

FROM THE CLASSIC ERA OF DOCTOR WHO

# LETHBRIDGE STEWART

DOWNTIME 2



CHILDREN OF THE NEW WORLD  
ANDY FRANKHAM-ALLEN

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Range Editor Andy Frankham-Allen

Editor: Shaun Russell

Licensed by Hannah Haisman

Cover by Adrian Salmon

Published by

Candy Jar Books

Mackintosh House

136 Newport Road, Cardiff, CF24 1DJ

[www.candyjarbooks.co.uk](http://www.candyjarbooks.co.uk)

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# LETHBRIDGE STEWART

Andy Frankham-Allen



CANDY JAR BOOKS • CARDIFF  
*A Russell & Frankham-Allen Series*  
2018

## EXCLUSIVE PREVIEW EXCERPTS

It was as if a cold fury had taken hold of her. As soon as her eyes set on Douglas Cavendish, all Kate saw was red. Behind her, enjoying themselves, were two of her nephews and her niece. And worse, her son! And here, before her, was the worst possible sign that something was about to go wrong. Whenever Douglas turned up, trouble followed. And it was that kind of trouble which she would never, *ever*, allow near her son!

She found herself grabbing Douglas and practically marching him outside the centre and into the still-drizzling rain. She didn't even care that the wet mist was soaking her specially-made up hair.

'We had an agreement!' she hissed, trying to contain the fury and not make a scene. 'My son is in there!' She wanted to slap him, but the look of despondency on Douglas' wrought face made her initial outburst simmer. Kate took a deep breath. 'What the hell are you doing here?'

Her frustration was so consuming that she barely registered the two lads emerging from the centre behind her. Her attention was solely focused on Douglas.

They hadn't seen each other in over half a year, and he didn't look much better. Worse if anything. After they'd defeated the Dæmon, she'd seen a bit of improvement in Douglas' condition, that he was finally making a proper recovery. But now...

‘Kate, I wouldn’t have come unless I had to. You know that. I...’ He knotted his brow and looked to the wet ground. ‘It’s your son, that’s why I came. I tried to stay away, but... Your son is in danger.’

It was the moment she had dreaded. Ever since she’d let Dad back into her life. But she had been convinced it would be okay; he’d introduced her to Albert, Tamara and their son. To his family – *her* family. A whole family she’d never even knew existed. A family that was so down-to-earth, so... *normal* that she had convinced herself it would all be okay. That the business with the Yeti and the New World University had been a glitch. Only...

‘Gordy.’

Without another word, she brushed past Douglas and ran back into the centre.

She rushed towards the bowling alleys, pushing her way through a small group of teenagers who were arguing over a particular arcade game. It all seemed so normal inside the centre, but she knew what could be hidden beneath normal.

She started at the sound of a gun, before realising it was a kid playing on some shoot ‘em up game. And then another sudden boom alerted her to trouble. Only it was just a woman dropping her bowling ball.

Paranoia, fear. Something she’d felt before, the night after New World University, as she fought with whether to introduce Gordy to his grandad or

not. The same feeling she'd had when she had left Douglas in October the previous year. Fear of what it could all mean for her son. For her Gordy. She had done her best to keep him away from *that* world. But what if she hadn't done enough?

No, she decided. She wouldn't be beaten by such feelings. She was, whether she liked it or not (and sometimes she wasn't sure either way), a Lethbridge-Stewart. She knew their history, the lineage she was part of. They were never beaten. They were fighters.

Tammy and Beth glared at her as she approached, confusion on their faces. She must have looked a picture. Her hair wet, dripping down her blouse. Anger and fear rippling over her face.

'What is it?' Tammy asked.

'Gordy,' Kate said. 'I need...'. She looked around. 'Where is he?'

'Over there with Gabriel, having a Coke,' Beth said.

'Where?'

Beth pointed. The bench was empty. Gordy wasn't there. Kate looked around frantically. Where was her son?

'Gabriel!' called Beth.

There was Gabriel at least. He looked up from inputting the next game. Shaking his head, clearly annoyed at being disturbed, he let Michelle take over, and joined the women.

'Yeah, Mum, what is it? I'm kinda busy, you know.'

'Where's Gordy? And Con?' Beth asked softly, cutting Kate off before she could speak. No doubt because Beth knew Kate wouldn't be so reasonable in her tone.

'Um...' He looked around. 'They just...'

