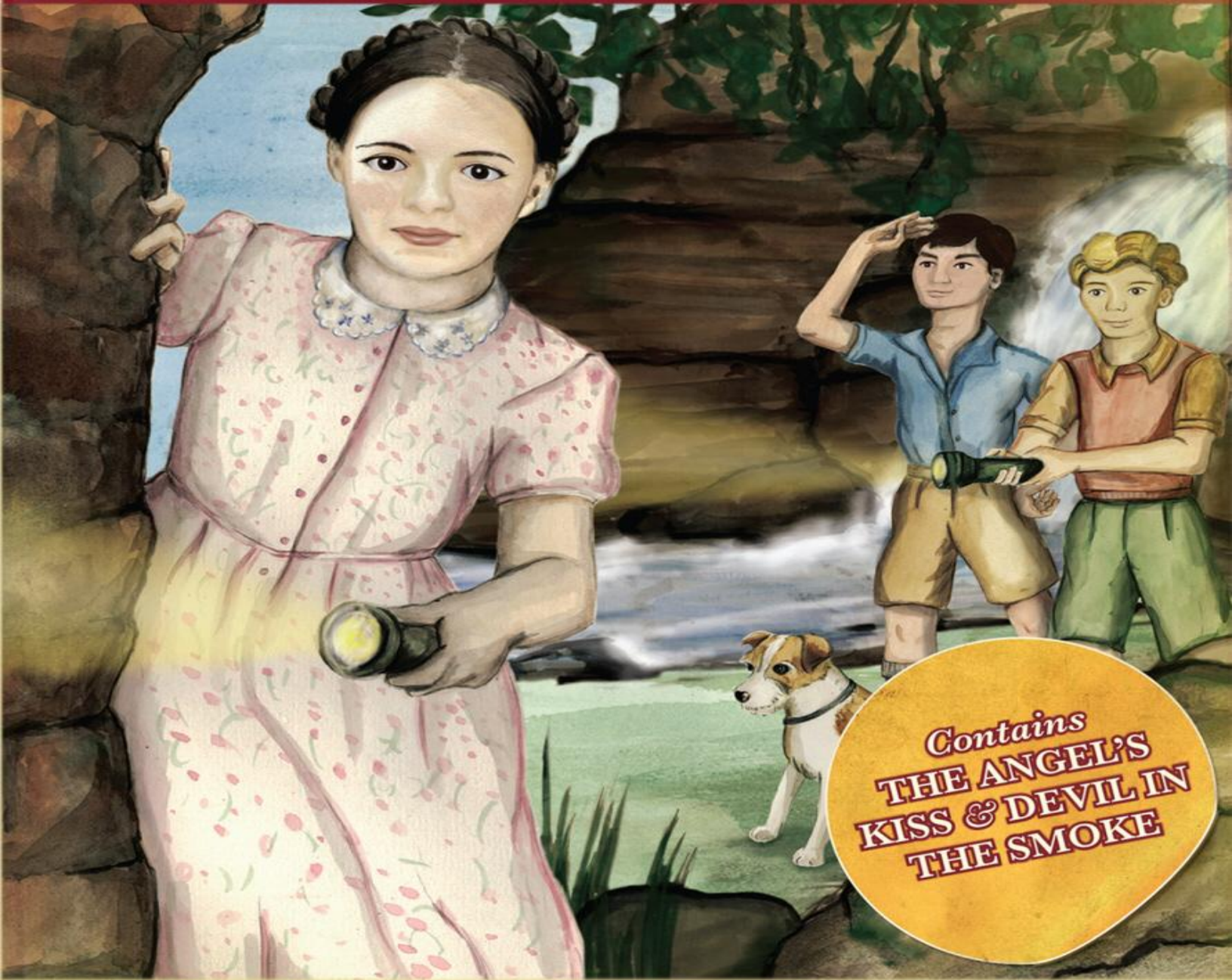


SUMMER FALLS AND OTHER STORIES

with a new introduction by Amelia Williams



BBC

DOCTOR WHO



Contents

[Cover](#)

[About the Book](#)

[About the Authors](#)

[Title Page](#)

[Dedication](#)

[Introduction](#)

[Summer Falls](#)

[Epigraph](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[The Angel's Kiss](#)

[Chapter 1: The Handsome Client](#)

[Chapter 2: Age Before Beauty](#)

[Chapter 3: Lady Don't Shoot](#)

[Chapter 4: Death and Taxis](#)

