

# Does Africa Know A Song Of Me?



etmuse

~~Forehwood Namibia!~~  
Dijoutu Safari Station  
nr Otjinene  
Omaheke  
Namibia  
13<sup>th</sup> April 2008

Dear Tosh, Gwen and Owen,

We are here, finally. And when I say finally, I really mean it. I feel like we've been travelling for days.

*We have been travelling for days. Well, a day and a half, anyway.*

Okay, Jack's right, yes, we have, but it feels like even longer than that. Maybe even weeks. We've spent far too many hours hanging around airports waiting for flights, too many hours actually on the planes, and it didn't help that the last several hours were spend crammed into the back of an aging Jeep over... I'd hesitate to call some of them roads, even. And what they neglected to mention – or possibly what Jack just didn't bother to listen to - is that there's no phone signal here. Even the landline (well, our closest landline, which is just over ten miles away) is very patchy and we can forget about internet access.

*Oi! I resent that implication! I listened very carefully, I'll have you all know. They just didn't mention it.*

Okay, so it was probably that they didn't mention it. Probably. But anyway, the upshot is that the only way we can communicate at all really is through snail mail. Jack tried to do... something, with that wriststrap of his, to see if we could rig anything up through it, I think, but it looked to me like he was just randomly pressing buttons to see if anything happened.

*I was not just randomly pressing buttons. I was experimenting with various combinations and sequences of commands on the off-chance that... okay, so I was more or less randomly pressing buttons. But something might have worked!*

It didn't.

Anyway, the locals (well, the ones Jack hasn't managed to scare off already) tell me the postal service is 'quite good', but I don't know what that's in relation to. (If it's the evenness of the road surfaces we're, well, screwed.)

We will be posting this letter today – see date at the top. Please let us know when you reply when it gets there. Hopefully it won't be like sending a postcard home from a holiday – you know, when you get back before the postcard does.

I didn't think I had been taking the ease of communications we're used to under regular circumstances for granted quite so much. Jack claims that, having lived through all of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century, including a time when hardly anyone had a telephone

(and certainly not mobile ones!), he doesn't take it for granted at all and will be just fine with letters as our mode of communication. I'm not sure I believe him.

*That's because I will be fine. You people are just way too entrenched in your own time period. You have no idea. The world got by just fine without mobile phones and the internet for quite some time – I know, I was there.*

*By the way, Tosh, good thinking on suggesting the Elaxorian generator. We do have electricity in our little office here, but like the telephone lines, it's a little bit... unreliable.*

He calls it an office, I call it a hut. Maybe a cabin, on a good day. I'll send a photo once I get my camera unpacked and let you see for yourselves. I was amazed they even had running water (although we do have to be careful with that, as we are technically in a desert). The 'work' area (which was obviously originally intended as a living room of some sort) is only just big enough for the two of us to walk around in without tripping over each other, let alone actually get any work done

~~*He's protesting too much. He likes tripping over me, really. Actually, this one time, we were*~~

and the less said about the 'living' quarters the better, really. I don't know why I signed on for this – oh wait, I didn't. Jack oh-so-helpfully 'volunteered' me.

*Again, not quite the truth. He wanted to come with. He really did.*

Let me state this once and for all, for the record: I did not volunteer to come out here and live in a hut in the desert with no phone and no coffee for months. UNIT wanted Jack out here, and somehow I managed to get conned into playing assistant. And no, I'm not telling you how I let myself get conned.

~~*I might, if you really, really ask very nicely.*~~

Anyway, we're here, and we've more or less got everything unpacked.

Lieutenant Halse is coming back tomorrow to fill us in on the rest of the details of the problem, and take us on a bit of a tour of the area, I think. Show us where things have been happening. Or where the locals have reported things happening, at least.

We'll let you know if we need anything sent over once we know more.

Please keep us up to date with what is going on back there.

Yours,

Ianto  
and Jack

P.S. Please don't address letters to 'Torchwood Namibia'. Jack clearly has even less idea of what the word 'secret' in the phrase 'secret organisation' means than I thought

he did. *(I know fine well what it means, and it was only supposed to be a JOKE. You would have known not to put it on the envelope anyway, right?)*

---

The 'Tourist Information Office'  
Mermaid Quay  
Cardiff  
Wales  
15<sup>th</sup> April 2008

Dear Jack and Ianto,

As you can see from the date on this letter, yours only took two days to arrive here. Which is a big score one on the behalf of the Namibian postal service, we think (and pretty amazing even for the Royal Mail – I've seen letters take 2 days to get from here to Newport). Hopefully they will keep it up – and it won't take a week for this one to get back to you. (By the way, the Namibian stamps you put on the letter were really pretty – are they all like that?)

If you do manage to get a stable landline connection occasionally, a phone call wouldn't be unwelcome. Just so that we don't forget what your voices sound like, of course.

Everything has been pretty quiet since you left. Well, we had a Weevil sighting come in last night, but we managed to chase it back into the sewers without even having to bring it in first. Owen thinks he might finally have perfected that new formulation of Weevil spray that just mildly disorients them and sort of wards them off a bit, persuades them that they want to go back to their den, or whatever it is that Weevils live in in the sewers.

He says he doesn't think it will replace the other, stronger, one... just maybe we can take both on Weevil shouts and only use the old one if there's been an attack or if it's really aggressive. We're going to keep testing it when reports come in, so we will keep you updated with how that is going.

The Rift has been almost so quiet as to be silent – Tosh is worried that it is working up to something big, although the predictor isn't indicating anything of the sort. We'll handle it if something does come up though – you two going out there to assist UNIT seems to have worked wonders on the inter-agency cooperation on this end (at least for now) and they have pledged to send us a few men (or women, I guess, although they didn't actually say – are there many female soldiers in UNIT?) for back-up if we need them in a situation. Hopefully we won't need them, but it's nice to know they're there, just in case.

Oh, Tosh has just reminded me of something. Ianto, do you know where the broken bits of that laser-y gun thing we found just before Christmas were put in the archives? Tosh thinks that some of it could be used to fix a bit of the tech that came through in that minor Rift spike just before you left. We'd just go looking, but Tosh says that's probably not advisable and would more than likely get us on decaf for months after you got back. I'm not sure what she's implying, but we decided to wait and ask you first anyway.

In other news, Rhys and I finally found a photographer for the wedding who looks like he can do a good job without charging the moon for it – I don't understand why they have to charge so much just for taking some nice pictures. Oh, and just so you know I will be very annoyed with you - the both of you - if you don't get back here in time for the big day. It's not until July, so you have nearly three whole months to sort things out for UNIT and get back here – plenty of time, yes? Actually, I don't care if it's not, whether you've fixed things out there or not, I want you both back here for my wedding. I'm only planning on doing this the once, and I want – no, demand that all of my friends are there to see it.

And take care of yourselves out there. I don't want to get a letter saying that one of you has been attacked by a tiger or something. Just be careful, we all want you back in one piece. Or well, two pieces, one piece each. But you know what I mean. Be safe.

Love,

Gwen

*P.S. Oi! Teaboy! You and Jack better get that... whatever it is you find out there sorted out soon and get back here, 'cause I'm spending a bloody fortune in Starbucks without you. And their coffee tastes like drain water compared to yours. – Owen*

Namibia  
18<sup>th</sup> April 2008

Dear All,

Glad to see that even with 'snail mail' as our only option, we should at least be able to communicate on a minimum of once a week each way. And before I forget, yes, all the stamps look a bit like that. They are rather interesting, aren't they? (Not sure what they're supposed to be depicting, though.)

Your letter did actually arrive yesterday, but we were busy out talking to the locals about what they've seen. It's lucky that most of them do in fact speak some English (even if it is broken) because we heard them speaking in their native tongue, and well... I don't think I've ever heard a language quite like it. Maybe by the time we get home I'll have picked up a few words.

Firstly, yes, Gwen, we absolutely promise not to get ourselves mauled or otherwise attacked by tigers. Since there are no tigers in Africa (tigers are only in the Indian subcontinent, unless they're in zoos), I'm fairly sure we can manage this. (Yes, we'll try very hard not to be attacked by any other wild animals too, okay?)

*Don't worry, if there are any big wild animals come around that want to hurt Ianto, I'll keep him behind me where he'll be safe. You all know I'll be fine whatever happens. Actually, I might just keep Ianto behind me at all times anyway. ~~I like him behind me, especially when h-~~*

We shouldn't actually have to go into any of the areas where there are large populations of predators anyway, if what the people we've been interviewing the last few days say is correct, so it shouldn't come down to that.

Secondly, of course I know where the pieces are filed. Now that the archives are actually organised properly, things are easy to find if you just think about it rationally. They'll be in the 'Weaponry' section (down to the end of the main corridor and the archway on the right) under 'Electromagnetic and Sonic' (which is mostly down the 3<sup>rd</sup> aisle, if I remember correctly. It's labelled anyway). After that it's in alphabetical order, and I think that was filed under 'L' (for 'laser'). That's the letter between K and M, in case you're unsure. The artefact box will be clearly labelled anyway. I definitely remember 'Laser gun, broken pieces of' being on that particular label.

Please be careful and don't move anything else while you're down there, or, well, Tosh is right and you will all be on decaf until Christmas. I've spent too long making some sense of everything down there for you lot to mess it all up again.

