

FROM THE CLASSIC ERA OF DOCTOR WHO

LETHBRIDGE STEWART

SPECIAL



A FUNNY TURN
ALYSON LEEDS

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LETHBRIDGE STEWART

Alyson Leeds



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2018

Captain Alistair Lethbridge-Stewart of the Scots Guards had gained possession of the ball – and with it only a split-second to decide on his move. It would be a dicey run, but he was sure he could make it.

Uttering a war cry, he threw his not inconsiderable weight behind the charge, dodged Captains Fairfax and Hulland-Rumney, shoved Lieutenant Ponsonby of the Grenadiers face-first into the Persian rug, leapt over an armchair and landed a touch behind the bust of Queen Victoria on the mantelpiece. Not that anybody was actually scoring; that wasn't the point of Mess rugby, or any Mess game for that matter.

Cheers, boos and cries of 'Forfeit! Forfeit!' went up from around the room. Lethbridge-Stewart was immediately grabbed by his fellow Guards officers and carried bodily over to the bar, where Sergeant Munroe was waiting with the Cup set reverentially in the centre of the counter top.

'Don't ye be letting us down, sir,' Munroe said gravely, as the young captain was deposited roughly in front of him. The Cup was an odd thing; an ancient piece of regimental plate that was said to date from the time of Charles II. It was solid silver, had two small handles on either side, was embossed with a pattern of entwining roses and thistles, and – most importantly – could hold just over a pint of

liquid.

Lethbridge-Stewart nodded to Munroe as his comrades started up a drumroll. Squaring his shoulders, he took hold of the Cup with both hands and raised it to his lips. The first gulp almost had him gagging, but he successfully overrode the urge. The secret was to quaff the brew quickly so that he wouldn't have time to taste it, but steadily enough that his stomach wouldn't rebel and try to bring it back up again. And he certainly didn't stop to contemplate what was in it. They were now more than halfway through the evening, and the dregs bucket under the bar would be holding a cocktail strong enough to strip paint – plus it was a given that Munroe would have added a few shots of Tabasco or something similar just for good measure. The aim of the game was style; Lethbridge-Stewart was up against officers from the Grenadiers and Coldstream, and he would be damned if a captain of the Scots would acquit himself with anything less than distinction!

As the noise around him increased, Lethbridge-Stewart closed his eyes and concentrated on breathing through his nose, resolutely ignoring the burning sensation at the back of his throat. He was down to half a pint now; time to start showing off. *Style*. Tilting his head and shoulders further back, he nevertheless focussed on keeping the rest of his

posture ramrod straight. Just a quarter of a pint left. His stomach heaved but he fought it down, sweat breaking out beneath his high, starched collar. He gulped the last of the hideous brew, and raised the Cup above his head with a flourish. Head swimming, he summoned up his best parade ground voice, which Major Lennox had informed him had 'come along nicely' only that afternoon.

'Nemo me impunelacessit!' he roared, and slammed the empty Cup onto the counter upside-down.

A cheer erupted from the rest of the Mess, and Munroe gave him a nod of approval, before retrieving the Cup and refilling it ready for the next victim. Lethbridge-Stewart about-turned smartly on his heels, gave the room a couple of seconds to stop spinning, then walked with as much dignity as he could muster over to where the ball lay discarded. He picked it up and faced the others, who had reformed into a loose scrum.

'All in!' he hollered, throwing the ball into the centre, and the free-for-all began once again.

The night's festivities marked the 148th anniversary of the Battle of Talavera – one of the Duke of Wellington's first significant victories of the Peninsular War, in which a French Eagle had been taken by Captain Sharpe of South Essex. Like Lethbridge-Stewart, several of the officers who had gathered around the dining table in Wellington

Barracks were descendants of men who had fought against Napoleon, which made the evening one of remembrance as much as a matter of regimental tradition.

