

FROM THE WORLD OF DOCTOR WHO

# LETHBRIDGE STEWART

QUIZ BOOK



COMPILED BY MARK JONES

# THE LETHBRIDGE-STEWART QUIZ BOOK

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

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Mark Jones

*Featuring a story by Tim Gambrell*



CANDY JAR BOOKS • CARDIFF

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# *INTRODUCTION*

I was five years old when *Doctor Who* began, back in those black and white days of the early sixties. I was terrified by the Mondas Cybermen from William Hartnell's last story, *The Tenth Planet*, but it wasn't until the later Patrick Troughton stories, and then those of Jon Pertwee, that *Doctor Who* became an integral part of my life.

When Candy Jar Books invited me to compile a quiz book centred around the Brig, I couldn't wait to get started. Here was a character who meant a great deal to me as a child, who represented discipline and stoicism in the face of trouble, who met danger with that infamous Lethbridge-Stewart humour. It also gave me an excuse to watch all my favourite Brigadier stories again!

Altogether, Lethbridge-Stewart appeared in twenty-three *Doctor Who* stories. The majority of the Brigadier's stories were from the 'classic' era, with the character first appearing in the Second Doctor (Patrick Troughton) story *The Web of Fear*, facing off against the return of the Yeti (this time at home in the London Underground). He appeared again in *The Invasion*, before being reintroduced at the start of the Third Doctor's reign in the first story of season seven, *Spearhead From Space*, and last appearing in *Battlefield* opposite

the Seventh Doctor (Sylvester McCoy).

With the Third Doctor exiled on Earth in 1970, the scene was set for a series of Earth-based adventures, normally involving an alien threat or invasion. Against this backdrop, the series saw the introduction of UNIT, a military presence required to battles such occurrences, under the command of Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart. While the Doctor more often than not clashed with UNIT's military mindset, the Brigadier and the Third Doctor formed a strong bond of friendship, alongside other recurring characters including Jo Grant, Captain Yates and Sergeant Benton, who formed the UNIT 'family'.

Such was the popularity of the character, played with aplomb, military bombast and a twinkle in the eye by Nicholas Courtney, the Brigadier continued to feature in *Doctor Who* stories and various spin-offs, including *The Sarah Jane Adventures*, The Big Finish audio stories, comic strips and most recently the Candy Jar Books *Lethbridge-Stewart* novel series. As a mark of both respect and recognition, upon Nicholas Courtney's death in 2011, the *Doctor Who* television story *The Wedding of River Song* included a line of dialogue announcing the Brigadier had passed away peacefully in a nursing home. Even so, in a somewhat controversial twist, the Brigadier appeared one last time as a Cyberman avatar opposite Peter Capaldi's Twelfth Doctor in *Death in Heaven*. Opinion was split on this adventure, some reflecting the character should have been laid to rest following Nicholas Courtney's death, whilst others saw it as a fitting and heroic closure for the character.

This book predominantly features questions about the television series and the Candy Jar Books range of *Lethbridge-Stewart* novels. However, there are also brain-teasers covering

the Target novels, the Big Finish audio stories, the BBC novels, the Virgin novels and one or two other surprises. There's something for everyone. This is a book that will provide hours of entertainment and a challenge to the old grey matter. It's a book for dipping into whenever you feel like challenging yourself or your friends – hopefully without too many arguments – or, alternatively, working your way through the questions yourself, chapter by chapter, climbing the military ladder to achieve the rank of Brigadier.

I have to thank my long-suffering wife, who, although not a *Doctor Who* fan, has tolerated my devotion to the show for years. While I monopolised the lounge, working my way through the Brigadier's appearances, she made do with watching her favourite shows on the television in the kitchen without a single complaint. It's been an absolute labour of love working on this book, and I hope it will provide you with as much enjoyment as it did for me to compile.

*Mark Jones, Oct 2017*

# SAMPLE TEST

## *FOR THE RANK OF STAFF SERGEANT*

1. Who played the Brigadier's wife, Doris, in the TV story *Battlefield*?
2. What does the journalist in *The Web of Fear* record coming from a telephone receiver to which he remarks, 'Great stuff.'?
3. How does the Brigadier reply when the Doctor forbids him launching a strike on the heat barrier in *The Daemons*.
4. Where is the mobile UNIT Headquarters based in *The Invasion*?
5. Name the hospital doctor treating the Doctor in *Spearhead From Space*.

6. What is the name of the nuclear missile with a nerve gas armed warhead the Master attempts to steal in *The Mind of Evil*?
7. In the Candy Jar novel *The Showstoppers* where do Samson's grandparents originally come from?
8. How many people have been evacuated from London in *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*?
9. The computer at Space Control in *The Ambassadors of Death* can provide the Doctor with maps of every surveyed planet, but can't provide a map of where?
10. Who is the Executive Director of the Inferno Project in *Inferno*?
11. What tune does the Doctor play on his recorder whilst held captive at Piccadilly Circus Station in *The Web of Fear*?
12. What does the Doctor take from the Master's TARDIS in *Terror of the Autons*?



