and began pulling, the web began to move. Like it was growing, reaching out... The web spread down the leg so quickly that Russell barely had time to register it before it touched his hand.

Lethbridge-Stewart went to move forward but stopped. Russell looked up at him in horror, but already, in a matter of moments, the web had covered half his body. If Lethbridge-Stewart were to touch him, then he'd become trapped in it himself. He swallowed, but kept his eyes firmly on Sapper Russell.

He stood there for less than a minute, his eyes unblinking.

All that remained was web. Russell was no more; there wasn't even a trace of his profile beneath the fungus.

Colonel Lethbridge-Stewart saluted and turned sharply. He had to get to Goodge Street before the Yeti found him down here.

The roaring and yells still echoed in his head, but Evans did his best to ignore them. He'd warned them to carry on, instead of stopping at Aldwych. As soon as he'd seen that disused platform he just knew they were asking for trouble. And so he had scarpered. At least one shout of 'coward' had followed him, but he didn't care. Especially moments later when the roar of the Yeti had echoed throughout the station.

He wasn't a coward, he was survivor. And now he was all that was left of 33 Regiment and the ammunition detail.

If only he could find his way out of the Underground.

Lethbridge-Stewart wasn't sure how long he'd been walking through the tunnel, but he felt sure he was heading in the

right direction. He had studied the Underground map before leaving Elm Park and was certain he was now heading down the Piccadilly Line towards Leicester Square, thereby circumventing Holborn. From there he could follow the Northern Line to Goodge Street. A sound alerted him to the presence of another. He pulled out his gun, careful to keep in the shadows.

A figure shambled past. A civilian! Dressed in shabby, checked trousers and a dark coat that barely fitted him. What the hell was a civilian doing in the tunnels? Up to no good, no doubt.

Lethbridge-Stewart stepped out of his hidden position and pushed the gun gently against the back of the little man.

‘Stand perfectly still and raise your hands.’

The man did so immediately, his arms ram-rod straight up in the air.

‘And who might you be?’ Lethbridge-Stewart asked.

‘I might ask you the same question.’ The man turned around, arms still high in the air, and looked at Lethbridge-Stewart with a studied indignation.

‘I am Colonel Alistair Lethbridge-Stewart, Scots Guards 2nd Battalion.’

‘How do you do? I’m the—’

A sound along the tunnel distracted Lethbridge-Stewart momentarily. He looked back at the odd little man who was lowering his arms, smiling.

‘Well then, whoever-you-are, perhaps you’d like to tell me what you’re doing in these tunnels?’

‘Do you know, I was just minding my own business when a great big shag of fur came out of the tunnel and...’

‘This is no place for civilians. London is supposed to be

deserted.'

At this the little man beamed the most infuriating smile Lethbridge-Stewart had ever seen. 'Well, obviously not entirely deserted. Or you'd not be here, either, would you, Colonel.'

He wasn't sure what to make of this strange fellow, but he seemed harmless enough. It wasn't beyond the realm of possibility that some civilians had been missed, after all evacuating a city the size of London was no small undertaking, especially at such short notice. But no... There was something about this chap that would bear watching.

Feeling it was safe to holster his pistol, Lethbridge-Stewart looked up and down the tunnel. 'Very well, you may as well come with me to Goodge Street. I'd feel a lot happier if I could keep an eye on you.'

The man grinned, his deeply lined face lighting up with an impish glee. He rubbed his hands together and set off. 'Splendid idea, Colonel. Goodge Street is this way, is it?'

Lethbridge-Stewart watched the man walk off, and with eyes narrowed he followed, wondering if there were any other civilians in the tunnels playing hide and seek.

Hindsight is a wonderful thing. Although at the time Colonel Lethbridge-Stewart could have had no idea, that meeting was going to be the defining moment of his life, a coincidental meeting that may not have happened had Colonel Pemberton not led his men to find Professor Travers.

It was a meeting that would change Lethbridge-Stewart's life... *forever*.

‘We Don’t Let Him Down’

The Brigadier

Introduction:

Brigadier Sir Alistair Lethbridge-Stewart was born in the Cornish village of Bledoe on February 22nd, 1929. As he grew up, young Alistair found himself resentful of the idea of military service due to, firstly, his paternal grandfather (after whom he was named) insisting Alistair should one day enter military service himself, and secondly, because his father’s career in the Royal Air Force constantly kept him away during important moments in Alistair’s young life. Following mysterious events chronicled in *The Forgotten Son*, and his father’s apparent death during the end days of World War II, Alistair and his mother left Bledoe in 1945 to live in Lancashire with his mother’s sister and her husband.

The Lethbridge-Stewarts had a proud military history, going back well over four hundred years to when they were the Stewarts up in Lanark and the Lethbridges in Devon, before the two families had become one through marriage. John Lethbridge (1675–1759) invented the first underwater diving machine in 1715. He lived in the county of Devon in South West England and reportedly had seventeen children.

His resistance to a military career continued into young

adulthood, and he pursued a career in teaching before being enlisted for National Service at the outbreak of the Korean War. During this period, he served with Second Lieutenant Spencer Pemberton of the Parachute Infantry, and the friendship they built up during that time lead Lethbridge-Stewart to a new appreciation for military service. After his National Service was over, he enrolled in Sandhurst and trained to be an officer. He graduated in 1956, bestowed with the Sword of Honour and Queen's Award for being the most outstanding cadet on his course. During his Sandhurst days, he was one of the 'holy trinity' that included fellow cadets Walter Douglas and Leslie Johnston. These cadets caught the eye of Brigadier Oliver Hamilton at Sandhurst, and he continued to follow Lethbridge-Stewart's career all the way to his promotion to colonel during his service with the Scots Guards 2nd Battalion.

He was pulled from manoeuvres in Libya to help out in London at the behest of Colonel Pemberton, now an officer in the Parachute Regiment's Special Forces Support, when it was surrounded by a strange mist, and it was there that we first met him on television during *The Web of Fear*.

The Television Adventures:

While the Great Intelligence is planning an assault on London with its robotic Yeti in the 1968 story *The Web of Fear*, Lethbridge-Stewart takes control of the armed forces there after the death of Pemberton, and bumps into the Doctor while searching the London Underground. They do not have the most auspicious of starts to their relationship, with Lethbridge-Stewart initially suspicious of this impish

little man. But the Doctor soon proves his worth, and the seeds of their friendship are formed when Lethbridge-Stewart places his trust, not to mention the safety of his men, in the Doctor's hands. After their defeat of the Great Intelligence, Lethbridge-Stewart considers the Doctor a hero, but the Doctor disappears after he learns that reporter Harold Chorley wants to make him a household name. It is some four years before they meet again, by which time UNIT (the United Nations Intelligence Taskforce) has been formed to counter alien threats. During the period between these encounters with the Doctor, Lethbridge-Stewart leads the Fifth Operation Corp, a special 'black-ops' unit developed to protect the UK, under the direct command of Major General Hamilton. Lethbridge-Stewart is eventually promoted to brigadier and commander of the United Kingdom branch of UNIT, which he had a hand in forming. They are investigating the strange goings-on at International Electromatics, run by industrialist Tobias Vaughn. The Doctor and Jamie stumble into things there and are spotted by UNIT surveillance, and brought immediately to a reunion with the Brigadier. It is a happy meeting, and the Brigadier immediately enlists the Doctor's help to prevent *The Invasion* of the Cybermen. Sometime later the Brigadier is trying to draft Liz Shaw into being UNIT's scientific advisor (*Spearhead from Space*). He talks about the Doctor as an expert on alien life (one who helped him twice since UNIT was formed), little knowing that the Doctor is about to fall into his life in a rather permanent way. Freshly regenerated by the Time Lords and exiled to Earth, the Third Doctor is not initially accepted by the Brigadier, who doesn't believe it is the same man, even though the Doctor

clearly knows him. He gradually warms to this new Doctor, who is somewhat brusque towards the Brigadier, dismissing him with a wave at one point. Once the first Nestene invasion is defeated the Brigadier asks the Doctor to stick around in case the Nestene should try again. The Doctor becomes UNIT's official, although unpaid, scientific advisor, with Liz now serving as his assistant.

