

FROM THE WORLDS OF

BBC DOCTOR WHO

CLASS

ONGOING



SIDE STORIES

PRESIDENT WOODS

Written by **MATT JORDAN**

Cover Art by **ANNE-LAURE TUDURI**

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PRESIDENT WOODS

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Edited by ALLISON B

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*.

Class was created by Patrick Ness.

Executive producers: Patrick Ness, Steven Moffat and Brian Minchin

Class: Ongoing was created by Matt Jordan, as an unofficial, not-for-profit derivative project based on Patrick Ness's *Class*.

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

The artist reserves the right to original illustrations included in this work.

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“Well, she really is something special now, isn't she?
First woman on the Moon, saved the Earth from
itself, and, rather bizarrely, she becomes the
President of the United States.”

President Woods

“Congratulations, Madame President.”

President Courtney Emmeline Woods lowered her hand as Chief Justice Washington congratulated her. Applause rang out over the National Mall.

She looked out, scanning the faces in the audience. Though most were smiling, clapping, she could also make out a fair number of scowls.

It was understandable, really. Even putting aside debate about her eligibility, many thought it was still too early to be swearing her in as a permanent successor to President Ford.

Courtney sighed. She almost agreed.

* * *

Stepping off of Air Force Two, Vice-President Courtney Woods saw the president already waiting for her, staff and security also stood nearby.

She smiled. President Geraldine Virginia Ford. So ‘american’, in just about every way (even her name), that it made up for her London-born running mate. Sure, Courtney was technically a ‘natural-born’ US citizen. Only barely though - her mum was born in the country to an immigrant family, then moved back to England, where she met Courtney’s english dad and had her.

There had been a lot of smear and legal challenges on the campaign trail, and even now there were still a whole bunch of conservatives arguing the whole election was illegitimate.

Thankfully, Geraldine kept most of the electorate on-board and was re-elected with her new VP. The texan’s magnetic personality and past-term record kept the moderates on-board, even with their progressive agenda.

“Courtney!” she said, in her classic southern drawl. “Take it your flight was good?”

“A tiny bit bumpy, but we got through ok.”

“Same for us. The turbulence got little Lucy a bit anxious, but Laura and Noah helped keep her calm.”

In a way, it’s a wonder Geraldine was elected too. A woman in a same-sex marriage with two kids was always going to be a tough sell for some people in middle America, even

President Woods

now, sadly. She was originally elected as VP in 2048, after failing to be nominated as a presidential candidate in the primaries, alongside President Oakley.

Then the whole Moon thing happened.

Outraged with the nationwide powergrid shutdown that stole away their vote, public opinion turned on Oakley. Soon she was impeached, leaving Vice-President Ford to complete her term.

Even having only gotten the job via the line of succession, Geraldine fully stepped into the role. She led the nation valiantly and wisely out of the Great Cataclysm and the Oil Apocalypse, her government prioritising environmental defence and fighting income inequality above all else.

Fortunately, her policies quickly produced positive results that the country could see. She ran for re-election as incumbent in 2052, picked Representative Courtney Woods as her VP, and the rest is history.

“Now to business,” said Geraldine, clapping her hands together and waking Courtney from her thoughts, “I heard there’s been a change in plans?”

Courtney nodded. “I changed my schedule slightly. I’m hoping to drop by Coal Hill in Shoreditch - my old secondary school I attended before my family emigrated. I’ll be speaking to the students there.”

“Ha, excellent. The family and I will be visiting the Shard for lunch before you and I meet with the Prime Minister.”

“I’m surprised you wanted me to accompany you, to be honest. We didn’t both really need to be here. Besides, I assumed you’d be talking a lot about your work last term. There isn’t much I can really say abo-”

Geraldine ‘tutted’ her silent. “Oh, but the best is yet to come. I mean come-on, we’re going back to Mars in ‘58! Establishing a permanent, international colony!” she said, glee on her face. “We’re going to do so much, you and I. You’re needed there too.”

With that, the President parted, walking back over to her staff.

“Look, there’s Big Ben!

After they stepped onto the floor, Noah and Lucy ran over to the window and started excitedly calling out the landmarks they could see.

The floor had been closed off to host the first family. Just a quick set of press photos to go back home, taking advantage of the view of the London skyline, then they were given some privacy. They sat down and, after a short round of grace, began to eat.

They were just about to dig into desert when Geraldine’s phone began to ring.