13. When the Doctor analyses the gun found on the guerrilla from the future in *Day of the Daleks*, he deduces it was made on Earth, the iron constituent showing it was mined where?
14. What piece of equipment is the Doctor tinkering with in the first episode of *The Time Monster*?
15. In the Candy Jar novel *Blood of Atlantis* what is the name of the Royal Navy ship that Anne Travers goes on board to investigate an outbreak of the silicon-based virus?
16. What 'act' does the 'super species' priest point to on the pictorial history of their planet when Jo and the Doctor are held captive in *Colony in Space*?
17. How did Omega create the Time Lords' power source (for time travel amongst other things) as described in *The Three Doctors*?
18. In which television story does the Doctor first name his home planet of Gallifrey?

19. What is Tegan worried about during the first episode of *Mawdryn Undead*?
20. What do the Silurians use to guard their base in the caves in *Doctor Who and the Silurians*?
21. Name the mind reader the Brigadier and the Doctor go to see at the theatre in *Planet of the Spiders*.
22. In *Robot* what is the name of the frontiers of science research centre that Sarah wants to visit?
23. How did the production team on *The Claws of Axos* deal with the unexpected fall of snow during location shooting and thus avoid continuity problems?
24. At which iconic London landmark are the Cybermen first seen emerging from the sewers in *The Invasion*?
25. Who supplied the Silurian voices in *Doctor Who and the Silurians*?
26. Who is the local land owner in *Terror of the*

*Zygons?*

27. Outside which building do the Axon monsters attack the UNIT troops in *The Claws of Axos*?
28. In *The Five Doctors* what single-handedly massacres a troop of Cybermen?
29. What is Jo eating for breakfast in the first episode of *The Green Death*?
30. In *Battlefield* the TARDIS lands four kilometres from which body of water?
31. In the Big Finish audio story *The Three Companions* in which country are Jo and her husband, Clifford, based?
32. Who describes the Brigadier as a 'pompous military idiot' and in which television story?
33. Who does the Doctor call a 'ham-fisted bun vendor' and in which story?
34. What does the Doctor tell Liz Shaw the TARDIS has which prevented the Brigadier from getting into it in *Spearhead From Space*?

35. In the Candy Jar novella *The Life of Evans* what's the name of Evans's 'butty'?
36. A diagram of what anatomical feature is chalked on the blackboard in the room of UNIT's temporary HQ in which the Doctor is working in *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*?
37. Which character begs, 'Spare me the endurance of endless time, the agony of perpetuity!'?
38. Who describes the Doctor as, 'A long shanked rascal with a mighty nose', and in which story?
39. What does Sarah need to collect from the TARDIS to save the Doctor's life on Metebelis 3 in *Planet of the Spiders*?
40. In which television story does the Brigadier see the inside of the TARDIS for the first time?
41. Who's brain pattern does the robot have in *Robot*?
42. The Brigadier was originally not scheduled to

appear in *The Sarah Jane Adventures* story *Enemy of the Bane*. Which former companion was the role first written for?

43. In the Big Finish audio story *Council of War*, what does the Doctor build for Benton to help him in his ghost hunt?
44. Name the American delegate to the World Peace Conference in *The Mind of Evil*.
45. In the Candy Jar novel *Beast of Fang Rock* how do Ivan and Owain kill the Rutan?
46. In the Big Finish audio story *The Other Woman* (Short Trips range), name the alien woman found in the escape pod.
47. What does the Professor believe he will find in the Devil's Hump Burial Chamber in *The Daemons*?
48. What mode of transport and old friend does Lethbridge-Stewart present to the Doctor in *Battlefield*?
49. In the *Virgin Missing Adventure* novel *The Eye of the Giant* name the millionaire searching for

the legendary lost Pacific island.

50. Who wrote the television story *Day of the Daleks*?
51. In *The Five Doctors*, what attacks the Second Doctor and the Brigadier in the caves and how does the Doctor scare it away?
52. In the Target Books novel *Harry Sullivan's War* what has Harry been engaged in developing an antidote for?
53. Name the High Priest of Atlantis who is summoned by the Master in *The Time Monster*?
54. In the Target Books novel *Harry Sullivan's War*, why was Ian Morte prevented from killing off the character at the end of the story?
55. Name the highly volatile liquid used to fuel the Doctor's rocket in *The Ambassadors of Death*.
56. In the *Virgin Missing Adventure* novel *The Eye of the Giant* name the legendary lost island in the

Pacific.

57. In the *Virgin Missing Adventure* novel *The Scales of Injustice* what does a policewoman start drawing unexpectedly?
58. In *Terror of the Zygons*, what is located on a bearing of 230/165 from UNIT's temporary base in the pub?
59. To whom and in what television story does the Brigadier say, 'Get off my world'?
60. In the *Virgin Missing Adventure* novel *The Scales of Injustice*, 'The Stalker' was created by injecting what breed of dog with ooze from who's drilling operation?
61. In the Big Finish audio story *The Last Post* what conference is the Brigadier preparing for?
62. In the Candy Jar novel *The Schizoid Earth* which other stories has the character of Kyle appeared in?
63. How do the Doctor and Jo cross the lake of

giant maggots in the mine in *The Green Death*?

64. In the Candy Jar novel *Mind of Stone* from which port did Lethbridge-Stewart say he would sail for the continent after his escape?
65. Who is controlling the TARDIS when it dematerialises in *Colony in Space*?

