

## Stargazer's Club

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# Stargazer's Club

by [West\\_Brooke](#)

## Summary

When a young Donnie and April both sneak into a space museum on the same night, they both had very different expectations. Specifically the expectation of being alone in the building. And that expectation quickly ends when the two run into each other, meeting for the very first time. April, disappointed after being stuck with the teacher for her field trip decided to stick around and check out the museum alone, while Donnie sneaks away from the lair to check out the planetarium after Splinter refuses to let him go.

As a storm rages outside, the two kids get to know each other as they explore the building together and have fun. But meanwhile, beneath the museum, the tunnels begin to flood from the rain.

## Notes

Hey everyone!

So this is the first fic I've written for rotmnt and my first fic on ao3, and I decided to start off with an idea I've had for a while now of Donnie and April's first meeting.

This is mostly just fluff and a cute meeting between the two since I think their friendship is really sweet and deserves a cute beginning as well. I'm honestly much more prone to write angst, but I decided to give this story a go!

This is going to be an ongoing fic since I don't have the stamina to write the full thing in one go (unfortunately), but I will do my best to update regularly!

## Prologue

“Jeez, this place is a mess, Don! How long has it been since you cleaned out your lab?” April asked, staring at the strewn-out mess of boxes and junk that were piled around the room.

“Far too long April, which is why I called upon your assistance. I need help sorting through this. Most of this stuff is mine, but a certain brother of mine likes to also stash his things in here who will not be named,” Donatello looked up from the box he had been sorting, picking up a bunch of bits and pieces of metal and dumping them into a separate box. His shell’s metal appendages were also sorting separately, making quick work of the boxes of spare tech. “It’s Mikey. Anyway if you see anything with paint stains you can just toss it out into the lair.”

April sighed, putting a hand on her hip. “As much as I would love to help you rummage through trash all day, can’t you get one of your brothers or Shelldon to help with all this mess? It’s a Saturday- and when you texted me ‘Help.’ half an hour ago I thought there was some kind of emergency. Not that this train wreck of a room couldn’t be classified as one.” She said, making quotation marks in the air with her fingers as she read the text.

“Unfortunately my brothers were unwilling to participate in this particular...bonding exercise. Raph and Leo are out all day on some errand for Splinter. I’d get Mikey to help, but he’d make more of a mess in all honestly. And Shelldon caught a bug from a sketchy site and has been glitching all day, so he’s on sleep mode while his system reboots. You are my last bastion of hope, my friend,” the turtle explained.

“Uuhhg fine! But you better order pizzas, and I get primary jurisdiction over the music. Where do you need me?” April relented. So much for a free Saturday.

“Fair enough. I’m working through these parts of old tech to see what’s salvageable or not, but why don’t you start with the closet? I have a few old boxes in there that haven’t seen the light of fluorescent bulbs in years that can probably get tossed out. Stuff that’s garbage can go in that pile, and I’ll haul it to the tank to dump later. Repo mantis loves free stuff anyway.” Donnie pointed over to a pile by the entrance with one of the mechanical appendages protruding from the battle shell, engrossed in his sorting with his own hands.

“Hey Donnie, check this out!” April called out. Donnie looked up, turning his gaze to April, who held up a cardboard shoebox above her head. Scribbled in messy writing was the word “KeEpsakes”, with the second E in the word capitalized.

“I don’t remember that being there. Where did you find it?” Donnie asked, making his way over to April with a look of curiosity.

“It was hiding under the metal plating in the closet. Looks like whoever hid this didn’t want anyone finding it. I only found it because I dropped my phone through the crack and tried to tear up your floor to get it. It was already loose, not that it would have stopped me if it

wasn't." she said, lowering the box down to her chest. She blew on the lid of the box, a cloud of dust coming off the cardboard.

"I don't doubt that for a second. Let me see it." Donatello said, trying to grab the box from April's hands, only for her to swipe it away.

"Nuh-uh! I found it, that means I get to open it. Those are the rules!"

"What rules? You just made that up. There were no rules established!" Donnie kept trying to grab the box a few more times, April dodging his grasping hands.

"Hey!" April protested as Donnie finally managed to snatch the box from her hands, feigning one direction only to grab in the other. "Give it back!"

"Not that I don't trust you April, but I'd like to see what's in the box just as much as you. But I don't remember what's in here! Perhaps it was so terrible I had to erase my own memories and stash it somewhere no one would find it!"

"Donnie, I doubt that. Plus if it is terrible, I can beat it up for you!" April offered with a grin, smacking her fist into her palm enthusiastically. "And if you don't let me see what's in there after I've been helping you clean, your floor isn't the only thing that's gonna be torn up."

"Fine, fine. Very well. If it's something embarrassing, I'm inventing a memory eraser explicitly for the purpose of making you forget about it. I might have made one before but...I probably wouldn't remember it. Oh, whatever here." Donnie handed the box back to April, which she eagerly took and pried the cardboard lid from the top. Donnie peeked over her shoulder as she did so, eyeing the box with suspicion.