The Doctor remains for several years, even after his exile is rescinded, and over that time an extremely strong friendship is developed between the two men. It takes some time, however, since the easy companionship the Brigadier and the Second Doctor enjoyed is gone, replaced by a Doctor who is less forgiving of the Brigadier's military mindset. One of the most notable early examples of them coming to loggerheads is over the solution of the Silurian problem at Wenley Moor in *Doctor Who and the Silurians*. Once the Doctor has successfully beaten the Silurian plague, he wishes to broker a peace between humanity and the Silurians (the original owners of the Earth), and as soon as his back is turned, the Brigadier sets off charges and destroys the Silurian hibernation settlement beneath the moor; the Doctor considers this possibly genocide, or at the very least murder. Their relationship remained strained for a short while afterwards, but still stranded on Earth the Doctor continues in his role as scientific advisor. Things come to a head once more at the end of *Inferno* when the Doctor decides he is leaving Earth, having seemingly got the TARDIS console working again. He makes a point of saying he will not miss the Brigadier, but when the console fetches up at a nearby rubbish tip, he returns with his tail between his legs. The Brigadier takes great pleasure in reminding the

Doctor of his harsh words before agreeing to help. This pretty much encapsulates their relationship for the next few years – two men who have a grudging respect for each other, but are not quite friends yet. One can almost suspect that the Brigadier’s assigning of Jo Grant to the Doctor is an act of spite – faced with an agent he doesn’t know what to do with, he simply palms her off onto the Doctor. When the Doctor wants rid of her, the Brigadier refuses to accept the responsibility of telling her, and says if the Doctor wishes to ‘sack’ Miss Grant he will have to tell her himself. One might argue that it is the arrival of Jo that mellows the Doctor and smooths relations between him and the Brigadier. In *Day of the Daleks* the Brigadier makes it quite clear that he doesn’t believe in the idea of ghosts, a fact the Doctor enjoys mocking before explaining his scientific rationale behind such things. This kind of reasoning slowly changes the Brigadier’s ideals about science versus military might, as reflected in the 2012 episode *The Power of Three* when his daughter, Kate, tells the Eleventh Doctor that her father drove into her that ‘science leads’.

By the time Jo makes known her intentions to leave UNIT (and the Doctor) to get married, the friendship between the Doctor and the Brigadier is strong enough to keep the Doctor attached to UNIT, even though he has no reason to remain behind any more.

The Time Warrior is dated as 1974 by the arrival of Sarah Jane Smith (who is twenty-three and, as later discovered, was born in 1951), and she later states that her current time is 1980 (when the Brigadier is last seen in *Terror of the Zygons*). This does suggest that the sporadic appearances of the Brigadier after Jo leaves cover a good six years of

narrative time.

The humour between the Brigadier and the Doctor is obvious when, in *Planet of the Spiders*, the Doctor discovers, via the latent telepathic abilities of Professor Clegg, that sometime ago the Brigadier had a tryst with a woman called Doris in Brighton, where she bought him a much-loved watch. The Brigadier takes the Doctor's ribbing well, but is clearly embarrassed by such private information being revealed by a stranger. He grows used to the Doctor's sporadic trips in the TARDIS, especially once Sarah joins him, and is more amused than annoyed when the newly regenerated Fourth Doctor departs abruptly rather than attending Buckingham Palace. He is there when the Doctor undergoes his third regeneration; his reaction is a far cry from his protracted acceptance of the Third Doctor. He merely raises an eyebrow and says, 'Well, here we go again'.

It is in *Terror of the Zygons* that we discover that the Brigadier is of Scottish descent, of the Clan Stewart, and proudly wears a kilt while in Scotland. After this the Brigadier seems to become heavily involved in the bureaucracy of UNIT business, spending an increasing amount of time away from direct command of UNIT UK. When the Doctor returns in both *The Android Invasion* and *The Seeds of Doom*, UNIT is being commanded by two replacements while the Brigadier is away in Geneva.

Something strange has happened by the next time the Doctor meets the Brigadier, who appears to have retired from UNIT in 1976, even though he was clearly seen in command of UNIT as late as 1980 in *Terror of the Zygons*. He moves on to teaching A-level maths at Brendon Public School in 1977. He meets Tegan in *Mawdryn Undead*, during

the Queen's Silver Jubilee, and becomes involved in an adventure which sees him losing much of his memory – particularly in connection with the Doctor. When the Fifth Doctor arrives at Brendon in 1983, the Brigadier totally fails to recognise him, despite the Doctor reminding him of their time at UNIT and his ability to regenerate. Eventually the Doctor jogs the Brigadier's memory, and he accompanies the Doctor on a ship stuck in a warp ellipse. There he meets his younger self from 1977 and as they touch hands the Blinovitch Limitation Effect shorts out the time differential, causing the 1977-Brigadier to lose all memory of the Doctor.

Sometime later, while attending a reunion at UNIT HQ, the Brigadier is visited by the Second Doctor, who is 'bending' the Laws of Time, in *The Five Doctors*. They are both time-scooped to the Death Zone on Gallifrey, where they have to find their way to the Dark Tower and Rassilon, the single greatest figure in Time Lord history. There he re-meets other incarnations of the Doctor; the Fifth, Third and First, and is reacquainted with both Sarah and Tegan. He strangely shows no knowledge or recognition of Turlough, however, whom he taught at Brendon previously. A fact that further compounds the discontinuity created by *Mawdryn Undead*. He also takes great pleasure in flooring the Master with a single punch, 'how nice to see you again,' no doubt taking out years of frustration at being beaten by the Master so many times during his UNIT days.

It is many years before the Brigadier meets the Doctor again, in a piece of flam called *Dimensions in Time* when he briefly meets the Sixth Doctor and gives him a helicopter ride to the Greenwich Meridian, failing to spot that he had picked up the Third Doctor. The Brigadier says that he is

having trouble keeping up with all the Doctors. At some point before the 1990s, he gives up teaching and leaves UNIT permanently, and marries Doris. He is called out of retirement by a call from Geneva telling him that the Doctor is back. Doris doesn't want him to go, but the presence of the Doctor is the deciding factor. He has to go.

In *Battlefield*, the Brigadier throws himself into the events at Carbury and rather enjoys the adventure. After reading the report of Brigadier Bambara, he assumes his replacement is a man and is a little surprised to discover that *Winifred* Bambara is a woman. Although he doesn't let any respect for the fairer sex get in the way. His awkwardness around women is emphasised in his initial bad handling of Ace, but they soon bond over her love of explosives, and work together to blow up King Arthur's spaceship. The Brigadier, an old hand at regeneration by now, is not slightly fazed by the Doctor's new appearance, recognising him immediately; 'who else would it be?' he asks with a smile. He single-handedly stands down the Destroyer, armed with only his faithful revolver and silver bullets. The Destroyer asks if the world can do no better than the Brigadier, to which he replies, 'Probably. I just do the best I can,' and pumps bullets into the Destroyer. The Doctor thinks the Brigadier is dead as result, and states how the Brigadier is supposed to die in bed, but the Brigadier waves this away. 'Have a little faith,' he tells the Doctor.

