

FROM THE WORLDS OF

BBC DOCTOR WHO

CLASS

— ONGOING —

EPISODE ONE

FALLEN SOUL

Written by **ALLY CHANCELLOR**

Illustrated by **ANNE-LAURE TUDURI
& MATT JORDAN**

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This book is published as part of *Class: Ongoing*, a fan-made multimedia series continuing the storylines of the television series *Class*, first broadcast on BBC Three in 2016. *Class* is a BBC Wales production set in the universe of *Doctor Who*.

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The author reserves the right to original characters, locations and other story elements included in this work.

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Fallen Soul

The soul was lost. It had been released, it knew that. It knew what it was supposed to be doing as well. But it didn't know where it was.

There were other souls around it. Speeding past it, spreading across the universe to do what they had been instructed. What was it they were doing? The Shadow Kin. They were killing the Shadow Kin.

The Shadow Kin had killed the soul as well. It knew that. It couldn't remember what it had been doing before that.

There was a boy in the room. The Soul knew him. It knew the cabinet that he stood in front of. How did the Soul know him? It couldn't remember.

The rest of the souls were gone. The Shadow Kin. They were gone too. That couldn't be right. The people in the

room were speaking. The Soul couldn't understand them.

The Soul fled the room. Where were the Shadow Kin?

There. A figure. A shadow stretched out behind it. Surely that was it.

The figure stopped. The figure steamed. No, the Soul thought, watching the figure fall to the ground. That wasn't right. The Shadow Kin must be somewhere else.

It could feel the cabinet pulling on it. It could feel the doors of the cabinet shut.

It would find the Shadow Kin.

CHAPTER ONE

“You’re sure these work?”

Charlie nodded. It was still unsettling to hear April’s voice coming out of Corakinus’s body. It was even more unsettling to be seated in the same room as him. It wasn’t him. It was April. But it didn’t look like it. Everytime he spotted her out of the corner of his eye it set him on edge. A Shadow Kin that somehow wasn’t trying to kill him.

“Yes,” Charlie said. “It’s the same thing Quill and I use. The Doctor gave us extras in case they broke or malfunctioned.”

April almost laughed, but it was half hearted. It didn’t sound right coming from Corakinus. It sounded like April. But like the rest of her there was something unsettling behind it. Charlie hadn’t thought that Shadow Kin could laugh. An actual Shadow Kin probably couldn’t. April

wasn't an actual Shadow Kin. Somehow that unsettled him worse than looking at her did.

"So," April said. "You really don't look human then. That first day, when we were setting up for the dance, I asked if you and Quill looked human and you said yes."

Charlie nodded again, fiddling with the flat metal square in his hands. The shimmer wasn't large, about the size of a cell phone. It almost looked like a calculator. He didn't really feel like talking about what he actually looked like. He didn't really feel like looking at April either. "Ours... they were harder to program than yours will be. The Doctor sort of had to make up human faces for us. But we already know what your human- what your face should look like." He frowned. "You're bigger though. I mean, Corakinus is bigger."

"So, I'll still feel like this?" she wished Charlie would look at her. She couldn't shake the feeling that she was doing something awful just by being in the room with him. Now that she was this. Now that she looked like the race that had slaughtered his entire planet, even if she was now technically the only one of them left. A body that barely seemed substantial, but at the same time was so big, so strong she had nearly punched a hole in the wall just by leaning against it. So tall that she scraped door frames as she went through.

"Maybe," Charlie admitted. "I still feel all the rest of me. The non-human parts, I mean. They're all still there, just underneath the human ones that everyone sees. It should

be the same for you. The shimmer blocks the real you, so it won't affect too much else around you, but you can still feel it. Since Corakinus is taller than and stronger than you are-"

"Watch out when going through doorways?" April tried to make it sound lighthearted and failed. She wanted to feel like herself. She didn't want to keep feeling like this.

"Probably," Charlie agreed.

April nodded, glancing towards the window. The curtains were shut. They had shut the curtains as soon as they managed to get April inside. Just in case. They didn't need anyone seeing her. Not like this. "Have you talked to Matteusz?"

Charlie finally glanced up at her, only to look away again. "No."

"He's going to be staying with Ram and his mum. You could-"

"No, April," Charlie nearly snapped at her. He shook his head. "Sorry. But we have broken up. That's all there is to it." He didn't want to think about Matteusz. It hurt too much. He didn't want to think about another thing that he had lost. Charlie looked up, looking at April properly for the first time. "You think I was wrong to use the cabinet." It wasn't a question.

"I-" April sighed, another sound that just seemed wrong. "It brought me back to life."

“It also killed you. I killed you. Here.” Charlie handed over the shimmer. “You just have to turn it on. You’ll look like you again.”

“Thank you,” April went to push her hair back, only to once again remember that she didn’t have any. She had been doing that a lot. She let her hand drop. “Do you miss it? Not being able to be what you really look like?”

April hadn’t turned it on yet. Charlie didn’t let himself look away from her. He was looking into the face of the creature that had killed his entire planet, but did that really matter since he had murdered the Shadow Kin’s entire planet in return? “It’s not that I miss looking like myself. I miss seeing others who look like me.”

“Mum?”

“April!” Jackie rolled around the corner. Something in April’s heart, whatever might have been left of it, dropped into her stomach. Of course. The Shadow that she had placed in Jackie’s legs had been killed as well. She was wheelchair bound again. “What happened? Are you alright?” Jackie reached out to touch her and instantly April stepped back. The shimmer had her looking like herself, but she still wasn’t sure how much she would feel like it.

“I’m fine,” April shut the door as carefully as she could. She was still too strong. “I...” She couldn’t do it. She couldn’t tell her mum what had really happened. She couldn’t tell her mum that Charlie had killed her. That she had woken up

like this. That she was now stuck like this forever. “I... I got my heart back.” It wasn’t a lie, technically. Corakinus was gone. Her heart was her own again.

“You did?” Jackie looked surprised. “April, what happened?”

“We...” April bit her lip. Oh that felt strange. It was like two different sensations stacked on top of each other, a memory of how biting her lip actually felt versus the awkward sensation of how it felt now. “The Shadow Kin... they’re gone.” Charlie had killed them. “But, that means- your legs-”

“April,” Jackie placated. “I’m not worried about my legs. I lived with this before, I can again. I just want to know that all of you are okay. That this is over.”

“Yeah,” April lied, forcing herself to smile. “We’re fine. It’s over.”

CHAPTER TWO

Being in school again didn't feel real. Everytime Tanya passed someone they fell silent, staring at her like she was a zoo animal. Alright, so maybe not every time, but enough people were watching her to make it uncomfortable. She opened her locker on autopilot. Tanya wondered if Ram was getting the same looks. The kids whose parents had just died.

Tanya didn't really want to think about it. She wasn't sure she could make it through the school day if every moment she remembered that her mother was dead. She wasn't sure how she would be able to make it through the rest of her life, let alone school.

When her dad died she still had her mum. Now it felt like she didn't have anything. That wasn't quite true. There

were her brothers. Her grandmother. She tried not to think about how close to dying her brothers had come to as well.

“Tanya!”

“April?” Tanya half expected to see Corakinus walking down the hallway. But no, standing in front of her was definitely April. Tanya hadn’t actually seen her since... since everything. There had been some calls and texts, but Tanya and Ram had been too busy to get together with the others. She found herself to be the one staring now, looking for anything that might make it clear that what she was looking at was simply an illusion. But there wasn’t anything. It just looked like April. “I didn’t think you’d be back.”

“Quantum shimmer,” April said. She pulled the shimmer out of her bag, giving Tanya a glance before slipping it away again. “Charlie gave it to me. It’s the same thing he and Quill use. I’m surprised you’re back.”

“Yeah, well,” Tanya shrugged. “Gotta keep my grades up,” she tried to make it sound like a joke. She wasn’t sure her grades mattered anymore. “Does that thing feel weird?”

“Sort of?” April said. She felt both like herself and not. It was real, but it also wasn’t and it was somehow both at the same time. “It’s like two of me on top of each other. If you touched me, I’d feel like me, but I’m also about seven feet tall.” She brushed a lock of hair behind her ear. “I’m dealing. How are you holding up?”

“I don’t know,” Tanya stacked a few books into her locker. “The police...” she shrugged. “My grandmum came down. I might-” Tanya shook her head. There had been no body. There had been a pile of dust on her bedroom floor. There had been blood on her walls and she couldn’t walk into her bedroom without seeing it there, even though they had cleaned it up. “I’m fine.”

“You’re sure?”

