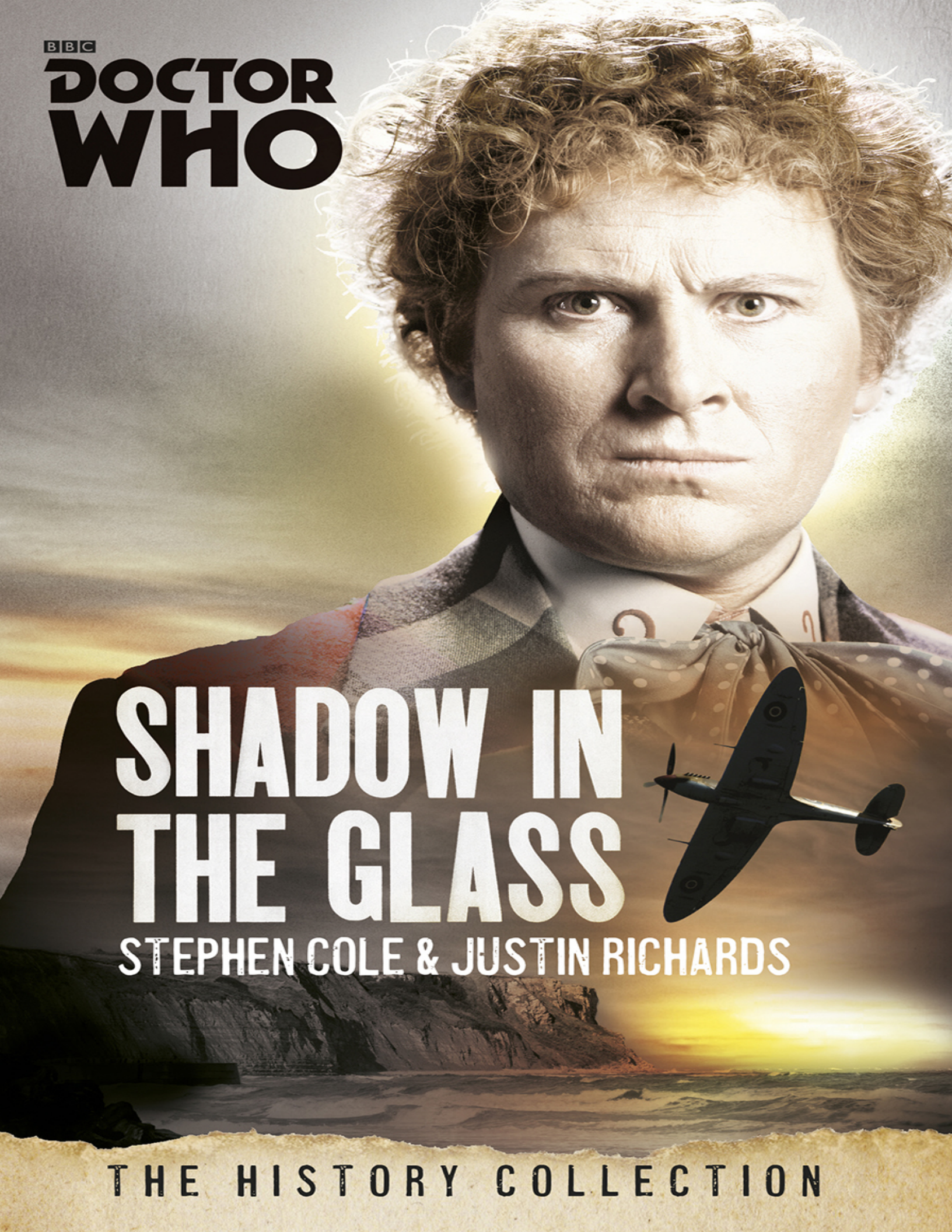


BBC

**DOCTOR
WHO**



SHADOW IN THE GLASS

STEPHEN COLE & JUSTIN RICHARDS

THE HISTORY COLLECTION

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ABOUT THE BOOK

When a squadron of RAF Hurricanes shoots down an unidentified aircraft over Turelhampton, the village is immediately evacuated. But why is the village still guarded by troops in 2001? When a television documentary crew break through the cordon looking for a story, they find they've recorded more than they'd bargained for.