The occasion had been treated with all due solemnity until they had given the loyal toast and the cloth was drawn, after which they had moved on to the entertainments. Each regiment had been asked in advance to choose an officer or two to present a skit of some sort. Only just made-up to captain, and therefore the most recently promoted officer in the regiment, Lethbridge-Stewart had been picked on to represent the Scots. All in all he had done pretty well, 'The Amazing Alistair and Angus, the Talking Bearskin' having gone down a storm with an audience already well on the other side of tipsy – especially at the finale, when Angus had 'imbibed' several wee drams and the dummy holding him had kept on talking. Thereafter, the games had ensued. The senior officers had remained an additional quarter of an hour to offer initial praise and encouragement, before they and their guests chose to retire and allow the junior officers their heads.

With his brother officers no longer paying attention to him, Lethbridge-Stewart took the opportunity to lean against the mantelpiece and give himself a moment to recover. He surreptitiously

wiped his mouth on his sleeve; damn him if Munroe *hadn't* put Tabasco in the mix! Alistair could take his drink – he would never have lasted long in the Army otherwise – but it was coming close to his wanting to call it a night. Captain Selby had already turned in, as had Lieutenants Arlington-Bolt and Forster. Ponsonby should have chucked in the towel a while ago but, then again, that was Ponsonby for you. The Grenadier lieutenant would definitely be regretting it tomorrow morning.

Lethbridge-Stewart was considering making his exit when a sudden cry went up from the pitch.

'Stand fast!'

Soldiers first and foremost, even three sheets to the wind, immediately froze on the spot. Lieutenant Halliday of the Coldstream, his face pale, stood pointing at a dark, furry lump on the carpet in between the legs of the players. It was Lethbridge-Stewart's bearskin, only seconds away from being crushed underfoot had the lieutenant not spotted it.

Lethbridge-Stewart very nearly lost his careful composure as he immediately dived into the fray to rescue the precious headgear from destruction. One thing uniting all soldiers was the imperative to care for their kit, and among the Guards ceremonial kit held a status that was verging on sacred.

'Better put that safely away, Al,' Hulland-Rumney said, running his fingers through his short

blond hair. The senior captain's voice was shaking a little, just as horrified at what had nearly occurred as the bearskin's owner.

Lethbridge-Stewart uttered his agreement, the question as to how his bearskin had ended up on the floor in the first place racing through his head. He had left it on the sideboard after his 'turn', safe out of harm's way and nowhere near where they had been playing rugby; no one could have possibly knocked it by accident!

Yet, as his fingers closed around the black fur, the cap gave a violent shudder and slipped out of his grasp. Lethbridge-Stewart blinked in confusion, realising that the bearskin was now a further foot over to the left than where it had been. Shaking his head in an attempt to clear it, he reached for the cap once more, only for the exact same thing to occur. The bearskin was moving. Of its own accord.

Around the room there was a lull in activity as each soldier paused to consider whether they had in fact seen what they had seen. When they decided that indeed they had, all but Lethbridge-Stewart began to laugh and clap.

'Nice one, Al!' Hulland-Rumney brayed. 'Bloody clever! How'd you do it?'

'Wires!' Lieutenant Langley remarked sagely. 'Got to be wires!'

'It's not me!' Lethbridge-Stewart protested,

straightening up. He glared around the room in confusion and growing irritation. 'Come on, chaps, who's mucking around?'

A menacing growl emitted from the quivering bearskin. The laughter died and all eyes dropped to the floor, all except Ponsonby's, who had fallen into an armchair and was giggling softly to himself. Lieutenant Blackwood broke the awkward silence.

'OK, turn it up, Lethbridge-Stewart,' he said, somewhat unsteadily. 'Joke's over now.'

'It's not me!' Lethbridge-Stewart snapped. Surely one of the others *must* be having a joke at his expense? 'Do you honestly think I'd be clot enough to do this to my own kit?'

Several of the officers exchanged uncertain glances as it began to dawn on them that Lethbridge-Stewart was in earnest. However, Lieutenant Carson of the Coldstream, red-faced and swaying gently, regarded his companions with contempt.

'Oh, to hell with it!' he scoffed. 'He's only got it on a piece of fishing line! You'll see!'

And before anyone could stop him, Carson strode over to the bearskin and grabbed it roughly; judging by his sudden scream of pain, though, it was an action he regretted almost instantly. He dropped the offending headgear and staggered back, eyes practically bulging out of their sockets.

