From the classic era of Doctor Who

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INHIS KIS

SUE HAMPTON

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Editor: Shaun Russell
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Cover by Shaun Russell
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Published by
Candy Jar Books
Mackintosh House
136 Newport Road, Cardiff, CF24 1DJ
www.candyjarbooks.co.uk

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LETHBRIDGE-STEWART

IN HIS KISS

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

Sue Hampton



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IN HIS KISS

BY SUE HAMPTON

ledoe looked peaceful in the Spring sunshine. But cycling home to begin the holidays, Jemima Fleming didn't feel free. All through her time at the High School for Girls, Britain had been at war. Nearly all the teachers were women, and some of them had faces that looked as knitted as their cardigans and as tweedy as their skirts, but the war had stolen the only handsome young man in the whole school! The rumour was that Mr Tipping from the Modern Languages Department had been dropped into Occupied France to help the Resistance. Which everyone seemed to think was *jolly exciting* but also *hard cheese*. The only male in the smoky Staff Room now was the Latin teacher who looked old enough to remember Caesar's Gallic Wars first-hand. Jemima had just turned sixteen. She would have given up on Latin and History a year ago if she'd been allowed; she was better at country dancing. But her mother had ideas about what she could achieve in the world if she studied, and her father wasn't arguing. They both seemed sure victory was on the horizon.

Glancing at the school buildings from the bike sheds, Jemima realised she didn't hate lessons any more than she hated rationing or making do with cast-offs and hand knits that didn't keep their shape. She didn't even hate the war, not really. With her father being so old and not exactly what he called *chipper*, there was no one in the family to die in action and that set the Flemings apart. In Bledoe some families, like the Lethbridge-Stewarts and the Barnses, still lived in fear of the worst kind of news. And most of the rest had already heard it, and walked around with grey faces pulled tight, like Hetty Stone.

Hetty Stone hadn't been to church since. It was as if she blamed God for her husband's death, not Hitler. Jemima supposed Pastor Stone wasn't allowed to grieve like that even though he'd lost his brother. Churchmen had to keep caring for people's souls even if their hearts were cracked and it showed under their smiles. Jemima had been trying to be extra-helpful on Sundays. In Hetty's absence she'd been left in charge of the little ones at Sunday School, and she'd surprised herself. Maybe she could be a teacher after all – a kind, lively one.

Henry thought so. They were courting now. At least, that was how her mother put it and Mrs Barns had said, 'You'll have to help me with the jam making this year, dear,' so she must think so too. Jemima wasn't sure; things had changed so very much since they were children in the Bledoe Cadets. In fact, she thought Henry probably touched her rather more in those days, pulling her out of a ditch or down from a tree when she was stuck – or the boys thought she must be. Grabbing her arm when there was danger, sometimes the kind that was just play. Now he was

courting her, he seemed to think she was made of china. If she didn't take his hand on walks, she wondered whether he'd ever offer his unless there was a stile ahead and he had to be a gentleman.

Jemima finished untying her plaits at the school gates. Now the wind could free her hair and help it fly behind as she pedalled. She'd like Henry to touch it. Wasn't that what it was for?

'This is a kissing gate,' she'd told him last Sunday afternoon, and hoped her expression as she lifted her face towards his was coy.

He only chuckled quietly, the same way he'd chuckled at teatime the day before when Alistair Lethbridge-Stewart said the bread was *hard enough for ammo*. Alistair was an odd boy but Henry was what her mother called reliable. And Jemima was beginning to think she could rely on him not to kiss her, ever.

So she wished Joy would stop asking whether he had. Jemima knew she should have waited, really, for her sister to stop giggling and gossiping, so they could cycle home together. Joy seemed to think she was the bee's knees just because she had breasts now – even though they were like little fried eggs and if she pushed it much more Jemima would tell her so. She hadn't forgotten the night before and she hadn't forgiven yet, either.

The dream was the worst for a long while and Joy wasn't pleased to be woken up. In fact, she shook Jemima awake too, by the shoulders.

'Just put a sock in it, will you! For Pete's sake!'

Jemima's sobs shook to a stop. It was over now. She recognised the bedroom they shared and the turned-up nose and freckles of her little sister, her face squashed by anger. Huffing, Joy trudged back to her own bed and lay there scowling

'I was having a good dream,' Joy said. 'Alistair was teaching me to French kiss.'

Jemima turned away to face the wall and mumbled an apology. But she refused to ask what French kissing was, exactly, or how Joy knew.