Over the following years the Brigadier is made a Commander of the British Empire and becomes Sir Alistair. Shortly after this he takes up a position as UNIT's special envoy, and is often sent overseas, especially to Peru, where he tends to get stuck quite a lot. This is evident in *The*

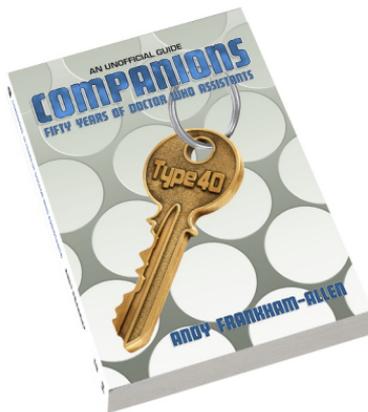
Sontaran Stratagem when the Sontarans attempt to turn Earth into a cloning planet. The Tenth Doctor bemoans the lack of his presence. Shortly after returning from Peru he is debriefed by Major Kilburne and visited by a very old friend, Sarah Jane Smith (*The Sarah Jane Adventures: Enemy of the Bane*). Although they haven't seen each other in a long time, they still keep in contact and Sir Alistair often pulls strings at UNIT whenever Sarah needs help (in such stories as *SJA: Invasion of the Bane* and *SJA: Revenge of the Slitheen*). By the time of Sarah's wedding, Sir Alistair is back in Peru and thus unable to attend, as is he when a faux funeral is arranged for the Doctor.

Tragedy finally strikes at some point around or after 2012 when the Eleventh Doctor makes a phone call to speak to Sir Alistair, only to discover the old soldier has died peacefully in his bed, as the Seventh Doctor had previously anticipated. The nurse to whom the Doctor speaks informs him that Sir Alistair always talked of the Doctor, and kept a small glass of brandy ready for him. The news hits the Doctor heavily, and is enough to convince him to face his own death in *The Wedding of River Song*.

Their long-standing friendship inspires the Brigadier's daughter, who goes on to be a lead scientist in UNIT (now renamed as the UNified Intelligence Taskforce), and she forces the old organisation to reform with the scientists taking the lead and not the military. Kate Stewart (having dropped the 'Lethbridge' so as not to curry favour), finally meets the Doctor sometime after her father's death in *The Power of Three*. She explains why she changed UNIT, what her father had taught her, and how he had 'learned that from an old friend'. When they part she tells him that he really is

as remarkable as her father said, and kisses him. ‘A kiss from a Lethbridge-Stewart – that’s new!’ the Doctor says, beaming.

The legacy of the Brigadier continues in the shape of his daughter, who has several further encounters with the Doctor, in various incarnations, including three at once during *The Day of the Doctor*. Three Doctors appearing at once does not phase Kate, as she says there is a precedent for it, and refers to the Cromer File – the events of *The Three Doctors*. The memory of her father is enough to convince the Zygons to sit down and discuss a peaceful solution to their attempted invasion of Earth in 2015. During Kate’s most recent encounter with the Doctor, she is rescued from a crashing UNIT plane by a Cyberman who is the resurrected form of her father (one of hundreds of dead people turned into Cybermen by Missy, the latest incarnation of the Master). In a poignant moment, witnessed by Kate, the Doctor finally salutes the Brigadier, before the cybernised version of the old soldier flies away to... who knows.



‘What Lies Beyond’ *More about the Brigadier*

Doctor *Who* exists in an infinite universe of possibility. As such, there are many stories that may appear contradictory. Beyond the scope of the television series, it exists in several forms: prose, comics, audio dramas and games. Alistair Lethbridge-Stewart, with forty-seven years behind him as a character, has appeared in many iterations beyond the television series, and it is these stories that often reveal more about him than was ever told on television. To list everything would take... well, quite a while, so what follows is a list of some of the books you may wish to check out. Stories that may, in some way, have bearing on the development of the *Lethbridge-Stewart* series of novels. (Unfortunately, a fair few of these titles are now out of print – so, happy hunting!)

The Devil Goblins of Neptune (BBC Books)

Reveals that twenty-one year-old Lethbridge-Stewart served during the Korean War.

The Scales of Injustice (Virgin/BBC Books)

Chronologically the first appearance of Lethbridge-Stewart’s daughter Kate, who in this book is only five years old. This novel also features Lethbridge-Stewart’s first wife, Fiona, and details the events that lead to their divorce. It also reveals that there was a Major General Fergus Lethbridge-

Stewart at the Battle of Waterloo, serving as right-hand man to the Duke of Wellington, in 1815. Lethbridge-Stewart regards Lancashire as his home – the place he comes from.

The Face of the Enemy (BBC Books)

Shows Lethbridge-Stewart enlisting the help of Ian and Barbara Chesterton to help when Earth is attacked by people from the *Inferno*-Earth, although he does not learn of his alternative fascist self who died in *Inferno*. It is also in this book that Lethbridge-Stewart remembers attending a briefing about the Chameleons (as seen on television in *The Faceless Ones*).

The Wages of Sin (BBC Books)

This book sees the first mention of Lethbridge-Stewart's namesake, his paternal grandfather, Alistair Lethbridge-Stewart who worked for Military Intelligence through World War I up to 1917. (Alistair Lethbridge-Stewart also appeared in flashback in the comic strip, *The Warkeeper's Crown*, and was shown to pressurise the young Lethbridge-Stewart into taking up military service, thereby upholding the proud Lethbridge-Stewart tradition.)

The Ghosts of N-Space (Virgin Books)

This book reveals an unusual side to the Lethbridge-Stewart family, with the appearance of Lethbridge-Stewart's Italian great uncle Mario – really the second cousin of Lethbridge-Stewart's Granny McDougal (who, one can only assume, is the mother of Wing Commander Gordon Lethbridge-Stewart's mother).

Downtime (Virgin Books)

The first actual appearance of Kate Lethbridge-Stewart, who at this point has been estranged from her father for many years. This book also introduces Lethbridge-Stewart to his grandson, Gordon Lethbridge-Stewart III, ostensibly named after Lethbridge-Stewart himself (but in retrospect, it could be that Gordy was named after his great-grandfather, Wing Commander Gordon Lethbridge-Stewart). This book, along with *The Scales of Injustice*, reveals that sometime after *The Web of Fear* Lethbridge-Stewart was approached by Air Vice Marshal Gilmore (from television's *Remembrance of the Daleks*) who revealed to him the truth of alien encounters going back thousands of years, a fact that helped Lethbridge-Stewart in his determination to see the UN do something more proactive to protect the planet.

The Dying Days (Virgin Books)

In this book we see Lethbridge-Stewart finally promoted to general, after leading the resistance movement against the Martian invasion. We also discover that the Lethbridge-Stewarts go back to at least 1603 when William Lethbridge-Stewart accompanied James I when he took the English throne.

The Shadows of Avalon (BBC Books)

This book reveals that Doris died at some point before 2012 in a boating accident; a fact that led Lethbridge-Stewart to a long bout of suicidal depression.