*Please, please don't mess it up. Annoyed Ianto is not a fun person to be around. ~~Well, sometimes he is, when annoyed is combined with horny, in which case he can be a very fun person to be around, but not usually.~~*

*And be careful about that offer from UNIT. I'm still not entirely sure that they didn't ask for my help out here so Commander Brown couldn't try to stage some sort of coup and take over Torchwood Cardiff while I'm absent. I know he lusts after our tech. (And just our tech, apparently – I tried to charm him out of his ideas years ago and got nowhere. I don't think he much appreciated my flirting, which tells you already that there's clearly something odd about him.) Just be sure that if you do have to call in UNIT for help, you three stay in charge. Don't let them walk all over you just because there are loads of them. You could always call Martha (you got her number while she was there, right?) if there are any problems. She's pretty high ranked now so she should be able to do something.*

Martha's number is on the list that I left on Jack's desk, if you don't have it and it turns out you need it. The one with 'Important Phone Numbers' written at the top in big letters.

Anyway, we're heading out this afternoon to start setting up some scanners and mini-beacons so we can monitor things from the station here – after the lunchtime heat is over, that is. I knew when I relented and agreed to come that a desert in Africa was probably going to be hot, but it is really hot, especially in the middle of the day. We've been here less than a week and I think I'm already missing being cold and rained on in Cardiff.

*I'm not. I actually quite like it here. Give me hot, dry and sandy over cold and wet any day. Although I do miss the sea. And Ianto won't let me wear my coat because he thinks I'll get heatstroke or something in it, which is patently ridiculous. It's hard to look quite so dashing without my swishy coat, and Ianto has hidden it somewhere.*

Owen, please back me up in this – the temperatures are in the high 30s at the moment. That's too hot to be wrapping yourself up in a warm woollen coat without making

yourself ill, right? (Especially considering he's still insisting on both a shirt and an undershirt as well.) He tried to tell me he isn't susceptible to illness, but I'm not convinced that extends to heat-related maladies.

*Owen, tell him I'll be fine and to give my coat back or I'll... well, I'll think of something. And it won't be good.*

ANYWAY – I think we have everything we need for now, tech-wise. Hopefully by the next letter we will have a bit more of an idea what is actually going on out here.

Yours, (~~actually, no — mine! Mitts off!~~)

Ianto  
and Jack

P.S. If we're not done out here by your wedding, Gwen, I'm leaving Jack out here and coming home myself. I can't live out here for 3 months, I just can't. And Owen? Breaking the coffee machine comes higher on my list of trespasses than messing up the archives, so please don't mess with it. (I can't even make you decaf if you break it.) I'll be back to rescue you from overpriced Starbucks sludge as soon as I can.

---

Cardiff  
21<sup>st</sup> April 2008

Dear Jack and Ianto,

Thank you for your very detailed (if a little bit patronising) instructions on how to find what we needed in the archives, Ianto. (We do actually know the alphabet, thank you very much!) We promise we didn't move anything except the box we wanted to take out. Well, Owen nearly knocked something off the edge of the shelf it was on, but we caught it (and it didn't explode or smash or anything) and put it back where it was, so no harm done. Right?

And if Tosh doesn't use all of the bits or it doesn't work and we want to put it back, it should go back in the place we got it from, yes? Or do you want us just to leave it in a corner or something and you can re-file it when you get back? I know you don't like us going down there without you very much. Let us know, anyway.

As for UNIT, I'm sure we'll be fine, Jack. They didn't try to take-over the last time you were away, and even if they had, we'd have been okay. But if it comes down to it, we'll call Martha – and yes, I got her number. But it was a good idea to put her on the list anyway, Ianto. (By the way, I didn't recognise a couple of names on that list. Should I? Are they likely to call?)

Speaking of Martha, actually, something arrived for the two of you that I think is from her. It looks like her handwriting on the envelope, anyway. I'm forwarding it on for you. I have my suspicions about what it is, but I'm saying nothing. Interesting that she addressed it to both of you, though.

Still nothing major happened since you've been gone. The new Weevil spray testing is going well, though. There are quite a few of them about the last few days, but mostly they aren't particularly violent (well, for Weevils). We haven't had anyone attacked, at least.

Also, you might not be liking it, Ianto, but we're all a bit jealous of hot, dry and sunny at the moment. It hasn't stopped raining since you left – and it's not just normal 'it's April and we live in Wales' raining, it's 'torrential thunderstorms where we can't use the invisible lift for fear of being flooded' raining. I'll gladly swap with you if you're really all that desperate to be rained on. Just say the word.

And yes, Tosh checked, and she couldn't find any evidence that the weather is actually being influenced by alien tech or the Rift, this time. She's keeping an eye on it though, just in case.

I don't care if there aren't any tigers in Africa (although really? I always thought they were in all the same nature programmes as the lions and they're definitely in Africa...), please, take care of yourselves.

Love,

Gwen

*P.S. Again. Because somebody \*cough\*Gwen\*cough\* wouldn't let me put this in the main letter. Don't ask me why. Jack, I know you love the coat, we all know how much you love the bloody coat, but Ianto's right, it isn't exactly ideal attire for the DESERT. If it's as hot as Ianto says, that coat isn't going to let you sweat properly and you really are in danger of heat stroke. And just because you're pretty much impervious to infection doesn't mean your body isn't going to react to things like extremes of temperature just like anyone else's. I've seen you shivering when the Hub heating fails sometimes in the middle of winter. So stop whining and learn to deal with it. On the same note, I hope you're not still in a bloody three piece suit out there, Ianto. Both of you need to do whatever you can to keep cool or you won't be able to concentrate properly. And there's always the possibility of death, too, and I don't care if you'll come back from it, Harkness, I'd prefer to have the death rate on the team as low as possible, thank you. – Owen*

---

*Dijoutu Safari Station  
nr Otjinene  
Omaheke  
Namibia  
23<sup>rd</sup> April 2008*

*Dear Martha,*

*Thank you for the invitation to your upcoming nuptials, we would be most delighted to... blah blah blah. Why are you supposed to respond in ridiculously formal language to a wedding invitation anyway? Ianto says tradition, but if everyone kept up every age old tradition we'd get nowhere.*



I would have bought a nice card or something to write the acceptance in but, as you can tell from the address above, we're not really all that close to many shops selling fancy little cards for writing acceptance letters in. Jack dragged me to Africa.

*I did not 'drag'. I might have suggested, coerced and possibly thrown in a tiny little bit of seduction, but I didn't drag. I resent the implication that anyone would have to be dragged to come somewhere with me, even somewhere he turned out not to like very much, like an African desert.*

*You'd have come with me if I asked nicely, right Martha?*

*And no, I didn't choose to bring him out here with me for a holiday. I don't know if you would have heard, through... whatever channels it is that you hear of things through, but UNIT actually called me up and pretty much begged for me to come out and investigate some strange happenings that have their local office stumped. Well, I say local office, but really it's just one little room in the UN building, a couple of slightly ramshackle field stations and a half-dozen soldiers. They were in completely over their heads when something actually happened.*

*So they offered me lots of owed favours in order to come down here, and I couldn't leave Ianto behind, could I? What would I do without him for all these weeks?*

There's part of me wishes he had left me behind, though. We're living in a hut in the middle of nowhere with unreliable electricity, no phone, water shortages (so we can't have coffee) and the living space is almost as cramped as Jack's room in the Hub (which is probably fine for one person, and is okay for two for a limited time, but for several weeks on the trot - not so much). I'd send you a photo if I had one, just so you could see what I'm putting up with for Jack.

*We'll be fine. Anyway, we would love to come to the wedding. This is us, officially doing the 'RSVP' thing.*

*Although – you are going to introduce us to Tom before that, right? In fact, I'm slightly hurt that you haven't already, considering you're going to marry him. I thought we were more important to you than that. I demand an explanation, Martha Jones.*

*Just as soon as we get back to Cardiff, you have to come visit again and bring him with you.*

*If you want to reach us, we're going to be at the address above for the next several weeks at least – don't bother our phones because there is absolutely no signal for miles around.*

*Hoping to hear from you soon.*

*Love,*

*Jack & Ianto*

P.S. He threw in a Hell of a lot more than just a 'tiny little bit' of seduction...

---

Namibia  
24<sup>th</sup> April 2008

Dear all,

If there's anything to go into the archives – either new stuff or stuff to go back in after you've played with it – please, please, just leave it until I get back. I know you mean well, but... just don't. You say you know the alphabet, but are you sure? I've seen some of your attempts at filing, and I'm not at all convinced. There's a reason I don't like you going into the archives without me, and it's nothing to do with my thinking you'd get lost. (Okay, it's a little about that, but mostly it isn't.)

Actually, there's a little room directly to the left when you first get to the archives that is pretty much empty; I use it as a sort of office sometimes when I have a lot to sort through down there. There should be plenty room in there for you to leave anything you need archived while I'm away. If there isn't... we'll cross that bridge if and when we come to it.

And no, Owen, I'm not in a three piece suit. Yes, I do like them, for work at least, but in this heat they would just be insanity. I'm too hot even in what I'm wearing, let alone layers.

*Ianto is wearing shorts. Shorts. I didn't even know he owned shorts until last week. I don't know why he kept it such a secret from me, because he actually looks really rather good in shorts. ~~Not as good as he does out of them of course, but that's not the point.~~ Did any of you know that he had shorts? Have any of you ever seen him wearing shorts?*

Yes, in deference to the heat, I'm wearing shorts. And also, horror of horrors, a T-shirt. (Also a sun hat, because it is very bright and sunny here most days.) Unlike some people, who are still wearing 2 shirts and whining about their coats, I don't want to get heat stroke. It's only sensible, and not nearly as exciting or interesting as Jack seems to think it is.

