



CHAPTER 1

TANITH

I never used to worry about death. What's the point? It's better to get on with your life without fretting about how it will end. But I've been thinking about it a lot since I met Tanith.

I knew there was something weird about her the moment she walked into our history class. But no one else seemed to even notice her.

She took the desk at the back next to the window. That's where Jake and Imran usually sit and I thought they'd have a massive problem with it. But they just moved to the front as though that's where they always went.

No one else spoke to Tanith. It's always a bit like that when someone new starts, but this was different. My classmates weren't glancing round and giggling and whispering. And there was a lot about her they could have picked on.

She had thick black hair that went down to her shoulders. She'd tucked it behind her ear on the left, but let it fall down over her face on the right. Her skin was really pale, even for a white girl. I wondered if she used some sort of face powder. And she was wearing a long black coat over her school uniform with wide rips across the sleeves.

In a school where you can get teased for doing your top shirt button up or pulling your tie too skinny, you'd think that would be a big deal. But everyone just ignored her.

I asked Tanith if I could sit next to her and she shrugged.

“Sorry everyone's so unfriendly,” I said. “They're not that bad really.”