Caught up in both a deadly conspiracy and a historical mystery, retired Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart calls upon his old friend the Doctor. Half-glimpsed demons watch from the shadows as the Doctor and the Brigadier travel back in time to discover the last, and deadliest, secret of the Second World War.

An adventure set partly in the Second World War, featuring the Sixth Doctor as played by Colin Baker and Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart.

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Stephen Cole is a bestselling children's author and lifelong fan of Ian Fleming's James Bond. His various book series include *Z. Rex*, *Thieves Like Us*, *Doctor Who* and *Astrosaurs*, with collective sales of over three million copies. In other careers he has worked as an editor of books and magazines for readers of all ages.

A celebrated writer and Creative Consultant to the BBC Books range of *Doctor Who* books, **Justin Richards** lives and works in Warwick with his wife and two children. When he's not writing, he can be found indulging his passion for inventing, reading and watching far too much television.

The Doctor Who History Collection

The Stone Rose
Jacqueline Rayner

The Roundheads
Mark Gatiss

The Witch Hunters
Steve Lyons

Dead of Winter
James Goss

Human Nature
Paul Cornell

The English Way of Death
Gareth Roberts

The Shadow in the Glass
Justin Richards and Stephen Cole

Amorality Tale
David Bishop

THE HISTORY COLLECTION EDITION

BBC

DOCTOR WHO

THE SHADOW IN THE GLASS

JUSTIN RICHARDS
AND
STEPHEN COLE

BBC
BOOKS

*For Gary Russell,
without whom this book would quite simply not exist*

INTRODUCTION

The Shadow in the Glass was born of necessity and no small measure of desperation. Looking back at the short author biographies in the original 2001 edition, you would find that Steve's ended: 'One of Stephen's goals for 2001 was to write a *Doctor Who* novel – so here's his second in a month.' Justin's however closed like this: 'One of Justin's goals for 2001 was to avoid having to write a *Doctor Who* novel. So here it is.'

So what on earth possessed us to do it? Well, that's where the necessity and desperation come in.

Back in the dim and distant days when *Doctor Who* was not actually on television, BBC Books published twenty-two *Doctor Who* novels a year. Two 80,000-word works of fiction every month, except December (as nothing tended to be published so close to Christmas). And that was on top of putting together two non-fiction books each year, audiobooks every quarter, a video release eleven months of the year, etc., etc.

For Steve, who had launched the BBC *Doctor Who* range as Project Editor, and then for Justin, his successor, commissioning and editing even just the two novels each month was a bit of a slog, to put it mildly. But the process worked, just so long as everyone did everything they were supposed to do, and did it when they were supposed to do it. But occasionally – and looking back it's surprising that it was such a rare occurrence – an author would run into problems (legitimate or otherwise) and a draft didn't turn up on time.

And, early in December 2000, that's just what happened.

The book was scheduled for delivery before Christmas so it could be swiftly edited over the break and handed into production in January 2001 for typesetting ready for publication at the start of April. As bad luck would have it, none of the subsequent novels were far enough advanced to be brought forwards in the schedule.

Cue Cloister Bell. Wild catastrophe. Man the battle stations.

Still – cometh the hour, cometh the man (even if the man would rather be down the pub). With Christmas looming, Justin knew his chances of finding someone prepared to forgo family festivities in order to produce a last-minute *Doctor Who* book were slight – particularly as there was so little time to get a storyline together first. The only way to be sure of getting a book together in time was to write it himself. After all, he'd done it before; similarly stymied in 1999, Steve had asked Justin to write a replacement book in under three weeks. One rotten turn deserved another, so when Justin explained his predicament to Steve (who'd already delivered the other title due for publication that April), Steve took the hint and offered to co-write.

The postponed novel had been due to feature the Sixth Doctor as played by Colin Baker, and we were both happy to retain him as our leading man. As for who should join him, our discussions didn't last long. Justin had just finished reading a book about the death of Adolf Hitler and it was fresh in his mind, so he decided to make that the novel's starting point. As a result, dear old Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart seemed a natural fit. It wasn't just the partial Second World War setting, or the sort of military access that the Brigadier would have that could help with the 'research' section of the book – it simply seemed to us a perfect opportunity to have the Sixth Doctor and the Brig meet, as they never did in the TV series. (We thought they'd work well together. We still do.)

