

RANDOM HOUSE  BOOKS

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# Torchwood: Consequences

James Moran, Joseph Lidster, Andrew Cartmel,  
Sarah Pinborough and David Llewellyn

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## About the Book

Saving the planet, watching over the Rift, preparing the human race for the twenty-first century ... Torchwood has been keeping Cardiff safe since the late 1800s. Small teams of heroes, working 24/7, encountering and containing the alien, the bizarre and the inexplicable.

But Torchwood do not always see the effects of their actions. What links the Rules and Regulations for replacing a Torchwood leader to the destruction of a supermarket? How does a witness to an alien's reprisals against Torchwood become caught up in a night of terror in a university library? And why should Gwen and Ianto's actions at a local publisher's affect Torchwood more than a century earlier?

For Torchwood, the past will always catch up with them. And sometimes the future will catch up with the past ...

*Featuring stories by writers for the hit series created by Russell T Davies for BBC Television, including James Moran and Joseph Lidster, plus Andrew Cartmel, Sarah Pinborough and David Llewellyn.*

## About the Authors

**David Llewellyn** is the author of the fifth novel in BBC Books' *Torchwood* series, *Trace Memory*, and has written the short stories *The Book of Jahi* and *Mrs Acres* for the official *Torchwood* magazine. His other published fiction includes *Eleven*, *Everything Is Sinister* and *Doctor Who: The Taking of Chelsea 426*.

**Sarah Pinborough**, writer of Supernatural Mystery, Horror, Thriller and Crime fiction, is the author of *Torchwood: Into the Silence*. Her first novel, *The Hidden*, was published in 2004, and she has since written *The Reckoning*, *Breeding Ground*, *The Taken* and *Tower Hill*, alongside many short stories. *A Matter of Blood*, the first book in a new trilogy, will be published next year.

**Andrew Cartmel** was Script Editor on *Doctor Who* from 1987 to 1989. He has written a novella, an audio adventure and several novels and comic strips featuring the Seventh Doctor, plus fiction based on *The Prisoner* and characters from the *2000AD* comic. His first play was staged in 2003, and his memoir of his time on *Doctor Who* came out in 2005.

**James Moran** co-wrote *Day Three*, the third episode of *Torchwood: Children of Earth*, with Russell T Davies, having previously scripted *Sleeper* for Series Two of *Torchwood* and *The Fires of Pompeii* for Series Four of *Doctor Who*. He wrote the screenplay for the movie *Severance* along with episodes for several television drama series, including *Primeval*, *Crusoe*, *Spooks* and *Spooks: Code 9*.

**Joseph Lidster** is the author of the *Torchwood* Series Two episode *A Day in the Death*, the first *Torchwood* radio play, *Lost Souls*, a *Torchwood* audio original, *In the Shadows*, and

a short story for the official *Torchwood* magazine's 2008 *Yearbook*. As well as contributing stories to the second and third series of *The Sarah Jane Adventures* for BBC Television, he has written numerous audio adventures and short stories for Big Finish's *Doctor Who*, *Sapphire and Steel*, *The Tomorrow People* and *Bernice Summerfield* ranges.

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15. CONSEQUENCES  
James Moran, Joseph Lidster, Andrew Cartmel, Sarah  
Pinborough and David Llewellyn

# Torchwood Consequences

James Moran  
Joseph Lidster  
Andrew Cartmel  
Sarah Pinborough  
David Llewellyn

**BBC**  
BOOKS

# The Baby Farmers

DAVID LLEWELLYN

THROUGH DRIVING RAIN and howling wind she walked, the shawl barely covering her head and shoulders, let alone the baby in her arms. The skies above the town were lit up with incandescent flashes of lightning, followed soon after by percussive drum rolls of thunder, each sounding for all the world like a monstrous funeral march. And yet the baby slept.

The young woman, Mary, passed the jeering patrons of the Vulcan Hotel and walked beneath the railway bridge, trudging her way through deep, dark puddles before she reached the meeting place on the banks of the canal.

They were already waiting for her: the black carriage drawn by a pair of stout black horses, the coach driver hidden from view by a thick scarf and the brim of a misshapen stovepipe hat. As Mary drew near, the carriage door opened and an older woman, matronly and severe, her face pinched and without make-up, stepped out.

'Mrs Thomas?' she asked, unfolding an umbrella to shield herself from the pouring rain.

Mary nodded, and curtsied.