“I mean no, I’m very much not alright. But I’d rather not cry in the school hallway,” Tanya shut her locker. “So, what about you?”

“I’m... fine.” Aside from, you know, dying. Still trying to figure out what actually happened. I should be dead too. I was dead.” She had been shot. She knew she had been shot. She didn’t know what had happened between that and waking up like this.

“I was thinking about that,” Tanya swung her bag on her shoulder. “You and Corakinus were connected. The cabinet must have killed him, but not you. So, if the part of your heart that was in him was still there, he dies and you don’t.”

“Makes as much sense as anything else,” April agreed. She scanned the students in the hall. “Have you talked to Ram? He stopped answering my calls.”

“He’s- his mum’s back. But we haven’t really- no. I haven’t talked to him much either. Are you two still dating?”

“I think so?” Aprils stepped aside as a group of year ten’s nearly knocked into her. “We talked more at the beginning of break, but we haven’t seen each other much. But he was dealing with his dad and I was dealing with-” she gestured to herself.

“What about Charlie?”

“He won’t pick up either. He checked in once to make sure the shimmer was still working, but I haven’t heard from him since.”

The hallway quieted. Tanya thought everyone was staring at her again, but no. Miss Quill had arrived. She hadn’t bothered with cutting her hair, but the fact that it was at least twice as long as it should be after just a couple weeks was overshadowed by the fully healed scar across her eye. Not to mention the fact that she looked at least six months pregnant.

“Did she ever tell you how she got pregnant?” April asked quietly. Quill walked past them without a second glance, her heels the loudest sound in the hall. Those couldn’t be comfortable while pregnant. April wondered vaguely if quill got swollen feet. Or if the shimmer made them swollen anyway.

“No,” Tanya said. “To be fair, I was a little busy to properly ask.”

“What do you think she’s going to do when she has the baby? I mean, she can’t go to a hospital.” April said as Quill

disappeared and conversation in the hall resumed. “Could she call the Doctor again?”

“I really don’t think he’s a medical doctor.”

“He fixed Ram’s leg.”

“... That’s true.”

Charlie wasn’t even sure why he was going to school today. He had barely spoken to anyone since giving April the shimmer, only checking in to make sure that it was working properly. Every message sent to Matteusz had been ignored. He and Quill hadn’t said more than a dozen words to each other over the whole break. He supposed he was heading to school simply because he no longer had anything better to do. It was at least better than sitting in his room, staring endlessly at the empty cabinet while vaguely wondering if Quill was finally going to kill him.

She probably wouldn’t. He was pretty sure she wouldn’t.

He was halfway to the school, his hood pulled up against the rain when he heard the scream. Something was glowing from a nearby patch of trees. And someone inside it was screaming.

Charlie still wasn’t sure why he followed the scream either. He stopped dead on the edge of the trees. Whoever had been screaming was dead, slumped in the grass as the rain turned the body into dust. And standing over it was a

Fallen Soul

glowing figure. It was vaguely human shaped, but Charlie could see straight through it.

No, it wasn't human shaped.

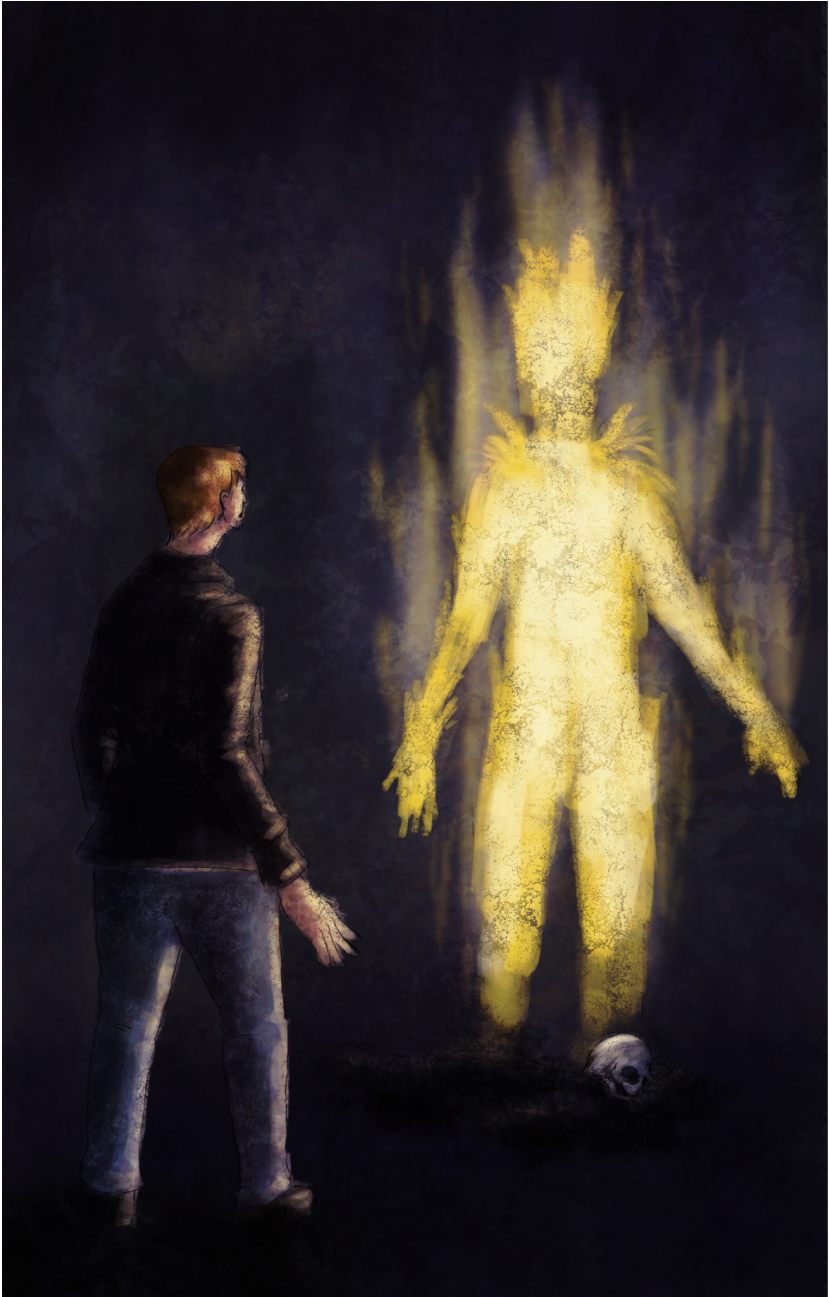
It was rhodian shaped.

It looked like- no. It couldn't be. That was impossible.

Charlie blinked and then it was gone. The body was still there. Even half washed by the rain Charlie could see that they had to be one of the oldest humans Charlie had ever seen. He touched her arm, barely grazing it only for it to crumble to dust under his fingers.

“What the-”

Ally Chancellor



CHAPTER THREE

Quill's class, a group of duller than usual year ten's, was silent. Most of them were staring at her. Quill was scraping her chalk as loudly as she could, as always, but no one was even bothering to cover their ears.

Finally at the back of the class Ruby raised her hand.
"Miss?"

Quill huffed, dropping the chalk and turning around.
"What?"

"Are you pregnant?"

"If you don't know how the human reproduction system works by this point in your sad little life then the education system of the country truly has failed you." Quill tapped the blackboard and sunk into her desk. "Pop quiz. Solve for drag force."

Ruby kept her hand up. “You weren’t pregnant before the break.”

“My personal life is none of your concern. Now, unless you want detention already, I’d suggest you get on with it.”

First period had been... well maybe not awful, but it hadn’t been pleasant. April didn’t quite fit into the desks anymore even though no one, not even the desk in question, seemed to notice. She had nearly ripped the door off her locker, and nearly crushed the lock in her hands. April tried not to let herself think about getting her body back. She couldn’t get her body back. Her body was dead. And this... this was it, she supposed. She sighed, leaning against the wall outside Quill’s class. The bell hadn’t rung yet, and she didn’t feel like dealing with Quill just yet.

A brown haired girl in a leather jacket walked past her into class. She smiled briefly at April. April tried to get the energy to smile back, but it wasn’t there. She shut her eyes. This was... exhausting, somehow.

“April!” Charlie had nearly been late to school, unable to catch April before the first period had started.

April opened her eyes. “Charlie! You haven’t talked to anyone in days. Are you alright?”

“I-” He very much wasn’t alright, but he didn’t really deserve to be alright, so it didn’t really matter. “I saw something. On my way to school this morning.”

April sighed. “Is it something we have to deal with?” She knew it had been a lie when she told her mum everything was over, but a girl could hope.