[Chapter 5: Lights, Camera, Bizarre](#)

[Chapter 6: The Soul of Wit](#)

[Chapter 7: The Stone Cold Killer](#)

[Chapter 8: Angel Kisses](#)

[Chapter 9: Closing the Case](#)

[Devil in the Smoke](#)

[The First Chapter](#)

[The Second Chapter](#)

[The Third Chapter](#)

[The Fourth Chapter](#)

[The Fifth Chapter](#)

[The Sixth Chapter](#)

[The Seventh Chapter](#)

[The Eighth Chapter](#)

[The Ninth Chapter](#)

[The Tenth Chapter](#)

[The Final Chapter](#)

[The Girl Who Never Grew Up](#)

[Copyright](#)

About the Book

With a new introduction by Amelia Williams, as well as a rare interview with the reclusive author, 'The Girl Who Never Grew Up'.

Summer Falls by Amelia Williams

In the seaside village of Watchcombe, young Kate is determined to make the most of her last week of summer holiday. But when she discovers a mysterious painting entitled 'The Lord of Winter' in a charity shop, it leads her on an adventure she never could have planned. The painting is a puzzle – and with the help of some bizarre new acquaintances, she plans on solving it . . .

(Inspired by the Doctor Who episode 'The Bells of Saint John')

The Angel's Kiss by Melody Malone

Detective Melody Malone has an unexpected caller: movie star Rock Railton thinks someone is out to kill him – and when he mentions the 'kiss of the Angel', she takes the case. At the press party for Railton's latest movie, studio owner Max Kliener invites Melody to become their next star. But the cost of fame, she'll soon discover, is greater than anyone could possibly imagine.

(Inspired by the Doctor Who episode, 'The Angels Take Manhattan')

Devil in the Smoke, as recounted by Mr Justin Richards

On a cold day in December, two young boys, tired of sweeping snow from the workhouse yard, decide to build a

snowman – and are confronted with a strange and grisly mystery. In horrified fascination, they watch as their snowman begins to bleed . . . The search for answers to this impossible event will plunge Harry into the most hazardous – and exhilarating – adventure of his life.

(Inspired by the Doctor Who episode, 'The Snowmen')

About the Authors

Amelia Williams is the editor of the famous Melody Malone series of crime novels, and a bestselling author of several books for children. She lives in New York with her husband Rory and their young son, Anthony. They have a grown-up daughter, Melody, who works as an archaeologist.

Melody Malone is the owner and sole employee of the Angel Detective Agency in Manhattan. She is possibly married but lives alone usually, and is older than both her parents. Sometimes.

Mr Justin Richards is a noted author of fictional fantasies concerning the continuing exploits of a mysterious traveller in space and time known only as 'the Doctor'. He has also chronicled the fantastical events of the Victorian era in his novels *The Death Collector*, *The Parliament of Blood* and *The Chamber of Shadows*.

BBC

DOCTOR WHO



*Summer
Falls*
and
Other Stories

BBC

BOOKS

To My Daughter

Introduction

by Amelia Williams

It is simply delightful to be offered the chance to write an introduction to this collection. Gathered together here are three tales, huddling together for warmth under the covers. They all mean a great deal to me. One is, of course, my own *Summer Falls*, which introduced the world to the magical life of Kate Webster, 'The Girl Who Waited'. Another is *The Angel's Kiss* – the first book I read when I arrived in New York – and finally, the wonderful *The Devil In The Smoke* – a book which meant as much to me growing up as, I'm amazed to find, my own books have to some of their readers.

If you're wondering what connects these three tales, I have one word for you – ADVENTURE. Whether you're toting guns with Melody Malone, slaying nightmares with Madame Vastra, or even running across the ice with Kate Webster ... these are all small worlds of adventure.

Before we go any further, though, I would like to thank a few people. My long-suffering husband, Rory (who is the very definition of tea and sympathy), my indefatigable editor Livia Silversteen and her pugs Lancelot and Guinevere who kept me sane during arduous afternoons arguing in her apartment. I would also like to thank my assistant Janette, who always knows where my glasses are and answers so many curious letters from my wonderful readers. And, of course there's also been help from the eagle eyes of Roderick Shellard, Paul Cantley, and the patient, nurturing advice from Barbara Balon, Robert Smith,

Susan Gillingwater, Albert van Leopard, Nicola Payne,
Terrance Unicorn and Frank Lee Madehamup.