'I'm Mrs Blight,' said the older woman. She gestured towards the bundle in Mary's arms. 'And that is the child?'

The younger woman nodded sheepishly.

'And *Mr* Thomas?' asked Mrs Blight.

‘He doesn’t know,’ said Mary. ‘He’s in Natal. With the army. He’s been there a year now.’

Mrs Blight nodded with a vague air of disdain. ‘I see,’ she said curtly.

Mary unfolded the shawl a little so that Mrs Blight could see the baby.

‘And it’s a boy?’ asked Mrs Blight.

Mary nodded. There were tears in her eyes. ‘You’ve found a home for him?’ she asked.

‘Yes,’ said Mrs Blight, without a trace of warmth. ‘A very wealthy couple. The husband is in shipping. They’ve wanted a son for many years but have not been blessed. He’ll go to a loving home, you have my word.’

Mary nodded once more, and looked down at her infant son, bowing her head and trying her best not to cry. ‘His name is Michael,’ she sobbed, wiping her eyes with a handkerchief.

‘His *name* shall be chosen by his *parents*,’ said Mrs Blight coldly. ‘And now the issue of our fee?’

‘Of course.’ Mary reached into her purse, taking out a handful of coins and handing them to Mrs Blight. ‘It’s all I have.’

Mrs Blight inspected the money, flaring her nostrils. ‘It’ll do,’ she said. ‘Though Lord knows, for any less I’d have sent you to the workhouse on Cowbridge Road and told you to keep it.’

‘Thank you,’ said Mary. Closing her eyes to fight back further tears, she kissed the baby just once on the forehead, stirring him from his slumber, before passing him to Mrs Blight.

Cradling the baby in one arm, Mrs Blight nodded. ‘Good night, Mrs Thomas,’ she said, climbing the steps into the carriage, and closing the door behind her with a loud clunk.

With a crack of his whip, the coach driver turned the carriage, the hooves of the horses clopping and splashing

along the waterlogged street, and they drove off into the night.

Mindless of the rain and the puddles, Mary fell to her knees and wept. She would never see her baby again.

It was all wonderfully gothic, she had decided. The flashes of lightning, the rumbling of thunder, and the ruins of the old house. Rather like a scene by one of the Brontës. Of course, it was hard for Emily Holroyd to imagine the eponymous heroine of *Jane Eyre* climbing over a wrought-iron fence after nightfall, and all but impossible to picture *Wuthering Heights'* Cathy searching for unimaginable monsters and fantastical creatures in the dim glow of a zinc-carbon powered flashlight.

Still, as much as Emily searched, no such creatures or monsters could be found. The grounds of Herbert House, an abandoned edifice on the edges of Crockherbtown, were filled with ferns and ivy and unkempt trees, but little else.

What, then, could have caused Torchwood's instruments to act so very strangely? Everything about the data collected back at the Hub suggested that the Rift had once again opened, and that something had come through. Emily would take no chances; in one hand she held the torch, the light from which grew fainter by the minute, while in the other she grasped her revolver.

When she had been exploring the ruins for almost an hour, and was close to giving up the search altogether, she came across something quite unexpected.

There, nestled between the tangled, thorny nest of a rosebush and the walls of the old house, was a book. Had the book been there for any length of time, in this weather, she might have expected its pages to be drenched and sodden. Instead, the book was in pristine condition, as if it had been left there only moments ago.

Emily lifted the book, careful not to catch herself or the sleeves of her overcoat on the thorns, and opened it. A

small sheet of paper fluttered to the ground, and she bent down to retrieve it.

'Dear Lord,' she whispered, as she started to read. 'I . . .'

But try as she might, there was nothing more to say. She was speechless.

Jack Harkness opened the office door, striding out into the Hub, and Alice Guppy followed.

'Jack . . . Stop right this instant. That's an order,' she said.

Jack turned on his heels. 'You forget,' he said, grinning, 'I'm freelance. I don't take orders.'

'More the reason to wait until Emily returns,' said Alice. 'That telegram is addressed to *her*.'

'And she's not here,' said Jack. 'So I'll go.'

Sitting at his desk, flicking through the pages of a dossier, Charles Gaskell looked up at them and sighed.

'What's the matter?' he asked. 'Is our pet freak misbehaving again?'

'Pet *freak*?' said Jack, in a tone of mild outrage. 'Who're you calling a pet *freak*?'