President Woods

She pulled it out and took a look at the screen. “Sorry dear, I need to take this. It’s Ambassador Russell. Might take a while, knowing him.”

She gave a funny face and the kids laughed.

Laura smirked and rolled her eyes. “Go ahead, just make sure you’re back before your ice cream melts,” she said.

“Or you wait until it’s melted. Then you get ice cream soup!” suggested Lucy, in that typical loud kid way.

Geraldine pushed back her seat and stood up from the table, leaving to walk round to the north side of the floor. There was a nice quiet bench by the window overlooking the Thames between a couple of angel statues that would be a good place to talk.

Coal Hill had changed a lot since Courtney left. The Barbara Wright Building was long finished, the Pig and Lettuce was now a hairdressers. Even the old junkyard was gone, paved over to make way for a barely-used parking lot- uh... car park.

Courtney chuckled. She had changed a lot too.

After a small talk, typical motivational affair, she answered all sorts of questions from the students. About the White House, about ‘old’ Coal Hill, about her opinions on the newest reality shows, even about UFOs.

It had been about forty-five minutes of questioning when a young pupil, maybe twelve years old, raised his hand. She pointed to him.

“Miss Vice-President, why did you leave Coal Hill?” he asked.

Crap. She didn’t want to talk about this. But she couldn’t show weakness now. She’d lie, but this information was out there. Someone would notice.

She was supposed to be better than this...

In mostly silence, the audience waited for her to answer. After what felt like an age, the headmaster tried to step in, perhaps having noticed his guest’s hand clenching onto the podium. “I think that’s all the time the Vice Pres-

Courtney interrupted him, “No, no, it’s okay.”

Deep breath.

“In one year, two of my teachers passed away. Mr Danny Pink and Miss Clara Oswald. They were partners, so when Mr Pink died, I think it may have hit Miss Oswald hard. One year later, she disappeared, then was found dead.”

Some gasps in the hall.

She continued, “I took it hard. I had grown close to both of them. Miss Oswald literally changed my life.”

The moon crisis.

She remembered being there, deciding what to do. How to save the planet.

She remembered being down here, 35 years later, hearing Miss Oswald's broadcast all over again.

Her eyes were watering up.

"They changed my life," she repeated. "Yet for so long, I gave them so much trouble..."

Come on. Answer the question, Courtney.

"As you might guess, I took it hard. I needed a fresh start, so, once my GCSEs were done, my family moved. We had relatives in America, so we came back to live near them. I started high school, went to a nearby university, got involved in politics and so on. And that led me here."

There we go. She nodded back to the headmaster, who stepped in, wrapping things up again, this time for real. He thanked her for coming, and invited the students to applaud. They did so.

She walked off the stage, only to be approached by Roberts, a secret service agent. After making sure to make eye contact, he stepped right up to her.

"Madame Vice-President," he whispered, "we have a major problem."

* * *

The United States of America was thrown into chaos that night.

Everyone waited for a ransom message, or a discovered body, yet none came. Sure, false claims were made, but no-one could ever provide proof. Both British and American investigators swept through London, sniffing for a clue, but nothing was ever found.

Responsibilities passed down the chain-of-command to the Vice-President, though she remained in a purely 'acting' role for months as the world waited with bated breath for any news.

Finally, after months of commissions and searches and interrogations, the truth was accepted. President Ford was gone.

Now, the day after her swearing-in, Courtney sat behind the Resolute Desk in the Oval Office. She never thought she'd end up here, honestly. She doubted it would ever have been possible for her to get the nomination and win normally, just by virtue of her background, and yet fate had brought her here, at least for what was left of the term.

Hey, maybe she'll have better odds as an incumbent, like Geraldine did?

She still didn't know what happened to her, even after all these investigations, many still ongoing. Unfortunately it looked like it would be a riddle for the ages, just like...

President Woods

A part of her thought back to life in Coal Hill, what she saw with the Doctor and Miss Oswald. Maybe some alien or something was responsible?

She felt guilty, in a way. Not that she was responsible, no matter what some conspiracy theorist influencers claimed online. It should have been President Ford sitting here continuing her work, not her.

A voice buzzed over the speaker. “Madame president, Dr. Blinovitch is here for your meeting.”

There, somewhere in all this madness, she felt something familiar somehow...

“Let him in,” said President Woods.

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.

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](#).

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.