'It's funny, isn't it?' her sister continued, her mood improving now. 'I was kissing one brother while you were screaming over the other. Again.'

Yes. The body of the older brother, thrown up by the wild water and caught on broken branches.'I said sorry,' muttered Jemima.

'I don't understand you. James is dead and nobody's allowed to talk about it *ever*, but why do *you* have to make a Shakespeare *play* out of it when you weren't even *there*?'

No, not there. But she'd heard enough, on the stairs. Through the kitchen doorway she'd seen her mother holding Mrs Lethbridge-Stewart when she could hardly stand, with a pot of tea behind them on the table.

'Do you think he's still in shock?' asked Joy, her voice soft now in the darkness. 'Poor Alistair. You'd never know he *had* a brother. Is he being brave for his mother?

Poor Alistair, who ran ahead after the accident, and found the body first. Even Raymond, who'd been on his

heels, acted as if it never happened now, but Jemima couldn't forget what he said, afterwards, when his breath rattled out of him: 'He jumped.'

Ray was fighting somewhere now, and seeing worse things Jemima didn't want to imagine. Like Henry would be, but for the tractor injury. Like James would be, if he'd lived.

'Why couldn't the Yanks come to Bledoe,' said her sister, who seemed to have forgotten James herself now. 'They give girls lipstick. I think scarlet would suit me.'

Ah, thought Jemima, her sister was back to kissing Alistair. 'I'm sure Mother would agree.'

'Ha. You're so boring these days, Miss Prim. You used to be fun.'

She did. She had spirit once. James had said so when he ruled that she could be in the Cadets even though she was a girl. Maybe it had flowed away down the river that dredged up the body of the boy she loved. Because she loved James Lethbridge-Stewart, even when he turned all mean and moody, and went and killed himself – but why?

Could she ask him?

Jemima remembered, as she turned into the village and passed the Post Office, that Joy was going to stay for a few days with the cousins. Peace at last!

Home before her sister, she found a note to say that her mother was next-door. No sign of old Winnie or her lead, so her father must be walking her. Jemima ran upstairs and pulled the big old Bible off the bookshelf where Joy never troubled it. From between some Old Testament pages she pulled a sketch, the latest. So much swirling black in the sky. Such wild flame eating at bones thrown up from a grave. And reaching down from a bolt of lightning, his chest bare and his face lit by fire, James Lethbridge-Stewart. Like Blake's drawing of God, without the muscles or beard, thought Jemima. But more devil than angel...

Slipped between the chapters of Ecclesiastes was another, this time of twisted roots tipped with blood. Of red arteries writhing up through the trunk and breaking out as snake tongues. Above, a storm cloud held James. With a vertical forefinger to divide his face, he stared back at her from her own drawing, with a mane of fire around his head. She breathed out hard. Every wild line had directed her hands and still left her heart in a flurry.

'Hello?'

Henry – who must never see. Jemima flushed, unable to imagine how she could explain. Didn't he have a cowshed to muck out?

'Coming!' she called, hid the papers and hurried downstairs

'Mother sent you apple charlotte,' he said, holding the dish on the doormat and looking thin in his work dungarees. 'To celebrate the end of term.'

'How lovely,' she said. 'She's very kind.

'And I wanted to tell you I can't come on Sunday afternoon. There's a chess tournament in Widdeford and I've been picked to play. I told you I've been on good form lately.

'Yes.' He'd told her plenty but she hadn't been listening. 'Congratulations!'

He smiled that slightly awkward way of his. Jemima realised she could smell his farm clothes. She hoped he'd wash properly before he took her to the pictures tomorrow night.

On Saturday morning Joy caught the bus to Auntie Em's with the old carpet bag, and a smug smile on her face. That evening Henry and Jemima cycled over to the Roxy. *This Happy Breed* was meant to be a comedy-drama and Henry's laugh was big in a public place. Jemima didn't really believe in these people with wide eyes and generous feelings. No one she knew ever looked like that. They all kept their emotions under lock and key and it would take a crowbar to break them open.

When she leaned against Henry it was only a minute before he straightened. Moments after she stroked his hand, he withdrew it to scratch his chin where the stubble was breaking through. They weren't in the back row of course but behind them in the darkness she could hear more than one couple who were much less interested in the film than Henry.

'I want you, Jemima.'

The words were inside her. Henry looked straight at the screen. Familiar but not quite known, the voice was just a whisper and now all she heard was music surging.