The Shroud of Sorrows (BBC Books)

While in 1963, the Eleventh Doctor uses Lethbridge-

Stewart's identity, calling himself a colonel and wearing a fake moustache (the real Lethbridge-Stewart was on manoeuvres in the Salisbury Plains at the time). This book also shows us Lethbridge-Stewart's funeral, which is attended by every incarnation of the Doctor and several companions, including Liz and Jo. A rifle salute is given in honour of Lethbridge-Stewart, with Benton ordering 'fire rounds rapid'.

There is, of course, plenty of other material out there featuring Lethbridge-Stewart; the above list is a select number of titles that will have some bearing on the *Lethbridge-Stewart* series. It is interesting to note that on television Lethbridge-Stewart encountered six of the Doctor's first seven incarnations, but the other media appearances readdressed this and saw him interacting with all but the Ninth, Eleventh and Twelfth. Thus far.



‘My life with the Brig’

Graeme Harper

I guess it all happened really quickly. Thursday 8th July 2008. During the recce we'd found a brilliant house in Penarth, which wasn't that far from the BBC base at the Upper Boat studios in Wales. There was a library room flanked by a large bay window to one end, with two ornate statues of soldiers on horseback that must have been close to six feet tall. With those positioned on either side I could lense-up the shot, and give some real impact to introduce one of the guest cast. Had to be a hero shot, clearly marking out this was someone special to the viewer by the way you visually introduced them.

One minute it had been Martha Jones who was joining the cast for this two-part story, but then Freema Agyeman's schedule stopped that becoming a reality. Phone calls had quickly been made, scripts rewritten and Russell T Davies put his brainwave into play. There was another option, something that was pretty obvious and would really bring the story to life in an entirely different way.

Once more an old soldier was being brought out of retirement, for what turned out to be a brilliant finale to his career, and the audience of *The Sarah Jane Adventures* would get to meet Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart for the first time, something like forty years since he'd first appeared.

But, that's jumping the gun a bit... We've got to rewind back to somewhere during early 1970.

I think Nicholas Courtney was only there for one day when we did *Colony in Space*. I'd been working at the BBC for about five years, moving up to Assistant Floor Manager by that point. Michael E Briant was the director, and the Brig was anchoring the story, so there was one scene with the Doctor and Jo Grant in episode one. He came in, did what he did flawlessly, and that was it, but to be honest I already knew Nick.

Years before, Douglas Camfield had directed a series about a photographer called *Watch the Birdies*, and Nick was practically the lead in that. I'd been the Floor Assistant.

It seems a bit trite now to go on about the whole family feel to the team, how they all got on as a tight knit group, but it was true with the cast on *Doctor Who*. You could clearly see that.

Fast forward to 1985, and I was directing *Juliet Bravo*. There's a script on the table about a charming superintendent arriving to inspect the station, and as soon as he arrives, he picks up Anna Carteret's character and twirls her round. A high ranking figure with a bit of a twinkle in his eye. Who else could I cast? Nick nailed it. Energy, drive – he got what I wanted to see instantly.

I think we got pretty close to what would have been the biggest adventure for the Brigadier about ten years later. *The Dark Dimension*. The thirtieth anniversary *Doctor Who* adventure we got so close to making. Tom Baker was there, keen to be back, and he adored working with Nick, so it wasn't a difficult sell with seventy-five percent of his screen time shared with the Brig.

There was a feeling that if this had worked, it would have brought the series back. If the ratings had gone past the ten

million mark on broadcast, it would have done the trick.

We wanted this to be a brilliant last battle for both of them. Dusting themselves off for one last fight together, and the final act kind of split them up, so while the Doctor was distracting the villain with a duel, the Brig had his own mission, taking on the Cybermen and blowing up the TARDIS. Nick was one of the first to say yes and sign up after Tom Baker had agreed to do the film, and when I spoke with him, he was genuinely thrilled to have so much to do through the story.



It was the Brigadier and Ace who had to move through time and meet the other Doctors, so there was that satisfaction for him as well, finally having scenes with Colin Baker and the Ice Warriors. One of the saddest memories

when the whole thing got cancelled and I told Nick, 'Sorry, guv, it's just not working. They pulling the plug...'

'Oh, I'm so sorry, old chap. And I'd just started to grow the moustache back as well...'

Gutted.

We'd see each other at press events and conventions, but I never thought we'd get a chance to work together again like we did with *The Sarah Jane Adventures*. Lis Sladen was absolutely thrilled he was there. It was like completing a circle linking up what she was doing now, both as an actress and as a character, right back to where it all began for her. And I guess I was part of that too, as I'd worked on *The Seeds of Doom* with her while she was with Tom.

The first day we had him on set, it was like a reunion, because sure, Lis had seen Nick around the convention circuit for years as well, but the first scenes he had were when Sarah saw the Brig again for the first time, so there was something pretty unique about that moment. A real buzz.

It was like when we did *Time Crash* for Children In Need, and Peter Davison was on set with David Tennant for a day. That kind of spark; that kind of energy. Time may have passed, but it was still the Brig, and Nick was just the same.

I'll always maintain that one of the real tragedies was that no casting director, producer or director ever said, 'you know what, we need Magwich for *Great Expectations*. Let's give Nicholas Courtney a chance.' Because I promise you, he would have grabbed that chance and really shown everyone something extraordinary. That's something I know we'd all love to have seen...

Original Chapter

This was the original opening for The Forgotten Son, a preface that would have carried on throughout the series. A framing device designed to give the series a coherent narrative. It was decided, however, that with Terrance Dicks' foreword, such a preface was no longer needed. It would have been one too many introductions. So, here it is for the first time, as an introduction to The Ambush, and a hint of things to come.

Forty-four years and it had finally come to this. For Harold Chorley it was the culmination of an obsession that had taken him all over the world, into more dangerous situations than any journalist he knew of. But he had survived, and now his tenacity was about to pay off.

It had been some years since he'd done any journalism, instead he had turned his hand to ghost writing autobiographies. It paid well enough, supplementing his retirement fund. After recent years it seemed he was a relic of a different time, his life's work made a mockery of. Everybody knew about aliens now – in the last few years it seemed there had been at least one alien encounter a year, usually around Christmas. It was, therefore, quite a surprise when he got a call to visit the nursing home before him.

He swallowed and knocked at the door. He couldn't imagine why he'd been called here now – what good could it do? There was nothing left to expose, no truth that wasn't already out there in one way or another.

He was led through the old country house that served as the nursing home, and brought before a closed door. The nurse looked him up and down and grunted. She tapped gently on the door and a frail voice said 'come'.

Chorley had heard the man was ill, his hard life finally catching up with him. But he was surprised by the strength projecting from the man, even as he lay there on the bed, instruments connected to him to keep an eye on his heart rate, blood pressure, and all other vital signs.

'Chorley,' the man said. 'About time we had a chat.'

Chorley wasn't entirely sure what to say. They'd had many chats over the years, mostly denials and towing of the official line. But something in the old soldier's eyes told him things were going to be different this time. Swallowing, feeling his own old bones creaking, Chorley sat on the chair beside the bed. 'Sir Alistair, what can be said now? Your top secret taskforce is not so much of a secret these days.'

'Was it ever?' Brigadier Sir Alistair Lethbridge-Stewart laughed at this. Even as frail as he looked, the laugh was strong. 'This is why you're here, Chorley. You may or may not know that I have only a month left.'