Inside the box were a few different slips of colored paper, a plastic model of Saturn, a scrunchie, and what looked to be a broken flashlight as well as a few colorful dinosaur toys. The box smelled of dust and like old books. It clearly hadn't been opened in years. The papers, some of which seemed to be folded construction paper, were slightly faded but well preserved. It didn't seem like there was anything mindblowing inside it after all.

"Aw, man. It's just a bunch of junk! You got me all excited and everything." April playfully shoved the box back at Donnie, an amused look on her face. "I was all ready for it to be something important, huh Don? ...Don?"

Donatello was looking down into the box with a strange look as his face suddenly lit up and he turned to face April again, eyes bright.

"Recognition! This stuff IS important. Do you realize what all this, April?" he asked, holing up a slip of paper from the box and offering it to her. It was a blue folded pamphlet of some kind. On a second glance, April did indeed recognize it. She quickly grabbed the pamphlet from the turtle, staring down at the writing.

"That's from the planetarium! No way! Is this-?" April looked back down into the box in Donnie's hands, picking up the scrunchie with her free hand with a look of excited

bewilderment. “This is mine! Is this from that night? I think you’re right! This is all stuff from the planetarium, from the night we met- all those years ago.”

“Man, how old were we? It’s no wonder I forgot about this thing.” Donnie tried to remember frustratedly, his drawn-on brows furrowing over his mask. “And what was it we called ourselves again? It’s on the tip of my tongue I just know it.”

“I can’t remember exactly, just give me a minute Don. I just can’t believe you kept all this!”

# Field Trip

It was a cloudy November day, grey clouds darkening the New York City sky, the distant rumbling of thunder drowned out by the noises of people and traffic alike.

“April honey, do you not have a partner?”

April looked away from the obscured sky and back to the teacher who had asked the question. Her fourth-grade English teacher was looking down at the lone girl.

“No, Ms. Olive. There’s an odd number of students. I counted!”

“Well, is there any pair you want to join?”

April looked around at the crowd of paired-up kids outside the school bus, all chatting with their selected partners. Gripping tightly to the straps of her backpack, April shook her head. “I want to go on my own! I don’t need a partner.” The teacher frowned and looked like she was about to say something before her attention was pulled away.

“James, no! Water bottles are for drinking out of!” She called out at another student who had been attempting to start a water fight, a look of exasperation poorly masked under a smile. The teacher turned back to April. “Alright then, you can be my partner for today. We can’t have students walking around by themselves. Come on.” the teacher insisted, turning to face the class.

“Attention, please! So there are a few rules we have to know before we tour the planetarium! First of all, no wandering away from your buddies. No touching any exhibits unless it explicitly says you can. No food outside of the cafeteria...”

The teacher droned on as April looked back up at the sky. She had been really excited about the field trip, but the excitement was starting to fade a bit. She’d been buddies with her teachers before, and they were almost all too busy managing the other kids to do anything cool. Plus, the sleepover at the nearby observatory would probably be a bust too. With all the clouds in the sky, it would be impossible to see any stars at all! “And sleepovers are probably more fun when you have friends anyway,” She thought to herself. But no matter! So long as she got to check out the planetarium it was alright with her. Maybe she could find a way to sneak away from Ms. Olive and check everything out herself.

She’d been stuck with her math teacher on the field trip to the zoo and it had been horrible. He just kept talking on and on about himself and his boring life, and didn’t even want to check out the reptile house she’d been looking forward to! But it was better than being a “third wheel”, as she’d heard some of the kids call it. That was even worse. The pair of kids that had chosen to be with each other would always just ignore her, even when she tried to be friends. Nobody ever wanted to just be her partner either. Sure, there were a bunch of kids she was sort of friends with, but they all had other, best friends that they would choose in the event of partnering up, and if she tried to make it a trio she would just end up third-wheeling!

“And finally, I will take attendance when the Planetarium closes at 7:30, so make sure you’re back here. We won’t leave unless anyone is accounted for, but if we aren’t on time, we don’t get dessert at the observatory. Alright, go have fun!”

The teacher released the group of kids and they all made their way up the steps and into the building, the sounds of chatting and excitement quickly filling the area. April made her way up the steps beside the teacher and stared up at the big sign above the door welcoming them into the building, and she felt a bit of her energy come back. Maybe this wouldn't be so bad after all. After all, Ms. Olive's class was a lot less boring than her math teacher's, so maybe she would be more interested in what April wanted to do!

"Ms. Olive, let's go see the spaceships first! I heard they have real parts of old space shuttles!" April said, grabbing onto the teacher's hand and tugging her towards the shuttle room as they made their way into the main hall of the museum.

"Okay April, lead the way."

April let go of the teacher's hand and ran into the room, staring in awe at the model of the space station hanging from the ceiling on wires. In the corner of the room, there was a long display case with different models of space suits used throughout the years of exploration. She reached up to the case and climbed up onto the bar separating the walkways from the display, her head barely peeking over the top as she stared intently at the suits. "Woah... Can you believe people used to wear these?! You know, I'm gonna be a space explorer one day too- like Jupiter Jim! Do you watch Jupiter Jim, Ms. Olive?" she asked, turning to see where the teacher was standing.