Good. That was dull enough, I think. They've all stopped reading. Apart from **you**. It is just you, isn't it? I knew it would be. I knew that some day you'd find an old, jam-stained copy of this in a second-hand bookshop, brown pages smelling of caramel. I knew you'd pick it up and you'd smile that little smile (the one that does Fond while your eyes are doing Three Moves Ahead). You'd check the last page, and then you'd just wonder if there was anything else meant here for you, you lovely, silly raggedy man. Well, there is. But first, here's something important.

Whatever you do, keep your eyes on the page. On these words that you're reading right now. Don't stop reading. Because, your whole world may be about to change. Someone may be standing in front of you. No, Don't look up! Let me tell you what it is first. Because I know.

I keep seeing this figure. I keep seeing this old woman. Sometimes she'll be in a store. Sometimes she's at the far end of the block, weaving her way through the yellow cabs like she doesn't know the traffic's going the wrong way. I can tell when she's there – I get that prickling sensation that you do when you just know you're being watched. I'll turn around, and she'll be standing there, looking at me. She never talks to me. She just looks at me, and her smile is so sad. And then, oh, I don't know, a truck will go past, or a crowd of shoppers, and she'll be gone.

Rory and I – he's fine, thank you, teensy bit grey, but still my man – we went to Lake Erie last Fall. As every leaf fell it made things smell more autumny – that rich fragrance of old sap and smoky bonfires. There was a mist on the lake and SHE was there. The little old lady. She was standing at the end of the pier. Just looking at me, with that sad smile again. Rory was alarmed (his eyesight is still sharp as a pin). 'Is ... she ... standing ... on ... the ... water?' Well, not quite. But nearly – she was waiting for me at the very end of the

jetty, almost like she didn't want to be part of the world, and just vanish into the mist curling around her feet. (Get me. I are a writer.)

She was waiting for *me*. I knew that. She beckoned and I started towards her, but Rory's hand landed on my shoulder. 'Don't do this, Amy,' he said. 'Haven't you seen the films?'

'Which films?' I asked.

'Oh, I dunno, pretty much any film, really. Don't go talk to the creepy thing.'

'Yeah, well,' I said, 'It's not yet Halloween, we're not planning on making out, and the guest house isn't built on an Indian pet cemetery.'

'Do you actually know that?' asked Rory.

'I'm frightened and I am blathering,' I told him tartly. 'I have so missed getting to do that.'

'Me too,' said Rory. 'Go talk to her.'

So I did.

'Hello,' she said, with a tiny wave. 'I probably shouldn't talk to you.'

'Who are you?'

She shrugged. 'I'm not sure it matters any more.'

'What does that mean?'

'Did you ever wonder if you were just living to do one thing?' Even for an odd old lady, she was odd.

'No!'

'Me neither,' she sighed, 'At least, not until it happened to me. Just one vivid Kodak moment and afterwards, life's all grey and normal and there's so much of it to get through.'

A coldness crept through me. Yes, I told her. I knew that feeling all too well.

I asked her what happened, but she wouldn't go into details. 'You might not believe it, anyhow.' She did the little laugh people do when something's not funny. 'It was all so long ago, and I was so young. But let's just say that there was a man. Quite unlike anyone else. And in among all the fire and madness and ...' a pause '... stuff, I just knew I had

to help him. It felt like what I was born for. Like I'd been waiting all my life just to grab hold of him and pull him out of the way of the lightning. And, afterwards, he just picked himself up, put out the flames on his coat, nodded to me and was away. Running.'

Oh.

She carried on. 'There was something about him. He was so shining and so familiar. Like I've done that before. Like I'll do it again.' She looked puzzled. 'But I've never seen anyone like him. Until I saw you. You've got that same glow to you – but it's fading now, isn't it?'

'Yes,' I said. I realised I was crying, which was quite surprising.

'So, I've been following you. In case ... you need help.'

'No, sadly not,' I told her. 'Nothing big's exploded near me for quite some time. More's the pity.'

'Ah,' said the little old lady. 'Then, perhaps I can just ask you ... if you knew him.'

I looked into her eyes. There was something dancing in them, like gold. 'Once,' I nodded. 'I had an imaginary friend. Only it turned out that he was real, and he never ever grew up.'

We both smiled at each other then. The same sad smile.

She spoke to me once more. 'Can you, I wonder, pass on a message for me?'

Now, this is the thing.