Kiss me, she wanted to tell Henry as he finally turned in her direction when the credits ran. Jemima had no idea how the picture had ended but she needed him to be romantic now and he was... solid.

But he'd been spotted by a member of the chess team, on a night out with his gran. Jemima needed some night air now. She left him chatting and made for the exit. Outside, the breeze caught her skirt, and felt strangely like a hand against her thigh.

The following morning Jemima was prepared for Sunday School when Henry's mother and Mrs Moynihan peeled little Lottie Greenwood from her arms and shooed her out of the hall.

'Time we took our turn,' said Mrs M. 'You'll have your hands full later at the picnic, I dare say.'

Seeing Alistair with his mother near the front, she sat in the pew behind, and found herself looking at his neat, dark hair, tapering softly down his neck. From the back it could have been James. Suddenly Jemima wished herself at the back, the other side, anywhere but close enough to hear how deep Alistair's voice had become and how well he sang. Because he was almost a man now and James would always be twelve.

Pastor Stone was full of hope but Jemima could tell she wasn't the only one who found it hard to believe in peace after so long. At the end of the service he wished them joy in the sunshine at the Sunday School picnic in Mary Lethbridge-Stewart's lovely garden. Then he blessed them all and glided out. Heads bowed. But the head in front of Jemima's soon rose again. He turned to face Jemima.

'You're coming, aren't you?'

The breeze became too sharp for the older ladies, who retired into the conservatory. Alistair kept the smaller boys busy with quoits, then skittles, and then Hide and Seek. Jemima had read the same story to Lottie Greenwood three times – at her insistence – when she tottered off after old Winnie as if determined to grab her tail. Jemima followed a few steps behind. Then Mary Lethbridge-Stewart appeared with a tray of still-warm rock cakes, which brought the boys running from every corner of the garden.

'It's all right,' Alistair called, catching Jemima's eye. 'They're not hard enough for ammo.' He used to be so shy. 'Not yet anyway.'

Winnie barked through the noise. The sounds were watery and wild. Lottie? One moment Alistair was about to bring her a rock cake. The next he was running, right past Jemima, across the grass towards the fishpond. Staring, Jemima saw the lemon cardigan growing heavy on the shallow surface, beaten by a thin thread of water from the mouth of a stone cherub. Softer, pinker limbs kicked and punched, then stilled. Lottie wasn't screaming anymore because she was a doll now, with skin of wax. Jemima didn't move, didn't speak. She only watched, her chest tight. Alistair stepped into the pond and reached his arms around Lottie. His mouth on her small lips, he breathed into her lungs until she spluttered. Then he was lifting her out and telling her, 'It's all right now.'

Jemima breathed out as if she was the one who'd been

drowning. At the same time she might have been asleep, and woken from another nightmare. In a scene full of movement and voices, only she stood still.

Lottie needed Mummy and Mummy, who hadn't been coping since Daddy was killed in action, needed every other woman in the village to tell her it wasn't her fault. But Jemima needed something else. Trusting that she was as invisible as she felt, she walked briskly away, the rhythm of her own breath filling her head.

'I'm waiting.'

She used to look around but she knew better now. James was inside her mind. Running, she made for Draynes Wood where the roof was green. Why, after all these silent years, was he haunting her?

'Because you're ready now.'

No. Running on, breathing the scent of earth, she shuddered at fungi slippery underfoot. She could never lose him. Breathless, she stopped, hearing sudden rain. Leaves flurried. Her chest full, she leaned on the oak tree they called the king. Hadn't they played here, the Cadets? Was this where she'd made a heart of twigs and hoped he'd be the one to see, and smile? But he'd stepped on it, breaking its curves as he gave his orders.

She felt her body slump against the trunk. Reaching out a wrist, she scraped it against the bark.

'There you are!'

A real voice, a real boy – and a born tracker because his step was softer than the rain. He looked so young and full of colour.

'Alistair,' she said.

Looking up to the darkened sky, he hurried towards the shelter of the oak. The trunk was wide enough for the two of them, Siamese twins. His eyes looked concerned, almost tender, and he had beautiful lashes.

'Are you...?' he began.

'You found me.'

She lifted her head and as she pressed her lips to his she knew. His first kiss too. Not long, and probably not French, and his hands stayed by his side, but it was a kiss no ghost could give her. She couldn't help the smile as it ended. But he stepped away. Was he blushing?