“I think I saw someone aged to death.”

“You’re sure?” It figured. First day back at school and whatever part of the universe hated Coal Hill so much was already out to get them.

Charlie nodded. “And there... It was like this ghost standing over her. I...” he glanced around, glad to see that the hall had nearly emptied out. “April, it looked like my mother.”

April adjusted the books in her arms, knowing better by now than to think anything they said was crazy. “You said you saw your parents the night the Lankin showed up.”

“That was different,” This was. Real? “That was only for a second. This was her. She was there, standing- floating, I suppose, over the body and then she was gone. But the body, it was the oldest human I’ve ever seen. When I touched it, it just crumbled into dust. By now the rain had probably gotten rid of it completely.”

Tanya peeked her head out of the classroom. “Bells about to ring, April are- oh, Charlie. How are you?”

April spoke up. “Charlie thinks he saw his mother.”

Tanya stepped fully into the hall. “Like the night the Lankin came?”

“No,” Charlie repeated. “The Lankin looked like people-”

“Ignoring the giant vines growing out of their backs,” Tanya muttered.

“Yes, but this looked like a ghost or a spirit or-” Charlie suddenly felt sick. Or a soul. That couldn’t be. He had used all of them. Every single soul, used to wipe out the Shadow Kin and commit genocide twice over.

The bell rang.

“Come on,” April said. “Quill will have our heads for being late.”

Ram didn’t want to talk to anyone, and Matteusz didn’t want to talk to Charlie, but April forced them all together for lunch anyway. It was the first time they had actually been together since Charlie had used the cabinet. Since the day April had died.

Ram was slumped back in his seat. Tanya was already doing her homework. Charlie and Mattuesz were very determinedly not making eye contact with each other.

“Charlie thinks he saw his mother,” April said. Someone had to start, and as always this was a problem they were stuck solving.

Ram raised an eyebrow. “Your dead mother?”

“Yes,” Charlie said. “She was sort of- floating over a body. And then she was gone and when I touched the body it crumbled into dust. The rain has probably gotten rid of it completely by now.”

“Like... Shadow Kin dust?” Tanya asked warily.

“No. Like... like her body was... have you seen that film about the princess with the really long hair?”

“Mate,” Ram said, “why have you seen that movie?”

“I- it was a few months ago.” Charlie resisted the urge to look at Matteusz. “At the end of it the witch trips. She falls out the window and by the time she hits the ground she’s nothing but dust because she was so old? It was like that.”

“You think your mother aged her to death?” Tanya asked.

“I suppose she must have.” Charlie was trying not to think about the fact that maybe it really was his mother. “It was the oldest human I’ve ever seen.”

“But why would something that looked like your mother be aging someone to death?” April said.

“Maybe it wasn’t,” Ram said. “Like the Lankin. It wasn’t really Rachel or Tanya’s dad. It had just gotten into our heads to make us think it was.”

“Maybe,” Charlie agreed, but that didn’t explain why it would appear as his mother. Had whatever it was been searching for an emotional connection like the Lankin had

been, he was sure there were better people to pick from than his mother.

“Maybe,” Matteusz said, “It is one of the souls.”

Charlie snapped his head towards him. “I used the souls to kill the Shadow Kin and their entire planet. There aren’t any left.” Which was why it was ridiculous to think that it was his mothers soul. Which was why he didn’t want to think it really was his mothers soul. “The souls are gone, and they didn’t come back.”

“Yes,” Matteusz agreed. “But there were many souls. You said yourself, the soul of every Rhodian who ever lived. You did not destroy every Shadow Kin that ever lived, only the ones living now. Perhaps not every soul was needed.”

“It doesn’t work like that-” Charlie tried to argue, but trailed off. He couldn’t prove that it didn’t. He hadn’t thought about what would happen if there were too many souls.

Ram put his head down in his arms. “That makes sense,” he said, his voice muffled.

“So, how do we catch it?” Tanya asked. “Ask Quill?”

“I don’t think Quill is interested in helping us anymore,” Charlie looked away from Matteusz. “I’ve barely spoken to her since, and she doesn’t have to protect me anymore.”

Tanya frowned. “You know it’s not actually a bad thing that she’s not your slave anymore, right?”

“Don’t call it slavery-”

“If you don’t want me to call it slavery, then don’t do slavery!” Tanya snapped.

“It was punishment-”

Tanya crammed her homework back into her bag, storming to her feet. “You know what, you can deal with this yourself!” She shouted loud enough that they got glances from the rest of the cafeteria, marching away into the crowd before they could stop her.

Ram lifted his head. “How would we capture a soul anyway? And even if we could catch it, what would we do with it?”

Charlie was staring after Tanya. “We can’t. The cabinet is empty. The souls are gone.”

Matteusz stood up. “I need to go. I have much homework to do.”

Charlie stood as well, cramming his textbooks into his bag, trying to catch up with him. “Matteusz, wait!”

“Well,” April sighed, watching the boys walk away. “That didn’t go well.”

“I think it could have gone worse,” Ram said.

“How?”

“I think Tanya was pretty close to punching Charlie in the face.”

April laughed. “Fine, I guess it could have gone worse.” It still could have gone better.

Ram craned his head around. “That girl over there, she was in physics with us, right?”

April followed his gaze. “What? Yes, I think she’s new.” The brown haired girl in a leather jacket was seated alone across the room, a school lunch placed out in front of her.

“She’s been staring at me,” Ram said.

“Are you sure?” April frowned. She wasn’t staring now.

“I’m sure. She was staring at me as soon as she walked into class. She was staring at both of us until I started looking back at her.”

April shrugged. “She probably just thinks you’re hot.”

“I am,” Ram agreed. “But still-”

“Ram,” April interrupted. “Are we alright?”

“What? Yeah,” Ram was rubbing his leg. It had been hurting more and more anyway even though there wasn’t actually anything there left to hurt. The prosthetic may look like his leg, but it was as much of a prosthetic as anything else. It was just phantom pains. “Yeah, of course we are.”

“I mean.... I said I didn’t love you. When we were trapped in space detention. But I do. I want to. I mean, we’re seventeen. Maybe that’s silly. I want to love you. I just... I don’t feel like myself anymore. Not since I died. And I shouldn’t be dumping this on you because your dad and-”

Ram reached over and took her hand. “April, I still love you. You are you. I don’t care that you died. No matter what kind of body you’re stuck in.”

“Do you think I’ll ever find a way to get back?” It seemed impossible, but was it any more impossible or insane than anything else they had dealt with this year? “I don’t want to be like this forever.”

“I don’t know,” Ram admitted. “But I’ll love you anyway.”

The girl across the room had gone back to staring at him.

No, she wasn’t staring at him, Ram realized.

She was staring at his leg.

Charlie chased after Matteusz, grabbing him by the arm. “Matteusz, please, can we talk-”

Matteusz stopped, turning around and gently peeling Charlie’s hand off his arm. “No. I-”

“Please,” Charlie begged. “I don’t want you to be mad at me forever.”

“I know,” Matteusz said, but he shook his head. “I do not think I am ready, not to talk about this with you. I need more time, Charlie.”

“I-” Charlie let his arm drop. “Okay. But do talk to me? Please?”

The bell for classes rang. Matteusz didn’t answer him.

CHAPTER FOUR

Tanya closed the door behind her. There was a note on the counter. Her grandma was out. Tanya set the note back down. Her brothers weren't home yet either.

The house was silent. She used to like that. Maybe not 'like'. But it had been normal. It meant she could play video games without her mum telling her to do homework instead. It meant her brothers weren't going to bother her when she tested out her hacking skills on UNIT. It had been home. And now all it did was make her feel empty. Tanya sunk down on the couch and started to sob.

Matteusz and Ram didn't talk on the ride home. They were barely a block from his house when Ram broke the silence.

"We have family coming in for the funeral."

Matteusz turned away from the window, looking at Ram, “If you do not want me around-”

“No,” Ram shook his head. “It’s fine. There’s just going to be a lot of people. If you’re fine with that.”

“Of course,” Matteusz said.

“I want you here,” Ram added. He wasn’t sure exactly when he really started viewing Matteusz as his friend. But he didn’t think he could handle a house full of people who didn’t know. They didn’t know what had happened. They didn’t know what had been lost. And they never would because Ram wasn’t going to tell them.

Matteusz nodded in surprise. “Then I will be here.”

Ram turned onto his treet, pulling into the driveway. Neither of them moved to get out of the car.

“What are funerals like? For Sikhs?” Matteusz asked.