'It bit me!' he gasped. He held out a trembling

hand for the others to see, where there was a deep, bloody wound resembling a dog bite on the back of Carson's hand. 'The bloody thing bit me!'

Meanwhile, the bearskin had taken the opportunity to make its escape beneath the nearest armchair. Concern for his headgear warring with an odd fascination, Lethbridge-Stewart crouched down unsteadily and peered into the gap under the seat. For a moment he couldn't make out anything, save an indistinct black shape, but then two points of red light appeared in the darkness. They were eyes, he realised, a chill running down his spine; glowing red eyes that were glaring at him! The dim light reflected off a pair of long, definitely bloodied fangs. Alistair stared back, transfixed.

'What in God's name —?'

The bearskin let out a roar and launched itself at him.

Lethbridge-Stewart recoiled, falling backwards and trying to keep his distance, but the night's debauchery had dulled his reactions. He cried out in pain as the bearskin latched onto his trouser leg, its bestial fangs tearing into fabric and flesh.

'Stand clear!'

Munroe came to the rescue, wielding the poker from the fireside irons. Without hesitation he brought the implement crashing down on the bearskin, which gave a furious roar but let go of its

prey, temporarily dazed by the blow.

'Behind the bar! Now!' Hulland-Rumney barked, as instinct kicked in, sending the gathered officers scrambling for cover.

Before Lethbridge-Stewart knew what was happening, Munroe and Fairfax had seized him beneath the arms and dragged him roughly across the carpet to join the others. There was the sound of tearing cloth, the lapels of his Mess jacket giving way as he was unceremoniously dumped on the floor behind the bar, the sudden motion setting his stomach churning. He closed his eyes to fight down the rising nausea. On opening them again, Munroe was staring at him with a disturbingly concerned expression.

'Are ye all right, sir?' the sergeant asked.

For a moment Lethbridge-Stewart considered answering truthfully, but instead he nodded his head. He couldn't begin to understand much of what was going on, but in adversity his brain clung to one of the fundamental principles that had been drilled into him at Sandhurst – Never let the men see you at a loss.

'All right, I think,' he replied, though far more hesitantly than he had meant to sound.

'Glad to hear it, sir,' Munroe said evenly. The sergeant clearly didn't believe him, but nevertheless appreciated that he was doing his best to keep up appearances. Munroe diverted his attention to his

ankle. 'Gave ye a bit of a nasty bite there, though. I think I'd better do something about that.'

'If you think it best, sergeant,' Lethbridge-Stewart replied neutrally. He wasn't about to argue, seeing as his ankle hurt like the devil and was bleeding freely through his shredded trouser-leg.

Nodding his approval, Munroe reached for the first aid kit that was kept under the counter. Around him, Lethbridge-Stewart became aware that the other officers were discussing strategy.

'Where's it now?' Hullah-Rumney asked Fairfax, who was peering over the top of the bar.

'Gone to ground under the sofa,' Fairfax whispered. 'S'pose it's retreated to lick its wounds.'

Ponsonby lifted his head from where he was crouched, hugging the ice bucket and looking distinctly green about the gills. That he had pulled himself together enough to make the dash behind the bar with the rest of them was somewhat impressive.

'Did you see it?' he murmured hoarsely, his gaze more than a little glassy. 'It's got eyes – and teeth! Thing's possessed!'

'What on earth would possess a bearskin?' Hullah-Rumney demanded impatiently, but Ponsonby had already gone back to moaning over his bucket.

Blackwood shrugged helplessly, but decided to

hazard a guess. 'The bear?' he suggested.

'Taken a long time to get the hump!' Lethbridge-Stewart hissed as Munroe applied iodine to the wound. 'I've had the thing five years.'

'Maybe it didn't like being used as a puppet?' Halliday quipped.

Fairfax snorted dismissively. 'Hardly think it'd decide to murder Lethbridge-Stewart for that!' he scoffed.

'Me?' Lethbridge-Stewart, who had been glowering at Halliday, turned in surprise. 'What makes you think it's after me?'

'Your bearskin, old boy.'

'It went for Carson first!'

'Bloody bit me!' Carson mumbled in agreement.