I really would welcome a little rain right about now, although if it's as bad in Cardiff at the moment as you say it is, I think I might just about take the stiflingly hot desert. Even if I do have to resort to a very unprofessional uniform of shorts and T-shirt.

*If you haven't found any Rift-related reason for the heavy rain yet then it's fairly unlikely that there is one (or if there is one, that it will show up), but it's a good idea to keep an eye out anyway. Although if it is more widespread than Cardiff and its surroundings (you never said) then it probably isn't Rift related. Probably.*

*Hopefully none of the names you don't recognise will call while we're gone, Gwen. If they call, it is rarely, if ever, good news. Usually it's very, very BAD news, actually. Well, except for Archie – I don't think I've ever mentioned his name to you, but you'll have heard of him. He is Torchwood Two (his 'base' is in his cellar, yes really).*

*When he calls it is usually just extremely peculiar news. Or something about football. Keep your fingers crossed that none of them will call, anyway.*

*I'm glad to hear there haven't been any major incidents yet, though. Even with UNIT's backing (and you know already how suspicious I am of that) I can't help but worry about you three. Three people isn't very many when something big hits (as you might remember, Tosh).*

We haven't had anything major happen out here, either. Or anything much at all, actually. Jack's even started muttering suspiciously about it all just being a ruse (I think he's just being paranoid, but that's Jack). Nothing that is showing up on any of the scans we've managed to get set up now has happened, anyway.

Although, a couple of the relay beacons don't seem to be working properly anymore. Not since the sandstorm two days ago (really did not enjoy the sandstorm, even from inside our hut and only on the edge of the storm). Tosh, is it possible that sand could have gotten inside them in some way and disrupted something? I wouldn't have thought it was, but that's the only explanation I can think of – we haven't been able to get out to check for ourselves yet as they're on the farthest edges of the area we're keeping under surveillance, and we were advised to give it at least a day to 'calm down' after a big sandstorm like that before venturing out into the wilds again.

Hopefully we can go and have a look this afternoon, but I'm not convinced that the problem will be immediately obvious. If you can think of anything, Tosh, please let us know.

Hoping to hear from you soon,

Ianto and Jack

---

83 Bryan Avenue  
Willesden  
Brent  
London  
26<sup>th</sup> April 2008

Dear Jack and Ianto,

No, I hadn't heard. It seems for once my sources have failed me. I don't understand why they'd request you, Jack, rather than just sending in a team from one of the bigger and more experienced UNIT bases (I think there's one in South Africa, actually). I'm sure whoever it was had their reasons.

By the way, you two are actually my first official RSVP for the wedding, despite being in a desert in Africa. And I'll forgive you just this once for the lack of a pretty response card. Because it's you two. And you're in Africa. I'll even forgive you for deriding the wedding traditions, Jack, since you were so prompt and all.

You're lucky we put the address for the RSVPs down as here, though, and not mum and dad's place. Mum would have had your hide for that, even if she had to go all the

way to Namibia to do it. (And don't even think I'm kidding. You've met her, Jack, you know she would.)

So, do you think you'll be out there long? Hopefully not, from the sounds of where you're living. Although Jack's room wasn't somewhere that was included in my supposedly comprehensive Hub tour, so I don't know exactly how small you're talking. I'm guessing 'small' though, from your description. I don't think anyone would blame you if you strangled him, Ianto, after a few weeks of living in quite such close proximity. I certainly would. (And don't you start whining, Jack Harkness; you know that doesn't mean I don't adore you. But I would.)

And no, by the way, even if you asked very nicely, I wouldn't go out to Africa for you. The only person who might get me out there one day is my lovely fiancé Tom. He's suggested that maybe one day, not right now, but in a few years, I could take a short sabbatical from UNIT and we could go do some work in some desperately under funded hospitals in Africa together. I'm actually seriously considering it – saving the world from alien invasion is important, but sick kids in the 3<sup>rd</sup> world are no less so. And Tom tells me the people he meets are just wonderful.

If you'd been a few hundred (thousand? I'm not actually 100% sure how far apart Namibia and Ethiopia are) miles to the North West and a few weeks earlier, you could have met Tom out there, actually. He got back nearly a month ago, and he's leaving again for another two and a half months in a couple of weeks. Hence why we've been sorting things out like all the invitations!

And yes, I promise that the next time Tom is home - after you two get back to Cardiff, of course – I will bring him out to meet you. As long as you promise to be nice and not scare him away. (I'm not talking to you here, Ianto, don't worry. It's that flirt-o-matic in the greatcoat you've taken up with. He's a menace. And while I think of it, you're not letting him keep wearing that coat in the heat out there, are you? He'll kill himself of heatstroke.)

Anyway, look after yourselves (and each other) and I hope I will see you both soon. Don't go wandering off alone into any lion's hunting ground, will you?

Love,

Martha

P.S. I can quite believe it, Ianto. I don't think Jack would recognise 'a tiny little bit of seduction' if it hit him in the face. Plus I've seen how he looks at you... I doubt he's capable of anything less than full-on seducing when it comes to you.

---

Cardiff  
26<sup>th</sup> April 2008

Dear Jack and Ianto,

The rain has finally stopped! Hurrah! Stopped mid-morning this morning and has been dry since. We're all hoping that we might actually get a few fairly dry (and

possibly warm) weeks now that we're almost into May. The forecasts on the telly do seem to be predicting that we'll get at least a few sunny days now, so fingers crossed.

And, just for your information, the torrential rain was spread over most of Wales and the West of England. Some places have had quite bad flooding – mostly the places where they built housing estates on flood plains, of course, but you can't tell building firms anything. (Rhys says this is true, by the way... he's driven lorries for a couple on occasion and apparently they just didn't listen to anything anyone from the haulage firm said.)

So we don't think it is actually anything to do with the Rift (probably more of that global warming stuff, Owen says) but we're not saying anything for sure.

It doesn't mean we've stopped being jealous of your hot sunny weather over there, though. I don't think any of us will be feeling hot enough to be wearing shorts. Not wearing a coat might be as far as we get.

We put all the parts of that laser gun that Tosh isn't using in her project back in the box and put it in that little room for you, Ianto – Tosh put a note in the top about which bits she used, in case you need/want to record that somewhere. We weren't sure so we erred on the side of caution.

We're making our way through the paperwork for April too – well, Tosh and I are, mostly, and Owen is staying out of the way (we actually get through it faster that way). Some of it is supposed to be signed by you though, Jack, and we realised that we don't know if anyone had told the Crown that you're out there working on UNIT's behalf at the moment (and if we should if they hadn't) – can I just sign them in your stead or do we have to attempt to forge your signature? If we have to forge it, we might have a slight problem, 'cause we all had a go at it the last time and only Ianto managed to produce anything any good.

Things are still mostly quiet on a Rift/alien activity front. We did have a bit of an incident with a Hoix or two yesterday after they were spotted having themselves an all you can eat feast at the rubbish dump – sorry, 'waste and recycling centre' – out past Grangetown. We managed to get them sedated and into the cells after a while, and we're keeping them there for the time being, until we can figure out something better to do with them. They're doing wonders for how much rubbish we have to throw away though. (Yes, Ianto, we have actually been cleaning up after ourselves. Even Owen, most of the time.)

Tosh is sending you a parcel of stuff separately that she says should be helpful with your beacon problems, she hopes. We were going to just send it all together, but we decided we didn't want to risk delaying the letter in case parcels take longer to be delivered than letters do.

*Gwen deigned to let me actually write in the main body of the letter this time. Finally. Ianto, I'm glad you're acting like a rational human being and adapting as much as you can to the climate out there. I don't want to imagine you in shorts, particularly, but I approve of you 'resorting' to them, as you put it. Jack, please, for the love of all that is good in the universe, just stop whining and put on some appropriate bloody*

*clothing for the weather out there. I'm sure you can figure out a way to do that and still stick to your ridiculous 1940s military dress code. Ianto, I'm authorising you to do whatever it takes to persuade him – just please, please don't tell me about any of it. I don't want to know.*

Anyway, we hope that you get something useful soon so you can figure it out and come back home. Your presence is sorely missed – both of you.

Love,

Gwen (oi! - and Owen. But less of the 'love' thing, alright?)

Cardiff  
26<sup>th</sup> April 2008

Ianto,

Those beacons are supposed to be pretty much air and water tight, so nothing should be able to get into them. But we've only ever tested them in the situations we're likely to put them in here in Cardiff. They've never experienced a sandstorm before. (Well, they wouldn't, in Cardiff, would they?)

So yes, it is entirely possible that the combination of conditions experienced in a sandstorm could mean that some sand got inside – especially if it was really fine sand.

To be honest, there isn't a whole lot else that can go wrong with those particular beacons. They're just very sensitive to any sort of dirt or pollutants.

I'm sending you a kit that has a little bit of my favourite kind of tech to open up its casing – it should seal it up again afterwards too, as long as it isn't actually smashed (which is unlikely, considering the material its made of – that stuff is practically indestructible!)

The rest is cleaning solution and appropriate instruments for cleaning the insides thoroughly. If they still don't work after you've taken them apart, cleaned them and put them back together again... I don't know. Send them back over and I'll take a look.

I'm glad to hear you're doing okay over there, even if you don't like the heat much and are stuck in a tiny hut with Jack a lot of the time. There have to be some compensations for that, though, yes?

Actually, from what we can make out from what you've scored out of Jack's writing in your letters (okay, what I can make out – I'm sorry, because I know you obviously didn't want those parts to be read, but crossed out writing always makes me curious) he definitely thinks there are plenty of advantages to being confined to a small space with you.