Ram shrugged. He pulled the keys out of the ignition. “Like any other funeral I guess. We say prayers. We sing. You’re supposed to cover your head.” He hadn’t worn a turban in years. He knew how, of course, and something twisted in his gut as he remembered he was never again going to hear his dad insinuating that he should start. His eyes landed on the bracelet around his wrist. “We burn the bodies.” Except that they didn’t have a body that could be burned. All they had was a pile of ash on a football field.

Charlie expected the house to be empty when he arrived home, only to find Quill already there, sitting at the table and eating Chocolate ice cream. Charlie glanced between her and the door.

“How did you get home before me? Shouldn’t you be grading?”

Quill barely looked up at him, “No.”

Charlie didn’t move. There was only one person missing yet the house felt cavernous. “What do we do now?” He might as well try talking to her.

Quill dropped her spoon into the carton, “About what?”

“Everything,” Charlie said. They hadn’t talked about it yet. He didn’t know how to. “The Shadow Kin are gone. You got your revenge.”

“So did you,” Quill said, returning to her ice cream.

“So, what do we do now?” Charlie repeated. The Doctor had placed them here to be safe from the Shadow Kin. Now the Shadow Kin were gone, and they still couldn’t leave because there was no place else to go.

Quill shrugged. “Don’t know.” Keep going to school. Suffering through this infernal job. She supposed the Doctor would still expect her to make an attempt to keep these ridiculous children safe. Protect the cracks in the school.

She could leave. Go someplace else. She was stuck on the planet, but she wasn't stuck to the prince anymore. At least that was something.

She didn't know where to go though. So perhaps it didn't matter. She was as trapped as she had been before.

Charlie was still standing there. Quill huffed. "What, prince?"

"What do you think would happen if there was a rogue soul?"

Quill looked up. "A what?"

"A soul," Charlie repeated. "From the cabinet that didn't kill a Shadow Kin and now it simply... exists."

Quill stared at him, looking as though he was something she had stepped in. She usually looked at him like that though, so she didn't seem to be any madder than usual. She scraped the last of the ice cream from her carton, leaving it on the counter as she stood up. "Don't know. Don't care."

Quill brushed past him, making her way to her room. Charlie nearly grabbed her arm to stop her, then thought better of it, remembering she was actually now capable of hurting him. "You're the one who wanted me to use the cabinet-

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“Don’t pin this on me!” Quill snapped. “You wanted to use it too. And you did use it. That’s all I wanted. Your soul, your problem.”

CHAPTER FIVE

“We’re having the funeral on Saturday,” Ram said, slumped at his desk with his computer open in front of him.

Tanya sighed, adjusting her screen. “Mine’s Sunday.”

Ram clicked, making Tanya fullscreen. “If one more person asks me how I’m holding up-”

“In the most condescending way imaginable?”

“Yes. I just might punch them.”

Tanya leaned her head back, staring at the ceiling. “It feels like everyone thinks... that I’m going to fall to pieces if they even try to touch me. And the worst part is I feel like that too.”

Ram nodded slowly. “Everyone is on eggshells around me.” He tapped idly on the keyboard. “Are you really mad at Charlie? After what happened at lunch?”

“No,” Tanya admitted. “I guess not. Well, kind of. Quill’s free now, so I guess that’s the important part.”

“Matteusz thinks I should tell my mum what really happened.”

“Are you going to?”

“No. Maybe. Maybe if I hadn’t told my dad, he wouldn’t have been in danger.”

“I didn’t tell my mum,” Tanya said. And she still got killed. But we don’t have to worry about the Shadow Kin anymore anyway.”

“Yeah, but what if we do?” Ram argued. “What if the cabinet didn’t work or it didn’t get them all and even if it did, who knows what else is out there? We have no idea what else could be coming through these cracks.”

“I wouldn’t mind if someone nice came through for once. There had to be nice aliens, right? Besides Charlie. And Quill, although calling her nice might be a bit of a stretch.”

Ram laughed. It felt like the first time he had actually laughed in days. “I guess the bunghole of time only picks up the bad guys.”

Tanya rested her chin on her hand. “I think you should tell your mum. She deserves to know what you’ve been dealing with. She- my mum would have killed me. But I wish I had told her.” Tanya scrubbed a hand over her eyes. She didn’t want to cry again. She needed to tell her brothers. She needed to tell her grandmother. “Just, you shouldn’t hide it from her.”

You might regret it.

CHAPTER SIX

There were more missing person posters tacked up outside the school. April was starting to wonder why people even lived in Shoreditch anymore. Although she had heard some pretty iffy things about Cardiff as well, and people still lived there.

April pulled out her phone and snapped a photo of one of the posters. Her phone sparked weirdly, and huffed, the photo hadn't been taken. She snapped a new photo. There we go. Her phone had been acting up ever since yesterday. She was pretty sure it was from the shimmer in her bag.

She looked at the photo. She could text everyone, ask if anyone had seen anything new. But after yesterday she wasn't sure getting everyone together again would be worth it.

“Did you know any of them?”

April turned to find a girl with pale brown hair and a leather jacket standing next to her. It was the same girl who had been staring at them from across the room yesterday.

“Oh, no,” April said. She put her phone away. “You’re new, aren’t you? Aren’t you in my physics class?” She tried not to let the fact that she had actually noticed the girl staring at her show.

The girl nodded. “Just moved.” She looked over the wall of posters. “A lot of people go missing here, don’t they?”

“Yeah,” April admitted. “They do.”

“Lots of people went missing in Ealing too. Guess I should watch out then,” the girl laughed. The bell rang. “I’ll see you around.”

Tanya seated herself with April, taking out her lunch and trying to pretend she actually wanted to eat it. “Where’s Ram?”

April shrugged, poking at her own lunch. “He had a meeting with one of the football coaches. Do Shadow Kin eat?”

“You are asking the wrong person. Can you eat?”

“I can,” April said. “It’s all... working. I’m late on my period, but I suspect that one’s a lost cause. But I can eat. I’m just not ever hungry anymore.”

“No more periods almost sounds like a perk,” Tanya said, uncapping her water bottle. “You could try asking Quill. Maybe she would know.”

April hummed then slid her phone across the table. “There’s three more missing personas reports since yesterday.”

“You think they have to do with what Charlie saw?”

“Maybe. Hard to say, I guess. When you find a pile of dust, how do you prove it’s a person?”

Tanya grimaced. “Can we not talk about bodies turning to dust?”

“Right. Sorry.”

Tanya was silent, sliding April’s phone back to her. “My grandma is thinking about selling the house.”

“Are you going to have to change schools?”

“I don’t know,” Tanya shrugged. She poked at her lunch some more. She really needed to eat, it just felt like too much effort. “She doesn’t live too far. I wouldn’t have to. But my brothers are leaving for university in the fall and-” Tanya looked up. “Coal Hill got my mum killed.”

“Tanya-”

“I just keep thinking... if I had never gone to the dance that night. If I had never skipped ahead. Maybe I wouldn't be part of this and she would still be alive.”

April placed a hand on Tanya's arm. “You can't think like that. It's not going to make things better.”

“I don't want anyone else in my family to get hurt,” Tanya swallowed. She rubbed her hands over her eyes. It was bad enough talking to Ram yesterday, she wasn't going to cry at school. “If... if I do change schools... maybe they won't.” Yet somehow the thought didn't make her feel any better. April was right. Thinking about what she could have done wouldn't bring her mum back and neither would changing schools. It would just leave her alone again, no friends and no one who wanted to be friends with the awkward fourteen year old who had skipped two whole grades.

“If it helps,” April said, “I think you should stay here.”

Tanya shrugged. “We'll see.”

CHAPTER SEVEN

It was Tanya who saw it next. She was halfway home, ready to go back to sobbing in an empty house when she saw it tucked deep into an alleyway. Something was glowing. It was human shaped, but not quite, a body collapsed at its feet.

“Hey!” Tanya dropped her backpack and ran towards it, waving her arms. Could you scare off strange floating alien ghosts the same way you’d scare off a bear? Couldn’t hurt to try. Not that waving your arms around would do much to scare off a bear either. Tanya found herself wondering if there were space bears and whether or not they could come through the cracks as well.

The glowing ghost lifted its head. And then it was gone. Tanya wasn’t sure if it had flown away or simply disappeared. The wind was picking up and the body at its

feet crumbled into dust before Tanya could even do anything about it.

Tanya stumbled back, nearly tripping over nothing, staring at the pile of dust.