Chorley nodded slowly. 'That news did reach me. I'm sorry to hear it, Sir Alistair. Even after all this time.'

There was a time when Sir Alistair would have waved such sentiments away, but he was now a man at the end of his time. Sentiment and memories was all he had left. He nodded softly and coughed. It pained Chorley to hear the sound racking through Sir Alistair's chest.

'I want you to write my memoirs,' Sir Alistair said. 'Now the cat is well and truly out of the bag.'

Chorley had to stop him there. 'It all seems a little late

in the day, if you don't mind me saying. Your exploits have been explored in various publications.'

Sir Alistair chuckled, and for a moment Chorley could see the man he had first met in Goodge Street once more. So many years ago; both of them young, determined, and completely at odds with each other.

'Spin doctors doing their jobs, Mr Chorley,' Sir Alistair said, a white eyebrow raised. 'Dates changed, events altered here and there... Things leak out, but they're easy enough to control if you know the right people. And I always have known the right people. But, I don't have long left and I want to put the record straight before I go.'

Chorley sat back, clearly intrigued despite himself. 'Very well. You have my attention.'

'Despite what you have been led to believe, the top secret taskforce you so succinctly describe was not the beginning. Long before we convinced the UN to do something to protect this world, there was another team working in secret. Connected directly to the Scots Guards, under the direct command of Major General Hamilton, but with certain unilateral powers. Today it would probably be called *black ops*.'

'And no doubt there was some suitable acronym for this secret military unit?'

'Of course, isn't there always?' The two men smiled, sharing the joke. 'On paper it was simply known as the Fifth Operational Corp, but to those in know it was called HAVOC.'

Chorley reached into his coat pocket and pulled out his iPad. As he turned it on he noticed a small glass of brandy sitting beside the bed. He reached out for it.

‘Leave it!’ Sir Alistair snapped.

‘Sorry, I thought that was...’

Sir Alistair shook his head. ‘That’s for a special friend. I expect he’ll turn up soon enough. Probably when I least expect him.’ He smiled wistfully. ‘As ever.’

Chorley knew who Sir Alistair meant. The mysterious scientific advisor with no name who had been such a big influence on Sir Alistair’s life. Chorley had met him several times over the years, always looking completely different, and yet still the same amazing if irritating man.

Chorley glanced at the brandy once again, before giving Sir Alistair his full attention. ‘When did this HAVOC team come about?’

‘You were there at what set it off. I’m sure you remember all that business with Dominex Industries in Devon.’

‘How could I forget? The summer of...’ Chorley shook his head. It was he who had dragged Sir Alistair into that. He smiled at the memory. ‘I was an upstart journalist with ideas above my station. This was, of course, before I became... Well, obsessed with your activities.’

‘Quite so. And you have given me a run for my money over the decades. Which is why I wanted it to be you who writes up my memoirs. It seems fitting, and fair.’

This was as close to a mutual apology either men were going to give the other, and for a moment they sat in silence.

‘The Yeti do was the precursor, of course, the start of a journey that has led us both here. Some of these things will be familiar to you, not that you would have understood the importance at the time.’ Sir Alistair smiled. ‘I suppose, if I had to think of the moment it all began, it was when I was

brought back from Libya at the request of Colonel Pemberton...’

Read more about the formation of HAVOC in the Lethbridge-Stewart series of books. Lethbridge-Stewart: The Forgotten Son is out now!



The New World

Dead London. It was a sight Colonel Alistair Lethbridge-Stewart would never get used to.

He had been travelling from his little flat in Pimlico to the London Regiment offices in Battersea from where he was co-ordinating the re-population of London. It was a mammoth task, and one of the least enjoyable roles of being a colonel; he preferred to be out in the field, but after the last couple of weeks he had seen enough good soldiers die in London that for once he looked forward to returning to the office.

Nowhere was the evacuation more obvious than Carnaby Street. The centre of fashion for London, the street was usually full of young people; boys in their bell-bottoms and double-breasted jackets, and girls in mini-skirts and white go-go boots. Lethbridge-Stewart was far too conservative to fall into the latest trends, but he did admire the vibrancy of young people. And now, as he stood next to his car on that deserted street, he felt the lack of that vibrancy keenly.

It was simply wrong. All around him the city was still, despite the slight breeze. Barely a sound, not even the distant rumble of a dustcart. London was a city made to be loud, to be full of noise, of people. The lack of it was eerie.

Young people were emerging as the dominant presence in the city, overshadowing the more serious and less ‘fab’

gentry that were once the face of London. Lethbridge-Stewart felt a little depressed by the sight around him. The shops, usually open and full of life, were still closed. But now even the red and blue sign of *Carnaby Girl* seemed lifeless above the darkened windows, the colourful outfits in the windows of *Irvine Sellars* next door seeming almost drab and unwanted. Above the street Union flags blew gently in the breeze, as if they couldn't work up the enthusiasm anymore, and on the corner of the street where usually an ice cream cart stood was nothing.

Things were going to change, though. Friday 14th March would forever be remembered as the day that public life returned to London. Already the first trains were en route from the outer cities and towns, from the country, from wherever people could go after the unexpected and very abrupt evacuation a couple of weeks ago. The London transport system was, after days and days of false starts, once again underway – getting the buses back on the streets, and the Underground moving, was not as simple as flicking a switch. Businesses, the lifeblood of London, were slowly getting ready for the upcoming deluge – workers and business owners had been among the first to return to London, ahead of the millions of others that were only now starting to be herded back home. Of course, most still did not know why they had been evacuated, although a D-notice had since been issued it seemed the reason behind the evacuation was to remain a secret, muddled by politics and rumour. Just like the Great Smog of '52 all over again, only worse this time. So many more lives lost. Only a select few knew the real reason: top civil servants, a few government officials and high-ranking military officers. And

Lethbridge-Stewart. He knew because he had been on the front line, one of the last men standing in Central London.

He still found it hard to entirely accept what he'd witnessed. But he was a practical man, of course, and a pragmatic one at that. He had been there right to the end in Piccadilly Circus Station, had seen with his own eyes his men butchered by the indefatigable onslaught of Yeti, the foot-soldiers of an alien intelligence. There was no getting around it. Just as, now the Intelligence had been defeated, there was no getting around the unenviable task of restoring London to its usual glory.

First there were all the dead bodies to account for, hospital mortuaries all through the city filling up with hundreds of dead soldiers, and then they had to surreptitiously remove all evidence of the alien presence – the Yeti, the control spheres, the pyramid device that had exploded and killed the last receptacle of the Great Intelligence. So much work, more than anybody would ever know about, all to ensure that normality returned. Where all the Yeti and control spheres went was anybody's guess – once they left London they seemed to disappear, no doubt taken to some top-secret vault, the location of which a normal army officer like Lethbridge-Stewart would never learn. This suited him just fine. He was quite happy to forget all that had happened, but he knew that he never would. Pragmatic to the last. He had seen too much, and as the commander in charge of restoring London he was being kept in a position of easy surveillance. His superiors were watching closely, determining what they needed to do next.