I knew that some day, you'd find an old, jam-stained copy of this in a second-hand bookshop, brown pages smelling of caramel. I knew you'd pick it up and you'd smile that little smile. That smile's frozen now. Because, for once, I'm the one that's Three Moves Ahead. So, Doctor, get ready to look up. She is waiting for you. She's been waiting a long time. And if you do see a woman, just watching you, then that means that trouble's not far behind her.

But, just before you look up, I'll pass on her message:

'Run, you clever boy and remember ...'

Summer Falls

Amelia Williams

1st Edition
1954

Contents

[Epigraph](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

*'When Summer Falls,
the Lord of Winter will arise ...'*

Chapter 1

It was the last week of the summer holidays, and Kate was in a temper. She banged around the kitchen until her mother told her to stop.

‘Why, Kate, why?’

Kate sighed. She was sighing a lot lately. ‘Because, Mother, you are so untidy.’

Kate’s mother glanced around the kitchen, and she knew her daughter was right. It was still full of packing cases, with half-washed dishes drying on cardboard boxes. ‘I am not untidy!’ she said hotly. ‘I’m really going to get this sorted out. This morning. Probably. Now, it’s a lovely day – why not go play down by the shore?’

‘I would rather stay in and help you.’ Kate did not like starting one thing before another was finished.

‘Just ... go off and have fun.’ Her mother flicked her with the one tea towel that had so far come to light.

Kate stood outside the house. It was a pretty, old cottage with roses growing up to the thatched roof. It was all very nice, but it did not feel like home. The estate agent had explained that the old owner’s possessions had not yet been cleared out. Kate’s mother had vowed ‘Don’t worry, we’ll soon have it shipshape,’ and then done nothing about it.

Kate sighed. She made a resolution not to sigh any more. It was not getting her anywhere, and Kate did not believe in pointless activity.

She looked down the hill at the small town of Watchcombe, itself a jolly little monument to pointless activity. Twice a day a steam train deposited holidaymakers

from the camp in the next bay, and they filled the winding streets, buying sweets and postcards and ordering teas. The beach was already scattered with families walking up and down in the sunshine, from the pontoon to the lighthouse and back – and, if they were speedy, doing it again for luck. Rowing boats set out from the small harbour – they went out a short way, did nothing much and came back. It all seemed quite pointless, and yet Kate could hear everyone calling happily to each other.

Kate could not see how they felt. ‘Seven days,’ she thought to herself glumly. A whole week until school started. New home, new town, new school. So much uncertainty. Kate was determined to Get Something Done in the little time she had remaining. Seven days, although the bright morning was nearly gone already, so she would have to adjust it to six-and-a-half.

Kate thought about walking into town and perhaps catching the next train. She jingled the coins in her pocket and considered this as an option. True, Minehead had a better stationers, but buying a new rough book was simply admitting that, no matter how hard she tried to prevent it, School Was Going To Happen.

It was at this point that something unplanned occurred. It was the first in a series of unplanned events that would change Kate’s life completely. A grey cat ran across the front lawn and paused, staring at her, about to vanish into the hedge.

Kate did not own a cat. She rather wanted one. As the cat appeared to be waiting for her, she made an exception to her rule of no unplanned activity, and followed it. It slipped nimbly through the hedge, and Kate pushed after it, with a little more difficulty than the cat, it is true. There was a moment when the branches crammed in around her and she wondered if she was stuck, and then she fell forwards, like a cork from a bottle, onto the grass. At the feet of a man.

‘Hello,’ he said. ‘What brings you to my lawn?’

‘Well,’ Kate’s mother had taught her to be unapologetic, ‘your cat was trespassing in my garden. I am returning the favour.’

‘That’s a fair point,’ admitted the man, helping her up. ‘Although it’s not really my cat. Cats don’t belong to anybody.’

Kate studied the man. He was tall, thin and friendly. She caught herself hoping he taught at her new school. If he did, she decided, she’d like school a bit more. ‘I’m Kate Webster,’ she said. ‘How do you do?’

The man laughed and bowed. ‘Then you are welcome to my grass, Kate Webster.’ The cat weaved around their legs. The man bent down to scratch its ears. ‘I say, Kate Webster,’ he offered. ‘Do your ears want scratching, too?’

Kate shook her head. ‘Who are you?’ she giggled.

To her surprise the man shrugged. ‘Not anyone, really. I’m just looking after the museum for a friend. I guess you could call me the Curator. How does that sound?’ He looked at her eagerly.

‘Not very good,’ admitted Kate. ‘Don’t you have a name?’

‘I’m between names at the moment.’ The man looked sheepish. ‘I am having a holiday from them.’