The look on his face was a familiar one to Kate, to them all. The guilty look of a young person found out. Before she knew she was going to do so, Kate reached forward and grabbed him by the arms.

'Where is he, Gabriel?'

'Kate!' Beth hissed.

Lucy-Marie and Ingrid came over to see what was going on. Even the kids had all stopped playing their games to see.

Kate almost shook the boy. 'Where is he?'

Gabriel was angry. At being found out? Kate wasn't sure. Probably because she was manhandling him. She released him and apologised.

'I need to know where he is, Gabriel. It's important.'

'Kate,' Ingrid said, 'what's going on?'

'It's starting again,' Kate said quickly, barely glancing at her sister. 'Gabriel, where. Are. They?'

'They just popped out, Miss Lethbridge-Stewart, that's all.'

'Popped out? Why?'

'They convinced that guy at the bar to buy them a—'

Kate didn't care. She turned and stormed off. Douglas was standing nearby, clearly watching the

unfolding scene with concern.

‘Where’s your – ?’ he began, but Kate cut him off.

‘You come with me. If anything’s happened to my boy because of you...’

‘I...’ Douglas tamped down whatever he was going to say, and simply followed Kate outside.

The early evening was creeping in. The carpark lights were on. Kate stood at the entrance of the John Feaver Leisure Centre, looking around frantically. There was no sign of Gordy or Conall. She was barely aware of Douglas by her side, even less so of Tammy emerging from the centre behind her.

‘Gordy!’ she called out. ‘Gordy!’

‘Kate, what’s going on? Who is this man?’

Kate continued to call out, walking into the carpark. Vehicles were coming and going; cars, a white van, a minibus full of kids. The usual traffic at the leisure centre. But no sign of her boy. Behind her, she could vaguely hear Douglas introducing himself.

‘Kate! What the hell is going on?’ Tammy asked, grabbing hold of Kate by the arm.

Finally, Tammy’s words broke through. Kate stopped, spun on her heels, and stormed over to Douglas. She hit him on the chest.

‘What have you done, Douglas? What trouble have you – ? Where’s my son?’

‘It wasn’t me, I just...’ Douglas looked from one woman to the other.



'Kate, where's my Conall?'

Kate turned to her sister-in-law. 'He was with Gordy, but... What has happened, Douglas? Just tell me!'

'I... believe they have taken them.'

'Taken?' Tammy was beside herself, fear slowly drenching her dark skin. 'You mean... Our boys have been *kidnapped*?'

'I think so. But they don't want Conall, just... I don't know.'

'Kate?' Tammy's voice shrunk to less than a whisper.

Kate couldn't even look at Tammy, couldn't witness the raw emotion behind her sister-in-law's eyes. Kate shook her head. The words seemed false. Untrue. Kate turned away from Douglas, her mind trying to make sense of the words. Something caught the edge of her vision. A glittering reflection...

She ran the width of the leisure centre, and stopped at the corner. There on the ground was the remains of a pint glass. Smashed when it had been dropped.

The ground opened beneath her and Kate dropped to her knees. Her brain couldn't process the information, but her heart... The searing pain was real. Absolute. Her son. Gone.

The world seemed to fade away into the distance, and a darkness overcame her. She thought she heard the sound of crying, a woman wailing. But she wasn't sure who it was.

It never occurred to Kate that it was her.

He put the phone down, tightened his dressing gown, and sat back in his comfortable armchair. The chair didn't match any of the furniture in the lounge, but when he and Doris had decided to get married and move into the Bryden family home, he had insisted on bringing his favourite armchair from the School House at Brendon. Eight years on and still Doris complained whenever she noticed it.

He didn't mind. They'd had eight years of contentment in the country house, given to Doris by her father, Peyton Bryden, the industrialist and one-time independent financier of the Home-Army Fifth Operational Corps. It all seemed so long ago. Alistair still chuckled at the memory of how long it took him to realise Mr Bryden was Doris' father. It had taken a mere slip of the tongue from Bryden for Alistair to put two and two together. Of course, by then, it had been several years since his rendezvous with Doris in Brighton, several years since (although he didn't know at the time) she had given birth to their son. He had already started courting Fiona by that point, of course, so he could do nothing about it even if he had wanted to.