*Answers on page thirty-four*



## ***Cowpats and Comfort by Tim Gambrell***

(This story is set just after the novel  
*The Dreamer's Lament*)

The lanes from Higher Tremarcoombe to Bledoe were narrow and winding, laid down long ago with horses and pedestrians in mind, not Morris 1000s. Ray Phillips had been out giving Jack a good run around the moors while he mulled over ideas for his next book, but now the drive home was being hampered by a slow-moving horse and cart in front.

It looked like Smiffy's cart; he'd probably been out for scraps. Ray hinged back the little side window and hailed his old friend genially. No response. He had no option than to trail the cart for a quarter of a mile or so until the lane widened enough for passing. The watery March sun shone weakly through the high hedgerows, and Jack whined and whimpered on the back seat. As Ray eventually pulled out past the cart, he saw Smiffy with the reins left limply in his lap. The horse, Old Smiler, was wandering home of his own accord, it seemed.

'Ay-up, Smiffy!' Ray called with a wave, but again there was no response.

In the rear-view mirror Ray could see that Smiffy was sat cuddling something small – it looked like a soft toy.

'Get a load of that, Jack,' Ray muttered to the dog. 'Poor soul. Sooner he gets some help the better.'

The telephone trilled on Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart's desk. He was reviewing a rather dry Ministry document with a pencil in one hand and an unwrapped humbug poised in the

other. The ringing caught him unawares and he spent a second deciding what to do with either the pencil or the sweet before dropping them both and picking up the handset.

‘Lethbridge-Stewart?’

He was answered with crackling.

‘Hello?’

‘Alistair, is that you?’ The line was terrible.

‘Who is this? Hello? Can you hear me? I can barely hear you.’

‘It’s Henry, Henry Barns.’

*Bledoe*, Lethbridge-Stewart thought. ‘How did you...?’

‘I’ve been passed from pillar to post to get to you. Don’t make it easy, do they?’ It sounded like Henry was shouting into a wind tunnel. Lethbridge-Stewart decided it was pointless trying to explain why his number wasn’t readily available to all. ‘I need your help,’ Henry continued, ‘it’s Smiffy.’

Colonel Walter Douglas neatly swept up the remains of his fried breakfast with his last half sausage, making sure he caught the grease and brown sauce that had taken refuge on the edge of the plate. Still chewing, he summarily wiped his mouth on a napkin before pushing the plate away and leaning back in the chair.

‘Expecting a round of applause, Walter?’

‘Ah, Anne.’ Douglas reached for his already depleted mug of tea as Anne Travers took the seat opposite. ‘I strongly recommend the bacon and eggs, before the lads wolf the lot.’

‘The lads?’ she asked with a chuckle. They both knew full well that the Madhouse didn’t house ‘the lads’, just command, communications and the research sections. The lads were all over at Sterling Castle. Anne considered her

bowl of salted porridge before peering archly at Douglas. 'You always recommend the bacon and eggs, Walter, and I always find that you've just had the last helping.'

'Look, if you've just come here to boost my morale...' He gave a little harrumph and drained the last of his tea.

Anne smiled and produced a pile of fan-fold paper print outs from her large handbag. 'Actually we need to talk business. Did Lethbridge-Stewart take any specialist equipment with him down to Cornwall?'

'Not as far as I know. At least not that he mentioned.' Douglas pulled at the top sheet on the pile and extended two or three folds before allowing it to concertina back again. He raised an eyebrow, inquisitively.

'Ethereic pulses,' Anne advised, in response to his assumed question. 'My equipment detected them and my team has been monitoring the situation now for several hours. Not the sort of signals one would expect from normal human activity.'

'I see. And the connection with the Brigadier?'

'They are emanating, as near as we can pinpoint it, from Bledoe.'

'Then we have a situation.' Quick as a flash Douglas was on his feet and heading for his office. Anne swept the papers into her arms, grabbed her bag and followed.

'We've triangulated the pulses with Sergeant Bell down at Imber,' she said as she fought to keep up. 'It's a regular pulse, which suggests to me either equipment in operation or a signal of some kind.'

Douglas wasted no time in grabbing the phone from his desk. 'Sergeant Maddox? Get me a helo... What are we? Oh-eight-hundred hours.' He covered the mouthpiece and looked at Anne. 'Can you mobilise that quickly?' Anne nodded. Douglas continued as she left for her laboratory.

‘And get me Major Leopold...’

\*

Bledoe. Such a sleepy village at the best of times, doubly so on Good Friday morning. The taxi depositing Lethbridge-Stewart by the church did little to counteract the somnambulant atmosphere: life enjoyed a slower pace in these parts. Lethbridge-Stewart took a deep breath, picking out a strong smell of cedar from the tree-lined boundary to the nearby graveyard. He pursed his lips and looked around for a phone box. He needed to report in.

But his attention was suddenly grabbed by faint sounds of grieving. Just inside the graveyard nearby, a figure was hunched over what appeared to be a relatively recent plot, weeping mournfully. Never comfortable with grief at the best of times, Lethbridge-Stewart was relieved to hear his name from across the way.