Justin prepared a rough outline. He and Steve met in a pub the week before Christmas to go through it and panic about what they might write, and how. There was beer involved as well as panic. Quite a lot of both in fact. A plucky journalist was added to the plot. Some alien details were clarified. The work was divvied up by plot strands and locations. Research was undertaken and some quite frighteningly convincing conspiracy theories were evolved.

And swiftly after, battle commenced (or rather, the writing began). The first casualty of war was Christmas, and then New Year, but if a job's worth doing it's worth doing in adverse conditions with a turkey sandwich and a cold mince pie to keep the stomach churning and the adrenaline pumping along.

Justin and Steve met again in the same pub three weeks after their initial discussions to go through the draft text they'd produced and make sure that Steve's chapters fitted into the gaps left by Justin's, and vice versa. Which, by and large, they did. They'd gotten through the first draft, and proceeded to get through a lot more beer.

A swift edit later, and with a striking cover design that originally included a pantomime goblin (which both authors requested be removed as a late Christmas present), the book was off to Editorial and from thence to Production to be typeset, proofread and so on. For the slightly frazzled Steve and Justin, the war was over (or a battle won, at least).

Despite being created in extremis, *The Shadow in the Glass* was well received and well reviewed. Looking back at it now, given the strictures of time and circumstances, it stands up surprisingly well. We're both proud of it, and despite this introduction it really needs no apology.

But the praise for the book that amused us the most came by email from a fellow *Who* author (who will remain nameless). They sent us each an email saying how much they'd enjoyed the book – informing Steve they especially

liked a particular section that they could tell for certain he had written. Except, of course, Justin had written that bit. And sure enough, in their email to Justin they said how much they especially liked a chapter that they could just tell for certain Justin had written. It was one of Steve's.

We should take a moment to say that *The Shadow in the Glass* was edited – excellently, and in double-quick time, of course – by the lovely and talented Sarah Lavelle. She was Project Editor for the BBC Books *Doctor Who* range at the time, but obviously that was long ago and she's since moved on. Now she's an Editorial Director for Ebury Publishing – and sits about three desks away from BBC Books.

You see, there really is no escape.

Justin Richards and Stephen Cole
September 2014

'... I asked Hitler, "For whom should we fight on now?" And to that Hitler said in a monotone, "The Coming Man" ...'

Heinz Linge (Hitler's Valet)

SCHWERPUNKT

Grey clouds striped the white sky like dirt that wouldn't shift. The sun had barely been up an hour but Flight Lieutenant Carl Smithson had been watching the heavens for most of the night as they lashed down wind and rain on the airfield, and for what? Not a sign of anything untoward, although the endless, regular drumming of the rain against the cracked glass of the camp windows had been cranking up the tension he felt hour after hour. He should've spent the night listening to the rain in bed, nuzzled up against Mary in Turelhampton. The rain sounded comforting outside when you were tucked up and warm. Here, standing by the glass, it sounded like machine gun fire.

Terrible weather for May. And it had brought with it strange sightings. Lights in the night. Not Luftwaffe, so the CO said – these lights weren't acting like planes, they were just hovering, a vivid red, burning... stuck in the sky over Sword Beach near Caen, like an omen warning the Allied forces away. Smithson had overheard the AOC talking about Hitler's V weapons. The CO had told him there was probably nothing to worry about, but even so...

482 Squadron was due to fly this morning, and Smithson didn't want strange, hovering red lights up there with him.

He needed some fresh air, and so walked outside, his slipper soles slapping down on the wet asphalt. He stared stupidly up into the watery white sky. The airfield was quiet, deserted for now. Anyone watching from above would see him as tiny and insignificant, a speck on the ground.

The sirens howled, obliterating any other sound. The order to scramble had come just an hour or so after Smithson had finally called it a night and tried to get some sleep. Now, running for his plane, the frantic activity of the airfield ran jerkily in his vision like the silent movies he'd loved so much as a child. Props turning. Mechanics dashing to and fro. The men of 482 squadron clambering into their Hurricanes. Neddy, the CO, giving him the thumbs up.

Smithson was glad for his plane, for the comforting familiarity of every dial, of every spring in the seat as he wormed into the cockpit. Everyone sang the Spitfire's praises, which had largely replaced the Hurricanes as fighters. But Hurricanes had brought down more Luftwaffe planes in 1940 than all other British aircraft combined, and still nothing could turn in the air like one, even four years on.