She was sitting back at her desk, sick of her mum ordering her around all the time and then her mum was gone and it was a dream, it had to be a dream or a nightmare because that couldn't have just happened. There couldn't be a Shadow Kin in her room, not again, and it couldn't have... It couldn't have... the dust had coated her bedroom floor and blood and been splattered across the walls and the door and soaked into the carpet and every time she walked into her room she felt like it was still there, dripping so deep into the foundations of the house that it felt like it would never come out-

Tanya sunk back against the wall. Her heart was racing and tears poured down her cheeks. It wasn't her mum. It wasn't a Shadow Kin. Would it be that hard for aliens to leave bodies? Anything that the police could deal with instead of them.

Her hands were shaking so badly that she nearly dropped it more than once as she pulled out her phone. "Charlie? I think I saw the soul."

"You're sure?"

“It looked like the same thing you said you saw,” Tanya said. As soon as she had gotten home they had switched from her phone to video chat, adding in April and Ram as well. Charlie was hunched over, trying to sketch out what he had seen. “Big glowing person,” Tanya continued. “It was floating over a body and it disappeared when I shouted at it.”

“But if it is a soul, or I guess we have the same question if it isn’t a soul, why is it killing people?” April asked. “And if it is a soul how did it get loose?”

“Yeah,” Ram agreed. “They were supposed to kill the Shadow Kin and they did. It shouldn’t be here.”

Charlie held up his sketchbook, revealing the drawing of a tall thin figure. He had blurred the edges just slightly to give it a ghostly look. It seemed slightly taller than a regular person would be, seemingly wearing a flowing gown with a rather spiky looking head in place of hair. “Is this it?”

Tanya nodded. “That’s it, exactly. But whether it’s actually a soul or not, how do we stop it?”

“Get it to kill a Shadow Kin?” Ram offered.

“Except I’m the only one left,” April said. “And I’d rather not die again. Charlie, do you think you could control it the way you did with the others? Maybe, I don’t know, make it go away?”

“I-” Charlie frowned. “The soul’s connect to other souls, not just bodies. I don’t know if your body would count as a

Shaadowkin, not unless there's still some level of a Shadow Kin soul inside you. But it would probably just kill you even if it tried." But would the body alone even be enough to trick it? "Besides, I don't think I can control them anymore. The cabinet was only meant to be used once. There's nothing left inside of it for me to control." Charlie resisted the urge to look behind him, where the Cabinet sat, returned to his bedroom. He hadn't opened it since. He didn't want to. It had been comforting somehow, and terrifying, but right now he mostly remembered it being comforting, to have the souls still there. To pretend he wasn't alone. If he didn't open it, he could pretend he still wasn't.

Charlie shut his computer. They hadn't come up with a solution yet, and Charlie was almost certain that any solution they tried to come up with wouldn't work.

He hadn't opened the cabinet since. Not since the Shadow Kin had been killed, since he had killed them. Since they had hidden April's body inside it and he had carried the empty box home even though calling the house home felt wrong without Matteusz there.

A soul was still out there. Maybe... he could open the cabinet properly, as though he was planning to use it and maybe he could control the soul. He wasn't certain whether it was true that he could no longer control it or not. It wasn't as though the cabinet had ever been used before. He had no one to ask.

Fallen Soul

The soul. He didn't know how he knew who it was. It hadn't really looked like anything. It looked more like a person than the other souls had, more like a rhodian. But it was just a shape. There was nothing about the shape that said it was his mother. But Charlie was sure that it was.

Charlie was drawn back to their first night on the TARDIS, when the Doctor had saved them. Quill had screamed and sobbed and threatened to kill them both even as the arn thrashed in her skull. The Doctor hadn't been concerned with her threats. Charlie hadn't been because he knew Quill couldn't hurt him. Even with everyone else dead the arn was still in her head. She was still meant to protect him.

But Charlie hadn't cried. Not that night. Every person he had ever known was dead. He was the only rhodian left in all of existence, saved by chance by a man no one even thought was real. And he hadn't cried.

He had cried when using the cabinet. He had cried when they were trapped in detention and forced to confess their truths.

He hadn't cried that night on the TARDIS because he had opened the cabinet and already knew that his people weren't really gone. Quill didn't have that. The quill didn't believe in souls. Rhodians did.

He didn't want the cabinet anymore. He didn't want to think about dying one day only to be alone in the cabinet for eternity. He didn't want to think about how he had traded genocide for genocide. His people hadn't returned

Ally Chancellor

and now it felt like genocide three time over. Four if you counted the quill.

He had to find that soul.

CHAPTER EIGHT

The staff meeting was finally over. Good. They were completely insufferable, as always, and this had quite possibly been the worst one she had ever been forced to attend. A bunch of half baked explanations for why the school had been closed, what would happen next. She truly couldn't care less. She gathered up her supplies, nearly slamming into Mr. Davies as she headed out.

“Miss Quill?”

Quill huffed, not stopping her march down the hallway as the deputy headmaster caught up with her. Quill wasn't yet sure what had happened to Ames, the staff meeting certainly hadn't explained it, and she was putting quite a lot of effort into not actually caring. “What?”

“You didn't let the school know you were pregnant.”

Quill walked faster. The deputy was shorter than she was, especially in heels, and was rushing to keep up with her. Quill rolled her eyes. “I don’t see why that’s any of the school’s business. What I do outside of this building on my own time is up to me.”

“Yes,” the deputy agreed. “But we do need to at least discuss your maternity leave. I’m afraid it’s getting rather difficult to find teachers willing to sub here due to the ah, disappearances. The governors are finding it to be quite frustrating and I’ve had to see about contacting former members of staff to see if they would be interested-”

Quill opened the door to her classroom, tuning out the deputy even as he followed her inside. She sunk into the seat behind her desk, angling the computer screen away from him as she typed something out. He had stopped talking. “Right.” Quill said. Clearly this was something she was supposed to know about already. Maternity leave. She scanned the search results. Hmm. Well, that sounded pretty good. Maybe this government had at least one thing going for it. Provided she didn’t die while giving birth so her child could eat her body and never get to use it. It was a rather novel concept for quill mothers to actually raise their children. Not unheard of, but rhodians would have preferred they simply die, so even with advanced medication not much had been done about it. She had to admit it did sound nice.

“Andrea?”

Fallen Soul

Quill clicked out of the tab, leaning back in her chair. “Yes, maternity leave, let’s talk about it.”

“Excellent. May I ask how far along you are?”

“Ah,” Quill frowned. How long were humans pregnant for? She was certain she had looked that up at some point. “How far along would you say I am?”

CHAPTER NINE

“We should get it done before the funerals,” April said, stepping up behind Charlie in the hall the next day. “After school today maybe? Just, with the funerals this weekend I don’t want to have to worry about it. Tanya and Ram shouldn’t have to worry about it either.”

Charlie nodded, trying to spot Matteusz in the crowded hall. “Tanya’s is on Sunday, right?”

“Yeah. Ram’s is on Saturday. Oh, Ram said we should wear white, not black.”

“We wear black to Tanya’s?” Charlie was still only half paying attention to her.

“Black to Tanya’s. Ram said we should cover our heads for his. Scarves or turbans. Something nice.” April said. She frowned and waved her hand in front of his face. “Charlie!”

“Yes!” Charlie said quickly, looking back to April. “Scarves. Got it.”

“You’re looking for Matteusz, aren’t you?” April raised an eyebrow.

“I just want him to talk to me again.”

April sighed. “I’m sorry.” Something in her bag beeped. She huffed and pulled out her phone, tapping at it in annoyance. “I think the shimmer keeps putting feedback on my phone or something. How do you avoid that?”

Charlie raised an eyebrow. “April, is the shimmer in your bag?”

“Yes? You said I should keep it.”

“In your house,” Charlie said. It was almost funny, but not really. He was the one who probably hadn’t explained it properly. “You don’t have to carry it with you. Quill and I keep ours in a cupboard in the bathroom.”

“Why the bathroom?”

Charlie shrugged. “It was out of the way.”

“Oh,” April put her phone away. “I’ll find someplace for it when I get home then I guess.”

Charlie nodded, looking around the hall again. Charlie hadn’t spotted Matteusz, but he did spot the new girl, leaning against the wall across the way and trying to look like she wasn’t staring at them even though she was. “Have

you met that new student? She's in physics with us. She's in my english class as well."

"Yeah," April followed Charlie's gaze, but the girl now had her head buried in her phone. "She came up to me the other day and said it. I think she moved from Ealing? I'm not sure."

"She's..."

"A little odd?"

"Yes."

"She keeps staring at me. Ram said he saw her staring at him too. But frankly, as long as she's not an alien trying to kill us, she can be as strange as she likes. Besides," April nudged Charlie with her shoulder. "It's not like she can be any stranger than you."