Her eagerness quickly faded when she realized the teacher wasn't paying attention, caught up in scolding another pair of students who had tried to put their hands on a metal piece of a space rover on the other end of the room. The nine-year-old frowned, slowly letting go of the metal bar and stepping back down to the ground, staring at the teacher and kids who were still arguing as if she wasn't even there.

April shifted her backpack up further onto her back and turned away from her teacher, looking back up at the suits, before looking at the second exit of the space room, tempted to try and escape and explore on her own. She had only taken a few steps towards it when her teacher spoke up again.

"Ms. O'Niel, just where do you think you're going? We have to stick together! You can't just explore on your own."

April stopped and sighed, staring down at her yellow rain boots. It was going to be the zoo all over again. "Yes, Ms. Olive."

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April sat on a seat at a simulation game, boredly kicking her feet back and forth underneath the stool. The teacher was deep in conversation with one of the planetarium employees. From what April could tell from overhearing them they had been friends in high school or something. They'd been in the Mars room for over an hour! At this point, she could recite some of the information panels at heart. She'd been stuck playing the dumb rover simulator for ages now and had already found driven around every part of the virtual planet with the sticky controller. She had found when she collected items in a certain order it would crash the game, but that had stopped being entertaining several minutes ago.

April looked at the door as another pair of girls ran past, talking together and laughing. They'd only spent a few minutes in each of the rooms they had been in until now, and April hadn't gotten a chance to mess around with any of the interactive stuff before Ms. Olive saw some kids misbehaving in the next room and dragged April along with her. They hadn't even touched on half of the things in there! Frustrated, April crashed the game again, staring at the glitching screen with a frown as the simulator reset to the title page.

"Anyway, we should be going now."

April perked up at the sound of the teacher wrapping up the conversation. Maybe now they could finally check out the planetarium star show in the dome! Her dad had shown her the planetarium website before the trip, and that was what had seemed like the coolest part of the whole museum. It was supposed to be a huge dome with the stars in it, but it was also like a movie! They had tried to check it out before the Mars room, but another show had already been in progress, and then Ms. Olive had caught sight of her friend and suggested they wait for a while. That show and four others had ended before her conversation did.

"April, come on, we have to get to the cafeteria and get dinner before the museum closes. We only have half an hour!"

Despite a protesting rumble in April's stomach, the young girl disagreed "No way! We haven't got to see the show yet- It's only fifteen minutes! Please?!" April pleaded as she followed Ms. Olive to the exit of the mars room.

"Oh, honey I'm sorry. You'll have to watch the show some other time, maybe your parents can take you back here? I really can't have you going hungry, okay?"

April grabbed the teacher's hand as they passed by the showing room, tugging on her hand. "Please! Look, the show is even starting right now- the guy is at the control panel!" she protested.

"Come on, April." the teacher simply responded, gently tugging April back towards the cafeteria. April balled up her free fist but didn't say anything, a seething frustration building up in her chest as she stomped behind the teacher to go get food.

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"And everyone is accounted for. Alright kids, up on the bus. The museum is closing in just a few minutes, so let's get headed to the observatory!" Ms. Olive announced. April looked up at the entryway to the planetarium with dismay, then back down at the crowd of kids shuffling their way towards the bus. It had started to rain while they had been inside, and April was standing under a green umbrella as the rain drummed down against the fabric. The world outside was dark grey, both because of the rain and because it was the evening. The only lights were from inside the planetarium and from the school bus headlights, the lights of the city blurry and dulled by the downpour.

"I could have had fun on my own...or with literally ANY other partner than the teacher. Worst. field trip. ever. I wish I could just explore on my own..." April thought, right before the most brilliant idea struck her nine-year-old brain.

It was maybe the best idea she'd ever had. The observatory would be boring since it looked like it was going to be pouring all night, and she had already been marked down for



attendance. April looked back at the lights of the science museum, beckoning her from the rain. She bit her lower lip, contemplating the decision. She really wanted to see what else the museum had in store. If she stayed the night at the museum, she could just say she had gotten locked in by accident, right? Can't get in trouble if it was an accident.

Making up her mind, April ducked behind one of the concrete barriers near the railings as the last few kids got onto the bus, making sure her umbrella wasn't in view. Ms. Olive looked around to make sure there weren't any stragglers. April held her breath for what seemed like ages before she heard the bus engine start, the swishing of the windshield wipers muffled by the rain and the drumming of the raindrops against her umbrella.

"Maybe this is a bad idea..." She began to think, but before she could finish that thought she heard the sound of tires driving away, and looked over the rail. The bus was driving away. It rounded the corner and disappeared behind another building.

April stared at the place the bus had just been for a moment, before turning back towards the planetarium with a wide grin on her face. "Well, I guess there's no going back now!"

## Escape from the Lair

“You’re gonna get in trouble,” Mikey said, peeking around the door to his brother’s room. Donnie glared at him as he pulled the bedsheet over the pillow decoy he had made to take his place.