Smithson felt the ground drop away as his plane took to the air, falling in with his squadron, following the steersman's vectors. He put on his mask, braked right for the coast, and far below him were the dummy camps at Trowhaven Patton had set up to bamboozle the Krauts. Fake tanks and trucks and troop housing and even dummy landing craft in the estuaries and rivers. All tying up the German 15th at the Pas de Calais very nicely, playing Hitler the giddy kipper. Fortress Europe would come tumbling down at Normandy next month. It *had* to. Nothing could stop that fall.

But what was Hitler sending at them now?

'It's coming in high, Red Leader,' squawked control, tinny-voiced in his cockpit. 'Vector three one zero, unidentified object at 40,000 feet. Falling slowly. On present trajectory you'll meet it shortly. Over.'

Neddy's voice: 'Will comply. Fan out, boys. All units report sightings, over.'

The hard Dorset coast had given up to the Channel's grey waters. Smithson broke away from the Hurricanes flanking

him, rising to 30,000 feet. Then something struck him in the eyes, so brightly he flinched, the annoying catch of sudden sunlight reflected on metal.

The familiar fear gripped him; of running into the enemy one more time and running out of luck.

Then he saw properly what it was, and nothing was familiar. He tried to speak but his saliva had turned to sticky paste.

'I see it, Skip,' Smithson said thickly, even so, surprised by how calm his own voice sounded in his ears. 'It's not a plane. It's... cylindrical by the look of it. Keeps spinning, it's like it's...'

'Joining you, Smithson, over,' Neddy reported.

Steersman was keeping matter of fact, unfazed by the situation. 'Intercept, Red Leader, over.'

Smithson barely heard. He'd been watching the skies all night for this thing, knowing it was up there. Up there waiting for *him*. And here it was, and he was first to find it. This was destiny, or fate, what all the papers and the pulp romances talked about when someone died before their time with some queer twist in their tale: fate was just death dressed up, and now it was coming for him.

'Two red lights,' Smithson announced, transfixed as he drew closer, raised his altitude to 33,000 feet. 'They're holding still, even while the thing's spinning... they're a *blazing* red. It's like no colour I've seen... over.'

'Engage bandit,' came Neddy's voice. 'Head on, three sections. We're bringing it down. Over.'

There was another flash of light from the silver cylinder hanging in the bleached out sky. Smithson realised that the metal was surrounded by something else, something like glass.

You could break glass.

It was a simple realisation but in this strange meeting it acted to focus Smithson's attention back to the job in hand. 'Roger that, CO,' he said, flanked once more by his fellows.

He upped his speed to match theirs, passing 300 miles per hour, climbing higher, to 36,000 feet, nearing the ceiling. He felt his plane tremble with the acceleration.

Now it came into his crosshairs. The thing was still just hanging in the sky. It wasn't moving, wasn't firing. Should he chance it? Smithson knew the boffins said the Hurricanes lacked the vertical performance and the horsepower to weight ratio to keep on target when chasing their prey. Well, that was all right. Like Neddy said, you just had to kill on the first try.

Smithson found he was closest to the thing, and now spearheading the assault. Red machine eyes – and that's what they were like, eyes burning into anyone that dared approach – glowed at him through the strange opaque glass structure surrounding the object. It was almost like crystal. But the unidentified craft was still taking no evasive action. It hung as small and insignificant up here in the scrubbed-clean sky as Smithson had been, back down on the airfield. But there was something about it, its unnatural shape, the way those lights were moving...

But you could break glass. And bugger fate.

Smithson's Hurricane went in with all eight machine guns firing 120 rounds per second. Those planes flanking him did the same.

The spinning cylinder's glass cocoon shattered. A moment later the cylinder itself dropped from the sky, as if the glass had been holding it up. The red lights burnt out, extinguished swiftly by the blustering winds and the rain.

Terrible weather for May.

'Downed it, Steersman,' he heard Neddy report, 'repeat, unidentified bandit brought down.'

'It's changing course,' squawked an unfamiliar voice over the headset, a Yank accent. Smithson couldn't have heard right: 'Upward of 500 miles per hour...'

Then Control came back on. 'Bandit heading inland. Losing altitude. Pursue and intercept. Trowhaven base

must be protected, repeat, must be protected at all costs. Over.'

'Wilco that. Over.'