"I feel I've gotten much better at not being strange," Charlie said. "I'm almost normal now."

"Keep telling yourself that, alien boy," Tanya sidled up to them. "What are we talking about?"

"We're going to find the soul," April said. "After school? You coming?"

"Have we figured out how to catch a soul or...?" Maybe they needed a soul pokeball or something. Or a ghostbusters set up.

“We haven’t,” Charlie glanced around the hall again, but the girl had disappeared.

“It’s hurting people,” April insisted. “It’s our job to stop it.”

“Are Ram and Matteusz coming?”

“Ram is. I haven’t asked Matteusz yet,” April said.

“I don’t think Matteusz will want to come,” Charlie said. “Not if I’m there.”

“You have to talk to him eventually,” Tanya said. “You can’t avoid each other forever, and you can’t sit around feeling sorry for yourself forever either.” Tanya kind of wished they all could. It almost sounded nice.

“I’m not the one avoiding him! He’s the one avoiding me. I would love to talk to him, it’s quite possibly the only thing I want to do right now.” The only thing he actually could do.

“I’ll ask him,” April said, deciding she really didn’t want a repeat of Monday. “Just meet out back after school.”

“Quill?”

Quill rolled her eyes, trying to ignore Tanya standing in front of her. Tanya didn’t leave. Quill looked up. “What? Don’t you have other classes to get to or a soul to catch or something?”

“My mum’s funeral is on Sunday,” Tanya said.

“And?”

“And I want you to come.”

“Quill?”

Quill put her pen down, for once giving something her full attention. “You want me- me - to come to your mothers funeral?” Quill raised an eyebrow. She had to admit she hadn’t been to many proper funerals, but she couldn’t imagine why Tanya was inviting her to this one. She couldn’t imagine why Tanya would want her there. There was no good reason for any one of Charlie’s little gang to come to her unless they needed something and this was... they had never come to her before unless they needed something. She was the one they went to when they needed help fighting monsters, not the one they invited to funerals.

“You helped me, when she died. If it weren’t for you my brothers would be dead too. And so would I. I know you never met my mum, but... you kept me alive. Even if you act like you don’t want to. And I want to have you there.”

Quill tried to ignore the memory of Tanya, rushing to their house the moment her mother had died, sobbing her eyes out only to demand Quill teach her how to fight. Quill had thought Tanya had come to her simply because there was no one else to go to, but... had Tanya come to Quill because she trusted her?

Quill leaned back, picking her pen back up. The idea that any of these children actually trusted her enough to invite her to anything, let alone a funeral...

Fallen Soul

“Yeah, well,” Quill tried not to let it show on her face. “If I don’t have anything better to do, I guess I can see about coming.”

CHAPTER TEN

Tanya had shoved her backpack in her locker, meeting up with April, Charlie, and Ram behind the school. “Where’s Matteusz?”

April tucked her phone away. “He didn’t want to come.”

Charlie looked away, shoving his hands deeper into his pockets.

“So... how do we catch a soul?” Ram asked, cutting through the silence.

“Charlie,” April swung her bag off her shoulder, having kept it with her unlike the rest of them. “Where did you see it?”

“There’s a park a few blocks from my house. She was there.”

“Tanya?”

“Alleyway between the corner shop at the laundromat.”

April pulled out a map, spreading it out on the ground. “I did some research. I’ve marked the places where other’s disappeared. A few got caught on security cams, although the soul itself didn’t. I figured it could help us figure out where the soul is going.”

“And we expect it to be someplace other than the school?” Ram raised an eyebrow. “It’s always the school.”

“Well, yes, but it hasn’t actually attacked anyone on the school grounds yet, which is odd actually,” April said, marking the spots Charlie and Tanya had indicated. “But then again, this didn’t come through the cracks. So, it can’t hurt to check.” She frowned at her map. She double checked her locations.

“That’s a first,” Tanya said, leaning over the map. It didn’t look like the Soul was heading for the school.

“It’s not centered at the school,” Charlie said. “They’re centered at my house.”

“Where the cabinet of souls is,” April finished.

When they reached Charlie’s house, there was nothing there. The house looked fine. The street looked fine. There

were no more bodies or piles of dust to be seen. Charlie opened the door. “Quill?”

Still nothing. She was still at the school.

“The cabinet is in my room,” Charlie said. “But I haven’t done anything with it. Not since I brought it back.” He couldn’t shake the feeling that it was as though the box itself had died. As though he was carrying a coffin. It was stupid. The souls had already been dead. If anything, it was more of a coffin before hand than it was now. But now it simply felt too empty.

They gathered in Charlie’s room, standing around the cabinet. It really didn’t look very remarkable.

“It’s empty, right?” Ram asked.

“It’s empty,” Charlie agreed. He hadn’t opened it since. He knew what he was going to find inside. Nothing. Emptiness. He didn’t want to see it. With the doors shut he could almost pretend that it was still full. That he had never done it.

“Open it,” Tanya said.

“What?” Charlie shook his head. “We don’t need to open it. It’s empty.”

“I know,” Tanya huffed, “but if the soul is circling your house, maybe it’s looking for something. If it was just looking for you it wouldn’t be around your house, you’re

not here all the time. So it must be looking for the cabinet. Opening it could help the soul find it.”

“Charlie?” April placed a hand on his shoulder. “Can we open it?”

“I- I haven’t opened it since,” Charlie admitted. He wasn’t looking at anyone.

“Why?”

“Because-” Charlie shrugged April’s hand off, sinking onto his bed. “I know that- that if I open it, even just to look inside, it’ll be empty. The souls are gone. I used them, I killed them, and if I don’t open it then maybe I can just pretend that they’re still there. That- that when I die I won’t be alone inside it forever.”

“Charlie-” April stepped towards him again, but Charlie shook his head.

“I did it,” he said. “I deserve it. I used the cabinet, I killed the Shadow Kin and I destroyed everything that was left of my people. I avenged them and now-” Charlie rubbed his eyes. Every day since it was as though he was sinking further and further and he didn’t know what would happen when he finally reached the bottom, but he didn’t want to find out. “I lost them. And I lost Matteusz.”

“I think you did the right thing,” Ram said. “What? The Shadow Kin were evil. They killed your entire planet, they killed Rachel, they took my leg.” He looked up at Tanya. “They killed our parents. Who knows how many other

people they've killed. And because of you they can't anymore. And yeah, next week will probably be some new terrifying alien threat that wants to kill us all, but it won't be the Shadow Kin. So maybe you can't live with what you did, but I can."

"I can live with what I've done, Ram," Charlie said coldly. "I don't know if I can die with it."

"Look," Ram huffed. "In my religion we don't sit in a box forever when we die. You reincarnate until eventually you just stop. But we don't have heaven, or hell, or a box, so maybe I don't get it, but look- Charlie my point is you said back when we had detention that for you a wish is the same as an action. But you don't have anyone left to judge your actions. You just have us. You did what you had to do, alright? Who cares if Matteusz never talks to you again? Charlie, you know you did the right thing. Screw Matteusz. Who cares if Matteusz forgives you? You need to forgive yourself."

"Ram's right," Tanya agreed. "Maybe it was revenge, maybe it was genocide- but you saved a lot of people, Charlie. And if we stop this now, we can save a few more."

"You don't have to," April said. "But I think you need to."

Charlie stood up. April placed her hand back on his shoulder. Charlie didn't take his eyes off the cabinet. "It'll be empty."

"That's okay," Tanya said.

Fallen Soul

“You might not have them,” April said. “But you still have us.”

Charlie didn’t know if they were right. He wasn’t sure if he wanted to know. Charlie took a breath. He opened the cabinet.

Nothing happened.

“Well,” Ram glanced around the room. “That was anticlimactic.”

Something outside of Charlie’s window screamed. Some of the streetlights across the way popped, glass raining onto the sidewalks.

They whipped around, rushing to look down on the street. There it was. It was floating in the middle of the road, a shimmering figure made of light. It wasn’t quite human shape, but it was close.

They nearly ran downstairs, leaving the front door open behind them. The soul turned to look at them, which would have been more unnerving if it actually had a face. Tanya was pretty sure it was looking at them, although for all they knew it could be facing the other direction entirely.

“Climatic enough for you, Ram?” Tanya asked.

“Yeah,” Ram said, slightly breathless. “That’s good.”

The street was empty of people otherwise, just a few cars parked along the curbs. Charlie was staring at the Soul. He

spoke to it. The language was almost human, but not quite, sounds that a human throat couldn't actually make no matter how hard they might try.