“If you’re gonna tell dad, you can forget about the no snitch deal. My Halloween candy stays mine until I’m back and Splinter stays none the wiser.” Donnie reminded his younger brother, looking back at the lump in his bed. “That looks enough like me, right?”

“You’re totally gonna get grounded. Dad says to never go to the surface without him. That’s like the number one rule! Plus, what if you get hurt?”

“Oh my gosh, Mikey you’re just like dad. Just because I’m soft-shelled doesn’t mean I’m gonna get hurt whenever I do anything. Besides, that just makes me all that much tougher than you guys. How do you feel whenever Raph says he doesn’t want to wrestle with you because you’re the baby brother?” Donnie huffed, straightening his glasses.

“I’m not a baby!” Mikey retorted before Donnie quickly covered his mouth. “Quiet! You’re gonna get me caught, and I’m going to give all my milk duds to Leo instead of you.”

Mikey stared at Donnie for a second before exhaling into his brother’s hand and nodding. Donnie let go of his brother’s face and turned to his bag. He picked up his flashlight and put it inside alongside an extra set of batteries, and zipped it up. Donnie hoisted up the bag onto his back and turned to face Mikey.

“Remember to cover for me. I’ll be back before morning, don’t worry! I just...I really want to check this place out. It’s like, a museum full of science,” he said, pulling a folded-up pamphlet out of his hoodie’s pocket, and staring down at it. “Dad said we couldn’t go, but I just- I can do this, okay?”

“Just be safe? Dad says it may rain today and the storm tunnels flood sometimes...” Mikey said with concern before quickly moving forward and hugging his older brother. Donnie was reluctant for a moment before hugging him back, patting the back of his shell with a sigh.

“Don’t worry Mikester, I mapped out the tunnels I needed to go in and all of them are pretty high up. There shouldn’t be any issue.” Donnie said as he made his way towards the door of the room after being released from the hug.

“Good luck,” Mikey said, watching his brother round the corner and stealthily make his way towards the exit of the lair, slipping out unnoticed as the sounds of Splinter’s TV echoed from below.

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Donnie’s flashlight illuminated the walls of the sewers as he made his way through them, looking down at a hand-drawn map he had made. The sounds of rushing water echoed around him as he walked, his footsteps echoing against the bare concrete. Donatello had used the

family computer to find the directions to the science museum and mapped it out over Splinter's maps of the sewers to find a straightforward route to an access point underneath the actual museum.

"Easy peasy. Just a short walk and I'm there, no problem. And I'll be back before Splinter even notices." Donnie said out loud, trying to settle the small bits of guilt and nervousness rising in his stomach. "Come on, even Leo could pull this off. My plan is flawless."

Donnie had been plotting this visit for quite a while now. It was a space museum! How could he NOT go?! But when he had presented the pamphlet to Splinter a month prior, he had immediately denied it.

"No chance, purple! We can't just go on the surface whenever we feel like it, it's too risky. Especially not for something like this! Museums are boring- you aren't missing out, I promise." Splinter had insisted.

Well, maybe Splinter thought museums were boring, but Donnie had seen pictures online. There wasn't anywhere else that looked more exciting! A whole building just for learning about space? Donnie could live there if it was as cool as he imagined.

He had contemplated bringing up the prospect of checking it out to his brothers, but he didn't trust any of them to keep it a secret. Leo would snitch for sure, especially when he was still kinda mad about Donnie beating his high score in his favorite videogames with cheats he had found online. Mikey had only found out by accident, and Donnie had to promise him part of his portion of the candy Splinter had given them for Halloween just to keep him quiet.

He checked on his map as he reached the fork in the road, and some water dripped down from the ceiling, which the young turtle quickly dried with his sleeve before it smudged the pen he had written it in. A skittering noise made him jump as he rounded the corner and he pointed his flashlight towards the noise, only to see a rat scurry out of view. Donnie let out a sigh of relief. If any of his brothers had been following, he probably would have lost them by now in the twists and turns anyways.

Donnie turned the final corner on his map and looked upward at the sewer cover up above. Gripping the flashlight with his teeth, Donnie grabbed onto the rungs of the ladder leading up to the cover and began climbing, almost slipping once but managing to recover.

The young mutant pushed up against the cover to test it, but it was too heavy to lift with a regular push. He looked with his flashlight to see if any bolts and screws were holding it down, but didn't see any. He locked his feet in the rungs of the ladder so he wouldn't fall and put both of his hands onto the metal. Grunting with effort, the turtle pushed up on it with all the might he could, and the sewer cover budged, before finally giving way and sliding to the side.

He climbed up and out into a mess of wires and pipes, barely enough room for him to crawl around. Donnie shone his flashlight up, realizing he was beneath some floor tiles. He checked the watch on his wrist. "8:03...the planetarium has been closed for half an hour. All the people should be gone!" He thought with excitement. Donatello pushed up on the large floor tile above him, the floor panel giving away much easier than the sewer cover had. He climbed up and out of the square-shaped hole out into the main hall of the planetarium.