Smithson fell in with the rest of his squadron, banking and diving, giving chase. The other voice must be some USAF bigwig. If the dummy camps were blown apart then the Allied campaign of misinformation would go the same way. Deliverance Day would go west.

And yet, even straining at full speed, the squadron couldn't keep pace with the bandit, sparking and tumbling from the sky. It was like trying to outrun a missile, but in reverse. Smithson didn't stop to consider the irony, racing through the patchy cloud, watching shifting sea become stolid land again. They were too late, it couldn't be caught, but it was coming in low now, it was over...

Smithson felt his heart stop beating, the blood freeze in his veins.

When the end came for the thing it seemed to halt in mid-flight and drop like a stone from the sky. There was no explosion, but having banked and turned, Smithson could see a plume of smoke rising from the outskirts of a village. The thing had come down on Turelhampton.

Bugger fate, he'd said. And now the damned thing could've come down right on Mary's sweet dark head.

After an hour finishing the sortie, of checking the skies for any more of the things, the atmosphere back at the airfield was jubilant following 482's apparent victory over their strange quarry. But after a quick conflagration with Neddy, Smithson left the celebrations and charged straight to old Arnold's office. He rapped hard on the old oak door, and stepped through smartly without pause.

Wing Commander Arnold, inscrutable as ever, wasn't fazed by the intrusion. 'Chain of command, Smithson,' he remonstrated mildly, but seemed oddly subdued. He almost seemed to welcome the intrusion.

‘The bandit came down on Turelhampton,’ Smithson blurted out.

Arnold nodded but said nothing.

‘Any casualties?’

‘Limited, according to first reports,’ Arnold said eventually. ‘But Trowhaven’s integrity remains unbreached.’

Smithson nodded and half-smiled. ‘I have... Please, sir, I... *know* someone... in Turelhampton. Could you tell me...?’

Arnold considered, then gave a watery smile. ‘Don’t have names, Smithson. But...’ He paused, rose stiffly to his feet. ‘Well, you must go along at once. Perhaps you can help out with the evacuation, stop Dogson’s boys making too much of a mess, you know what they’re like.’

Smithson stared. ‘Evacuation? But—’

‘105th division is already moving in to clear the area. The object came down in one piece. We... we have to be sure it is not a risk to civilians. You understand?’

Smithson could see papers on Arnold’s desk. Official-looking papers with the ink barely dried: a graph with a steep curve then a sudden falling off. A memo from Ground Control, and some instructions on USAF paper.

‘Get yourself down there, Smithson,’ Arnold repeated, and Smithson, a little calmer now, noticed now just how pale-faced he was.

Smithson had to abandon his car, since the road to Turelhampton was blocked by convoys of army vehicles trundling towards it or by supply trucks scraping past, loaded with civilians, rumbling out. Making his way on foot, feeling sick to his stomach, he scanned the bewildered, bemused or excited people clustered in the trucks for Mary’s face.

‘Carl! Here, here!’

Fate may have been tempted but it hadn’t struck. Mary was safe and sound in the second such truck passing by,

and he shouted when he saw her, flooded with relief. He ran along the road to keep up with her.

‘Did you see it?’ she called excitedly.

Smithson bit his tongue. ‘Don’t know what you’re talking about, love,’ he called.

‘That thing, the glowing thing... fell like... like an enormous oil drum or something, out of the sky.’

A belligerent-looking old man was observing Smithson’s fast jog to keep level with the van. ‘Was it you that brought the thing crashing down on our heads?’

‘We brought it down over the water,’ Smithson said defensively, before realising he should’ve kept his mouth shut. How rattled was he?

‘So how did it come down here?’ the old man demanded.

Even if Smithson had been able to talk about it, he shivered to realise he didn’t have an answer.

‘Why are they taking us away?’ asked Mary.

‘I don’t know,’ Smithson admitted.

‘Don’t know or won’t tell us?’ huffed the old man.

Mary rolled her eyes and grinned at Smithson. He saw that all this was quite an adventure for her. ‘They’re saying we have to stay at Crookhampton. “Arrangements will be made”, very hush hush. Seems we won’t be going back for a while.’

‘Why?’ the old man grumbled. ‘Why should that be?’

Smithson glanced over his shoulder at another army truck, a dark green shadow against the cornfields, pressing on to the village. The smoke still hung above the crash site like a thick swarm of bees.