'It let go of Carson,' Fairfax pointed out, ignoring the lieutenant. 'Face it, Al, it's out for your blood.'

Lethbridge-Stewart felt that this was a pretty strong assumption on Fairfax's part, seeing as none of this was at all his fault, but at that moment he could not for the life of him think of a coherent come-back. Something to do with 'evidence' and 'circumstances', he was sure. So, instead, he settled for fixing Fairfax with a particularly filthy scowl as Munroe finished up wrapping the bandage around his ankle.

'Perhaps we ought to take it alive?' Langley ventured, seeking to bring the debate back to matters

in hand. 'I mean, whatever's happened to the thing, someone in Whitehall's going to want it examined.'

'Perhaps,' Hulland-Rumney conceded. 'What do you suggest?'

It quickly became apparent, however, that Langley had not yet had the opportunity to develop his plan any further. 'Well... I suppose we could trap it in the coal scuttle?'

Halliday looked at Langley with disbelief. 'Are you potty? It'd never fit!'

'Bloody thing bit me!' Carson growled, still nursing his hand. 'First chance I get, I'm murdering it!'

'Either way,' Halliday continued, ignoring Carson again. 'We're going to need more than a few forks and a poker to bring that thing down!'

'Could one of us get to the armoury, you think?' Blackwood asked.

Despite the fact that the armourer would never in a million years issue firearms to officers who were off duty and clearly the worse for drink, Lethbridge-Stewart could not help but picture what an SLR would do to several hundred pounds-worth of Canadian Black Bear fur. He felt the blood drain from his face.

'Oh God, no,' he moaned faintly.

Munroe however, seeing that things had the potential to get out of hand very quickly, had

another suggestion.

‘There’s the sabres, sir,’ he said to Blackwood. The sergeant pointed to a pair of wicked-looking swords mounted on the far wall – Russian cavalry sabres taken during the Crimea. ‘They’d be better at close quarters. If we can corral it in, we should be able to skewer it neatly and with little difficulty.’

‘Excellent suggestion, Munroe,’ Hullahd-Rumney said, ignoring the further moan of despair from Lethbridge-Stewart. He turned to the other officers, slipping easily into a command role. ‘Halliday, Munroe, you two take the door; we must at all costs prevent it from leaving this room. Ponsonby... just stay where you are. Fairfax, Langley, you try and keep it at bay with the barstools while Carson creates a diversion. While it’s distracted, Blackwood and I will make for the sabres.’

Lethbridge-Stewart looked up sharply. He had not heard his name in the list.

‘And me?’ he prompted.

‘You’re not doing anything with that leg,’ Hullahd-Rumney said flatly.

‘But —’

‘Save it, Al. That thing needs to be stopped ASAP, and there’s no bloody time for heroics! Sit tight, understood?’

Lethbridge-Stewart would have liked to argue, but Hullahd-Rumney was the senior officer present;

not only the most senior but, judging by everyone else, also the most sober. Besides, he was starting to get a dull ache forming behind his eyes, and staying where he was did seem to be the sensible option – even though it did grate against his principles.

‘Understood,’ Lethbridge-Stewart said grudgingly, and closed his eyes against the increasing pain in his head.

‘Right,’ he heard Hullah-Rumney mutter, before the other captain raised his voice to address the rest of the officers. ‘Is it still there, Fairfax?’

‘Hasn’t shown so much as a whisker!’

‘It’s got whiskers now?’

‘No, I mean... You *know* what I mean!’

‘Thank Heaven for that. On my command, then, everyone over the top. Ready? Up, Guards, and at ‘em!’

It was neither the greatest military manoeuvre ever planned, nor the most elegantly executed, but it did the job. As one, the Guards issued a battle cry and surged forward, Carson leading the ungainly charge over the counter wielding a corkscrew, while Halliday and Hullah-Rumney’s parties struck out either side on the flanks.

The bearskin broke cover with a roar. As they’d hoped, when faced with a three-pronged attack, it made for the centre of the line – seemingly deciding, for now, that it wanted a second taste of Carson’s

blood. On cue, Fairfax and Langley seized two of the bar stools like a pair of circus lion tamers, forming a protective barrier in front of Carson, who was putting his heart and soul into keeping the bearskin's attention by shouting at it with gusto and brandishing his corkscrew defiantly. The bearskin responded by launching itself at the bar stools, striking where it could and ripping out great splinters of wood with its teeth.