‘Can you do that?’ asked Kate.

‘I’m seeing how it works out,’ admitted the Curator. ‘Do you really think I need one? What do I look like? A Montmorency or a Keith?’

‘How about Barnabas?’ suggested Kate. It was the name of her teddy bear, and she thought more things should be called Barnabas.

‘Barnabas!’ The Curator seemed delighted. ‘Never tried that one. Let’s give it a whirl. Tea?’

He led her down the side of the house (which seemed very nice, if a little boarded up) to the back, where some garden furniture was arranged around a large, striped canvas tent. The man vanished inside it, coming out with a tray heaped with cups, plates, scones and ginger pop. He

rested it gently on the paving by the cat, which was cleaning itself.

‘Why do you keep your kettle in your tent?’ she asked.

‘Oh, that’s not a tent.’ Barnabas had adopted the air of a man with a great secret. ‘Inside there is my shed. It’s undergoing repairs.’

That seemed an odd thing to say, but Kate’s grandfather was very protective of his shed. Perhaps Barnabas was the same.

‘I would give you the guided tour, but it’s not finished,’ he said, confirming her suspicions as he handed her a plate. ‘Cheese scone. With sultanas in. I changed my mind halfway through.’

The cat looked at Barnabas wearily, and then sniffed the milk jug.

Tea went rather well. Barnabas listened to Kate’s plan to Do Things before the end of the holiday and sagely suggested she draw up a timetable. He said that, if nothing else, it would take a while to do. ‘Failing that,’ he said, ‘you could pop into my museum.’ He caught the look on her face. ‘It’s really very nice. Though not on Wednesdays. I close it and spend the day going up and down on the steam train. I like trains.’

Kate wasn’t entirely convinced.

‘Don’t you like it here?’ The Curator sniffed. ‘How odd. The 1950s aren’t that bad, and this is a charming town. The kind of place you want to settle down and open a little shop with an e. I love a little shoppe. Have another scone.’

As Kate left Barnabas’s house, the grey cat watched her go. It looked on the point of saying something, but then, like most cats, it never quite got around to it.

Kate stood in the lane, brushing crumbs from her pullover. The church clock struck noon. She was happy that she’d achieved something with her morning. A cool breeze swept in from the sea, reminding her that summer was nearly

over. She walked down the lane, wondering if she could make friends with the boy next door before lunchtime. That'd really make something of the day.

It wasn't an unqualified success. The boy next door was sat outside the garage, mending a bike badly. He was quite handsome, but looked very sad. His misery increased when he caught Kate looking at him.

'Hello,' she said. 'You're Armand, aren't you?'

'Yes,' the boy scowled. 'But you probably shouldn't make friends with me, you know.'

'What?' Kate seemed genuinely puzzled. 'Is it because you're Indian?'

'No!' Armand laughed. 'They're all right about that. No ...' He paused, sadly. 'It's because my father kills people.'

'Oh,' said Kate. She wondered what else to say. By the time she'd thought of something, a little too long had passed. Armand flushed, and went back to work. She stood there awkwardly, watching him mend his bike, and then went home for lunch.

Chapter 2

She waited until halfway through the tinned soup. 'Mum,' she asked, 'Does the man next door really kill people?'

Kate's mother gave her The Look. Clearly, there would be no help there.

Kate set herself an afternoon goal. She would find out what was going on, which sent her on a mission to Watchcombe. Armand's father worked at the pharmacy, so she decided on going there to buy soap or a fishing net. It was an old shop in the market square, its windows lined with yellow cellophane. Stood outside were two women, both giving the appearance of great bustle while standing still for a decent gossip. Kate lingered next to them, turning a critical eye to homes for sale in the window of the estate agent.

'Well,' tutted one to the other, 'I really shouldn't stop, as I must get some fishcakes for Arthur's tea.'

'Allerdyce is using more bread in 'em than he should,' said the other.

The first nodded. 'His batter's not fit neither,' and she thinned her lips. 'Not since his Lucy went away.'

'Oh this town,' the second clucked, and gave a significant glance at the pharmacy. 'Not what it was. Not what it was.'

'Old Miss Doyle is the latest. Natural causes, they said. But we know better, don't we?'

'Oh yes,' the first put in. 'No smoke without fire.' Satisfied, she turned away from the pharmacy and trotted down the street.

Kate went into the pharmacy, and rifled through a display of fishing nets and plastic spades. Next to this, an old dog