‘Alistair!’ Henry Barns was jogging over to him, his two teenage children in tow. Henry took him warmly by the hand. ‘It’s good to see you; thank you for coming down.’

‘My pleasure, Henry.’

The sobbing from the graveyard picked up again, and Lethbridge-Stewart was just about to chivvy them all away when Henry turned instead, sending his children off back home, with a mutter about ‘seeing a grown man cry’.

‘Shouldn’t we...?’ Lethbridge-Stewart began, but Henry shushed him with a raised hand and motioned him forward to observe the crouching figure.

‘That, my friend, is the reason we’ve called you down here. Raymond “Smiffy” Gloyne.’

Lethbridge-Stewart shook his head. ‘Doesn’t ring any bells.’

‘Smiffy was one of us Bledoe Cadets before James... well,

you know.'

'Ah, before my time then.'

Henry waved this detail aside. 'We called him Smiffy because he was the blacksmith's son, and also because there were two Raymonds.'

Lethbridge-Stewart nodded. 'Yes, now that rings a bell.'

'Something happened to him years ago, in the Cadets; not sure what it was but it affected his mind. Started having turns. Promising footballer he was, too – best in the school, until then. His dad tried to hush it up. We grew up. Things change. He never did National Service, never married. The village hasn't needed a blacksmith for years now; Smiffy ended up collecting junk, dealing in scrap metal and doing odd handyman jobs and bits of labouring to support himself and his old man. Just the two of 'em – like *Steptoe and Son* they were. And he hadn't been well for years; blacksmith's lung, some call it. Died recently. As you can see, it's finally broken poor Smiffy.'

The sobbing had petered out and the figure was rocking back and forth, cuddling a soft toy.

'He's even taken to carrying a teddy bear with him,' Henry continued. 'I hear all sorts in my pub, but there have been mutterings that he should be put away.'

'The fellow certainly needs help, that's obvious,' Lethbridge-Stewart agreed.

'Jemima, Ray and I got talking. We always looked out for each other in the Bledoe Cadets, so that's what we want to do now. And that's why we called you in. We need you to help us to help him, for old time's sake.'

'I wish I could remember him. Not that it matters as such, the poor soul, but it would help me feel a little more dutiful within myself.'

Smiffy was suddenly beside them; dirty, ragged, despair writ large in his eyes.

‘Hello, Smiffy,’ Henry said with a smile. ‘You looking forward to Mexico? Reckon we’ll win the World Cup again? It’s us or Brazil if you ask me.’

Smiffy stared at Henry, his bottom lip glistening as the saliva built up. Lethbridge-Stewart checked out the soft toy in Smiffy’s hand. Teddy bear? Looked more like a sort of knitted robot. Silver. Very odd. Then Smiffy staggered forward, parting the men, muttering incomprehensibly, heading towards his unattended horse and cart.

‘By the way, Alistair,’ Henry said, as they watched Smiffy tend to his horse, ‘while we’re here, has anyone ever shown you this?’ Henry moved to the lichgate and pointed to something etched roughly into the wooden frame.

Lethbridge-Stewart looked at it. *AL-S is No 1 27-3-36.* ‘What on earth...?’

‘You, my friend.’

‘Yes, clearly, but *what* is it?’ Lethbridge-Stewart tried to remember.

The patter of horse’s hooves on cobbles, as Smiffy trotted off home, sent Lethbridge-Stewart’s mind spiralling back...

*There’s a lot of commotion in the church hall as the Easter Fete draws to a close. To round off the festivities Pastor Stone announces a quiz. Everyone sorts themselves into teams and grabs a sandwich and a bit of cake, while ladies come around with tea and fruit juice. Young Alistair is annoyed. He wants to join the Cadets, and that boy with them, but instead he is told, ‘You stick with us, dear.’*

*And there he is in a team with his mother, and Ray and Henry’s mums as well – much to the other boys’ amusement. The mums spend most of the time chatting about their forthcoming bridge night,*

*which is their usual Saturday evening pastime. Meanwhile the Bledoe Cadets have formed their own team with Ray, Henry, Jemima, Smiffy and 'Tuck Shop' Terry Thompson. There is another boy with them too, but his face is wreathed in shadow. In fact the only Bledoe Cadet there who isn't in the team is Graeme 'Nobby' Clarke, who is back from boarding school for the Easter holiday. His rather stuck-up parents always insist that he sits with them.*

*Alistair's team aren't doing very well, what with him sulking and the mothers gossiping. The Bledoe Cadets, on the other hand, are having a storming time, coming joint first with the Clarkes, thanks to Smiffy single-handedly scoring full marks on the specialist football round. It's come down to a tie-break question.*

*Pastor Stone calls for quiet.*

*'In which building and in which English city,' he asks, 'does King Arthur's legendary round table reside?'*

*There's much muttering throughout the room. Alistair can see the Clarkes looking at each other nonplussed, while the Bledoe Cadets shrug among themselves. They don't know. But Alistair does – they did King Arthur at school this year, and Alistair saw this in a book. The shadowy Cadet sees him smiling and frowns.*

*'Do you know?' the boy asks. Alistair nods and smiles. The Cadet urgently beckons him to give the answer. Alistair ponders. Is it worth it?*