If only he had known back then how things would end with Fiona, and how, over twenty years later, he would end up marrying Doris. He often wondered, in those quiet moments of reflection, when it was just him and a bottle of Scotch, if he'd

change things given the chance to do them again. And he always fell down on the side of no, he wouldn't. He had made many mistakes, especially in his romantic entanglements, but they had all been learning moments, steps in the journey that led him to the man he was now. And life was good for him now. Happily married, enjoying a good relationship with both his son and daughter, a doting grandfather for their children and, now, about to become Special Envoy for the United Nations Security Council. Life didn't get much better for an old soldier like him.

He stood and walked over to the ornate mantle. He lifted the poker and nudged the logs burning in the fireplace, and his eyes drifted across the row of photographs lined up on the mantelpiece. Family, and people who he thought of as family. Many happy memories.

He checked his watch. It was getting late, perhaps it was time to turn in. The house always felt empty and awfully quiet when Doris was away. Not that she was noisy, but somehow her presence brought a certain *joie de vivre* to the house.

He looked over at the phone. Maybe he should call Kate, see how Gordy's party had gone. He'd been asked to attend, but he didn't want to cramp Gordy's style; he was too old to be sitting about in a bowling alley while teenagers ran around him. He could always take his grandsons bowling another time, when it was just him and the three of them.

But, he supposed, it wouldn't hurt to call Gordy, speak to him on his birthday, would it? Kate wouldn't mind, and he knew for sure that Gordy would be very happy to speak to Grandad.

But first a night cap.

He went into the kitchen to prepare himself a tea, and no sooner had he put the kettle on the stove (none of this electric kettle nonsense for him) than he heard the phone ring. He turned the flame down so the water could boil slowly, and picked up the phone hanging on the wall by the kitchen door.

Perhaps it would be Doris, checking up on him. As she was wont to do.

'Hello, Lethbridge-Stewart?' he said. An old habit he had never been able to shake. Eight years since his second retirement, and still he answered the phone like an old school master.

'Dad, it's me.'

He almost smiled at his daughter's voice, but her fragile tone made him pause.

'Kate, what is it? What's wrong?'

A moment's hesitation, and a voice in the background. Male, vaguely familiar, urging her on. Alistair's brow knotted.

'It's Gordy. And Conall. They've been kidnapped.'

It never ended. Just like the old days, there was always something else around the corner, waiting to pounce when you least expected. And just like those days, everything immediately fell into place

and years of discipline and experience took over.

‘Tell me everything, Kate. We’ll get to the bottom of this and bring them both home.’

Kate waited, silently amazed that this was allowed to happen. She wondered how many privacy laws it broke. But then, in the next moment, she realised she didn’t care. If it meant finding Gordy, then it was worth stepping on the privacy of some people.

She stood beside Dad, who, she noticed, carried himself in a much stronger way since entering Imber Base. He almost didn’t even use his cane, his back was straighter, and his voice stronger, commanding. She could tell he had to resist barking out orders, and yet the Major kept looking at him as if expecting him to take command at any moment. All he needed was a uniform, and he’d be right at home.

A small bank of monitor screens stood before them, with uniformed staff sitting at it. On the screens, images flickered so fast Kate couldn’t keep up with them. They were accessing CCTV across the country, scanning vehicles, looking for the one with the number plate matching that of the transit van.

‘Sirs,’ said a woman at the far end of the bank of monitors.

The Major and Dad responded at the same time, and looked at each other.

‘By all means, Brigadier,’ the Major said.

‘Thank you, Major. Go ahead, Corporal.’

‘I think we’ve located the van.’

Kate rushed over to see, and was joined by Dad and the Major. On the monitor before them they could see the van. It was parked on a residential street.

‘Where is that?’ Kate asked.

The corporal looked up at the Major, who nodded. ‘Peckham, London.’

For the first time in what seemed like days, Kate felt hope well up inside her.

‘Shall I notify the civilian authorities, sir?’

‘Yes, have them rendezvous with us there,’ Dad said. ‘We’ll need their help to keep back civilians, but be certain to make sure they know that they are only there to support us. Not to make any pre-emptive moves.’

‘Yes, sir!’

Dad turned to the Major. ‘Sorry, Major, I don’t mean to step on your toes.’

‘Whatever you need, sir. If it wasn’t for you, who knows where I’d be now then. You saw something in a foolish man like me, so it’s the least I can do. We’ll take A Company, under your command, sir.’

Usually Kate would have balked at the idea of military action, having guns and soldiers around her son, but... Gordy was in danger, more so than she could honestly understand, and there was nobody better qualified to save him than her dad.