Gaskell raised an eyebrow, and then turned once more to Alice.

'We've received a telegram,' she explained, 'addressed to *Emily*. From some journalist at the *Western Mail*. William something-or-other.'

'Mayhew,' Jack told her. 'William Mayhew. He wants to meet Emily at the Coliseum Music Hall in Butetown at 9 p.m. *Tonight*.'

'And *you're* going?' asked Gaskell.

Jack nodded.

'I'm not sure Miss Holroyd will be happy about that,' Gaskell mused. 'If it's addressed to *her*, I mean.'

'But she's not here,' said Jack, 'and I am. And I don't see anyone else volunteering to go.'

Gaskell inspected his pocket watch and turned to Alice. 'It's almost a quarter to the hour,' he said, and then to Jack:

'What does the telegram say, anyhow?'

Jack unfolded the piece of paper and read from it.

'Please meet at Coliseum Theatre, Butetown, 9 p.m. I shall be wearing white carnation. Balcony row F. Important information re: HMS Hades. Urgent.'

Gaskell sighed. 'Let him go,' he said. 'Anyway . . . Gentleman wearing a white carnation sounds much more like Jack's kind of liaison than yours or Miss Holroyd's, if you catch my drift.'

Alice rolled her eyes and shook her head.

Jack turned to Gaskell, smiling. 'Sure you don't want to come along?' he said with a wink.

Gaskell folded his arms, leaning back in his chair, and shook his head. 'No, thank you, Harkness,' he said. 'I'm not really a fan of musical theatre.'

'Sure about that?' asked Jack.

'Yes, Jack,' Gaskell replied, wearily. 'No matter how hard you try to convince me otherwise.'

Holding an oil lamp in one hand and fumbling with his keys in the other, Mr Crank, the night porter at the University College, muttered under his breath.

'What sort of an hour do they call this?' he grumbled. 'It's blowin' a gale and raining cats and dogs and still there's somebody knockin' at the blimmin' door.'

When he'd finally found the key and unlocked the large wooden door, he was surprised to see, standing on the library steps, a smartly dressed woman carrying a large leather-bound book. She was soaked through from the rain but showed little sign of being in any way distressed, as Mr Crank might have imagined a woman should be, stuck in the rain on her own.

'Can . . . can I help you?' he asked, holding up the lamp to get a better look at her.

'You must let me in,' replied the woman. 'My name is Emily Holroyd. I am here on a matter of the utmost urgency,

in the name of Her Majesty's Government.'

Crank chuckled softly to himself. 'You don't say?' he laughed. 'What is it? Chinese invading, are they? Or maybe the French?'

The young woman shook her head dismissively and pushed her way past Mr Crank.

'Look here,' said the old man, flustered. 'Did I say you could come in?'

She wasn't listening to him. Instead she was making her way through the labyrinthine walkways of the library, lighting her way with what looked like one of the new-style electrical torches. Mr Crank tried his best to follow, but she was too quick for him.

'Hang on a minute, Miss,' he said. 'This is University property. If the Dean finds out about this, he'll have my guts for garters . . .'

It was too late. He'd lost her. The ground floor of the library was vast, with too many dark and unknowable corners at this hour of the night. She could be anywhere. His heart began to race, and he found himself short of breath. What if she was a thief? There were volumes in the library worth a small fortune. He could wave goodbye to his pension, that was for sure, not to mention the chances of finding another job anywhere within fifty miles of Cardiff. As panic began to set in, Mr Crank the night porter was startled by the woman's voice.

'There,' she said, appearing at his side and smiling sweetly. 'All done.'

Mr Crank now noticed that she was no longer carrying the book. Before he could ask her what she had done with it, the woman nodded graciously.

'Thank you so much,' she said, walking out into the rain. 'Good evening.'

And with that, she was gone.

With her face painted white and her cheeks daubed with circles of bright pink, the young woman made her way towards the centre of the stage, a parasol perched daintily on her shoulder. To one side of the stage, the piano player, a Chinese gent in a bowler hat and waistcoat, played the opening chords before she sang:

*I'm a young girl, and have just come over,  
Over from the country where they do things big,  
And amongst the boys I've got a lover,  
And since I've got a lover, why I don't care a fig . . .*

Jack Harkness edged his way through the gloom, down the wooden steps of the balcony until he came to row F. Standing at its edge he saw, in the faint light reflected from the stage, a portly middle-aged man with a white carnation pinned to his lapel. Much to the chagrin of those already seated, Jack shuffled past them and sat down next to him.