And if he does get to be a bit much, remember that I'm always here for you to talk to. I know it's not quite the same when we can only communicate through letters, but if

you need to vent, feel free to write me. (I'll warn you now that I will be doing the same if Gwen and Owen get too much for me. I love them both, I do – you know how I feel – but it's really different without you or Jack around to sort of... buffer.)

Right, I hope that this parcel gets to you okay, and that it helps.

- Tosh

---

Namibia  
28<sup>th</sup> April 2008

Dear Martha,

We were first? Really? Everyone else must be taking their time – but then again, they have to go out and choose and buy suitable response cards. (Don't be surprised if I send you one of those anyway once we're back to civilisation. Some traditions are worth keeping.) But still, first? That's actually pretty... cool.

Unlike the weather here, which is still rather on the hot side for me, even though it is a couple of degrees cooler than last week. Jack insists he's fine, even wearing his normal double-shirted look, but I'm the one who is doing most of the laundry out here (which isn't easy when you have water shortages and unreliable electricity) and I know he's feeling hot and sweaty in those layers.

*That's just being around Ianto though. Nothing to do with the weather. I get hot and sweaty around him back in Cardiff too...*

Uh-huh. And that's the response I get every time I bring it up. It's flattering, but patently untrue.

*For the record, it's all true. And he's wearing shorts out here, shorts. How can he expect me not to get all hot and sweaty when he wanders around in shorts and a T-shirt that practically clings to him? I'd challenge anyone not to get a bit hot at that sight. Even taking that silly sunhat he insists on into account.*

See what I'm up against?

I'm not letting him wear the greatcoat though, and I haven't since we got here. I have hidden it away and he'll get it back once we're on our way back to nice cool and wet Cardiff. No matter how much he whines at me or tries to bribe me with sexual favours to give it back. I know he misses it, and truthfully, I miss him in it, but I'd rather have coatless Jack than Jack with heatstroke.

He keeps insisting that somehow he won't get heatstroke, but I don't believe him – and neither does Owen. I know his immune system is better than ours, and he can fight off pretty much any infection that comes at him, but he's still human, and that means his body is still sensitive to extreme temperature. You try telling him that though – I've tried, Owen's tried, and he hasn't listened yet.

*I'm fine. I grew up in this sort of heat and I never got heatstroke then, so I'm not going to get it now, okay? And yes I wore layers as a kid.*

Hopefully we'll manage to figure out what is going on out here soon, though, and then we can go home. Back to rainy Wales where we belong. (Well, I definitely belong there, anyway.)

*And I belong where Ianto is. And the rest of that rag-tag team of mine.*

More importantly, back to phone signal, internet access, coffee and having more than a few square feet of space to live in. I finally got the chance to print out some of the photos I've taken since we got here, so I'm enclosing a few for you to get a better idea of what it's like here and where we're living. There should be one of the hut from the outside, one of our 'base' in the main room and one of the tiny room we call our living space. Yes, the bed is as small as it looks – luckily, it is still wider than the camp bed in what Jack calls home so we're coping. (Actually, what is luckiest about it is that Jack doesn't always sleep a whole night, or at all, some nights, which leaves me with rather more space to sleep in.)

*I don't mind the narrow bed at all. In fact, I might even go so far as to say that I like it. Ianto has to stay right up close to me all night 'cause he's going to fall out of bed otherwise, and I don't care if this makes me sound like a sop – I like having him to cuddle while I sleep. And I don't usually hear any complaints from Ianto either – I think he puts it all on for the rest of you and he likes it as much as I do, really.*

Okay, so I'm going to put in a couple of the views from the doorway to the hut as well – there isn't a lot to see, but that's part of what is so staggering. If you look away from the direction the next town is in, there's just nothing for miles and miles and miles. Alright, alright, I admit it, the one thing I do like about being here is that view.

And okay, so I don't mind cuddling close while we sleep either. Doesn't mean that spending huge chunks of every day in this small cabin with Jack hasn't made me consider killing him a time or two (or three).

We're heading out to the edges of our monitoring region again tomorrow, though, to put some repaired equipment back out there, so at least that will be most of a day out in the open (even though it will be very hot out there at lunchtime).

We're not exactly sure why they requested Jack come out here either, instead of calling in a nearby UNIT force. Jack might have more experience and knowledge than a lot of them, but I'm not convinced that that's actually required in this case – just a little bit more than the Namibian UNIT team.

Well, Jack has a theory that Commander Brown just wants to get him out of the way so he can stage a takeover of Torchwood Cardiff, but I think that's just Jack being paranoid.

*He doesn't like me and doesn't think I'm fit to be in command of Torchwood; even though he's never said it in so many words, it's blatantly obvious whenever we have to talk. He wants control, I'm sure of it.*



I hope not to be proven wrong about it just being paranoia. Even if he's right, though, I think Commander Brown might have underestimated Gwen, Tosh and Owen. He'll have a fight on his hands if he tries anything. And that's nothing compared to what he'd get when we get back there.

We're taking that offer about Tom as a promise, by the way. And Jack will behave himself or he knows what will happen. I doubt, unfortunately, that we'll make it back to Cardiff before he has to leave for Africa again – oh the irony – so we'll need to set it up the next time he's back. I'm looking forward to meeting him, after all you've said about him.

*Don't spend all of your time while he's at home working on the wedding plans. Remember that the honeymoon is equally important and may require practise. \*wink\**

Write back soon.

Love,

Ianto & Jack

---

Namibia  
28<sup>th</sup> April 2008

Dear All,

Firstly, thank you, Tosh, for the parcel. It arrived on the same day as the letter, so I guess we can rest assured that if we need to send anything over, it will get there just as quickly as a note. As it turns out, yes, apparently sandstorms can manage to get sand into the mobile beacons. They're all cleaned out now, and they seem to be working on the short range tests we did this morning. We're going out tomorrow to put them back in position – it takes a while to get out as far as we had them before, so it's pretty much an all day job. We'll be keeping our eyes peeled as we cross our surveillance area too – so far we haven't seen many of the unusual occurrences the locals are reporting ourselves; maybe we'd have a better idea what we could be dealing with if we happened to come across them.

We did get a few minor localised earthquakes registering yesterday though, finally. Out near where we're going tomorrow to replace the beacons. Had been beginning to wonder if those had been completely fabricated by a couple of locals who'd had a drink or something.

Yes, if you're putting anything in the room that is going back into the archives, please do leave a note of some sort with it if anything has been changed about it since you removed it. I keep track of that sort of thing on the archive database.

*Yes, the Crown knows that UNIT asked me to come out here, so you don't have to forge my signature. Any of you should be able to sign the relevant documents while I'm away, I think. It's not like there's a formalised command structure anymore. And yes, I know how good Ianto is at forging my signature when it is required. It comes in handy when I'm really behind on my paperwork or when he decides that something*

*I've written isn't 'right' or 'appropriate' and decides to redo it. ~~Or when we're playing a game and one of his forfeits involves him doing my paperwork for me, sometimes while I'm 'distracting' him \*wink\*.~~*

*There isn't much you can do with Hoix other than contain them or eliminate them. Unlike released Weevils, who do tend to stick to the sewers even more than before (or that's what the few we've tagged have seemed to do, at least) they will just go anywhere there's plenty they can eat. They do, as you've discovered, make very good recycling centres all on their own. We can call it Torchwood's contribution to sustainability. They do keep going on and on about landfill sites, after all. A Hoix is the ultimate in recycling and composting – and faster, too!*

I'm just glad to hear you are at least cleaning up after yourselves in my absence. I was worried I'd come back to find something similar to the mess I found when I first started. For the record, I will be making up a rota for cleaning out the Hoix when I get back, and we will be sticking to it. I accepted it when you all backed out on Myfanwy's cleaning rota, but I won't be doing the same again. (Although hopefully you're sticking to the rota I left for her care in my absence, yes?) I already have enough to do cleaning up after you lot – although now that you know you can clean up after yourselves and still get the job done, maybe you could give it a shot full time? I don't actually stay late just to keep Jack company, you know; I have plenty to be getting on with even without constantly picking up after messy co-workers.

And on that note, while I'm thinking of it - I can't believe I forgot to leave you a note about this! That was stupid of me - there are a couple of deliveries someone will need to go meet on the morning of the 1<sup>st</sup>.

There's a small warehouse building I use as a front for the deliveries that would look peculiar going to a Tourist Information office (which is pretty much everything other than the stationery – I got an extra delivery of that in just before we left, by the way, so you should be fine for paper and pens until we get back). The address is on file under 'Torchwood Three Deliveries Address'. (Yes, I know it's not a very imaginative name, Owen, but I thought 'obvious' was more called for in the situation.) The keys are on a hook in the back in the Tourist Office – they're the ones with the bright red fobs.

Both the butcher and the fishmonger make deliveries with food for Myfanwy and the Weevils on the 1<sup>st</sup> of the month at around 9am (although the fishmonger is quite often a little bit late). There are a couple of freezers to unload the meat and fish into from their vans, and then it usually takes me a couple of trips in the SUV to get it back to the big freezer at the Hub (which will probably be getting a little on the empty side by now – or at least it should be, if you're following the feeding schedules properly).

If something big comes up and none of you can be spared to go meet the deliveries, the phone numbers for both the butcher and the fishmonger are in the suppliers folder (it's on the mainframe, and a paper backup copy is also in the back in the Tourist Office). They've always been quite happy to rearrange for a more suitable time when necessary. Oh, and the accounts for both are under the name 'T&W Ltd.' rather than 'Torchwood'. Some of us know how to use a little discretion.