*'No takers?' calls the pastor. A decision is made.*

*'Winchester,' mouths Alistair to the Cadet, as subtly as a seven-year-old can. 'Great Hall.'*

*'York Minster?' Nobby's father, Doctor Clarke, offers up.*

*Stone smiles with regret. 'I'm afraid not, Leonard. Cadets, any offers?'*

*The Cadet puts up his hand. 'Please, sir, Winchester Great Hall, sir?'*

*This time the pastor beams. 'Well done, that's spot on! Ladies*

*and gentlemen, our Easter Festival 1936 quiz team winners – the Bledoe Cadets!*

*There is much applause and jubilation, and the Cadet grabs Alistair, hoisting him onto his shoulders like a victory mascot.*

*‘Nice one, squirt,’ Henry says. ‘But don’t go thinking you’re part of our team.’*

*‘Or that you can join the Cadets,’ adds Jemima uncharitably. But young Alistair doesn’t care. He’s the hero of the moment.*

From up close, the wood’s scored surface retained a pungent aroma even after all these years, as did the nearby trees. Lethbridge-Stewart held up his penknife, and thoughtfully ran the point of the blade along the date lines he’d etched in the wood all those years before, in honour of his victory. The quiz itself was strangely clear in his memory, but the rest of it?

And that strange boy, the one cloaked in shadows... He shook his head. It had to be James. But as usual he was nothing more than a vague flash at best; a scant detail...

‘Are you *sure* I was here?’ Lethbridge-Stewart turned to face to look at Ray, Henry and Jemima; they were up at Redgate Smithy, the old stone circle on the moors, where they’d come to soak up the view across Bledoe and beyond.

‘There was a fire,’ Henry said. ‘People saw it from the village.’

Lethbridge-Stewart ran his swagger stick across some of the stones. Faint scorch marks could still be seen even now.

‘Nobby died that night,’ Jemima said. ‘And Smiffy... he just went...’ She couldn’t finish.

Henry folded her in his arms.

‘James told us you were both up here,’ Ray said. ‘I recall



that very clearly.'

'Perhaps I was too young to understand? But that view...'  
Lethbridge-Stewart chewed over his thoughts and gave a little smile, made more enigmatic by his moustache. 'The details are neither here nor there, I suppose; at the end of the day a situation exists and poor Smiffy needs help. If you can all keep him out of trouble and give me, say, a week, I'll sort something out, I'm sure.'

Their relief was palpable.

'As it happens this may all be quite fortuitous, actually.'

'How do you mean?' Ray asked.

'My team at HQ seem to think there's something going on hereabouts. They've picked up transmissions of some kind. Probably why the phone line was so bad when Miss Travers called.' He should have known there would be nothing simple about a return to Bledoe. For such a small village, there always seemed to be something going on. 'So I decided to have a good scan of the area from a vantage point, like this. I've got a small team on their way.'

'And there was me thinking this was just a trip down memory lane,' Ray said, with a slight chuckle.

'Should have known better, Raymond,' Jemima said.

Lethbridge-Stewart smiled at the easy friendship between them, glad that Ray was one of them once more, after years of being something of a joke. 'If we need any assistance, can I call on the services of the old Bledoe Cadets?'

'It's not the Whisperer again, is it?' Henry asked, glancing at Jemima. 'It's the kids I fear for.'

'I shouldn't think so. The transmissions themselves aren't harmful – as far as we know. We'll sort it out, I'm sure.'  
Lethbridge-Stewart poured as much reassurance as he could into the statement.

‘Wait,’ said Ray, distracting them all with an upraised hand, ‘what is that noise?’

It was an echoing, rhythmic, metallic banging in the distance...

By the time the ex-Cadets reached the village they’d worked it out. It had been so long since any of them had heard active blacksmithing that it took them a while to recognise it. But as they walked past Smiffy’s, they saw for themselves: the yard was open to the world, and Smiffy was there, the furnace alight, frantically working some sheet metal plates as he would have done in his apprentice days.

‘Good morning, Mr Gloyne,’ Lethbridge-Stewart hollered. The blacksmith responded brightly, his eyes clear and full of joy. A complete contrast to how he’d been that morning.

‘Please,’ he said, ‘call me Smiffy, everybody does.’ Smiffy glanced up at Lethbridge-Stewart. It seemed as if he recognised him at first, but then his face creased and a shadow passed over his eyes. In an instant, it was gone and he continued with his frantic metalwork.

‘Hard at it, I see?’

‘Time waits for no man. Henry, you planning to close up during the England matches this summer? Everyone’ll be watching the box, won’t they?’

Henry was taken completely off guard by this. ‘Oh, erm...’

‘Think you could be right, though, us and Brazil. See how that opening match goes, eh?’ Ray took a step closer but Smiffy held up a hand of caution. ‘No no, Ray, stay back please – sparks tend to fly, wouldn’t want you to get hurt.’

‘What are you making?’ Ray asked.

Smiffy paused briefly, and he and Ray locked eyes.

‘Something special.’

Lethbridge-Stewart watched as the blacksmith transferred his gaze to the small teddy bear toy perched on a shelf to one side.