Smithson suppressed another shudder, looked back at Mary and forced a cheery smile. ‘Well, you’ll be closer to the base, anyway. Not as far to walk in blackout. That’s something, isn’t it?’

The old man was harder to mollify than Mary. ‘What was that bloody thing, anyway?’ he shouted.

The truck picked up speed, and started to pull away. Smithson stopped running, panting hard as he waved to Mary. Soon she had blurred to become one more featureless face among the dozens in the vehicle.

Behind him, in the distance, came the calls and shouts of Dogson's men on their Army business, and strangulated roars as more trucks and staff cars bedded in. It looked as though the 105th would be keeping busy.

He thought again of Arnold's pale, distracted face, of the red lights that had burned so coldly through the thick glass and metal in the bald white sky. He decided that Mary was right; that she wouldn't be returning to Turelhampton for a while.

That night, Smithson was back by the dorm window in the early hours, staring uneasily up into the blackness. He was wondering what else might be up in the sky, and what might come looking.

CHAPTER ONE

The air was alive with noise and bullets, and Ilya Petrova had just killed a child.

Acrid smoke drifted aimlessly across the ground as he knelt to turn over the body of the sniper who had shot three of his unit. He found himself looking into the face of a boy no more than twelve. His head barely filled the dark metal helmet. He looked as if he was asleep, and for the briefest of eternities the noise and the bullets froze in the air around Ilya. He thought of the blood and the waste and the killing still to come. He thought of his own son, Sacha. Then a dull detonation chewed the side out of a nearby block of offices and he blinked back the moisture in his eyes and stood up.

The Russians had taken Tempelhof airport that morning. Now they were inside the inner ring of the city – the Zitadelle – and closing on the area their generals had designated as ‘Sector Nine’ where the government buildings were. Each unit wanted to be the first to reach the Reichschancellery; each soldier was desperate to be the one to find the Fuhrer, dead or alive. Whoever did find Hitler, it was said, would be proclaimed a Hero of the Soviet Union.

And so they inched closer and closer to victory. It was like Stalingrad, Ilya reflected not for the first time. It was not so cold, and they were attacking not defending. But the Germans would fight to the death – even the children, he thought numbly. The attacking Russians had learned more from Stalingrad than the German defenders. They were

making progress, slow and costly but steady. It would be over in days rather than months or weeks.

But for the moment time seemed to have slowed. The repetition, the constant process of clearing building after street after building, made it seem to Ilya as if he had spent his whole life in the torn and ragged city of Berlin.

They moved forward again, stooping close to the ground, scuttling towards the next building. It had been an apartment block, now it was a half-standing disjointed structure ready to collapse into rubble. Vlad's flamethrower charred the broken bones of the infrastructure where they stuck out awkwardly from the twisted framework. If there were screams, they were lost in the sound and fury of the flames. When Vlad stopped, small pockets of fire still burned along the broken walls and in puddles of orange and yellow scattered across the broken ground.

Cautiously, watching and listening constantly for any tell-tale sign of life – of enemy life – the group edged through the shattered remains of the building. Each soldier covered his fellows. At once they watched each other's backs while looking out for themselves. You had to trust completely in your comrades, and in nothing and no one else.

There was no sign of life. The only sound that came from within the building was the crack and drip of falling masonry where it had been dislodged by the flames or disturbed by their movement. A blackened body lay face-up in a corner of what had been a bedroom. It was impossible to tell whether it had been male or female. A bundle of charred rags was clutched to its chest. It had been dead for some days, the face all but eaten away by the rats and the stench fighting with the cordite and phosphor from outside.

The door to the basement seemed untouched by the devastation around it. The wall beside the frame was pitted and scarred, yet the wooden frame and the door itself seemed unblemished. A splash of mud – or old blood – clouded one panel.

They had congregated in the area, as if sensing this was a focal point. Captain Yazov nodded to Vlad to use the flamethrower.

His name was not really Vlad. But none of them could pronounce, or remember, his real name. The Russian army was a cosmopolitan grouping of disparate races drawn together from within the Soviet Union. 'Vlad' was Mongolian, and he spoke no Russian. And because none of the Russians spoke Mongolian, all communications were handled by sign language. Some of the units had interpreters, but not this one. Vlad had the flamethrower as he was least likely accidentally to harm anyone in his own unit with it – it was used when and if, and only when and if, Captain Yazov gave the signal. That much at least Vlad and his comrades understood between them.