Please don't forget about it, because Myfanwy and the others do need to be fed, and unlike the Hoix they won't just eat any old rubbish.

In the meantime, I am enclosing the pictures I promised when we first got here, as I finally had the time to take some. The first is of this hut from the outside – as you can see, it is not a 'cabin'. The 2<sup>nd</sup> is our little workspace, which I'm just about getting used to. It's okay as long as only one of us wants to move around at any one time – definitely cramped compared to the Hub though, as you can see. The last two are the views from just outside the cabin. Those views don't quite make up for the heat and the conditions out here, but they're very nice.

Hoping things are going well there,

Ianto and Jack

P.S. Owen, don't you think I've already tried pretty much everything? Bribes, threats of withholding... certain things that he likes. Nothing has worked. He might just about go for it if I suggested complete persistent nudity as a sartorial option, but all over sunburn is not much fun, and I rather suspect the locals might have something to say about it too.

---

Namibia  
28<sup>th</sup> April 2008

Dear Tosh,

Thank you again for the parcel of useful parts; you're brilliant, you know that? Absolutely brilliant.

And yes, living here with Jack (who has thankfully wandered off for a short stroll in the 'cool' of the afternoon, leaving me to write in peace for once) isn't all bad. The pace, work-wise, isn't quite as hectic as it is back in Cardiff, so there's a little bit more time to relax (just a bit).

And yes, I admit it, I do like spending the time together with Jack. I may not be keen on the 'Africa' part, but I'm sort of glad he convinced me to come along. I'd have missed him if I'd stayed behind (especially with only letters for communication). I'd like to think he'd have missed me too, and that that's why he wanted me along. He doesn't really need an assistant, he's perfectly capable of doing all of the research and monitoring we've done out here so far on his own.

Although perhaps he does need someone to just stop him from doing anything too stupid. I don't know.

It's... nice, though. Having the chance to just be together, a bit. I know Jack isn't really much of a domestic type – neither am I really, not any more. Torchwood has become too much part of me for me to even imagine myself and domestic – but this, this sort of quasi-domestic we have here at the moment, somehow, it feels like it works.

It's not like any of it is new, in and of itself – we've eaten together before, spent the night together before – but it feels different. I like that we can finish dinner and just curl up together on the bed (there is no sofa) and talk, or... well, you know. It just feels like we're closer than we were before, in a way. He's driven me up the wall on multiple occasions already, but there are good things about being here. (Not that I suspect that you would, but remember that I have my ways if anyone hears a word of what I've just written - including Jack!)

I'm enclosing a 5<sup>th</sup> and final picture with this letter – one I didn't want to include for the rest of the team to see because I can only imagine what Owen would say if he saw it. This is what passes as our living quarters – and you can see now where there's no sofa; there simply isn't the space. We have to curl up pretty close even on the bed so one of us doesn't fall off (although we're used to that, as Jack's camp bed is even narrower). Jack says that he likes that we have to curl up close, and I suppose I have to admit that I don't mind so much either. It's not very manly to admit that you like to cuddle, but there you have it.

I don't mind so much you trying to decipher what I score out of Jack's writing, as long as you don't tell the others what you figure out. I'm pretty sure some of it is stuff I've told you anyway – I just don't really want Owen or Gwen seeing it. Owen teases quite enough as it is, I don't want to know what he could make of some of the things Jack has been writing. (I have asked him not to, and I think he's trying, but well, he's Jack. I'm not sure he can help it.)

I really hope they're not getting too much for you – I promise we'll be back just as soon as we can figure out what's going on out here.

I miss you.

- Ianto

---

Cardiff  
3<sup>rd</sup> May 2008

Dear Jack and Ianto,

Sorry I haven't written, but things have been slightly hectic here. Well, they still are hectic, but I figured you'd worry if you didn't hear from us so I'm writing now. Sorry if my writing isn't always legible, I'm scribbling a little so I can get this all down quickly. I don't have a lot of time.

Firstly, so you don't worry: yes, we're all fine. Exhausted, stressed, and a little bit bruised here and there, but fine. No serious injuries and we're planning on keeping it that way.

Basically, two days ago – after we'd gone to the warehouse and picked up those deliveries, Ianto, don't worry. We found both the warehouse and the keys for it just fine, and at that point there wasn't any emergency so we didn't have to rearrange anything. According to Owen, the drivers both seemed a little bemused to see him there instead of you, but it all worked out just fine.

We got all the important paperwork signed and sent off that morning too, so we should all get paid this month, at least.

But that afternoon, just when I was about to sit down and write you a letter telling you about how nothing was going on, in fact (is that Sod's law, or just irony?) we had a rather unexpected freak Rift storm 'blow in'. Tosh is still puzzled over why the predictor program didn't pick anything up but she doesn't have any time to actually look into it properly at the moment.

It started up that afternoon, and there's been no sign of it letting up so far. There's practically constant Rift Activity spikes all over the city, twenty-four hours a day. It's dropping tech and aliens all over the place – some less friendly than others.

We've had to call UNIT in because there was just no way the three of us could manage to cover about six or seven different locations at once. None of the incidents have been major in and of themselves – mostly they're small enough that one or two people can handle them just fine – but they're constant.

So far we're working well with the guys UNIT has sent in - and there's no obvious signs of them trying to take over or anything, despite what you think, Jack – and we're keeping on top of things.

I'll write again once things have calmed down a little – which will hopefully be soon.

As always, take care of yourselves, and I hope things are going well out there.

Love,

Gwen

---

Namibia  
4<sup>th</sup> May 2008

Dear All,

We're hoping that the lack of letters from you in the last couple of days is just the postal service being slow (you did get our last one, right?) and not because something horrible has happened there. If we haven't heard from you by the 6<sup>th</sup>, we're going to trek into town and take our chances with the phone.

If you didn't get the last letter... yes, Gwen you can sign the paperwork, and well... it's a bit late for the other thing but you'll need to look up the phone numbers for our butcher and fishmonger and rearrange deliveries for food for Myfanwy and the Weevils. Hopefully you did get the letter because I really don't want to have to write out all the details of that again.

Anyway, in other news...

We have to head out into the wonders of the desert again today – we'll be headed out immediately as I finish this letter in fact as we want to get out at least before the day really heats up – to move some of our beacons. All of the signals we've been

registering the last few days have been right on the far reaches of our current surveillance and monitoring area, so we're going to shift a few stations around and see if we pick up more beyond the furthest edges.

If the locals that we've talked to got their positions right, though, it means whatever is happening is moving, because most of the activity they've talked about occurring before we got here was on the other side of the area we've been watching.

Not sure what that means quite yet, although obviously whatever creatures are responsible aren't sticking around the same place for too long.

In addition to the localised earthquakes, some of the monitors have been picking up odd energy readings that would seem to indicate there's some alien technology being used in the region (although we haven't seen any when we've been out there). Jack says he recognises the readings, but he hasn't come up with any actual details yet.

*I do recognise them, it's just been a very long time since I last saw them. And I don't remember what it was that was causing them. I will though, and then we'll be able to go in and sort out whatever is happening and come home!*

For that reason alone I'm hoping he remembers soon. It's beginning to cool down a tiny bit here as we start getting towards winter (I've almost forgotten several times that we're in the southern hemisphere; it feels peculiar for it to be getting colder as we go from April to May) but it is still uncomfortably hot in the middle of the day.

And as such, I'm going to have to finish this letter here so we have time to get out and do the majority of the travelling and 'outside' work we have to do today before it gets too hot.

Hoping you are all okay,

Ianto and Jack

---

*Namibia  
4<sup>th</sup> May 2008*

*Dear Owen,*

*On our way back from our expedition out to rearrange the beacons and remote scanning instruments this morning, Ianto got stung by a scorpion (turns out there's a downside to those shorts after all). At first he said it was fine, and that he'd read up on this stuff before we came out and apparently most scorpion bites are just like bee stings. And then he started feeling really sick and dizzy so we went straight to the tiny little doctor's office in town where they said that some scorpion stings are a lot worse.*

*I don't remember what kind of scorpion it was but they said they didn't have any antivenin or anything like that they could give him but that he would be okay without it. He wouldn't feel very well for a bit but he would be okay, they said.*

*Please reassure me they were telling me the truth, Owen. Tell me they weren't just humouring me or telling me what I wanted to hear. I don't want Ianto to die because I selfishly brought him out here with me took him out into the desert and then nature attacked him and I didn't protect him from it like I said I would and there aren't enough big hospitals nearby that could properly treat him. I don't want him to die like this so far away from home and it all be because of me. I don't want him to die full stop. Please, Owen. Please tell me that Ianto will be okay.*

*They said that all he really needed was lots of rest and fluids and they gave him some painkillers for if the cramps get really bad. They wanted to send him to the big hospital for a few days but the nearest major hospital is over fifty miles away which was just too far – I don't want to let him out of my sight when he's this sick, let alone let him be fifty miles away on his own in a hospital! (And I would have gone with him so he wasn't on his own, except we do still need someone to watch all the scanners and stuff here just in case something big happens, which I really hope it doesn't in the next few days because I'm not leaving Ianto here on his own when he's so sick.)*

*So they've sent us home with the painkillers and I stocked up on lots of extra bottled water and tucked him up in our bed but he's still in pain even with the painkillers and he's really sick and his eyes hurt because the curtains aren't thick enough to properly block out the sunlight and I can't help him, Owen. All I can do is be here and give him water and the painkillers and I don't like not being able to help him, I don't.*