‘Yes, but he can’t keep up that frantic pace for too long, surely?’ Lethbridge-Stewart was saying, as he opened the door to *The Rose & Crown*.

Ray followed close behind. ‘Just great to see him focused on something, really.’

‘Agreed,’ Henry said, holding the door for Jemima. ‘And talking sense too.’

They all paused when they saw the three figures waiting by the bar.

‘Ah, my team. I’m sure you all recall Lieutenant Bishop and Miss Travers.’

Bishop and Private Davenport saluted sharply. Miss Travers gave them all a nod and dived straight in.

‘Imber is continuing to monitor the full range transmissions.’ She spun Private Davenport around to face the bar, displaying a large, lumpy apparatus with a small rotating aerial, which was strapped to his back. ‘We’ve got this portable unit, which tells us we’re getting closer to the source, but it lacks definition if the signal itself changes.’ She adjusted a control and the room was filled with a frantic bleeping. ‘The pulses get closer together the nearer we get to the source.’

‘It’s been like that for some time now,’ Bishop said. ‘That’s why we turned the volume down.’

‘Yes, how very annoying it is,’ Lethbridge-Stewart said.

Thankfully Miss Travers took the hint and lowered the volume again. ‘You can also see the pulses represented

visually here.’ She indicated a small integrated screen which was a mass of close-proximity green lines.

‘Well you’ve got the science, Miss Travers, how do you suggest we proceed?’

‘Bill and I were just discussing a quick recce while the daylight holds.’

‘In a place this size,’ Bishop said, ‘it shouldn’t take long to home in on the signal, surely, even if we can’t act on it immediately.’

‘Let’s hope it doesn’t, if only to save poor Davenport’s back.’ The private’s eyes told a tale of strain and fatigue that wasn’t lost on his commanding officer. Lethbridge-Stewart turned back to his old friends. ‘You lot can stand down then.’

‘Good,’ Henry said, heading straight behind the bar, ‘we’ve got a pub to run.’ Jemima touched Lethbridge-Stewart on the arm as she followed, mouthing a silent *thank you*.

‘Mind if I stick with you until we get to Redrose Cottage?’ Ray asked.

‘Not at all, Ray. By the way, anyone asks about this,’ Lethbridge-Stewart indicated the backpack with his stick, ‘prototype land mine detector. Being tested on the moors. All right?’

‘Tested on what?’ Ray asked with a grin. ‘Cowpats?’

‘If you wish. I’m guessing you wouldn’t want one going off in your face either way.’

*Good old March*, Anne thought, as she pulled her jacket closer around her, *clear, bright spring days, but come late afternoon the temperature still plummets*.

‘Is that a blacksmith? Nice to hear a bit of old-fashioned village life,’ she said, tweaking the volume control on Davenport’s backpack. The frantic clangs were sounding

almost in tandem with the beeps from her equipment.

Lethbridge-Stewart was already striding off up the cobbled street and he indicated for the others to follow him. As they rounded a corner, Anne was enchanted to find a classic blacksmith's yard, although the angry shouting of the people gathered nearby suggested that all was not as quaint as it could be.

The blacksmith carried on, seemingly oblivious; his almost hysterical hammering and the heat from the forge prevented the villagers from approaching and apprehending him, despite their threats and imploring to 'Keep the noise down'. Private Davenport was keeping close to Anne, and she noted that the beeping from his backpack had intensified further. She checked the dials; the in-built screen showed solid green.

'It's here,' she yelled, full of excitement, before realising that the crowd, as one, had turned to look at the small military group gathered incongruously in the middle of an English village.

Lethbridge-Stewart could have kicked himself. They'd homed in on Miss Travers' etheric pulses with such ease they'd not even thought about what action they might need to take once they had done so. But here they were, in the middle of the street, with a group of angry locals facing them.

'Military?' said an unshaven man in cardigan and slippers. 'What you up to then? You here to sort this noisy bleeder out?'

Without warning Ray stepped forward. 'It's all right, Ross,' he said. 'They're testing. For cowpats.' Lethbridge-Stewart moved parallel to Ray and glared at him. His friend had gone pink with embarrassment. 'I mean...' Ray tried to continue, but a ripple of laughter ran through the villagers,

along with a few snide remarks about old national service duties.

‘Yes, thank you, Ray,’ Lethbridge-Stewart said, trying to save face. ‘We’re just on a training exercise, testing new equipment on the moors, that’s all. Now if you’d all like to head back to your homes we’ll see if we can negotiate with Mr Gloyne here about easing off on his blacksmith duties, all right?’

Slowly, and with some further threats to call the police, the small crowd dispersed.

‘Sorry, Alistair,’ Ray said quietly.

‘I think you broke the ice. Just try not to make us look quite so foolish next time.’

‘They’ll go, but they’ll all be twitching the net curtains, you know.’

‘Of course. Private Davenport? Set your backpack down please and silence it. I need you and Mr Phillips here to guard the approach from either side.’ He indicated for Bishop and Miss Travers to join him.

By now Smiffy was looking exhausted, but he continued to hammer away at his task. Lethbridge-Stewart chewed over some observations.

‘No strange aerials on the roof. No obvious alien technology out here. He’s been slaving away like this for some hours now. See that at the side?’ He pointed with his swagger stick at a metallic human frame propped up against some equipment.