‘Let’s get going then,’ she said.

‘Now, steady on, Kate.’

‘No!’ she snapped, not caring if she was

embarrassing him in front of his old team or whatever. 'I'm not staying out of this. They've got my son.'

Dad looked around. 'Is there, erm, somewhere private we can talk, Major?'

'Of course.' The Major indicated a small side room.

'If you'll excuse us.' Dad led Kate into the room, and closed the door.

But before he could speak, Kate jumped in. 'Dad, whatever you're going to say, don't. I always knew something like this would happen. Oh, I managed to convince myself it wouldn't, that this was all in the past. But I knew.' She hit her chest. 'In here I knew. And I can't... I can't...' She tried to hold back the sob, but the emotion was getting the better of her. Knowing she was close to getting her son back, and being told she had to stay out of it. She couldn't do it.

Dad sighed and reached out for Kate. 'Okay,' he said. 'It's okay. You can come, but you have to listen to what I tell you. We could be entering a very volatile situation and any sudden action...'

Kate took a deep breath. 'I know. I promise.'

And she meant it, but deep down she wasn't so sure it was a promise she could keep.

Kate was the first to notice the boys. They were at the far end of the carpark. A man was walking up behind them, while their abductors ran across the

carpark to grab hold of them again.

Kate was about to run across herself, but her dad grabbed her arm.

‘Caution, Kate. Let the Captain’s men get in position. We know these men are dangerous, we don’t want to put the boys in any undue risk.’

Kate took a deep breath. He was right, they had to –

A low guttural growl rang out in the night air. Kate could only watch as that man transformed into some kind of ape. No, she realised, it wasn’t an ape. She’d seen apes, but she’d never seen anything like that. She was reminded of 1995, and the abrupt transformation of Daniel Hinton into a Yeti on her canal boat. The creature that had been a man looked nothing like the hairy beasts that had surrounded them at New World University, but Kate knew, she just *knew*, that man had become a yeti. And the yeti was now in harm’s way of her son.

‘Gordy!’ she yelled, and set off at a run. ‘Get away from him!’

Strong arms pulled her back. The Captain. She struggled in return, but even with one arm, the Captain was stronger than her.

The Captain pulled out her R/T and shouted orders into it. While she was distracted, Kate gave a sudden pull and yanked her arm away. She set off at a run.

‘Damn it!’ the Captain hissed behind her.

As Kate drew nearer she saw the state of the boys.



Con's face looked like he'd gone ten rounds with Rocky, while her son... He didn't look as bad, but it was clear he had a fat lip. The yeti lifted Con off the ground. And Leonard Cawl was dragging Gordy behind the slightly rotund man in the garish clothes.

'Get your hands off him, you monster!' she yelled at the top of her lungs.

The strange man closed his eyes and began to mutter to himself.

'Gordy!' she shouted.

'Mum!'

'I'm...'

She skidded to a stop, her eyes unbelieving. 'No!'

One minute they were all there, Gordy shouting out to her, and then the next they were gone. In the blink of an eye, Gordy, Conall, Leonard Cawl and the yeti disappeared. All that was left was the strange man, who opened his eyes and smiled at her obsequiously.

Once again her world collapsed. Kate dropped to her knees. She was distantly aware of the Captain pulling out her gun, pointing it at the strange man, telling him to put his hands on his head.

A comforting arm wrapped around her.

'Kate, don't worry, we'll find them.'

It was Dad. So sure of himself, of what they could do, even now.

But...

How? If they'd been on that flight, even if it had taken off, then the Corps could have tracked the

plane. Maybe even reached India first. But her boys didn't get flown out of the UK, they just... vanished!  
How could they possibly track the boys now?

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**LETHBRIDGE-STEWART: THE FORGOTTEN SON**  
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For Colonel Alistair Lethbridge-Stewart his life in the Scots Guards was straightforward enough; rising in the ranks through nineteen years of military service. But then his regiment was assigned to help combat the Yeti incursion in London, the robotic soldiers of an alien entity known as the Great Intelligence. For Lethbridge-Stewart, life would never be the same again.

Meanwhile in the small Cornish village of Bledoe a man is haunted by the memory of an accident thirty years old. The Hollow Man of Remington Manor seems to have woken once more. And in Coleshill, Buckinghamshire, Mary Gore is plagued by the voice of a small boy, calling her home.

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Lethbridge-Stewart, 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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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.

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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.

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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?

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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