It seemed nobody had anticipated this attack. Not even Professor Travers, who had encountered the Great

Intelligence and its Yeti way back in 1935. But nobody was talking about that – both Travers and he had been debriefed on that score, and Doctor Anne Travers, the professor's daughter, had been sent off wherever the Yeti had been taken. A brilliant scientist, it seemed the powers that be still needed to pick her brain. As far as his superiors were concerned the two events formed one long-term attack, which had now been dealt with. Lethbridge-Stewart wasn't convinced. He had it on good authority that the Intelligence was still *out there*, whatever that meant. But such a warning was too ambiguous for the brass, and it was decided that they would cross that bridge should they ever come to it. For his part, Lethbridge-Stewart wasn't convinced that dealing with such potential attacks on an ad-hoc basis was a practical or wise strategy, if he could even call it such.

It was out of his hands, of course. He was merely a colonel in the Scots Guards, and he had his orders. Get London back up and running. Though if it was up to him he'd have made damn sure London would never end up like this again.

To that end, it was time to be on his way. He climbed back into his car and turned on the radio. The sound that greeted him made him smile. Not to be defeated, Radio Caroline was back on the air, and with it the music that helped make London the city it was, even if there was hardly anybody around to listen. Small Faces were a far cry from the music he enjoyed – he'd have preferred to listen to Scaffold's *Lily the Pink* – but as his car continued on its way to Battersea he found himself developing a fondness for *Tin Soldier*. It gave him hope. It was his job to make London vibrant once again, and he was going to do just that.

‘Now that’s a sight I never thought I’d see,’ said Corporal Sally Wright as soon as Lethbridge-Stewart entered his office. She was standing behind his desk, looking out of the window at the street below.

‘What is?’ he asked, not bothering to question her unauthorised presence in his office. He really should have a word with his assistant and remind her that no one but he was allowed access to this office without his express permission. There were top secret documents contained in the filing cabinets, not to mention the reports still open on his desk from a late-night session. Not that Corporal Wright would ever look at such reports without permission, but that was hardly the point.

‘Buses on the streets of London.’ She glanced back at him as he put his briefcase on his desk. ‘We may yet get to have our party,’ she said, offering him the kind of smile she knew he could not resist.

But resist he did. Lethbridge-Stewart turned away and walked back to the open door, poking his head into the ante-office where Lance Corporal Bell sat at her own desk. ‘Lay on some tea for me,’ he said. ‘Make that two cups.’

Bell smiled pleasantly. ‘Yes, sir,’ she said.

Lethbridge-Stewart narrowed his eyes and let out an *hmm*. Discipline was a bit too lax. He supposed he could put that down to two things: an exhaustive week and the early hour of this particular Friday. Not to mention how much work was bound to come their way over the next couple of days. They anticipated at least half a million flooding into the city over the weekend, and with them at least twice that amount of problems and complaints. ‘Are the telephone staff in yet?’ he asked, just as Bell picked up

her own phone.

‘Yes, sir. They started to arrive an hour ago. The switchboards are being set up all over London as we speak.’

‘Good. We don’t want two million phone calls coming to this office, especially not if one of them is the BBC.’

‘Still complaining about not being able to film on the Underground, sir?’

‘One of many complaints, Corporal. Evacuating London wasn’t good for television programming, apparently.’ That all said, Lethbridge-Stewart returned to his office and closed the door.

‘What brings you here, Corporal?’ he asked once he had shoed Sally from behind his desk.

‘Orders from Major General Hamilton.’ She reached into her jacket and pulled out the orders. Lethbridge-Stewart took them, but he needn’t have bothered opening them, since Corporal Wright proceeded to tell him what they said. ‘He’s reviewed your request, and has granted you full authority to initiate martial law until you see fit to rescind it.’

Lethbridge-Stewart raised an eyebrow and sat down. ‘Anything Hamilton doesn’t tell you?’

Wright smiled, her eyes twinkling. ‘Everything, I imagine. And he didn’t tell me – I sneaked a look.’

Upon checking the orders Lethbridge-Stewart noticed that they had already been unsealed. He glanced at the open reports on his desk. ‘Anything else you have “sneaked a look” at?’

‘Don’t be such a prig, Alistair. You know you’d tell me anyway.’

That was debatable. ‘Corporal Wright, I expect better

from Major General Hamilton's adjutant, and when you're in this building I would remind you that you are on duty, and as such I am your superior officer. And,' he added, lowering his voice, 'the walls of this building are awfully thin.'

She looked around, and nodded. 'Sorry,' she said, her voice also low. She cleared her throat and was about to speak again when there came a knock at the door. Bell entered, bringing their tea. Once she had returned to the ante-office, Wright reached out for her mug. 'So, martial law? Is that not a bit extreme? Sir,' she added, with a cheeky smile.

Lethbridge-Stewart rolled his eyes. What was he to do with her? Marry her probably. 'I would normally have thought so, but we've had workers striking already. Too much work, not enough pay, and right now we don't have time to negotiate with trade unions. Over eight million people need to be returned to this city in the shortest time possible – the longer it takes, the more it will cost everybody, including the tax payers who are now striking. Once the city is up and running again, then they can do as they like. It will no longer be my problem. I am not a politician, and neither do I intend to play the part of one now.'

'Thus martial law.'

Lethbridge-Stewart nodded. 'Easiest way. Work to your strengths, that's what my father always told me.'

'There could be riots at this rate.'

'Not if I have any say. This is not Paris, Corporal, and right now we have control of the streets, and we will continue to until it's no longer our problem.'

The conversation was over and for a few moments they

sat in companionable silence. Then the intercom buzzed.

‘Sir, Major Douglas is on line one.’

‘Thank you.’ Lethbridge-Stewart picked up the phone, but before he could press the line-one button, Corporal Wright spoke.

‘Dougie? Why is he calling you?’

‘Because I need a man out there I can trust, someone with enough clout to see that martial law is maintained with a firm and fair hand.’

Wright looked confused for a moment, then she grinned. ‘You knew Hamilton was going to approve your request.’

‘Well, of course.’

She narrowed her eyes. ‘And you knew he’d send me.’

Lethbridge-Stewart pressed the button on his phone, enjoying the look of surprise on Wright’s face. Of course he knew; indeed, he had asked if Hamilton would send the orders via Corporal Wright. If she was going to be his fiancée, then he had to find any way he could to spend time with her. Major General Hamilton knew this, and happily agreed. ‘Major Douglas,’ he said, once the call connected. ‘Yes, yes, Sally is here. Yes, you would think I planned this. Orders for you, and a question. Would you care to be my best man?’

It had been over thirty years and once again he found himself returning to the area in which the ‘accident’ occurred. He wasn’t sure why; he liked to fool himself that Jack, his beagle, simply enjoyed the expansive area of Draynes Wood, but sometimes Ray Phillips wondered if there was some other reason he made the half hour walk from Bledoe every weekend. Wondered if there was

something calling him back, never letting him get far enough away to forget.

He knew the risk of allowing Jack the freedom afforded him by Draynes Wood, but in all the time he'd brought the dog there, not once had they been near the area where Golitha Falls met the River Fowey.

There was a chill in the air. He wanted to say it was the weather, but he knew it was something more. He stopped at the edge of the woods, looking down at the gorge itself, the cascading water dropping some ninety feet to join the rest of the Fowey. The waters raged, and he remembered. The spring of 1938 and the day that changed his life. He shivered.

He looked around for Jack, and not finding him, for a moment worried that the small dog had jumped into the river. The current was especially strong at Golitha Falls, and Jack was old. He'd get swept away before Ray could even move. Fortunately, though, he spotted Jack a little way into the oak woodland, foraging through the bluebells and anemones that carpeted the ground either side of the gorge.