Meanwhile, Halliday and Munroe had succeeded in cutting off the bearskin's access to the corridor, just as Hulland-Rumney and Blackwood reached the sabres. Getting the sabres off the wall, though, was not as easy a task as Errol Flynn had made it out to be; particularly as said swords had probably not been moved for a couple of decades. But, after a minimum of violent persuasion and bad language, the weapons did come loose from their scabbards, the steel of the blades still perfectly sound, if not entirely sharp. Bravado taking over where sense feared to tread, Hulland-Rumney and Blackwood rushed at the bearskin. The bearskin, sensing the attack, abandoned its assault on the centre and rounded quickly to meet the new threat. It leapt at Hulland-Rumney, who just managed to divert the attack with a messy parry, knocking it to the side. Before it had a chance to recover, Blackwood followed up with a hearty strike, skewering the

bearskin straight through the middle and out the other side.

Their foe slain, the Guards officers raised a mighty cheer as Blackwood, grinning like a Cheshire cat, held his trophy aloft in triumph... and then went exceedingly pale. The bearskin was still 'alive', thrashing about on the blade like a hooked fish, teeth gnashing, each movement sending it steadily closer to the hilt and Blackwood's hand. The cheers died in the officers' throats as they could only look on in horror. Could *nothing* stop this monster?

'Point the blade down, sir!' Munroe bellowed, once more charging across the room to the rescue, poker held high above his head.

Blackwood promptly did as he was told, and Munroe set at the bearskin with the poker and all his native Glaswegian ferocity. It was a testament to Blackwood's courage, faced with the brutal poetry of Sergeant Munroe at such close quarters, that he did not drop the sword and run for his life; but the lieutenant stayed where he was, grimly fixing the bearskin in place as Munroe spat, swore and beat the living daylights out of its thick hide.

Then, suddenly, the bearskin went limp. Munroe, red-faced and eyes bright, managed to stop the next stroke on the downward swing. Cautiously, he prodded at the bearskin with the fire-iron. Nothing. Glancing first to the sergeant, Blackwood gave the

blade an encouraging shake. No response. The officers began to murmur hopefully. The thing didn't seem to be shamming; perhaps it finally *was* dead?

It was then that they noticed Halliday, keen-eyed as ever, was peering at something on the floor. A small silver sphere, only fractionally larger than a ball-bearing, was sitting on the carpet a short distance away from the bearskin.

'What the hell's that?' Langley asked, moving to get a better look.

'No idea,' Halliday replied, puzzled. 'It dropped out of the bearskin a second ago. Just before it went dead, actually.'

For a moment the sphere remained where it was, then it started to emit a high-pitched beeping. The officers and sergeant watched as it rolled across the floor, apparently with a purpose, heading towards the windows. It was going to escape!

'Someone stop it!' Hulland-Rumney cried, an edge of panic to his voice.

It was, perhaps, an unfortunate choice of words, as Carson was the nearest to the sphere at the time, and the lieutenant immediately brought his heel down heavily on the sphere. There was a loud *crunch*, and the high-pitched beeping ceased.

'That was one way of doing it,' Blackwood said after a moment.

Carson lifted his heel, and the other officers gathered around cautiously to take a closer look at their former adversary. There wasn't very much left to see that hadn't been all but crushed to dust, save a few knots of filament-thin wire and circuit board – but even so, whatever the device had been, it had clearly been an incredibly sophisticated piece of work.

'Russian, do you suppose?' Langley asked, as Lethbridge-Stewart hobbled over to join them.

The Guards officers exchanged blank expressions. There was barely a scrap of technical knowledge between them, and for all any of them knew the sphere could as easily have come from the Moon as from behind the Iron Curtain.

'Well, whatever it is, it's pretty clear this was the cause of all the trouble,' Hulland-Rumney said eventually. 'Better keep it and the bearskin in the safe with the silver tonight. We'll report everything to the major tomorrow morning.'