*They said at the doctor's that he would probably be feeling ill for a couple of weeks, which seems like a really long time if he's going to feel this bad even for half of that time. I hate seeing him feeling so horrible, and I don't think he much likes being stuck in bed having to put up with my attempts to look after him – you know Ianto, he's so determinedly self-sufficient; he likes being the one doing the looking after, not the one being looked after.*

*I know that there's probably not anything specific you can do – especially when you're thousands of miles away and I can't even remember the damn name of the species of scorpion – but is there anything at all you can do for him? Or rather, anything you can tell me how to do for him?*

*I just need him to be better soon. And yes, I need him back to help me with this... whatever it is that's going on, but mostly I need him to be better because he's miserable like this. He's miserable and I don't want him to be miserable any longer than he has to so if there's anything you can help me do for him, anything at all, please, please tell me.*

*I would go into town and see if I could get you on the phone to ask this stuff but I don't want to abandon Ianto for the forty minutes minimum it would take me to do it, so just... write back soon, please.*

*Waiting anxiously for your response,*

*Jack*

*P.S. I am enclosing a copy of the medical notes they gave us when they sent us home. I hope these will help you work out what I can do to help.*

---

Cardiff  
6<sup>th</sup> May 2008

*Jack,*

*I'm not an expert on scorpion stings, but I do know there are very, very few that can actually kill a person – especially a fit young adult like Ianto. The doctors over there are the experts; if they say Ianto is going to be fine, he's going to be fine.*

*Martha (who is here by the way... I'm sure Gwen will fill you in on the reasons for that when she gets a chance) phoned her Tom and he said that in his experience even most of the kids he sees recover just fine from 'bad' scorpion stings with limited medical treatment. Ianto is in much better shape than any of those kids, so his chances are even better, right?*

*Martha and I looked them over, and all the tests they gave you the results of in those notes indicate the same thing, so stop panicking, okay? Yes, he's sick – and I have no doubt that he's utterly miserable with it – but he's not going to die. Not from this, anyway. Scorpion stings don't even have any recorded long-term effects (not that I can find written anywhere, anyway).*

*From the sounds of it, you're doing all the right things, so just keep doing them – keep him hydrated and as comfortable as possible. Maybe you could try tossing some extra clothes or a spare blanket over the curtain rail if the light is bothering his eyes a lot.*

*What I do have over the doctors out there is access to a few innovative medical advances. Martha and I have discussed it and I'm sending over a small bag of pills with this letter.*

*The little blue ones are my good painkillers - they might make him a little bit woozier than he is even now, but if he's really in a lot of pain they'll definitely help. Don't mix them with the painkillers he's already on, and don't give him (or let him take) more than one a day. Two might theoretically be okay, but I don't want to take any risks (and I imagine you don't either).*

*The flat green ones should help with the nausea, and they might also possibly help calm any stomach cramps he's having – they might be hard for him to swallow if his throat is giving him trouble but don't crush them up or break them in half; they have to be taken whole or they may not be safe. Again, just to be on the safe side, no more than one a day.*

*The white one (of which there is just the one) is a generic anti-toxin. It's designed more for unknown alien toxins rather than scorpion stings, so obviously it won't be half as effective as a proper antivenin would be – and might not have that much effect at all – but it's all I can give you without having an intimate knowledge of scorpions. At best, it might knock four or five days off the time it takes for Ianto to feel better, at worst it will do nothing.*



*Just... look after him, all right? We're still run off our feet a bit here, so we're counting on you to take care of him so we don't have to worry quite so much.*

*Owen*

*P.S. I better not hear of you doing any 'Harkness style' comforting until he's feeling completely better, do you hear me?*

P.P.S. Innocent cuddles are, however, fine, and I'm sure Ianto won't object to being snuggled when he feels so horrible. – Martha x

---

Cardiff  
6<sup>th</sup> May 2008

Ianto,

**JACK, IF YOU ARE READING THIS, STOP NOW. THIS LETTER IS FOR IANTO, NOT YOU. IF HE ISN'T FEELING WELL ENOUGH TO READ IT HIMSELF YET, IT CAN WAIT.**

Really, Jack. I mean it. I know you're curious, and if Ianto wants to tell you any of it later then that's up to him, but **STOP READING NOW**.

Ianto, I really wish there was something I could do to make you feel better right now. I know Owen and Martha have sent Jack a selection of pills that might help. We're all worried about you, even though we're really busy.

I saw the letter Jack sent Owen too – it was quite clear he was almost out of his mind with worry about you; I think he gave away more of his feelings for you in that one letter than I've ever heard from him before. I think I'd already guessed from things you've told me over the last few months what his feelings were, but it was slightly different reading it for myself. If you're still in any doubt over how strongly he feels for you, stop now. (I'll show you the letter when you get back, if you want.)

I hope you're letting him take good care of you – I know you don't like being sick and hate being coddled, but you need your rest and (from what he said in his letter) I think Jack needs to feel like he's doing something for you. I suspect he's more 'domestic' than you imagine, deep down inside; he just doesn't like to show it.

And just so you know, there is nothing unmanly about liking to cuddle – even if they don't admit it, I reckon most people like a good cuddle sometimes. It sounds like Jack definitely does.

I see what you mean in the last picture you send, by the way – I've only seen Jack's quarters here in the Hub once (and even then only looking down at it through the hatch, he's quite protective of that little den) but it doesn't look like you have much more room to share there than he has here. I don't blame you for having wanted to throttle him a time or two, if you're cramped together like that with him so much.

Anyway, I wish I had the time to write you a longer letter, but things are a bit mad here (I'm fine though, don't worry about me! Just you concentrate on getting well) so it will have to wait.

Missing you and hoping you feel better soon.

Love,

Tosh

---

Cardiff  
7<sup>th</sup> May 2008

Dear Jack and Ianto,

Firstly, I hope by the time you get this you are starting to feel a bit better, Ianto. We've all been really worried about you, even though Owen and Martha assured us that the medical notes Jack sent a copy of indicated you will be just fine. Please take care of yourself – or rather, let Jack take care of you – and get better soon. So we can stop worrying ourselves sick about you.

As I mentioned in my last letter, things have been fairly crazy here. They're finally beginning to slow down a little now, but we're still very busy. We've cut the size of our little UNIT contingent in half as of yesterday afternoon, although we aren't quite at the stage where we can do without them completely yet.

I know Owen mentioned in the letter he sent yesterday that Martha was here. Well...

As much as I really hate to admit it – and I do hate it, although not as much as I hate that it happened – you were right, Jack. I don't know if it was actually some sort of nefarious plot or just a seizing of an opportunity, but Commander Brown was definitely trying something. We were working just fine with the UNIT troops for the first three days – they seemed to be perfectly accepting of the fact that they were working for us as much as they were working with us – but then they went back for a very short debriefing or something of that sort at the UNIT base and everything changed.

Commander Brown never actually made an appearance at the Hub, but it was clear the soldiers had been warned they were taking their orders from him, not from me (or Tosh or Owen).

We could probably have held them off just fine on our own – he wasn't going to get control of our base, no way in Hell – but when we were so busy and stressed already, it didn't seem wise for our mental health to try to do so.

We called Martha late that evening just to see if she could, well, put in a word somewhere at a level above Commander Brown's head (well, we knew she could do it, it was more to ask if she would) and she decided she was going to come down and help us out for a bit instead.

She went via the UNIT base on her way here early the following morning, and it's quite startling actually how quickly things turned around. Within a few hours of her arrival, all of the UNIT soldiers in our little battalion were working properly with us again, doing what we needed them to do and not arguing back and mentioning Commander bloody Brown every five minutes.

With Martha pitching in too, we've managed to get through the last couple of days with minimal damage – either to us or to anything in the area. Well, minimal under the circumstances. Nothing we can't cover up easily, anyway.

Tosh has been able to have a (very quick) look at the predictor program and she thinks she might have an idea as to why we didn't pick up on this storm coming in. She also says, now that she's updated something in it and fed in the data from the last week, that we seem to be over the worst of it and things should have calmed down properly in the next two or three days.

I hope she's right – we all do. I'd definitely like to see my fiancé for more than two minutes at a time! Rhys has actually been a lifesaver the last few days – we might have starved without him. He's taken to popping into the Tourist Office of an evening to drop off large quantities of home-cooked food that can just be microwaved when we have the chance to eat. You know it's bad when you don't even have time to order takeaway!

I will write again in a few days when hopefully things will be getting back to normal.

Ianto, please feel better soon.

Jack, take care of Ianto – you're not the only one that cares about him around here. Hopefully things will stay on the quiet side for you so Ianto has time to recover.

Take care.