It was dark inside, and he shone his flashlight around to gather his surroundings when he saw an odd shadow on the floor. He pointed his flashlight upwards, and his mouth opened in awe at the large planet system model hanging above him, the planets slowly rotating around the central sun piece. "This is gonna be so worth it..." he said to himself. He set down his flashlight for a moment and put his bag back down beneath in the crawl space, taking a pencil out and marking the tile with an X about the size of his hand, so he would remember where he came up. Tossing the pencil down into the bag, he then slid the tile back into place.

Donnie stood up, brushing off his knees and taking another look up at the planets without the flashlight, their black shapes continuing to rotate. But as Donnie bent down to pick up his flashlight, he froze as another light shone straight out at him from further inside the museum, blinding him as the glare hit his glasses.

"Hey! Who the heck are you!?" a young girl's voice questioned.

## First Contact

April stared at the...person that had just crawled up from under the floor with astonishment, her flashlight shining in their face. Whoever they were, they were smaller than her by a few inches, and seemed to wear some kind of baggy jacket and glasses, twin squares of light reflecting back at her. April had been hiding under some tables in the cafeteria, waiting for whatever lingering staff to leave the building. When the last guy to leave locked the door, she figured it was safe to get out. Only to make her way into the main hall to see some kid climbing up from the ground! Whoever they were, they seemed just as surprised as she was.

April took a few steps toward the figure, and her eyes widened as she got a better look at them. "What...what are you?!" the girl asked breathlessly. "Your skin is green!"

"Yeah...so what?! What are you doing here? Are you a security guard?! You're just a kid," the creature retorted, seeming to be more annoyed at her than scared, though he seemed to be quickly scanning the room for something.

"Well, no. Not a security guard. I sn- No, I got locked in here! They don't have security guards, I already checked that." April gasped suddenly as she made a realization, eyes wide. "Are you an alien?! That's why you're here at the planetarium, right? Because you're from outer space!"

The green creature stared at her for a long minute, the silence beginning to awkwardly stretch before he hesitantly opened his mouth again. "...yeah. You caught me. Alien- although the proper term would be extraterrestrial. It means 'not from earth,'" he explained, picking up the flashlight he had left on the ground. He examined it for a moment before shining it back at April, who squinted for a moment while her eyes adjusted to the brightness.

"This is so cool! I've always wanted to meet an alien! What planet are you from?! Are you a kid alien or just a kid-sized alien?" She quickly made her way over to the shorter creature, sticking out her hand to them. The other kid eyed her hand for a moment before looking back up at her face.

"And the name is April O'Neil, earth representative...junior kid edition. I think NASA is supposed to be in charge of first contact but we're both locked in here so I'll have to do it for now!"

"Um..." The alien looked down at her hand again before hesitantly shaking it. To her delight, April realized he only had three fingers.

"Donatello, but my brothers call me Donnie. I'm from planet...well, that's classified. And anyway I'm eight, which is...like twelve in human years so I'm probably way older than you." he said, crossing his arms across his chest and sticking his chin up.

"Yeah, I'm only 9," April admitted, still staring at their three-fingered hand before quickly looking back up at their face. "So, Donnie, what brings you to earth's coolest planetarium?" she asked. "Well...probably the coolest. It's better than whatever they have in New Jersey, that's for sure. You're lucky you didn't end up over there."

“I came to check it out! For...a space mission. Um...” He paused for a second before snapping his fingers, pointing at April. “Yeah! Our ship lost all of its information when we crashed so obviously... I had to come here and gather intel on the solar system. Duh.” He explained.

“Oh wow! Like that one Jupiter Jim movie!” April exclaimed.

“You watch Jupiter Jim too?!” Donnie asked, before clearing his throat. “I mean, you watch Jupiter Jim too?” he repeated in a calmer voice.

“Yeah! They have it in space?”

“Of course we do! He’s like, a space hero...obviously. So they have it in space.” He gestured up towards the sky with one of his hands, one eyebrow raised.

“Oh yeah, that makes sense. Well, anyway, you’re in luck Mr. Donatello, because I’m gonna give you a super fun tour of this planetarium! I’m like, a total earth expert. Lived here my whole life!” April reached out and grabbed Donnie’s hand and pulled him towards the space suit toom, much to the surprise of the alien who allowed her to pull him along (or rather, wasn’t able to resist).

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“Oh, Mikey was right. I’m so, so grounded,” Donnie thought as the young girl pulled him along. He was just lucky she had bought the alien story. Going to the surface by himself was one thing, but being seen by a human? He wasn’t going to get to play video games until he was an adult!

Donnie was lucky that it had been a kid rather than an adult. They would have called the police or the army or something, and he probably would end up as someone’s science experiment. And besides, she seemed pretty nice. Nothing like the stories of scared or angry people Splinter explained they would be met with if they ever were spotted by regular humans.

He eyed the girl who was pulling him towards one of the rooms. She was taller than him by a few inches, and her brown curly hair was pulled up into several different buns and secured with some sort of fabric. She wore a turtleneck and big yellow rain boots and a backpack was secured to her back. A keychain hung down from one of the zippers, and Donnie realized it was a Jupiter Jim keychain with some interest.