'I'm sorry,' he said. 'You were upset. I took advantage.' 'No! I did!'

She felt the silence through the rain. Did he want to go now? His hands were in the pockets of his shorts but he had never been less relaxed.

'It was your reward,' she tried. *If you find me again, you can have another. And another. Count to ten...*

No. He looked at his boots. The wrong kind of game for Alistair Lethbridge-Stewart, who lost a brother and didn't want to lose a friend.

'Just forget it,' she said. 'You're good at that.'

His dark eyebrows made a question but not the one she expected. 'Are you hurt?'

He was looking at her arm, where a thin trail of blood streaked down. From his pocket he produced a perfectly folded white handkerchief.

'Clean,' he said, and tied it where she had snagged the

skin.

'It's nothing. You don't need to carry me all the way to the hospital.'

'Good,' he said.

The rain was feeble now. He offered his arm but she ran ahead, calling, 'Race you, hero!' and hoped that behind her, he was smiling.

As the sun broke through again above them, Jemima realised it had been weeks since she'd felt safe.

For the rest of the day the lightness stayed with her – although she had to dampen it to commiserate with Henry, who'd lost two games out of three. He asked if she was all right after her *nasty shock*. 'You're too tired to go out?'

'I think we both are.'

It was no lie, but at bedtime she felt the fear creep back through the darkness. When she closed her eyes she tasted Alistair's kiss, but it wasn't his eyes she felt on her as the air around her cooled.

'James,' she whispered. 'I know you're there.'

Springing out of bed, she reached for the Bible and pulled out the drawings. By the moonlight from her window she looked at them one last time. Mad, Gothic fantasies that would be enough to drive anyone to pray for her soul! She tied back the curtains and as she pushed the window ajar, rain peppered her skin. Striking a match, she set the flame to the corners and watched, feeling the heat gather against her cheeks. Smoke scoured her throat. She let the flaming papers fall down to wet grass and disappear

into blackness.

It was as she closed the window that she heard his whisper: 'You're confused, that's all.' Something like breeze stroked her hair. 'But you're mine.'

In bed she pulled the blanket up over her mouth and chin. He was in the doorway, with leaves of flames flickering at his fingertips. And then she was no longer alone in her narrow bed. The kiss she must be dreaming was a different kind, and her skin felt wrapped in bright, velvet heat.

Early next morning she crept downstairs in her nightgown. The drawings had melted into sodden ash. Crouching, she could still taste the dream through the bitterness. Then a blood-like splash of red began to seep through the ash, as the drawings reassembled, just as wild and even more vivid. They flapped like birds as she reached for them...

'Jemima, dear.'

Mary Lethbridge-Stewart sounded distracted. Her hair was unbrushed and her face was too pale. The news had come!

'I'm so sorry.' She ran to wake her mother. There was tea to be made but she thought only of the boy whose father was missing, assumed dead. And the boy who was dead already but lived – in her.

Arriving quietly in the conservatory, she laid the tea tray on the table. Her mother, leaning forward to listen to Mary, glanced up and stared, horrified.

'Jemima, brush your hair for pity's sake, you look

unearthly!'

'I will. I thought Alistair might want company.

'Not now, dear,' said Mary Lethbridge-Stewart, her face quite dry but her hands tightly clasped.

But she needed to apologise. Jemima closed her mouth tightly in case tears spilled out.

'What in heaven's name,' asked her mother, 'is that on your nightgown?'

Fingering the trail of sticky, sap-like green, Jemima gasped. It was like touching the pan that boiled the sheets on wash day. Her fingertips throbbing, she laid a hand on her tummy as inside her, something surged. And once the shaking began, she had no idea how to stop.

Pastor Stone explained it kindly. His second cousin – not a nun, exactly, but a wise woman – took care of troubled girls; it was her gift. Creativity was a powerful force, he told Jemima, and her art gave expression to the darkness they all felt. Had she read *Wuthering Heights?* And he told her not to worry; he would talk to Henry Barns. *Poor Henry,* thought Jemima, *courting a lunatic.* But she said nothing at all.

Her mother seemed in quite a hurry to pack her off on the train, and left it to her father to wave goodbye on Liskeard station. From the carriage window, Jemima watched him walk Winnie home, and could not imagine what anyone had told him. His tomboy who turned into a church girl was something else now, something no one could name. Steam billowed out as the engine chugged away. Looking out across the fields, she looked for the tractor that had saved Henry from military service, or Henry walking in that exempt way of his. He would write. He would wait for her. Henry Barns was not the kind to believe in madness. And unlike the girl who kissed his friend in the woods, he'd consider himself spoken for, honour-bound.