Love,

Gwen

---

*Namibia  
9<sup>th</sup> May 2008*

*Dear All,*

*I know you must all be nearly as concerned about Ianto as I've been, so I'll start with an update on how he is.*

*Owen and Martha, thank you both so much for the assorted medicines you sent – they arrived yesterday and Ianto tells me they're really working. He's not constantly curled up in pain anymore and he's throwing up a lot less, so I'm inclined to believe him. He's got a bit of colour back in his cheeks, too (yes I do know he's normally quite pale anyway, but no one should look as pale as he has since he's been ill. And he's actually quite tanned at the moment too).*

*The next few days will, I guess, tell us if the anti-toxin has had any effect or not.*

*He's managing to sleep a lot better now too – I had actually figured out the 'blanket as an extra curtain' thing before I received your letter, Owen, although it took a few hours after I sent mine. (I'm not sure I was thinking entirely clearly when I wrote to you last – I don't remember everything I said but I think worry over Ianto may have addled me a little.) Even with the light blocked out the pain and nausea had been too much for him to rest properly, let alone the jitters he's been having, but he's sleeping well now; actually, he's slept almost the whole time since he managed to get those pills down yesterday. Both you two and the doctors here said he needs lots of rest, so I'm assuming that sleeping is good.*

*The activity here hasn't, unfortunately, stopped just because Ianto is sick, but it hasn't been increasing and there have been no reports of any new types of occurrence. I've been monitoring all the readings from here – it seems that we did at least get the beacons positioned in the right places before we made the acquaintance of the scorpion – and once Ianto is better enough I will go out there on my own and have another look around.*

*I'm still sure I recognise some of the energy signals, but what time isn't taken up by monitoring the scans is spent looking after Ianto, so I haven't had much time to think about it thoroughly. As soon as Ianto is better, I'll get onto it – I have a feeling it could be the key to what's going on and thus us getting back home.*

*I hope that by the time you receive this letter, things have calmed down there. I'm sorry we couldn't be there to help you deal with the Rift storm, but I'm very glad to hear you are keeping on top of it and not getting yourselves seriously hurt in the process. I'm also impressed at how well you have handled working in co-operation with UNIT.*

*I told you I had my suspicions about Commander Brown, and I'm not entirely convinced that there might not have been a little meddling going on there with the timeframes. I know the three of you could have handled him – I don't doubt that he underestimated you all – but thank you, Martha, for dealing with it so swiftly. He won't try to mess with Torchwood Three again so quickly in the future!*

*Still, it could come in handy in the future if we (well, by 'we' I mean you, because the officers do all pretty much hate me – don't ask me why!) could cultivate good professional relations with a few of the local UNIT soldiers. You never know when we might need just a little bit more manpower to deal with something, and I'm sure we could offer some expertise in return. Although all of our tech remains our tech. Even if he's been warned, I don't want Brown getting his hands on it.*

*By the way, Gwen - do you think Rhys might be willing to drop in home-cooked food in for us on a semi-regular basis? It does sound quite nice, and I'm sure we all eat more takeaway than is healthy. Ask him, would you?*

*Anyway, I can hear a noise in the other room so I think Ianto might have just woken up and I better go see if he needs anything.*

*Hoping things are better there,*

*Jack & Ianto*

*P.S. Owen, I know I have more than a bit of a reputation, but surely you don't think I'm that bad! Comforting cuddles and forehead kisses only, I promise. And no, Martha, he doesn't object one little bit.*

---

Cardiff  
11<sup>th</sup> May 2008

Dear Jack and Ianto,

We're all very glad to hear that you're starting to feel better, Ianto. With a bit of luck this letter will find you well on your way to being fully recovered. I'm sure Jack is quite capable of passing on all of our love. Don't try to get up and do everything too soon, though, okay? We all know you hate being laid up, but let Jack look after you until you're properly better. We don't want you making yourself sick again.

The Rift finally settled itself back down and stopped spitting things out at us several times daily yesterday. It's actually been pretty much completely silent since mid-afternoon yesterday, and I'm not sure if that doesn't worry me more than when it was going crazy and dropping things all over the place, left, right and centre.

Whenever the Rift goes silent I feel like it's working up to something – even now when it has just spent ten days making our lives hell!

The last of our UNIT soldiers left us the day before yesterday. I think - other than that day in the middle when they were being forced to ignore our command and listen only to Commander Brown – most of them quite enjoyed working with us. I don't think any of them would be averse to helping us out again if we needed – although I get the feeling some of them would only do it if we could definitely keep Commander Brown firmly out of it. Tosh befriended a couple of them (not like that, Jack Harkness, get your mind out of the gutter) and from what they told her, the Commander isn't the most well liked man on the base. Martha says he isn't the most liked person in UNIT full stop.

They all left us contact details (well, all but one) so if we really do get into a situation where we need them in the future, we could probably just contact them directly. Like you said, always a good idea to have some more manpower as backup if required.

Tosh got to the root of the problem with the Rift predictor, and why it failed to warn us about the Rift storm, and she's working on improvements now so it shouldn't happen again. She did explain it to me, but you'll have to ask her to tell you directly because it just went over my head.

I asked Rhys about the home-cooked food thing. He said he'd be happy to, as long as it wasn't too often, we didn't use it as an excuse for being able to work even longer hours, and as long as we washed out the Tupperware and got it back to our flat promptly. Oh, and as long as he got to stay well out of any 'weird shit' – I assured him we'd be keeping him as far away from any of that as we could.

He also warned me that we might be the recipients of his experiments with new recipes – he does like to try out some odd things from time to time, and even though he's a wonderful cook, they don't always quite turn out how he expected. (Don't tell him I told you that, please.)

Right, so keep looking after each other, and hopefully you'll be able to figure out that signal soon, sort it out and come back to us. It's been a month now and we all miss you two.

Love,

Gwen

---

Namibia  
14<sup>th</sup> May 2008

Dear all,

Thank you all very much for all your well wishes. I'm feeling a lot better now, even if Jack insists that I stay in bed and rest until at least tomorrow. I suppose he's right that I am still quite tired and a bit weak from not eating enough for the last week and a half, but in every other way I'm better (and feeling a little bit useless stuck in bed). I definitely want to thank you, Owen, and Martha if you are still there when this letter arrives, for those pills. While they weren't the instant cure I think Jack was over-optimistically hoping for, they made the last several days a lot more bearable.

Yes, Jack has been taking very good care of me, and he wants me to assure you that he's been a perfect gentleman, Owen. (He has, by the way; I'm not just saying that because he asked me to. ~~Even when I asked...~~ No, I'm not saying anything about that.)

Anyway, I'm nearly recovered, so hopefully tomorrow I will be able to return to actually doing my job and working out what is going on here so we can come home soon. Jack has been out taking another look or two on his own the last couple of days since I've been feeling better, so I'll let him tell you about it. (He's told me already, so I could tell you, but he's insisting that I don't tax myself by writing too much. You'd think I was made of glass.)

*I don't think it's a bad thing that I don't want him jumping back into doing too much, however much Ianto may complain.*

*Anyway.*

*There's absolutely nothing visible out there at all. I've gone over the whole 'active' area twice, and even felt a very minor localised earthquake myself, but there's just nothing. These aliens, whoever or whatever they are, are either invisible (well, very well cloaked), on a slightly different plane, or – the simplest explanation but also one I'd expect to see more evidence of – underground.*

*I'm wracking my memory for where I've seen these energy readings before, and I know it is in there somewhere, but there's an awful lot rattling around in this head of mine now. I can't even remember if it's from before or after I ended up involved in Torchwood. I wish we had an internet connection here right now so I could send you*

*a data file to compare to the Torchwood archives – there might not be anything even if it was with Torchwood I saw it (Torchwood was way ahead with computerisation but even still there's nothing before the late 40s) but there might be. And if there isn't it would at least rule out a few time periods.*

*If I could describe it to you in letter form, I would. These last two weeks I have really hated the lack of communications out here; there's a reason the internet was invented, after all.*

*I'm glad to hear things are getting back to normal out there. I know the Rift going really quiet can be disturbing and worrying, but I would make the most of it if I were you. Divert all the alerts to your phones (I know you can do it, Tosh, you told me so yourself) and take some time off. Go pretend to be normal people with actual lives for a few days. Obviously someone will still have to be coming in at least once every day to make sure Myfanwy, the Weevils and the Hoix are fed (you know Ianto would never forgive you if you let Myfanwy starve), but if you organise yourselves that shouldn't stop you from taking full advantage of a quiet Rift.*

*It doesn't surprise me that Commander Brown isn't the most popular person even with UNIT personnel. He's... I probably shouldn't start on telling you what I think he is or I will be here writing all day. Let's just leave it at the fact that I don't like him, and I can see why other people wouldn't either. He is generally quite competent at doing his job, though (other than when he's deliberately trying to sabotage Torchwood's efforts, as it sounds like he was doing to you).*

*Hopefully we won't ever have cause to get in touch with any of your new friends in the UNIT ranks (well, professionally, at least – I have no issues if any of you want to keep in touch with them socially) but it's relieving to know they're there – especially at the moment when Ianto and I are just too far away to rush back and help in a crisis.*

*I am looking forward to being the subject of Rhys's culinary experiments. I like to experiment in the kitchen too, when I have the chance, but Ianto won't let me loose in his flat and you know that the Hub doesn't really have a proper kitchen.*

*Keep safe,*

*Jack & Ianto*

---

Namibia  
14<sup>th</sup> May 2008

Dear Tosh,

I wish I could have been there with you and the rest this last week and a half – not that Jack hasn't been wonderful, but there's something about being ill that does rather make you long for your own bed and familiar surroundings.

I don't doubt that Jack's letter was rather on the frantic side. I think he was more panicked than I was by the time we reached the clinic, even though I'm the one that was sick. I don't remember it all that clearly, because everything was washed away a bit in the pain and the trying not to throw up, but he was clinging onto me almost as

tightly as I was holding onto him, and I'm fairly certain he begged me more than once to 'not die on him, please'.

He's taken very good care of me since we got back here, though. And you're right, I hate being coddled and not being able to look after myself, but sometimes my body betrays me and forces me to just stay in bed while someone runs around after me.

Once he'd accepted that I was going to recover and be perfectly fine, I think Jack did actually revel in it, just a little bit. Maybe I should let him spoil me with this sort of treatment occasionally when we get home, even if I'm not ill. It's a thought, anyway. I'd say I would let him be the one to get up in the morning and make breakfast sometimes, but I tried that once and... no, never again. (I had to buy a new toaster.)