"She needs to kill a Shadow Kin," Charlie said, even though the Soul hadn't responded. "That was the mission I gave them. But there aren't any left."

"So Matteusz was right," Tanya said. "There were more souls than there were Shadow Kin."

"Every Rhodian who ever lived," Charlie agreed. "Except for me."

"Well... can we put her back or something?" Ram suggested. "Make her move?"

"No," Charlie said. "I could control the souls in the cabinet, but only once. That's how the cabinet works. Now it's worthless."

"So, what do we do with her?" Ram gestured at the Soul. "Leave her floating in the middle of the street? And we can't have her running around killing people."

The Soul spoke. It no longer sounded like screaming, but it sounded twisted and garbled, broken in a way Charlie's speech hadn't been.

"What's she saying?" April asked.

"Nothing," Charlie stepped closer to the Soul. She didn't move. "Just words- things she would say all the time. It's

nonsense now.” But it was somehow still her voice. “When I spoke she didn’t respond.”

“Is it really your mum?” Tanya looked the Soul over. It wasn’t very identifiable.

Charlie nodded. “Yes. I’m sure. It’s her.” He wasn’t even certain how he knew. He had known from the moment he spotted her and simply refused to fully accept it.

“I’m sorry,” Tanya said.

“Don’t be,” Charlie said. “She died a long time ago. It’s not real. It’s not her.” He had started crying anyway. He wished that it would stop. “This isn’t her,” he repeated. “She’s dead.” He didn’t like saying it. “Without a body the soul is just an echo. She’s not my mother. Not anymore.”

April had been silent. She was holding the shimmer in her hand. “If she needs a Shadow Kin to kill...” April said slowly. “We should use me. I don’t have a Shadow Kin soul, but I do have the body. Maybe- maybe it will trick her into thinking she’s done it.”

“Or she could kill you!” Ram argued. “We’re not doing that!”

“It didn’t kill me the first time-”

“Because you and Corakinus were already dead!”

“-and since I still don’t have a Shadow Kin soul, if she things-”

“She can’t think,” Charlie said. “There isn’t enough left of her.”

“Then shouldn’t it be even easier to trick it? Ram said, “we can’t leave her floating around Shoreditch forever and we definitely can’t leave her in the middle of your street.”

“No!” Ram grabbed April by the arm. “You’re not doing it! I’m not risking losing you again!”

April yanked her arm free, holding up the shimmer. “Just let me try something! Just for a moment!”

April turned the shimmer off.

The Soul screeched. It charged towards April. Ram knocked her aside, slamming April to the ground. April turned the shimmer back on and the Soul... stopped. It floated over the front steps now, back to looking as serene as before.

“Ram,” April said. “Get off me.”

Ram stood, pulling April up with him. “What did you do that for?! It could have killed you!”

“But I don’t think it will!” April insisted. She looked around at the Soul, at Charlie, and Tanya. “It wants me as a Shadow Kin, not me as me. If we can get it upstairs-”

“Get it to the cabinet!” Tanya realized. “Lure it upstairs and maybe...”

“Maybe we can get it back inside,” April locked eyes with Charlie. “And when you die, you won’t be alone.”

Charlie looked skeptical. “Do you really think that will work?”

“Can’t hurt to try.”

“Unless it kills you,” Ram repeated. “Am I the only one worried about it killing her?”

“Yes,” April said. “Ram, you are. I’m going to do this and if I die again, which I won’t because as I said it only wants the soul and I don’t have one, then at least it will have stopped killing others. Alright?”

“Not really, no,” Ram said.

“Well,” April marched into the house, just far enough that the Soul could still see her. “I’m doing it. Tanya, Charlie, go back to your room. That’s where I’m heading and if this doesn’t work-” She wanted them around her.

Charlie nodded. Tanya grabbed Ram, yanking him back upstairs. Something on the street clattered, as though someone had tripped. Charlie glanced back, but no one was there. He followed the others inside.

April turned off the shimmer.

The Soul moved, almost faster than April could even notice. She snapped the button again. The Soul stopped.

Charlie was at the top of the stairs. “April-” The Soul had started fizzing. It looked like it was trembling. “I think you’re confusing it.”

“Good,” April stepped back again, just inside Charlie’s room now. She turned it off. The Soul lunged. April’s horns nearly scraped the ceiling now, darting aside as the Soul fled into the room. She turned it on.

“Okay,” April stood in front of the cabinet. Charlie was in the doorway, Ram and Tanya watching from near the bed. Tanya was no longer holding Ram back, but he didn’t look happy. I’m not going to turn it back on this time.”

“Wait,” Charlie was once again watching the Soul. He spoke. This time the Soul didn’t respond. It didn’t even flicker. Charlie looked heartbroken. “Do it.”

April turned the shimmer off.

Corakinus’s hulking form appeared in front of the cabinet. The Soul let out it’s largest screech yet. It flew straight through her.

Ram shouted. April nearly screamed herself but it came out too deep and dark and strange. The Soul glowing, bright enough that nothing else could be seen. April was knocked backwards as the Soul fled through her chest. April collapsed to the ground. The doors of the cabinet slammed shut.

Ram ran to April’s side. “April? April are you alright?” His fingers scrambled to try and find a pulse. It was impossible to tell where one should be on the Shadow Kin body. April pushed his hands away, not trying to get up. “I’m fine! It worked! Or, I think it did-” April mumbled. “She’s gone.”

“Is she back in the cabinet?” Tanya asked.

Charlie took a breath. He didn’t open the cabinet. He already knew that he didn’t need to. The other three stared at him. “No. She’s not. She’s gone.”

“Charlie,” April said, “I’m sorry.”

Charlie shook his head, eyes locked on the doors of the cabinet. “Don’t be. It’s not your fault. It’s mine.”

When the door to Charlie’s house shut, the girl stepped out from behind her hiding place. She had seen them planning something. A Shimmer. That’s what the electrical charge she had been feeling all week was from. She had heard of them, but usually she wasn’t around aliens who bothered with using them. She could just barely feel the sparks from more of them in the house. Charlie must be the other using one. And the third... Ram? No, she had definitely felt something from him, but it was different.

She kicked at the shattered glass on the sidewalk. The ghost appearing had startled her more than she wanted to admit. Usually she was pretty good at stopping things around her from exploding like that.

Light bloomed from the bedroom window. She nearly had to cover her eyes. Whatever that was, it wasn’t electrical.

Sky Smith shoved her hands in her pockets, reluctant to head back to the house share. Maybe it wasn't any of her

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business, but no. This was definitely alien. It was definitely her business.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

April stopped. The shimmer was back on. Ram had been walking her home and they were only a block from her house.

“April?” Ram frowned. “You alright? I told you we could have gone back to the school instead, taken my car- I can go get my car myself and pick you up if-”

“Ram, I already told you, I’m fine.” She put her hands on Ram’s arms. Holding to something solid. His arms still felt like him, but her hands didn’t feel like her. “I just.... I just don’t feel like myself anymore. I haven’t ever since I ended up in this body.” April bit her lip. “I don’t want to put this all on you, you just lost your dad and this is nothing compared to that-”

“Hey,” Ram took her hand in his. “You died. I’d say that’s something.”

“I know the other day we said we were okay, but-” April stared down at her hand wrapped in his. “I’m not human anymore. And I keep thinking- it’s horrible, I know it is, but I keep thinking maybe it would be better if I had died. Not really!” April added quickly. “I’m not going to do anything, and I don’t really want to die. But if I turn the shimmer off... you saw. I’d look just like them. At least if I had died I would still be human. I- do you still want to be with me, now that I’m not?”

“April,” Ram cupped her cheek in his hand. “I don’t care if you’re still human or not. I want to be with you, April Maclean, whether you’re human or Shadow Kin or whatever Quill and Charlie are. I would still want to be with you.”

“I don’t feel like myself anymore,” April said. “I look like me and you touch me and it feels like you’re touching me, but I don’t feel like me. I don’t feel I’m touching you, not really. It’s... all different and messed up. It’s like there’s two of me, one on top of the other and I don’t know how to fix it because I died and we can’t.”

Ram kissed her. April’s eyes widened. Ram pulled away, still with his hand on her cheek. “What does that feel like?”

April wiped her eyes. It was as though all any of them did anymore was cry. “Good.”

“April, you’re not Shadow Kin. You’re you. Got it?”

Fallen Soul

“Yeah. I think I got it.”

CHAPTER TWELVE

They didn't have a body. Ram wasn't sure why that was the thing he couldn't stop thinking about. The body would have been burned anyway so did it even matter that they didn't have one? But it was all that he could think about.