As for the boy she'd kissed, he was mourning, bereaved as if for the first time. Yet, wait! There he was, pedalling hard through Liskeard! Alistair Lethbridge-Stewart looked towards the train and braked. If he'd really meant to say goodbye, he was too late, and he didn't wave.

Then he'd gone.

Annabelle Stone wore no habit but the others called her Sister. Her hair was white but she moved like a Fell walker and dressed like a duchess. The house where she cared for her four troubled girls was big enough for a school, its stone walls grey enough for a cathedral. So each of them could feel, when they chose, quite alone. Someone said they overlooked the Blackdown Hillsbut Jemima had never cared for Geography and she no longer cared for Art, either, even when Annabelle dipped the paintbrush in palest blue and invited her to let herself *stroke the peace of the sky*. Her nights, broken at first by breathlessness and fever, were lost to sleep Annabelle assured her was *healing*. No whispers and no flames. And the days? She filled them with embroidery, with meditating on breeze and leaves, and playing Brahms on the piano – with mistakes, and

sometimes tears, because even with wrong notes the music was so beautiful. And with letter writing.

Nothing from Alistair – unless? Pastor Stone sent a sketch book, *from a well-wisher* but it lay empty under her bed. Of course Henry hadn't forgotten her, even after his father came home. *Shot to pieces* was Joy's phrase, crossing through *mainly in the head*. She wrote with gossip; she had a kitten now, and a crush on a skinny singer called Frank Sinatra. Their mother, who had never been religious in any way that showed, sent postcards with Bible verses, while her father folded cuttings from the papers. No need for them to know that according to the nurse, their grandchild would come in the New Year.

Jemima wasn't the only girl who was expecting, but the only one who was never sick. Myrtle and Lindy talked openly about the fathers but it was against the rules to ask. Even in her quiet talks with Annabelle, the trustee of all secrets, Jemima held on to hers, until one morning brought a letter she hadn't expected.

The capital letters in the address, neat as print, hadn't changed so much since he wrote notices for Bledoe Cadets: DANGER! Or TRESPASS AT YOUR OWN RISK.

Dear Jemima,

I very much hope you are feeling better now. We miss you in Bledoe. It was quite a celebration for VE Day. I'm sure you know that Germany surrendered and Japan can't hold out much longer. I hope you will return soon but this letter is to tell you that we are leaving for Lancashire. We have relatives there.

Yours faithfully, Alistair.

Annabelle was waiting by the window. 'Bad news?' 'Mm... In a way.'

There was another question in Sister's eyes but the answer was 'No'. If only! Or if only Henry could have lost control just once, and fumbled enough to believe it could be his.

'The other brother! It has to be, but it makes no sense.'

'My dear,' said Annabelle, 'very little makes sense in this world. The trick is to love it anyway, with all its nonsense and the mysteries, and live.'

Jemima nodded. Peace had come at last and some of it was with her. Boy or girl, it was no trouble either way. She'd hardly put on half a stone in four months; the others were so envious. And the spotting they called normal seemed to have stopped.

A sharp pain in her belly made her reach a hand over the smallest of bumps. The waters that broke onto the Moroccan carpet were a viscous green, like stagnant pond water, but between her ankles she felt it burn.

Annabelle Stone had delivered babies before and they hadn't all lived. She expected blood. But nothing could have prepared her for this baby born dead. Of course, at four months it was raw, barely formed. But this jellied corpse was barely human at all. Mottled as khaki and steaming, it might almost have been some other species. And oh, the smell!

The poor girl hadn't seen, of course, screaming and pushing, with the sheet preserving her privacy. Annabelle would make sure no one knew to tell. Ashes to ashes, the old kitchen range had taken what she could not bring herself to bury.

Beginning a letter to her cousin, who would welcome her back to his flock, she tore it up. Some things were better unsaid.

Jemima woke in the night, and remembered she was empty. Everything felt heavy and numb. So, no baby to hold and that was a blessing. No living in fear of flames flickering in tiny eyes. All for the best, after all. Now everyone could pretend nothing ever happened except a girl's sensitivity to all that dying. An imaginative girl. But was it really over? Had he gone now.

'Enough,' she said aloud. 'I want to be nice. Now leave me alone.'