The burst of oily flame engulfed the door, pummelling it with a smoky fist. When Vlad stepped aside, the doorway was a blackened hole in the wall. The smoke cleared to reveal a flight of concrete steps leading down into darkness.

Yazov had a torch, shining it along the juddering barrel of his rifle as he led the way. He stopped so abruptly at the bottom of the steps, that Ilya almost cannoned into him. Then slowly, carefully, incredulously, they stepped forward into the room. Yazov swept the torch beam over the scene that awaited them before sharing an astonished glance with Ilya.

For once, Vlad seemed to understand when Yazov shouted and gesticulated at him. He sprayed a stream of liquid fire into a corner of the basement room, igniting a pile of boxes, books, paper and other detritus. By the smoky light, Ilya stood beside his captain and gazed at the bodies.

There were seven in all. Each was dressed immaculately in the uniform of a soldier of the Third Reich. Six of the corpses were lying face-up in a rough circle, feet towards

the centre. In the middle lay a seventh body. It seemed identical to the others, lying face-up, dressed in German army uniform. Except that this man wore gloves.

The gloves, Ilya noted with surprise in the drifting light, were bright green.

When he looked closer, he noticed other oddities. Apart from the fact that the whole scenario seemed bizarre. A gasp from Yazov beside him indicated that the Captain had spotted it too.

‘They are...’ Yazov turned to Ilya, as if for confirmation. ‘They are Oriental. All of them.’

Ilya nodded. Trust Yazov to spot that before noticing the real surprise. ‘I know,’ he said. To his left he was aware of Vlad stooping beside one of the bodies, his silhouette made stumpy and grotesque by the metal cylinders on his back that fed the flamethrower. His shadow flickered on the floor beside him like a malevolent imp. He looked up at Ilya, and it was apparent in his eyes that he had seen it too. His hand strayed towards the thin fragments of glass on the floor. They caught the firelight, seeming to jump and blink. The Mongolian changed his mind, pulled back his hand and straightened up.

‘They have all taken poison,’ Ilya told Yazov slowly. The fire was dying now. ‘Look at how the teeth are clenched, the lips drawn back.’

Yazov frowned and stared into the gloom.

‘Suicide,’ Ilya said. ‘Each and every one of them has bitten into a cyanide capsule.’ To make the point he stepped forwards and ground the shards of glass into the concrete floor with the toe of his boot.

‘But why?’ Yazov demanded, as if he thought Ilya might know. ‘Why would...’ He paused to count them. ‘Why would seven Chinese poison themselves?’

‘And why lie in a circle to do it?’ Ilya asked. He decided not to mention the gloves.

Vlad was shaking his head. 'Not Chinese,' he managed to say, his accent guttural and thick, the words strained and clumsy.

'You're right,' Ilya agreed. 'Japanese more like.'

Again Vlad was shaking his head. When he spoke it was a rush of words that meant nothing to Ilya. After several moments, Vlad was quiet, thoughtful. He gestured for Ilya to crouch with him beside the nearest body and pointed at the face. 'Not Chinese,' he said again.

'What's the idiot trying to tell us?' Yazov demanded.

'That they're not Chinese,' Ilya said. He shrugged. 'Or Japanese either, I think.'

Vlad was nodding now. His teeth shone in the fading flicker of the firelight. He seemed pleased to have found the word in the depths of his meagre vocabulary. 'Tibet,' he said indistinctly. 'Men of Tibet.'

There was no door to close behind them as they left the basement and moved to the next street. By the end of the day, Yazov was dead and his unit had other things to worry about. But what they had found in the basement continued to haunt Ilya's imagination. That and the sleeping face of a young boy, his head too small for his helmet.

CHAPTER TWO

*TRANSCRIPT FROM THE LAST DAYS OF HITLER?
WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY CLAIRE ALDWYCH
ORIGINALLY BROADCAST ON THE CONSPIRACY CHANNEL,
AUGUST 12TH 1997*

*Footage of Eva Braun happy, playing, walking
with Hitler.*

It was the arrival of Eva Braun that signalled the end for most of the people in the Berlin Bunker. Hitler had gathered together his closest and most trusted advisers. But even they could tell that he was cracking under the strain – the end was rapidly approaching.