He had nearly ended up in tears this morning when putting his turban on before the funeral. He knew how to do it, it wasn't like he had never worn one before, and there were currently plenty of people in his house that he could ask for help. But he hadn't asked. The only person he had wanted to ask wasn't there.

There was a prayer being read, but Ram wasn't listening to it. His mum was next to him. She was holding his hand and

crying. He needed to tell her the truth. He still wasn't sure if he could. Was he supposed to let her wonder what had happened forever? But what if the truth really did put her in more danger? He didn't know yet.

Ram wasn't crying. He didn't know why. Charlie, April, Tanya, and Matteusz were all seated a few rows behind him. The rest of the room was filled with people.

So why did he feel like he was all alone?

His dad was dead. Ram had watched as the Shadow Kin murdered him and it had been a million times worse than Rachel because now he knew what was happening, he knew what it was, and if he could have stopped it... if Charlie had used his stupid cabinet sooner....

His mother had let go of his hand. She had said something to him, but Ram couldn't seem to hear it. She was standing up, speaking with one of uncles. People had begun moving. Ram was staring at his hands on his lap. He didn't look up, not until April's hands appeared over his. She had a white scarf with pale blue flowers on it draped over her head. It looked pretty.

"Ram?" She was kneeling in front of him. "Your mum said we-"

Ram threw himself against her, burying his face in her shoulder. April wrapped her arms around him as Ram sobbed.

His father was dead. So were the Shadow Kin. There was nothing left to do about it but grieve.

“Tanya.”

Tanya looked up, tucked away in a corner of the Church. “April. Sorry. I’m sort of... hiding.”

“Can I hide with you?”

“Knock yourself out.”

April sat down next to her. Tanya leaned her head on April’s shoulder. “Please don’t ask me how I’m doing. Or how I’m holding up, or any of it. I heard enough of that the first time.”

“Okay,” April wrapped an arm around her. “But we’re here for you if you need us.”

“I heard enough of that too,” Tanya grimaced, but it was lighthearted. “This is worse than my dad’s.” She had been crying earlier, but she wasn’t crying now. “Then it was- it sucked, but my mum was there and... now everyone just looks at me like-”

“Like they should pity you.”

“Yeah.”

Tanya closed her eyes. “Where are the boys?”

“Ram and Matteusz were talking to one of your brother’s friends. I think he and Ram are on the football team together. And Charlie is avoiding Matteusz.”

Tanya almost laughed. She sat up, looking around the crowds again, wondering if she could spot them. Without warning, Tanya stood up, beelining her way across the room. “Quill! You came!”

Quill sighed, sinking down into the nearest chair. “Being pregnant is exhausting. I don’t recommend it.”

I- I’m glad you’re here.”

“Don’t get used to it. But here I am.”

“Tanya- Miss Quill,” April found them. “I didn’t think you were coming.”

“I invited her,” Tanya said.

“Yeah, well,” Quill groaned, shifting in her seat, one hand on her stomach. “Funerals make sense anywhere, I suppose.”

Tanya hugged her, wrapping her arms around Quill’s shoulders. Quill gasped, taken aback. She patted Tanya awkwardly on the back. “Oh, alright, that’s...” she gently peeled Tanya off her. “There.”

“Sorry, just,” Tanya had started to cry again. “Thank you. For coming.”

Charlie took his jacket off, dumping it on his bed. Matteusz had always gotten on him for that, for simply leaving clothes around as though someone else was going to pick them up. For most of his life, someone else would have.

Charlie sat on his bed. The cabinet was still there, haunting him again. Maybe he should finally get rid of it. There was nothing left inside. It was just a reminder.

They were gone.

All of them.

Charlie hadn't cried the first night on the TARDIS. He hadn't cried when they arrived on Earth. In detention he had cried out of anger. When using the cabinet he had cried for fear of losing Matteusz forever.

Finally, he let himself cry out of grief.

His people were gone. Everything he had ever stood for was dead and empty and ravaged and he was the only one left.

With the cabinet empty maybe he would finally have to accept that.

EPILOGUE

Everyone else had left. Tanya had stayed behind. They had buried mum by dad. She would have liked that, Tanya thought. They were together again, in a way. She would have to bring flowers soon. There were a lot now, but they wouldn't last long.

Slowly, Tanya walked away, wandering through the gravestones. A few people were still gathered by the parking lot. She purposely walked away from them. The stones were starting to get older, less taken care of. One was nearly still shining.

JULIA BAKER

1987 - 1949

A WOMAN WHO SPOKE

OF IMPOSSIBLE THINGS

Impossible things. Tanya had probably seen enough of those to last a lifetime.

Tanya did a double take. Weird. Someone must have mixed the dates up. Odd that no one had bothered to replace it, but maybe it was simply too expensive to bother.

She kept walking, nearly stumbling onto a man seated on a bench under a tree. She stepped back. “Oh, I’m sorry, I was just-”

The black man seated there just smiled at her. “Don’t worry about it dear. Many people do like to be alone in graveyards, and I can’t blame them. But I don’t mind the company.”

Tanya followed his gaze to the gravestone in front of him. The dirt in front of the grave looked new, but the deep black headstone wasn’t. It didn’t have a name, just a lowercase omega symbol. It didn’t have any dates either.

The man sighed. “We never have enough time, do we?”

“No,” Tanya agreed. “We don’t.”

“It’s always difficult losing someone. Especially when it’s someone you knew well. Someone you thought you would have more time with.”

“Yeah,” Tanya agreed. “You don’t think about... losing them. When it’ll happen. How much time you’ll have left.”

“May I ask,” he said, “who are you here for?”

Fallen Soul

Tanya looked back across the graveyard. “My mum,” she admitted. “We... we just lost her a couple weeks ago.” They hadn’t had an actual body to bury. She hated it. Did it even matter that she was next to dad? There wasn’t actually anything down there.

The man nodded slowly. “I’m sorry. May I ask, was it connected to-”

“No,” Tanya snapped, harsher than intended. “You may not.”

The man fell silent. Tanya sighed. “Sorry. I- who are you here for?”

“Something- someone, that I lost a long time ago.”

“I’m sorry.” After today, Tanya never wanted to hear the words I’m sorry ever again.

“Don’t be. We all find a way to go on, Tanya. Even if it takes a while longer than planned.”

With that he stood up and left, leaving Tanya standing alone among the lost.

Ally Chancellor



Ally Chancellor

23 year old technical theatre and anthropology student. I've liked Doctor Who for almost ten years now, and I was very sad when Class got canceled as I feel that it's possibly the best spin off Doctor Who has ever had.

I've written my own original novel, although that has yet to be published. As of now my only official publishing credit is a short story I had in my school's literature magazine.

You can find me on my Tumblr at [tinybookgirl](#).

Anne-Laure Tuduri

A 22 years old French artist, I do both illustrations and 3D art. I've been a Doctor Who fan for many years now, and have been both a writer and illustrator in quite a few Doctor Who charity releases, such as:

Unbound: An Adventure in Time and Space (2019)

Defending Earth (2019)

Painting It Black (2021)

And many more!

As well as some professionally released work, including covers for *10,000 Dawns: The Book Club Collection* (2019) and the *Lady Aesculapius* series.

You can find my work and general rambling over on my Tumblr at [Liria10](#) and my portfolio on [Artstation](#).

Matt Jordan

After some grand realisations and theories about Class and its connections to the greater Whoniverse, I decided, on a whim, to throw out the idea of a collaborative fan continuation in a Tumblr post.



Despite never doing anything like this before, I knew it had to go forward when I saw the response to the idea.

I mainly serve as a writer and editor on Class: Ongoing, though I also have a hand in other areas like the photo-edited book covers and promotional material (eg. trailers and posters).

Though I've yet to be published professionally, I have previously contributed unofficial stories to two DW charity projects:

Children of Time: The Companions of Doctor Who - The John and Gillian Question (2018)

Doctor Who: Lockdown - Matter and Death (2020)

While less active recently, with much of my time taken up by my PhD project or work on Class: Ongoing, I can often be found overthinking Gallifreyan history or creating remastered/colourised Classic Who clips at [intuitive-revelations](#) on Tumblr.

NEXT TIME ON

CLASS
— ONGOING —

EPISODE TWO

CALL OF THE VOID

As a new normal emerges, Matteusz struggles to find his place amongst the others. He finds a budding friendship in a kind, charismatic stranger. But, as he begins to open up, he must face his deepest, darkest thoughts.

Thoughts that may push him over the edge.