“Well, as long as I’m stuck with her, I might as well learn more about the museum. I came here for a reason after all, and she seems to know about this stuff,” he thought.

“This is the space suit room” April declared as they reached the entryway to the room she had been directing him towards. She shone her light toward a glass display case. “It’s easier to see when all the lights are on, but you can still take a look. I know it’s not exactly all about the solar system, but humans have to do a lot of work to survive in space,” she explained. Donnie looked up at the spacesuits, shining his own light up at them. The metal, fabric, and glass amalgamations towered above the two kids behind the glass.

“They’re bigger than I expected...” he said, and April looked back at him.

“Well, they have to be. Humans are really soft and squishy, and space is really dangerous. See, this info panel talks about it.” she pointed at one of the walls with writing over it. “So

we have to make these big metal shells to protect ourselves.” And then even bigger ones to live in!” she pointed her flashlight towards the ceiling, and Donnie’s eyes followed the beam. Above them, the model of the space station hung.

“That’s the international space station. People live up there in orbit.” the human kid explained, gesturing up at the model with her free hand.

“Wait-” Donnie turned to look at April in astonishment. “People actually live up there?! I thought they just went in rockets and came back!”

April nodded enthusiastically. “They live up in space for almost half a year up there- and not just from the united states, but from all sorts of different countries. That’s why it’s called international.”

The girl shone her light back at Donnie, who squinted again as his eyes adjusted to the sudden change.

“Oop, sorry,” she apologized, directing her flashlight away from their face before speaking again, “This is already so much more fun than my field trip. I was stuck with a lame adult as a partner but now I can show you everything!” April grinned at him, eyes bright.

Donnie stared up at the model, and back at the darkened case where the suits lie, and back at April, thinking. It seemed like both of them wanted the same thing. And she didn’t seem to have any problem with him, but this was still risky. What if she told an adult? Would they start looking for him and his brothers? He had to be strategic.

“Listen April- Hm...” Donatello stopped for a minute, trying to gather the right words. He did really want to check everything out. He had already learned something new and he had just gotten here. After a brief pause, he spoke again. “I can tour the planetarium with you, but on one condition. You have to swear you won’t tell anyone about me. The government and police would like...chase me down and dissect me and stuff.” He explained. “They don’t like extraterrestrials, even though we can’t really help being here.”

“Oh of course! Duh- why didn’t I think of that. Don’t worry,” April held out her hand with the pinkie extended, offering it to Donnie. “I pinkie promise I will not tell anyone about you. It’s like the most sacred earth oath there is.” Donnie reached for her hand, but to his surprise, she pulled it back at the last second.

“But I ALSO have a condition?”

“What?!”

“In exchange for not telling anyone about me, you have to be my friend. Just for tonight at least. Deal?” The young girl extended her hand out again, her eyes meeting Donnie’s.

The turtle sighed and wrapped one of his own fingers around her pinkie, shaking it. “Fine. Deal.”

# The Hub

“Awesome!” April grinned at Donatello after letting go of their...pinkie. He only had three fingers, but she decided it probably counted anyway. Donnie stared down at his hand for a second before April grabbed it again, resuming her process of dragging him around behind her.

“Where are you taking me now?!” the boy protested, stumbling trying to keep up with the girl as they pulled him into the main hallway and out of the room, not that April noticed it.

“The next room! They call it the hub room- there's a bunch of different rooms that connect back into it that we can go to. There's also this big glowy ball that shows different planets on it! I want a chance to check it out,” she paused, suddenly remembering her promise, “and of course, it'll help you with your space records and all that. Do you have like, a space computer or something to store all the information?”

Donatello scoffed. “My brothers may have needed to, but I don't. I'll just remember everything. I'm the smartest.” he bragged as April slowed as they approached an open doorway.

“Having brothers must be so fun- I don't have any siblings, so I'm all by myself all the time! It's so boring,” April admitted, looking back at him.

Donnie's nose was wrinkled with doubt, making a strange face. April laughed, and he quickly dropped the expression, going back to a frown.

“I can't imagine not having any siblings, but you're the lucky one honestly. They're all just obnoxious and loud all the time- half the time I can't even hear myself...”

He trailed off as they entered the hub room, eyes widening. The room was dark like the rest of the museum, but an array of lights slowly rotated, illuminating dots that orbited across the floor and walls of the room, creating the image of stars decorating the interior.

“It looks even cooler than it did during the day,” April thought to herself in satisfaction. April looked back at Donnie, whose mouth was hinged open, staring at the dancing lights. She had impressed him!

“This is...” he breathed, staring up in awe at the lights from the ceiling.

“...pretty cool, huh? It's kinda like being in space!” she finished and then pointed at a large sphere in the center of the room. “There's the planet projector I was talking about!”

“I mean it's-” the alien boy cleared his throat. “Yeah, this is...It's pretty cool for human stuff. I guess.” He shrugged, and April dragged him again towards the center of the room, his eyes lingering on the lights around them.

“The hub is cool and all, but I bet it's nothing compared to the actual planetarium show. Or compared to actual space- since you've been there before. But us humans make do!” April said proudly, stopping in front of a panel with different buttons.