When Eva Braun forsook safety and arrived at the Bunker on April 15th 1945, it was a sign, a portent of the approaching end. Despite Hitler's insistence, she refused to leave him. The Fuhrer was touched.

But behind Eva's back, many of the others in the Bunker christened her 'The Angel of Death'.

Close on picture of Eva's smiling face.

The Russians were already approaching the capital of the Third Reich.

What happened in those last days within the confines of the Fuhrer-Bunker is unclear. There are conflicting accounts, or no accounts at all. People came and went for the next

few days – until Berlin was effectively sealed off by the Russians.

Russian troops closing on the outskirts of Berlin.

On April 20th Hitler celebrated his fifty-sixth birthday. This was the last day he saw the sunlight, the last day he left the Bunker alive. Probably.

Footage of Hitler inspecting the Hitler Youth in Berlin.

As can be seen from this final film of the Fuhrer inspecting members of the Hitler Youth Brigade as they prepared to defend their capital city, the strain was taking its toll. Gone was the exuberance and confidence. The man we see here looks closer to seventy-six than fifty-six. Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels had already ordered that the Fuhrer was only to be photographed and filmed from certain angles to hide his increasing infirmity.

Montage of photos of the Bunker – interior and exterior.

Yet he refused to admit the obvious, the inevitable, even to himself. He continued to order military operations and troop movements that at best made no sense, at worst were impossible. Many if not most of the army units he had marked on his map-table no longer existed. Those that did were in no fit state to follow his grand orders.

Close-up of Himmler.

Hitler's birthday party, held in the Bunker itself, was a sombre affair – more like a wake. Significantly, Heinrich Himmler – the Reichsfuhrer and formerly Hitler's closest

and most trusted ally – left the Bunker afterwards. He never returned. Instead he opened secret negotiations with the Allies and sued for peace. When Hitler discovered this, on April 28th, he declared Himmler a traitor and executed Hermann Fegelein, one of Himmler's closest aides who had tried to leave the Bunker without permission.

Wedding photo of Hermann and Gretl Fegelein.

Fegelein was married to Eva Braun's sister, Gretl.

One of the most enigmatic figures of the Third Reich, Himmler is best remembered for being head of the SS. He was also a keen devotee of the occult, seeing himself as a latter-day King Arthur, gathering his SS knights around him as they sought for the Holy Grail.

Picture of the 'Spear of Longinus'. Cross-fade to Wewelsburg Castle.

This was a man who on the one hand could see the end coming earlier and more clearly than his colleagues. He ordered the death camps closed in September 1944 – an order that was ignored. Yet when he tried to slip away and evade capture by the Allies, it was disguised in the uniform of a sergeant-major of the Gestapo. He was captured and recognised almost at once, committing suicide to cheat Nuremberg of yet another war criminal.

Close on Himmler's dead body.

Ironically, in matters of the occult, Hitler was a realist. He had little faith or belief in the supernatural, which makes it easy to dismiss as rumour and falsehood the claims that in those last days secret occult ceremonies were held on the lower level of the Bunker. Hitler would hardly have

countenanced such a thing even while Himmler was there. After his departure on 20th April, surely such extreme clutching at straws was impossible.

Archive footage of Hitler at rally.

The reality of the situation seems to have hit home to the Fuhrer on April 22nd when the Russian forces at last entered the city of Berlin. When he received the reports, Hitler was distraught. According to some sources, he actually suffered a nervous breakdown. Certainly, this was the point at which he saw his own destiny.

Close on Hitler's face.

'All is lost,' he said. And it became apparent to those in the Bunker that Hitler would never leave it. Having resisted all suggestions that he should leave Berlin for Southern Germany, he now made no secret of his intention to commit suicide rather than surrender or witness defeat.

Film of Eva playing in fountain.

It was also clear that Eva was determined to share his fate. She was a happy, bubbly, slim blonde woman, then in her early thirties. She had few admirers among the higher-ranking Nazis, and her only real friend in Hitler's inner circle was Albert Speer. She refused his offers of help and rescue.

Shot of Hitler, Eva and Speer.

Speer, the only man with the integrity to plead guilty at Nuremburg, finally left the Bunker on April 24th. The next day the Russians took the main airport of Berlin and started to advance on the inner city.