The curtain swelled at the window behind and a breeze cooled her hot head. She heard the window drag open with a rattle. There was a thud as something dropped down outside. Fast, light footsteps were lost to the wind agitating the latch.

Rising to close the window, she breathed the cool scent of the white roses below, shining like moon.

'I knew you weren't James,' she called after into the night. 'Because James loved me. He'd never leave.

But Alistair would. And she needed to say goodbye.

When Annabelle asked what she would do, she didn't need to think. 'I'm going to wear Henry's ring,' she said, 'and make jam.'

He might have come for her, if he could have brought the tractor! He wasn't a film star but really, she thought, as the train approached Liskeard, all he needed was a little practice in French kissing! And that could be arranged, in time. She'd never felt prettier but she mustn't scare him off!

On the station platform he looked more of a man. But through the bus ride to Bledoe he had even less to say, so she held his hand and pretended to sleep – until they stepped down outside the Post Office and suddenly she wanted to run, because if they weren't in time she would never see the Lethbridge-Stewarts again.

Henry couldn't keep up, with her luggage and his stiff leg, but she couldn't let him slow her down. The Humber Sixteen Saloon gleamed in the drive, the boot and doors open. Her back to them, Mary was giving the front border a last, silent spray with the watering can. Alistair stepped out with a suitcase in each hand. Even in shirt sleeves, he always looked dapper.

'Alistair, it's me, Jemima.'

Would he think her changed? She didn't know which of them had grown up faster. But the way he blanked her, it was as if she meant nothing. It was hurtful really, after all the fun they used to have as children. She imagined the kiss he didn't deserve, light and chaste, on his cheeks below those thick lashes. And something made her think of rain through trees.

Well, she could be formal too. Jemima held out her hand, and Alistair set down the cases and took it, just for a moment, before he dropped it like a hot poker.

'I hope you're well,' he said, and looked beyond her to Henry, who left her luggage on the grass for a little back slapping and a scattering of words that aimed to be hearty.

Watching them, Jemima wondered what had possessed her to hurry like that, in her best shoes, when Alistair was such a dull boy. It was his poor brother James who'd been funny, and teased her just the way she liked, before he had that awful accident; so sad...

Even his mother didn't embrace her, or offer tea. Jemima was glad to get away.

'Alistair was asking the other day whether you still draw, dear,' Henry said, after a final wave. 'He seemed to think you're really good.'

Stopping, she stared, disbelieving. But she wouldn't look back.

'Oh I am, Henry,' she said, eyes ahead. 'But not at that. He must be dreaming! I can't draw for toffee.'

Looking up at the church spire, she pictured a Lethbridge-Stewart watching her after all.

Lethbridge-Stewart will return in Spring 2016.

Moon Blink

by Sadie Miller

Daughter of Doctor Who legend, Elisabeth Sladen.

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by Sue Hampton

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LETHBRIDGE-STEWART: THE FORGOTTEN SON

by Andy Frankham-Allen

For Colonel Alistair Lethbridge-Stewart his life in the Scots

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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

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LETHBRIDGE-STEWART: THE SCHIZOID EARTH

by David A McIntee

Lethbridge-Stewart was supposed to be in the mountains of the east, but things didn't quite go according to plan. On the

eve of war, something appeared in the sky; a presence that

blotted out the moon. Now it has returned, and no battle

plan can survive first contact with this enemy.

Why do the ghosts of fallen soldiers still fight long-forgotten

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Plagued by nightmares of being trapped in a past that never

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still exist.

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2.5

LETHBRIDGE-STEWART: BEAST OF FANG ROCK

by Andy Frankham-Allen

Based on a story by Terrance Dicks

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...

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by Nick Walters

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It's the summer of '69. Flower power is at its height, and nuclear power is in its infancy. Journalist Harold Chorley is out of work, and Colonel Alistair Lethbridge-Stewart is out of sorts. Dominex Industries are on the up, promising cheap energy for all. But people have started going missing near their plant on Dartmoor. Coincidence, or are sinister

forces at work?

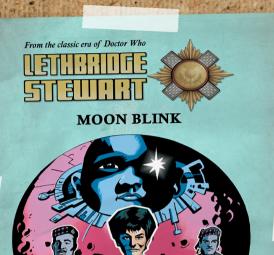
Join Lethbridge-Stewart and uneasy ally Harold Chorley as they delve into the secrets behind Dominex, and uncover a plan that could bring about the end of the world.

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2.7

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