‘A suit of armour?’ Bishop said.

‘Or a headless statue?’ Miss Travers offered.

‘What would an etheric pulse emitter look like?’

Miss Travers shrugged. ‘What colour’s a piece of string?’

Lethbridge Stewart stepped forward. ‘Smiffy? Raymond

Gloyne? You're looking pretty tired. Time for a break?'

Smiffy didn't even look up. 'When I'm finished.'

'What are you making?' Anne asked. 'Looks impressive.'  
No answer.

'What have you found, Smiffy?' Lethbridge-Stewart tried. There was the vaguest of pauses in response to his question. Spurred on by this, he stepped forward. 'Come on, man, we need to know. Let us help you.'

This time Smiffy did stop. His arms fell, he dropped his tools and his shoulders heaved with laboured breaths. He grabbed the stuffed toy and held it close.

'You...? You help *me*? What has anyone ever done for me round here?' Smiffy took a few steps forward, smudging the sweat on his forehead with his grimy sleeve. 'What would you know about grief, loss, about struggling to hold a life together when phantoms haunt you? What would you know, in your comfortable military world? What would you know about being tainted, and blamed, and talked about and unloved? About wishing for the release of death year after year and then, when that release comes, discovering that it isn't the freedom you thought it would be, and that the voices don't stop, and that the pain just gets worse? What would you know? Eh, *soldier boy*?'

Spittle frothed at the corners of Smiffy's mouth; he thrust his face into Lethbridge-Stewart's, a trace of dried tears evident through the thick grime coating his cheeks.

'We all have our crosses to bear,' Lethbridge-Stewart said gently.

'Yes. And this is me bearing mine. Finally, after all these years, with the comfort of a friend.' Smiffy held the soft toy to his lips.

'Is that what you've been building today? Your new friend?'

Smiffy nearly smiled. 'That? That's going to be a statue of my father. To honour his... memory. An artistic expression of my grief. My friend said it would help.'

'And who is your friend?' Lethbridge-Stewart asked.

'It's the teddy bear, of course,' Miss Travers said.

Lethbridge-Stewart turned to her in surprise.

Anne watched tearfully as the blacksmith, Smiffy, poured out his soul to Lethbridge-Stewart. Her heart went out to him, this poor man who seemed to have suffered so much over the years on his own. She couldn't help but compare the recent loss of her own father to this tragic fellow's. Unlike him she'd wished for so much longer with her father. She had family, she had friends to help her. But poor Smiffy had no one, no one, that is, until he'd found this symbol of childhood comfort. And it was suddenly obvious to her what they'd been looking for.

'It's the teddy bear, of course.' She reached out to touch it, and that was when it spoke to her.

*'I sense your loss. You need comfort.'*

'Are you...?'

*'Yes, but don't worry, inside your head is where I function best.'*

'What are you?'

*'I do not have a name. I am a Comfort Bot. I am here to offer you the help you seek. You may call me what you will.'*

'No, I'm fine.'

*'Your eyes tell a different story. I bet a hug wouldn't go amiss.'*

'No...'

*'Then take me, cuddle me.'*

'I...'

*'Release me from this... stifling other.'*

'What is happening?'



*'You need me.'*

'I need you.'

*'You must have me.'*

'I must have you. I *must* have you!'

Lethbridge-Stewart grabbed the soft toy from Smiffy's hand, taking everyone completely by surprise. He turned it over in his hands, examining it.

'You know, I said when I first saw this that it looked more like a robot than a teddy bear. What is it then? What's it made of?' He shook it and was alarmed to see both Smiffy and Miss Travers stagger back, clutching at their temples.

'What did you do, sir?' Bishop asked, looking between the two.

'The buffeting fed back through the interfaces I currently have with the two humans.'

Lethbridge-Stewart and Bishop looked at each other and then slowly down at the soft toy. It had spoken.

'You are correct, Brigadier, I am a robot; a design engineered Comfort Bot to be precise.'

'You look knitted,' Bishop said, and was slightly taken aback when it turned its head to answer him.

'A woven non-corrosive external compound, yes. Not the product of this planet. I originated far away; I was carried here and then discarded.'

'Why?'

'I was designed to help sentient beings cope with loss. I succeeded; my previous keeper had no further need of me. I have been dormant for a long time, treated as a child's toy. Smiffy's powerful grief reactivated me.'

'Why are you releasing etheric pulses into our atmosphere? Is it a call for assistance?'

‘One moment.’

Lethbridge-Stewart felt a whirring coming from the Bot.

‘It appears I am damaged. I have been here on Earth for many, many years and my circuits have started to corrode. Entropy. Function may be impaired. Hold me.’

Before either Lethbridge-Stewart or Bishop could react, both Smiffy and Miss Travers roared and reached for the Comfort Bot, snatching it from Lethbridge-Stewart’s grip.