I won't object to the increased frequency of cuddles staying, though. There, I'm admitting it, I like cuddles (and Jack is a very good cuddler).

I was very glad to read (well, have Jack read to me, since he thinks this is helping) that things have settled down there again. I know you said not to worry, and just to concentrate on getting better, but I can't help it.

You mean a lot to me, Tosh, I don't want anything to happen to you.

When we get home – which I really do hope will be soon - I have a hug all stored up for you.

Hoping to see you sooner rather than later,

Ianto

---

Cardiff  
17<sup>th</sup> May 2008

Dear Jack and Ianto,

We're all so very relieved to hear that you're so much better, Ianto. And as much as you may not like to hear it, we are fully behind Jack mother henning you a little until you are back to 100%. We know you want to get back on the job so you can get back here, but no pushing until you're ready, okay?

Owen says he will not be impressed if you get back here and you still look like death warmed up, so let that be a warning. Although I don't know what he's planning on doing to you if you don't listen.

Wish there was something we could do to make up for the fact that you can't actually send us the data. If it helps at all, we've done several searches on the signs you've described (like the localised earthquakes) and found nothing in any of the databases. Obviously that doesn't mean whatever it is isn't in there, but hopefully it might help you narrow it down a tiny bit.

The Rift is still quiet – we're really getting quite suspicious now – and while we don't quite trust it enough to actually all leave at the same time, we've been taking it in



turns to man the Hub while the others have some time off. Obviously the person whose turn it is to be in the Hub for the day (you might have guessed it's me today) also feeds everything, although I have to admit I'm still not all that fond of feeding Myfanwy. I don't care how well you two claim she is trained; I don't quite trust her not to take my arm off when I'm tossing food at her.

Now that everything has settled down, and UNIT have all left, Martha has gone back to London and Tom – he's leaving again in just a few days so she – for obvious reasons – wants to spend as much time with him as she can before he goes.

She left something on your desk for the two of you, though, Jack. I have no idea what – she wouldn't tell me and I swore I wouldn't look – so you have to hurry up and get back here and open it so you can tell me what it is! I'm dying of curiosity here.

Look after each other, and get this thing solved soon – we miss you and we're all dreadfully deprived of half-decent coffee. (We promise we love you for more than your coffee, Ianto.)

Love,

Gwen

---

Namibia  
24<sup>th</sup> May 2008

Dear All,

We're coming home! Finally! Well, we will be in a few more days, but it is only a few more days.

Sorry that we haven't written in several days, but we had rather a breakthrough three days after our last letter and we've been on the go fairly constantly ever since – and before you start, even Jack has accepted that I'm better now, and no, I'm not pushing myself too far too soon.

It had its intended result, though; Namibia is now several aliens lighter than it was a few days ago, although I think we should admit that, technically, we're not directly responsible for that.

It all started, really, the day after we last wrote. Jack still wasn't overly happy with the idea of taking me back out into the middle of the desert again so soon, so while he went off on another recon trip out to the latest site of the anomalies, I spent the day in our 'office' instead, scouring the data we've collected since we've been here.

When I added in some estimated data for the reported abnormalities before we arrived, I noticed there was, well, a bit of a spatial pattern in where the incidents had been occurring over time.

Or to be more precise, they were all in a straight(ish) line, moving in one direction in time.

Making the painfully obvious assumption, we set out the following day to trace backwards along the line of movement, hoping to discover where it had originated. We drove across desert for quite some time, and though there was no residual Rift energy along the way (which we now know the reason for, but I'll get to that in time) we did eventually hit a spot where the scanners went mad picking up a variety of other energy signals, and the life signs monitor started picking up a reading or two as well.

The handheld monitors, as you know, aren't particularly accurate as far as actually locating the activity goes, so it took us until lunchtime the next day to finally stumble upon what we were looking for.

And when I say stumble upon, I mean literally stumble upon (if Jack hadn't caught me, I would have ended up flat on my face on the sand – not so dignified).

Their cloaking devices were highly effective – I was very impressed; it beat the hell out of our little perception filter trick for the invisible lift. Jack just said it was a stupid place to park an invisible spaceship, what with the lack of landmarks and all.

I was slightly less impressed with the fact that they managed to use said cloaking to also hide the bloody great hole we discovered when we were inching our way around the edge of the ship. And by 'discovered', I mean that Jack fell into the edge of it up to his waist.

It was lucky really that it *was* only waist deep right at the edge – if he'd tumbled right down into it properly I don't know what would have happened. It would certainly have been even more confusing for me.

Anyway, from his new vantage point halfway into the hole, Jack could duck down and see into the rest of the hole – it was only cloaked from ground level up.

In the end, we both went in and went to explore a bit – the deep central part of the hole had stairs hewn into the edges so it was fairly easy and safe to get down. We weren't very far into the (amazingly and unexplainably well-lit; I still don't know how it was done) tunnel at the bottom when we encountered a couple of them.

As soon as we saw them, Jack finally remembered where he'd seen those energy signals before. He didn't go that far into the specifics, but he did say it was before he joined Torchwood. Apparently it wasn't actually with members of that same species the last time, but they were from the same galaxy and it was one where they shared around a lot of their technological advances. According to Jack, that galaxy was also chock-a-block with tourist destinations and whole planet resorts – I'm assuming that's how Jack ended up there but you know with Jack that you never can tell.

Anyway, the Illariyari (that's my best approximation of how the name should be written; I'm not sure our alphabet has the right letters to express it fully) appeared to be friendly enough, if more than a little surprised to find us in their tunnel. They also – unsurprisingly – didn't understand a word we said when we used English. We had slightly better luck when Jack tried his hand in whatever snippets of language he remembered from visiting their galaxy.

Luckily for us, his pidgin... whatever language it was, was good enough to convince them that we didn't mean them any harm, but we would like to talk with them about their presence on Earth.

This appeared to signal lots of messaging back and forth between the pair we were talking to and some others presumably further along the tunnel, and then to Jack and me being escorted back up the stairs and actually into the spaceship.

I'm sure I'll end up describing the interior of this spaceship to you in more detail once we get back, but for now I will leave it at saying that it was equipped with some seriously interesting pieces of kit and engineering.

We were left on our own for a bit in a rather swish meeting room of some sort – I confess for a fraction of a moment I did worry that, despite the appearance of friendliness, we were being taken prisoner.

Our friends from the tunnel eventually reappeared with several others – including one we were about to discover was their ship's captain.

Conversation from that point on was rather simpler, since a few of the newcomers had arrived lugging a large bulky box between them; when it was placed in the middle of the room and a switch flipped, suddenly the things they were saying started to make sense – not perfectly, the grammar seemed more like it was a literal translation than a proper one, but streets ahead of Jack's knowledge.

Apparently they're rather better in a few millennia – or so Jack says, anyway. And not so bulky – but still almost prohibitively expensive. It was good enough that we found out why they were here, though.

For a nice change, they weren't here bent on taking over the planet, or wiping out the human race, or anything even vaguely malicious at all, in fact.

They were just passing by – well, passing a couple of million miles away – when they discovered they had a serious leak in one of their fuel tanks and weren't going to make it much further. Earth was the closest planet suitable for landing that also fit their requirements, so – despite the fact that they knew they could get into some sort of trouble for landing here (there's a law of some sort – I didn't quite catch all the details) - they did an emergency landing and just aimed for somewhere that looked as close to unpopulated as they could find in a hurry.

From their descriptions and stories, I reckon that was about three and a half months ago. They fixed the fuel tank, and since then have been working underground mining a downright peculiar mixture of different rocks and minerals. The tech that we've been picking up on the monitors is a nifty little gadget that converts the mined rocks into a fuel they can use in their ship.

While that process is extremely efficient, their mining process wasn't so much, so Jack and I have spent a bit of time in the last few days using our (admittedly limited) knowledge of human mining techniques to help them improve it.

As a result, we managed to get them enough fuel converted and loaded into their tanks a bit faster than they had been expecting; they had been anticipating another week or two on Earth, but they left this morning. They're not fully fuelled, but they have enough to make it to the next fuelling station without having to worry.

Jack (who you may have noticed hasn't been interrupting my letter writing today) is up to his eyeballs in paperwork still – we have both been. If you ever thought we had a lot of red tape and reports to get through working for Torchwood, it's nothing compared to what UNIT insist upon. Even filling out the paperwork has associated paperwork.

And once we're done decimating a few forests, Lieutenant Halse is escorting us to the UNIT office in Windhoek to debrief or... something like that.

If it's anything like the UNIT meetings Jack tries to get out of regularly back in Cardiff, I foresee Jack causing trouble (you know what Jack's like when he gets bored). We can't get out of it, though.

After the meetings are over, we finally get to come home, though!

Our flight from Windhoek to Johannesburg leaves on the 27<sup>th</sup>, and we'll be back in Cardiff (well, the airport anyway) late lunchtime on the 28<sup>th</sup>. I'll call you from Amsterdam with the details of our flight number and such, because I don't actually have any of those details yet – I didn't book the flights, a UNIT officer did it on our behalf. I just know what time we leave and what time we get back. (Oh, I can't wait to have internet access again – things are just so much more difficult without it!)

I am looking forward to seeing all of you again – yes, even you, Owen. I know Jack feels the same.

Four more days – and unless there's an emergency, yes we are expecting you to pick us up from the airport. You don't need to be standing anxiously at the arrivals gate with a 'Welcome Back' banner (actually, please, please don't) but we'd rather like to see you there.

Take care of yourselves, and we will see you soon!

Ianto and Jack