As he watched the dog snuffling away, a flash of light caught his eye. Ray placed his glasses on the edge of his nose and peered closer. He stepped back, overtaken by a sudden dread. In the far distance, just visible through the oak trees, was the old Remington Manor house. It had been deserted for thirty years, but now there was a light, a glimmer through one of the upper windows.

Ray shuddered. He was too old for this kind of nonsense, he knew, but deep down something in his gut turned.

He couldn't remain here any longer. He called Jack to him and walked back into the woods, in the direction of

home. He'd get in his car, put on an 8-track, and take his dog as far from Golitha Falls as possible. There was loads of open land in Cornwall where Jack could roam free. He didn't need to walk through this woodland. He didn't need to be anywhere near the Manor. No, he would walk away from it all. He had dealt with his ghosts a long time ago.

But something made him stop. The same something that made him return here every weekend. He looked back up at the Manor.

The three boys who stalked Remington Manor were taking a risk.

Not that they would call themselves boys; they were young men, fast approaching eighteen years and, for Lewis at least, freedom from the suffocation that was Bledoe. Owain, twin of Lewis but often the polar opposite, blamed the third person in their little group, the intruder that was Charles Watts. He had returned to Bledoe (not that Owain remembered him ever being there before, but it seemed he used to often visit there when he was a kid) a few weeks previously, after being evacuated from London. He, along with the rest of his family, was staying with his nana. You couldn't have found a man less suited to country life than Charles – a city man if ever there was one. Like Lewis, Charles considered himself one of those 'lemons', as Owain had heard them called – a group of men who found their solidarity in like-minded, working class men, with their tight jeans and Ben Sherman shirts and braces, their hair cut unfashionably short. Not that Owain much cared for fashion, but allowing your hair to grow was in some ways quite freeing. Something women had known since the dawn

of time.

Lewis had taken to this new image quickly, to the point of permanently borrowing a pair of their father's braces and getting the local barber, Mr Bryant, to cut his previously long hair so it matched Charles'. He'd even removed his precious moustache – much to Owain's delight, since bum-fluff never looked good on anyone. Their parents had not been happy, of course, although their father had also found it oddly amusing, no different than when the twins had a cheeky pint in *The Rose & Crown*. Their mother was less amused and had attempted to ground Lewis, but with Charles in town that simply was not going to happen. They were seventeen and no woman was going to tell Lewis what to do. That was the biggest change in Lewis. They had been brought up to mind their mother; her word was final. But in the past week Lewis had started questioning everything – almost every word she said. In his mind their mother was out of touch with the real world beyond Bledoe, and he had begun to talk more and more about London, about joining in the movement against the government there. 'We'll make it like Paris,' he said, although what he meant by that was beyond Owain. Bledoe was their home, and as far as Owain was concerned what went on beyond was of little interest to him, unless it was football, of course. French, Londoners... what did any of them matter?

It had been Lewis' idea to explore the house, driven as he was by boredom, and Owain resented that he had to come along. He wasn't sure he trusted Charles to be alone with his brother, besides it was almost expected for Lewis and Owain to do everything together simply because they were twins. Like that secured some mystic connection.

Certainly Charles seemed to think so. ‘I would love to have been a twin,’ he had told them the first day they met. Since then he hadn’t stopped going on about it. ‘If I hit Lewis, would you feel it?’ As if Owain and Lewis was the same person!

Owain looked around. Both his brother and Charles had gone on ahead; they were already some way down the long landing, while he was only just mounting the final step of the large, dusty staircase. He paused, bored, and pulled out his pocket transistor radio. He was missing the league cup final for this. He looked up briefly, to make sure neither Lewis nor Charles were paying him any attention, and twisted the small dial that turned the radio on. He kept the volume low and tuned into the match. It was bound to be an uneven game, what with most of the Arsenal players still recovering from a bout of flu, and, not surprisingly, as the radio tuned in Owain learned that the Gunners were being trampled all over by Swindon Town.

Owain must have got caught up in the game, because the next moment Charles was before him, snatching the tranny off him. ‘What are you playing at?’

Owain sighed, bored again. He looked over at Lewis, who stood watching, his arms folded, carrying about him a look of disappointment. ‘Can we go now? There’s no one here besides us.’

‘That’s the whole point, innit?’ Charles said. ‘The Whisperer isn’t here, you can just hear him. Creepy, huh?’ He grinned and pocketed the transistor radio. ‘I’ll keep that, see if we can pick up some reggae on it later.’

Owain was about to complain. He didn’t listen to music on his radio, that’s not why he had it. It was for listening to

football matches when his mum wouldn't tune the TV in to the BBC, preferring to watch situation comedies like *Her Majesty's Pleasure* and, even worse, super-spy programmes like *The Saint*. Complaining would do no good; Charles wasn't the type to listen. Not unless Lewis had something to say.

'Do you both share the same bird when you have one?' Charles asked, breaking the silence.

Owain gritted his teeth.

Lewis laughed at this. 'Not at the same time.'

'Anyway, we're not exactly identical,' Owain mumbled behind them. Which was true, but they were obviously twins. Even a blind man could see that.

'That must be so much fun, man, imagine if—' Charles stopped abruptly. 'Did you hear that?' he asked, looking back the way they had come.

The three young men peered around. The long corridor was, of course, empty, the wallpaper bleached by the sun that came in from tall windows bereft of any netting. Cobwebs lined the coving along the top of the walls, dust covered the table and candlestick holders a few feet away.

Lewis glanced back, smiling. 'The Whisperer?' he asked.

'Of course not, moron,' Owain responded, giving his brother a dirty look. Of course it wasn't the Whisperer, no such thing existed. Just stories told by parents to keep the kids away from a house that was slowly falling apart. Not that it worked obviously. They had both heard plenty of stories about it over the years, about the household driven mad by the whispering of the walls, and how one day a visitor came by to find the house empty, devoid of all life, everything in place as if the household had simply gone for

a walk and forgot to come back.

That was back in '39, and since then nobody had claimed the Manor. It remained as it had been left, albeit with the gates and doors padlocked shut. Padlocks that had been broken many times by brave and bored teens – much like his brother and Charles.

'Then what?' Charles was now having fun. 'Should we go and look?'

Owain knew he couldn't say no; if he did he'd never hear the end of it. 'Come on then,' he said and stepped forward, the forced smile leaving his face as soon as his back was to Charles and Lewis.

They walked behind him, Lewis once again taking to humming another of his favourite tunes.

Charles started mumbling the words of the song, encouraging Lewis to hum louder. '*Shirt them a-tear up, trousers are gone.*'

'*Don't want to end up like Bonnie and Clyde,*' Lewis joined in. '*Poooooor me, the Israelite!*'

Owain was all set to complain when he heard it again. Was it a voice? He shook his head. No, that was stupid.

Lewis stopped, his body tense. 'Creepy. I definitely heard that.'

'Yeah, man, me too.' Charles looked up and down the landing. 'Creepy,' he added with a large grin.

Owain preferred it when Lewis didn't agree with him. Then it was just him being stupid, but if Lewis and Charles agreed then... there was something in the walls.

'Maybe we should just leave?' Owain suggested.

That was probably, looking back, not the wisest thing to say, as was immediately obvious by the cold look that swept

across Charles' face. 'What are you, a Nancy-boy? There's nothing else to do, what with us not being allowed back to London. And we don't have ten-bob between us, so no chance of doing anything else.'

Lewis laughed softly. 'Come on, O', you're the cynic, remember? You don't believe in ghosts or any of that rubbish.'