A struggle ensued, as both of them tugged at the figure, swinging their opponent round, frantically trying to get them to relinquish their grip. Taken aback by such uncommon behaviour – certainly from Miss Travers – both Lethbridge-Stewart and Bishop hesitated before intervening. Then they sprung into action, Bishop moving to assist Miss Travers, and receiving a back-heel to the shins for his trouble, while Lethbridge-Stewart grappled with Smiffy from behind. With a tearing sound and a pathetic yelp both pairs found themselves careering backwards to the ground, with a handful of synthetic wool and fibrous electronics each; the Comfort Bot had been torn in two.

Ray and Private Davenport both came rushing over, helping everyone back to their feet. Miss Travers dashed over to the discarded backpack. The etheric pulses had ceased.

Having dispatched Private Davenport back to the Madhouse with the equipment, Lethbridge-Stewart was now sitting with Bishop and Miss Travers in the lounge bar of *The Rose & Crown*, polishing off a round of fish and chips from the village chippy and washing it down with a round of drinks on the house. The place was starting to fill up – naturally enough for a Saturday. Lethbridge-Stewart could see the Barns’ teenage children collecting empties and was vaguely

reminded of seeing a young Henry doing the same years before.

‘What are we going to call ourselves?’ Miss Travers asked.

‘The Bledoe Officers Club?’ Lethbridge-Stewart suggested, drily.

Ray came up behind them, and offered his own idea. ‘How about the Cowpat Testers?’

‘Ah, Ray. About time too. I was on the verge of drinking your mild.’

‘You’d need to find alternative accommodation for the night if you had,’ Ray teased.

Lethbridge-Stewart handed the glass to his old friend with a grin.

‘Team name?’ Miss Travers asked again.

‘The Bledoe Officers Club gets my vote,’ Bishop said. ‘May help make us seem less like interlopers.’

‘Agreed.’ Miss Travers scribbled it at the top of their answer sheet.

‘Welcome to *The Rose & Crown* Easter quiz night, ladies and gentlemen,’ Henry called from the bar. ‘I don’t have a loudspeaker so pay attention. Quiet you lot in the public! Get your drinks in now, then it’s on with round one. We’ll only serve between the rounds, all right? Any late entry teams out there, get your answer sheets from my delightful assistant, Jemima.’ Cue wolf whistles and cheering as Jemima played up and curtsied.

‘You called on Smiffy, Ray?’ Lethbridge-Stewart asked beneath the hubbub.

‘Yes, and he was touched, but it’s too soon. He’s coming to mine for a roast tomorrow lunchtime, though.’

‘Good show.’ Lethbridge-Stewart beamed and slapped Ray on the shoulder as he went to the bar for another round,

noting a few familiar faces in the crowd from their escapades the previous year, especially old Fred Murray looking very merry in the far corner.

'You seem very chipper, Alistair,' Miss Travers said as he placed the tray of drinks on the table.

'I'm quietly confident, if you must know. The last time I can recall doing a quiz here in Bledoe, I was the hero of the hour.'

## Answers

1. Angela Douglas.
2. The screams of a dying soldier.
3. 'I'm not going to sit here like a spare lemon, waiting for the squeezer.'
4. On board an aeroplane.
5. Dr Henderson.
6. Thunderbolt.
7. Barbados.
8. Eight million.
9. London.
10. Sir Keith Gold.
11. The Skye Boat Song.
12. The dematerialisation circuit.
13. North Wales.
14. A Time Sensor – described by Jo as a 'TARDIS *sniffer-outer*'.
15. HMS *Aphrodite*.
16. Sacrifice.
17. By exploding a star and creating a black hole.

18. *The Time Warrior*.
19. Whether or not she is free of the Mara's influence.
20. A dinosaur.
21. Professor Herbert Clegg.
22. Think Tank.
23. By including a line of dialogue: 'There's a report in from the Met Office, Sir. There are freak weather conditions over the whole area.'
24. St Paul's Cathedral.
25. Peter Halliday.
26. The Duke of Forgill.
27. The Main Research Reactor building.
28. A Raston Warrior Robot.
29. An apple.
30. Lake Vortigren.
31. Brazil.
32. Professor Stahlman. *Inferno*.
33. Jo Grant. *Terror of the Autons*.
34. The TARDIS lock has a metabolism detector.
35. Tommy Godber.
36. The human eye.
37. Mawdryn.
38. Irongron. *The Time Warrior*.
39. A machine in an old leather satchel.
40. *The Three Doctors*.
41. Professor Kettlewell's brain pattern, the robot's inventor.
42. Matha Jones (Freema Agyeman). She had to

pull out when signed to appear in Law & Order UK.

43. A Time Disturbance Sensor.
44. Senator Alcott.
45. They set fire to it.
46. Callandra.
47. Treasure.
48. Bessie.
49. Marshal J Grover.
50. Louis Marks.
51. A Yeti. By igniting a firework, a Galactic Glitter.
52. Nerve toxins.
53. Krasis.
54. The publishers (Target) wanted the character left alive for a possible sequel.
55. M3 Variant.
56. Salutua.
57. Cave paintings.
58. Loch Ness.
59. The Destroyer. *Battlefield*.
60. A Doberman. Stahlman's Ooze (*Inferno*).
61. The World Peace Conference (as detailed in the TV story, *The Mind of Evil*).
62. *Face of the Enemy*. *Bullet Time*.
63. By paddling across in an old coal truck.
64. Hull.
65. The Time Lords.

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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?

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