'Very good, sir,' Munroe said, stepping in to take charge of the situation. He fetched an empty envelope from behind the bar and carefully swept up the fragments. 'And should I put an armed guard on it too, sir? Better to be safe than to be sorry.'

'Yes. Yes, quite right, Munroe. See to it, will you?'
'Straight away, Mister Hulland-Rumney.'

The sphere now dealt with, there only remained

the bearskin itself to secure. Lethbridge-Stewart supposed that he should find some comfort in knowing that his headgear could in no way be held responsible for its own actions, but as he regarded the still-impaled remains, he could not find any at all. Blackwood gave him an apologetic lop-sided grin.

‘Sorry, Al,’ he said, as Lethbridge-Stewart limped over. ‘Don’t think there’s much saving it.’

Lethbridge-Stewart slid the ruined bearskin off the blade and turned it over in his hands, his expression desolate. Even discounting the mutations of the now-lifeless eyes and teeth, the cap was beyond salvation; perforated, missing patches of fur, and completely beaten out of shape. Examining the inside, he noted that a small section at the base of the headband had been unpicked, then clumsily sewn back together again, the stitches of which had given way. This must have been where the sphere had been hidden, though by whom or why would most likely remain a mystery. It did confirm, however, that the sphere must have been put in place since that afternoon. Bearskins were by necessity a tight fit; Lethbridge-Stewart would have felt it immediately if something was off, even through the leather.

‘Lennox’ll have my hide,’ he murmured bleakly. Not even the face guard could be saved, as the brass

chain had broken in two and, seemingly, each half begun to form into some sort of appendages. Lethbridge-Stewart thought they looked disturbingly like claws.

Having deposited the now-sealed envelope in the silver safe, Munroe came over and took the bearskin from the captain's unresisting hands.

'I shouldn't worry about it, sir,' he said, smoothly. 'I'll square it away with the QM tomorrow.'

Despite the throbbing in his head, Lethbridge-Stewart turned to the sergeant in astonishment. 'You can do that?' he asked suspiciously.

'With respect, Mister Lethbridge-Stewart, ye're not the first gentleman of the Guards whose headgear has met with misadventure.' Munroe gave a pointed cough and directed his gaze to the bar. 'Although, on such an occasion, it is customary for the officer in question to send the Quartermaster a token of his appreciation for services rendered *in extremis* and his discretion in the matter. Usually it is at least twenty years old and of a good Highland pedigree.'

Even feeling like death warmed-up, Lethbridge-Stewart could take a hint. It was how these things usually worked, anyway.

'All right,' he said wearily. 'Pick out a suitable bottle and take it along to the QM with my

compliments.'

'Thank ye, sir.'

'And not a word about this to anyone, Sergeant. Is that clear?'

'Crystal, sir.' Munroe was smiling though, and Lethbridge-Stewart knew that the sergeant would get some pretty decent mileage from an edited version of the tale once everything had died down. Knowing Munroe, he would probably claim that the officers had got themselves so completely foxed that they had thought the bearskin was an enormous rat, or something of that ilk.

'All that aside,' Langley said, frowning at Lethbridge-Stewart's ankle, which had begun to bleed through the bandage. 'We'd better get you and Carson to the infirmary, before those bites turn nasty.'

'Just think, Al,' Fairfax said with a nervous laugh, clearly trying to lighten the mood. 'Lucky you brought the thing here, really. You'd have gone back to your room and it would've ripped your throat out!'

It was true. Had it been an ordinary evening, had he not done his skit and thought to include the bearskin, Lethbridge-Stewart would have been in bed by now and most likely fast asleep. The bearskin would have been in its usual place, totally unheeded. Had he been there when the bearskin had 'woken

up' as it did, there was no doubt that he would have been killed in his sleep. A few moments of fear and confusion, perhaps, and that would have been it; he would never even have known what had killed him. And, most likely, no one else would have known either.

It was, unfortunately, the straw that broke the camel's back. Lethbridge-Stewart's guts lurched violently, and this time there was no fighting it. He doubled over and fell to his knees, retching. It was only thanks to Munroe, who hauled the captain up by the scruff of his neck and held him over the ice bucket, which had been hastily snatched from Ponsonby, that he was spared a fine for damage to Mess property – i.e. Rug, Woollen, Persian. One. Officers, For the Use Of. Private Purchase.