“Each one is for a different planet. Check it out!” she pointed at the panel.



April stood to the side as the boy clicked through the buttons, staring at the projected planets as they appeared on the sphere, making it look like a replica of each planet thanks to light projectors overhead.

“I finally have a friend- and a cool alien one at that!” she thought to herself. “And he’s not with anyone else. I’m not third-wheeling! But...how do I know he’s not a bad alien?” the thought suddenly struck her, and she eyed Donatello as he stared up at the swirling red storm of Jupiter.

“He was breaking in...but I guess technically so was I. And he’s a kid just like me anyway. He can’t be all that bad- he could have already attacked me with some freaky alien powers if he wanted by now.” the girl watched as he pressed the next button.

She stared around the room at all of the exhibits, adjusting the straps on her backpack again. She had been expecting to explore the museum on her own, but now she had company, evil or not. That was better than being alone. Plus if he was planning to take over the world or something, it would be a good idea for her to keep an eye on him anyway. And if he wasn’t evil, well, she’d make a new friend!

She pulled out a copy of the planetarium pamphlet she had in her bag, flipping it open and looking through it. What sort of stuff would an alien want to see?

“Hey, Donatello, what sort of stuff do you want to check-” April cut herself off as she looked back at Donatello, who was staring silently up at a now dark sphere, having finished looking through all of the planets.

The boy turned to look at April, a strange look on his face she couldn’t really interpret, and his fists were balled up. Was he...mad? It looked closer to frustrated. Did she mess up somehow?

As one of the rotating lights hit Donnie’s face, April could make out his eyes shining behind his glasses.

“Show me everything!” the boy suddenly burst out, catching April off guard. After a moment, April laughed.

“I’m being serious!” Donnie responded, his voice actually sounding upset this time, brows furrowing.

“Oh no- No! I’m not laughing at you- sorry!” April apologized, taking a deep breath. “Some people think science is lame, but I’m not like that! I thought I was going to have to drag you along all night, but you broke in here for the same reason I did. To have fun!”

Donnie looked at her, his fists slowly unclenching as he realized she wasn’t laughing at him.

April smiled at him, turning to face a second hallway, her flashlight beam disappearing out into the dark, illuminating the doorways to exhibit after exhibit. She looked back at Donnie, before taking off down the hall with another laugh.

“If you want to see everything, you’re gonna want to keep up!” she shouted back.  
Donnie stood for a moment in surprise, before quickly scrambling after her. “Hey, wait up!”

# Blast Off

Splinter made his way through the darkened lair, passing by his son's rooms as he made his way down towards the tunnels of the sewers, quietly so as to not wake them.

He knew that outside, the storm raged and rain poured down over the city. His aching joints warning aside, he had been keeping an eye on the reports. Any time heavy rain was anticipated, Splinter found it hard to sleep. While many people found the sound of rain comforting, it was quite the opposite to the old rat. The sewers were prone to flooding, including some parts of the lair if too much water came through.

It always posed a danger to not only their things but potentially their safety if it flooded too high. Not to mention most of the tunnels would be unnavigable until the water levels shrank back.

The rat crossed over the creaking boards to the center of the atrium, looking down at the water below. Squinting his eyes, he could tell the levels had already begun to rise. "I may have to move the boys up to the second or third level tonight." Splinter thought to himself. "I'll wait a few more hours though, see if it can wait until morning. Waking them up when they're all asleep is... an unnecessary nightmare."

Splinter sighed as he stared up at the dark sky above, rain falling into the center of the lair through the holes in the atrium ceiling, the downpour making the ground slippery and him wet. He made his way quickly across before he got soaked.

"I'm going to watch more TV before the power goes out," he muttered, shaking himself off. "Sleep well, my sons."

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"So, we're doing this why?" Donnie asked skeptically, staring down the flight of stairs. In his hands, he held a rectangular metal tray from the cafeteria. "We could have just gone up and down the stairs normally in the time it took us to go back and get these."

"Where's the fun in that?" April asked. The two had already gone through numerous exhibits and made their way up to the second floor when April got a funny look and insisted they go grab the trays.

"We already checked out most of the stuff on the first floor, why are we going back down? I mean, we didn't check out the Mars room. We could--"

"No. No Mars room. I can tell you plenty about Mars if you need info." April cut him off, putting the tray down near the top step and sitting down on top of it, gripping the sides.

"This is a terrible idea," Donatello noted, but put his tray down beside hers, copying her position. He held out his hand to her, gesturing for her to give him something.

"Your bag. I'm putting my glasses in it and we're leaving it up here if we're gonna do this dumb...thing, earthling."

"Oh, yeah, probably smart." April slid the bag off her shoulders and handed it to the turtle, and he took off his glasses, carefully putting them in the bag. He also took his flashlight out of his pocket and stashed it in the bag before zipping it up and setting it aside.

"Ready now?"

"You've done this before?" Donatello asked.

"...Yes," April said after a moment of hesitation, prompting Donnie to raise an eyebrow but April grabbed the back of his jacket and pushed him back into his tray.