'Hi,' he said, holding out a hand. 'I'm not Emily Holroyd.'

'I should say not,' said the man with the carnation. 'May I ask who you *are*?'

'Jack Harkness,' said Jack, shaking his hand. 'And you're Mayhew?'

Mayhew nodded.

On stage, the singer gestured toward the balcony with one open hand.

*The boy I love is up in the gallery,  
The boy I love is looking now at me,  
There he is, can't you see, waving his handkerchief,  
As merry as a robin that sings on a tree.*

Jack smiled down at the stage, and then turned once more to Mayhew.

'D'you think she's talking about me?' he asked. 'Only I forgot my handkerchief.'

Mayhew huffed. 'Should I assume that you are affiliated with Torchwood?' he asked, sternly.

Gauging the seriousness of his tone, Jack stopped smiling and nodded.

'Yes,' he said. 'You should. But what's with the meeting place? It's not exactly where I'd expect to find a well-heeled gent such as yourself. They've got *Pirates Of Penzance* at the Philharmonic.'

'That's exactly the point,' said Mayhew. 'Nobody would expect to find me here. Besides which, I can't *stand* Gilbert and Sullivan.'

Jack laughed. 'Each to his own,' he said, and then, after a pause, 'So what is it you know about HMS *Hades*?'

Mayhew said nothing at first, toying with the ends of his grey moustache with forefinger and thumb before answering. 'We shouldn't talk here,' he said. '*This* was just to make sure I could trust you.'

'And do you?'

Mayhew looked at Jack with one eyebrow arched. 'You'll do,' he said.

Together they stood and made their way slowly out of the darkened auditorium, just as the song came to an end and the audience began cheering raucously, waving their tankards of beer (complimentary with their ticket for less than a shilling) above their heads.

As Jack and Mayhew stepped out into the rain-slicked and windswept street, they found it near deserted.

'Not a carriage to be seen,' said Mayhew. 'How typical. That's the only trouble with frequenting these parts of town. Not many coach drivers will come down here after dark, especially not in this weather. Come along . . . We may have better luck nearer the Square . . .'

They turned a corner, from the lamplight of Bute Street into one of the darker side streets, making their way towards Mount Stuart Square. Jack placed little stock in the

notion of extrasensory perception, or at least in his *own*, but still he felt uneasy. Something wasn't right.

His fears were confirmed by the clattering of horse's hooves and the rattling of carriage wheels against the cobbled street. He had little chance to react.

As he turned on his heels, he saw the carriage and the silhouettes of men with guns. He heard the crack of gunshots and saw the bright flash of muzzle flares, one after the other. He felt the all-too-familiar warmth of hot lead passing through his flesh and the warm-but-wet trickle of blood on his skin. Falling to the ground, his vision blurring and the sounds around him fading away as echoes, he saw Mayhew fall beside him, a gaping bloody hole where his left eye should have been.

'And you let him go?' Emily was almost shouting.

Alice could barely look her in the eye, her cheeks burning with embarrassment.

'Actually,' said Gaskell, 'Miss Guppy didn't want to. She tried to stop him. I suggested it would be the best idea.'

Emily turned to him and shook her head.

'Mr Gaskell, *really*,' she said. 'I expected better of you. Captain Harkness remains an unknown quantity. We understand him little more than we understand those *things* that come through the Rift, and yet you have sent him out there in my stead?'

'I'm sorry,' replied Gaskell. 'But you weren't here. We didn't know where you were.'

'As I said,' snapped Emily, 'I was investigating possible activity in Crockherbtown.'

'And was there any?' asked Alice. 'Activity, I mean?'

Emily shook her head. 'No,' she replied. 'I found nothing.'

She paused, taking a deep breath, and composed herself.

'Now,' she continued, 'I think we should wait until morning.'

‘Morning?’ said Gaskell. ‘Really? But Harkness *still* hasn’t returned.’

‘No,’ said Emily. ‘But William Mayhew is just another eccentric with a taste for the obscure. It wouldn’t surprise me if their little rendezvous results in nothing more alarming than the discovery of some sideshow exhibit. A bearded lady, perhaps, or the nightmarish work of some deranged taxidermist, stitching together monkeys and fish and calling them mermaids. There’s little we can achieve by sitting here and worrying all night.’