Expelled once more into the ether, the Intelligence seethes with frustration.

Foolish!

In its eagerness to see its greatest enemy's greatest ally thwarted, it has struck too soon, squandering precious energy on an elaborate gamble that has failed to pay off, and only weakened it further. It had thought the human to be at his weakest, but no, it is still not enough. It must go further back along his timeline; back to before he was a soldier, before he was even a man...

One last push, one concerted effort of will. The Intelligence focuses, rides the human's timeline back, further back towards its beginning, back as far as it can go...

There.

Before it is an image. The soldier as a boy – small, ungainly, innocent – playing with two other boys in a deserted woodland, the outline of an old manor house just visible through the trees. It identifies the year. 1937.

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Fang Rock has always had a bad reputation. Since 1955 the lighthouse has been out of commission, shut down because of fire that gutted the entire tower. But now, finally updated and fully renovated, the island and lighthouse is once again about to be brought back into service.

Students have gathered on Fang Rock to celebrate the opening of the ‘most haunted lighthouse of the British Isles’, but they get more than they bargained for when the ghosts of long-dead men return, accompanied by a falling star.

What connects a shooting star, ghosts of men killed in 1902 and the beast that roamed Fang Rock in 1823? Lethbridge-Stewart and Anne Travers are about to discover the answer first hand...

“With a story of ghostly recordings much in the style of Nigel Kneale’s Stone Tape, Anne Travers rather steals the story and becomes the key character. Overall a good tale. Worth a read.” – Starburst Magazine

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by Nick Walters

The Dominators, the Masters of the Ten Galaxies, have come to Earth, and brought with them their deadly robotic weapons, the Quarks!

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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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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.

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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

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LETHBRIDGE-STEWART: NIGHT OF THE INTELLIGENCE

by Andy Frankham-Allen

Three men feel the pull of the Great Intelligence.

One; Professor Edward Travers, who was once possessed by it, plans to return to the Det-Sen Monastery to clear his mind of the Intelligence once and for all. But he never makes it. The Vault want him, but an old friend is waiting in the wings to help.

Two; Owain Vine, who carries the seed of the Intelligence within, is in Japan on a pilgrimage to cleanse himself of the taint he feels in his soul. Soon a happy reunion takes place, and Owain learns that past friendships are not what they seemed.

Three; Brigadier Alistair Lethbridge-Stewart, who finds himself haunted by the spectre of his brother, James, who refuses to stay dead.

The stage is set for the long, dark night of the Intelligence.

ISBN: 978-0-9957436-3-2

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LETHBRIDGE-STEWART: THE DAUGHTERS OF EARTH

by Sarah Groenewegen

To celebrate Lethbridge-Stewart's birthday, a romantic weekend is planned for him and Sally in a remote cottage in the Scottish Highlands. Unfortunately for Sally, freak weather causes her to crash her car.

Lethbridge-Stewart, meanwhile, is in Cairngorm investigating UFO sightings.

Elsewhere, the Daughters of Earth, a women-only peace movement, are making waves in the political world, but just who is their enigmatic leader? And what links the Daughters with the events of Cairngom and Sally's accident?

ISBN: 978-0-9957436-4-9

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**LETHBRIDGE-STEWART: THE DREAMER'S
LAMENT**

by Benjamin-Burford Jones

While visiting his mother, Lethbridge-Stewart is a little perturbed when Harold Chorley calls to ask for his help. A train from Bristol has gone missing, and Chorley is convinced it has something to do with the Keynsham Triangle, where over fifty people have vanished without trace since the early 1800s.

Elsewhere, Anne Travers is coming to terms with a loss in her family, and sets about preparing for a funeral. However, news reaches her that both Lethbridge-Stewart and Chorley have gone missing, and her help is required to find them. And, hopefully, solve the mystery of the Keynsham Triangle.

What connects the missing train to the Triangle, what has it got to do with a Wren from the 1940s, and just why does it appear that Lethbridge-Stewart and Chorley are in the village of Keynsham in 1815?

ISBN: 978-0-9957436-5-6