'And you do now? Not exactly fitting for a bovver boy.'

'I knew it! You read about London, too.' Lewis nudged Charles. 'See, told you it wasn't just me. Anyway,' he continued with a smug grin that matched Charles. 'We're not bovver boys. We're not looking for aggro, just letting people know we're not going to be one of the destitute struggling to make a living when the government is...'

Owain held his hand up. 'Yeah yeah, we're all working class heroes.' He shook his head and looked around the corridor again. 'Reckon we're all going a bit mad anyway. No voices here, except ours.' It wasn't true, of course; he knew he had heard a voice, but he wasn't intending to let either of them bully him into staying any longer. If he was lucky he could make it home in time for the late news and watch the action replays of the match.

It has been years. How many it does not know. Trapped in the walls, hardly able to do anything but whisper, a bodiless voice, intangible. But now it can feel it, the soul it's been waiting for. Young, but strong. Strong enough to give it strength. This time, though, it will be different. It will plan, prepare, and do things properly. It will not be beaten again.

Lewis waited a moment, straining his ears. 'Yeah, bit boring

after all.’ He threw his arm over Charles’ shoulders. ‘Come on, let’s see if old man Barns will serve us. Could do with a pint.’

‘Now you’re talking,’ Charles agreed, and they both set off ahead of him.

Owain knew it would never happen. Mr Barns would sooner tell their parents, but Owain would rather try their luck than continue in the Manor any longer. Besides, he was looking forward to seeing his brother taken down a peg in front of Charles. Serve them both right.

Owain glanced down the landing, at the door at the far end. He should never have come here in the first place. Lewis could look after himself, after all he was a skinhead now (apparently), and they both hated the cliché of twins who did everything together. As sad as he’d be to see Lewis leave, at least once he was gone they could both rid themselves of that cliché once and for all.

As they reached the top of the grand staircase, he looked back one last time. He wouldn’t tell Lewis or Charles, of course, but he *had* heard something. Still could, in fact, a voice whispering to him. Telling him to return, telling him that he had to come back so they could be family once more.

Sally had to admit she rather enjoyed having her boys around her. She had wrangled an extended assignment in London to assist both Alistair and Dougie. Mostly it consisted of couriering messages back and forth, answering phones, and generally working with Caroline Bell in the ante-office, but she didn’t mind. It was not dissimilar to the job she had at Strategic Command under Hamilton, and as a bonus she found she rather enjoyed Caroline’s company.

The intercom buzzed.

‘Corporal Wright, could you bring me in a fresh brew?’

Sally looked over at Caroline, and the other woman smiled. Sally wasn’t sure if Caroline knew about her relationship with Alistair, but if she did then she didn’t comment on it. For a moment, as Sally prepared the tea she felt a pang of guilt. She really should have remained at Fugglestone; her presence was compromising Alistair’s position as Officer in Command.

She turned to the door of Alistair’s office, and berated herself for being silly. They were both professionals. If Alistair had a problem with her being there he would have got on the phone and asked Hamilton to end her assignment in London.

‘He’s fine,’ Caroline said.

Sally checked herself. ‘Is it that obvious?’

‘Not to the rest of them.’ Caroline smiled. ‘Since when do men see what is obvious?’

Sally had never considered joining the Women’s Institute, it seemed such a waste of time. Women didn’t need some official body to show their sorority. As Caroline was now proving.

Sally smiled. ‘Thanks,’ she said, grateful for the reassurance.

It was a week later and Lethbridge-Stewart was back at Army Strategic Command near Fugglestone, meeting with Major General Hamilton. Ostensibly Hamilton wished to personally congratulate Lethbridge-Stewart on a successful command, but Lethbridge-Stewart had bigger things on his mind than congratulations.

‘General, I think it would be foolish of us to consider recent events an isolated incident,’ he said.

Hamilton consulted the papers on his desk. ‘Yes, I am aware of Professor Travers’ encounter with this Great Intelligence in Tibet, but as that essentially formed part of the London Event we’re chalking it up to one attack.’

The London Event; even the name spoke to the assumption that the matter was self-contained, over and done with, case closed. ‘One attack separated by over thirty years?’

‘Quite so, Colonel.’

Lethbridge-Stewart allowed a silence to sit between him and Hamilton, before he played his trump card. ‘What about the next time, sir?’

‘Next time? Good lord, Stewart, do you not think you’re being a little bit of an alarmist? As I understand it this Great Intelligence was defeated.’

‘Yes, sir, but that is not to say it won’t try again.’

Hamilton looked down at his papers. ‘I see no such indication, Colonel.’

Lethbridge-Stewart conceded the point. ‘No indication on paper, no, sir. But I was told by the Doc—’

‘Yes, I read the report. I understand the extreme nature of your experiences in London. A lot of good soldiers lost their lives defending London, and naturally that would leave you wondering what more could be out there. But hearsay? Colonel—’

‘It was not hearsay. Professor Travers can vouch for—’

‘Colonel, *if* there was any proof then I’d be the first one to take this to High Command. As it stands what we have is one isolated incident, an attempted incursion by robotic

Yeti and their alien master. Which has been taken care of.'

Lethbridge-Stewart wasn't to be beaten. 'Then there is no harm in going to the United Nations and...'

'Out of the question.'

Lethbridge-Stewart had not expected such a quick response. Nonetheless he had gone too far to step back now. 'Sir, I am aware that the United Nations began creating protocols last year to...'

Hamilton held up a hand to silence him, and rose from his chair and walked the length of his office to the nearest filing cabinet, on which sat a decanter and two glasses. He poured himself a small whisky. 'We are still suffering from the White Paper of '57, cut-backs continue, regiments are being amalgamated into new regiments. The way things are progressing many of the junior battalions will be disbanded in a few years.' He offered another glass to Lethbridge-Stewart, who accepted it carefully. 'NATO continues to sap our resources, and the United Nations are not going to offer us any help.'

It was as Lethbridge-Stewart expected, but he had another idea. 'Then perhaps a taskforce, something a little more... homespun? More domestic and less international.'

Hamilton shook his head, a grim smile on his face. 'What you are suggesting... It will require a great deal of manpower and money. Neither of which the British Armed Forces has a great supply of right now.'

'With respect, sir, I am not seeing much of an option. The whole of London was evacuated simply because of one alien intelligence, what is to say that...'

'Enough, Colonel, you have said enough.' Hamilton gathered the reports together. 'I'm afraid you will have to

leave this with me, *all* of it.’

‘Sir, we cannot...’

‘Leave it with me, Colonel. You have made a good case, and it is something High Command has talked about on several occasions in the last decade. Something does indeed need to be done. I will look into this and get back to you.’

Despite himself Lethbridge-Stewart knew he had no choice. He had pushed his point far enough and could do no more.

‘Your actions in London have impressed many,’ Hamilton said. ‘You have been noticed, Colonel, and that will count for something. I cannot promise anything, but I will do what I can. In the meantime, you should return to London and continue the incredible job you have been doing. Martial law was a very good call.’

Lethbridge-Stewart knew he would get no further that day. And he did still have much to occupy him in London. Only two million had been returned to the city so far, and already some less than savoury elements had made themselves known. Looters, opportunists... Oh yes, he had plenty of work to do there yet.

This extract is taken from *Lethbridge-Stewart: The Forgotten Son* available from <http://www.candy-jar.co.uk/books/lethbridgestewart.html>

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