Gaskell laughed, rising from his desk and putting on his bowler hat. ‘In which case, ladies,’ he said, as he made his way across the Hub, ‘I’ll take my leave. There’s a shot of rum and a lovely barmaid waiting for me at the Six Bells. Goodnight, both.’

As he left, closing the door behind him, Alice turned to Emily. ‘Are you still angry with me?’ she asked, a little timidly.

Emily thought this over for a moment before smiling. ‘Not really,’ she replied, gently brushing Alice’s cheek with one finger. ‘Just tired. Come along, Miss Guppy. Time for bed.’

By sunrise the clouds had dispersed, leaving only a thin layer of fog over the mudflats of the bay and the ramshackle streets of Butetown.

Gaskell made his way past the Norwegian Church and carried on until he reached the very edge of the docks. Descending a narrow flight of steps, he walked along the quayside until he came to an anonymous wooden door. It was covered, from top to bottom, in yellowing posters advertising past events: Buffalo Bill’s Wild West show at Sophia Gardens, the Maritime Exhibition of ’96, and Mr Charles Dickens’ reading at the Taliesin Lodge some thirty Christmases past.

Checking there was nobody around to see him, Gaskell unlocked the door, and stepped inside.

Moments later he walked into the Hub to find that Alice and Emily were already sitting at their desks, waiting for him.

‘What time do you call this?’ asked Emily, rising from her chair and holding up her pocket watch for dramatic effect.

‘I know,’ groaned Gaskell, ‘and you have my sincerest apologies . . .’

‘Ah,’ said Alice, smiling. ‘Methinks our Romeo hath not been in bed tonight.’

Gaskell shot her a glare of mock annoyance, and then winked, his mouth curling into a smile.

‘Well,’ said Emily, interrupting the moment. ‘I’m sure we’ll hear all the *ghastly* details at a later date. Captain Harkness still hasn’t returned.’

Gaskell took off his hat, his expression suddenly grave. ‘He hasn’t?’

‘No. And all attempts to contact William Mayhew have proven quite fruitless. In light of Captain Harkness’s disappearance, we are going to investigate the matter further. HMS *Hades* . . .’

Gaskell nodded.

‘What do you know of it?’

‘Not much,’ he replied. ‘Used to be a 42-gun frigate. It was one of the ships that accompanied Napoleon to St Helena in 1815. Decommissioned in 1869.’

‘Well,’ said Emily. ‘That’s rather more than “not much”, Mr Gaskell.’

‘Yes, well,’ said Gaskell. ‘Old naval trivia. They drum it into you.’

‘Of course. Does the name Sir Henry Montague mean anything to you?’

Gaskell paused for a moment, sitting on the edge of his desk. His head still throbbed and his mouth was dry, but now was not the time to feel sorry for oneself.

‘*Admiral* Sir Henry Montague?’ he asked, eventually.

‘The same.’

‘He’s well thought of, ma’am. One of the most respected naval leaders since Nelson. I met him when we were anchored at Portsmouth. He came to inspect the ship. He lives just outside Cardiff these days. But how does *he* fit into all this?’

Emily lifted a document from her desk and, reading from it, made her way across the Hub.

‘Admiral Sir Henry Montague,’ she began, ‘bought HMS *Hades* from the Navy shortly after it was decommissioned. It was brought from Plymouth to Cardiff and converted into a ragged school for wayward boys and orphans, under the management of Tiberius Finch and Mrs Gertrude Blight, often referred to as the Widow Blight.’

‘Sounds delightful.’

‘Finch is a local philanthropist. Studied as a surgeon at the Royal College Of Medicine, but failed to graduate following some kind of scandal in his final year. Blight is something of an enigma, I’m afraid. Hard to find out much about her, except that she’s a widow.’

‘So our plan . . . ?’

Now Alice stepped forward. ‘Well,’ she said, with an almost coquettish smile, ‘seeing as you’re an old friend of Montague’s, we thought you might like to pay him a visit?’

‘And what about you two?’

‘We’re going to *Hades*,’ said Emily. ‘In a manner of speaking.’

It was difficult, if not impossible, for Alice to imagine HMS *Hades* ever being a warship. Stripped of its masts and sails, its cannons long gone and its hatches transformed into soot-covered windows, the *Hades* sat with its hull half-buried in the muddy east bank of the river. Where once there had been decks there were now cobbled-together shacks, like mismatched houses, running from one end of the ship to the other, making the place look more like some disastrously