"Trust me on this. It's gonna be crazy cool. I see it all the time in movies about sleepovers." the girl insisted.

"You're not making me feel any more confident about this. But fine, just to get it over with," the young boy relented, looking down the flight of stairs. It wasn't excessively large. He could probably fall down it without any tray and be relatively without injury just on his own. Still, he felt nervous. This was a type of activity his brothers would exclude him from because of his shell. Curiously, April had insisted on it and didn't have any sort of shell. There had to be some merit to that at least. His thoughts were interrupted as April suddenly called out.

"On the count of three- Go!"

Without bothering to count, April pushed off the top seat with the tray under her, sliding down the stairs. Donnie hastily scooted forwards to keep up with her, feeling the tray slant underneath him.

"This is definitely a terrible idea!" he cried out, and then the tray gave way to gravity as it too began to slide as he gripped onto the sides for dear life.

It was a bumpy ride, with each stair causing the tray to bump and hitch, threatening to tip over or toss its rider, and Donnie was just barely able to tilt his body to keep it from doing so, a shriek escaping him that was drowned out by the clattering of the trays and April's shouts of excitement. Every time the tray hit the lip of another step, it would pitch and wobble, making it hard to keep hold of the sides. The feeling of exhilaration Donnie felt was joined immediately by fear as the speed of movement picked up.

The ground grew closer and came up to meet them as they slid, and the realization hit him that he had no idea how to stop or even slow down the tray once it hit the floor. Before he could come up with any ideas, April hit the bottom step and then the floor. April's tray stopped immediately as it impacted the ground, launching the girl and sending her skidding across the floor. A second later, Donnie's ride spun out of control before flipping over, clanging off further into the museum after leaving him behind in a heap.

After a moment of stunned silence, Donnie lifted his head suddenly, looking over to where April had ended up in a second of panic. Had she gotten hurt when she got thrown off?

To his relief, April started to laugh from where she had fallen, sitting up suddenly. “That was awesome!” she declared, pumping her fist in the air.

Donnie let out a sigh of relief, the ringing in his ears fading from when he had crashed, and he could feel soreness start to set in.

“Let’s go again!”

Donnie groaned, letting his face plant back onto the museum floor.

“No thanks.”

# Apollo 13

## Chapter Notes

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Hey guys! Sorry for the late update, I've just started college and I've been pretty busy! Also I had my wisdom teeth removed right before that so I was out of commission for a bit. I just wanted to say I love reading everyone's comments and am glad so many people enjoy my works.

I'll try to update more frequently in the future, but to make up for my absence this chapter is a little longer than usual.

Enjoy!

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Donnie rubbed his sore back as April made her way over to him after having picked herself up from her crash site.

"You alright there, space boy?" she asked, offering her hand to help him up. Donatello reached up, hesitated for a moment, and then grabbed ahold of April's hand, relenting to the physical contact he had started to get accustomed to with all of her previous dragging him around.

"We could have gotten hurt," Donnie pointed out, but April shrugged, the excitement from the ride still buzzing in her system.

"But we didn't- and it was pretty fun, huh?" She nudged the boy with her elbow.

"But you don't-" He opened and closed his mouth frustratedly, not finding the right words.

"You...humans don't have a shell or anything like that, so why would you do that?! We- You could have hurt yourself...or something"

"No humans have shells. And do crazy stuff all the time- like go to space."

"You guys have space suit shells."

April paused and thought about it for a moment. He was right about that, she figured. And there certainly were safer ways they could have done the tray ride.

"You're right, we probably should have worn helmets." She finally admitted. To be fair, she'd been banned from the bike safety assembly after setting off a fire alarm to get out of a test. The boy's frustration, seemingly having been satisfied by April's admission had quickly faded.

"I'm gonna go grab your bag," he said, brushing himself off as he turned, hastily making his way up the stairs towards her bag, one hand steadily gripping the railing.

April reached into her front pocket as she suddenly remembered something as Donatello made his way back to her. “Oh dang it-” she clicked at her flashlight which she had accidentally left in her pocket.

To her dismay, no amount of button pressing would get the bulb to illuminate again. A crack ran down the transparent cover of the bulb inside, and it rattled like something had come loose inside. She looked around and spotted a circular light built into the floor near them, giving them enough light to find their way around in just the room, at least.

“Well shoot. We still have your flashlight, right?” she asked, looking back at Donnie worriedly. She hadn’t brought a backup as the whole sneaking around had been unplanned, and she’d just brought the one in case she’d need it during the observatory sleepover. “Knew I should have brought that headlamp,” she thought to herself. She checked her wristwatch. It was already 10:17. She blinked with surprise. The latest she’d ever stayed up was midnight, but she didn’t even feel tired.

Donnie didn’t respond to her, eyes suddenly widening at something and he looked up towards the ceiling.

“Shh...listen,” he said, pointing upwards. Both he and April were deadly quiet for a second. Even from the first floor, the sound of rain drumming furiously outside could be heard. Then faintly, the rumble of thunder.

The two kids made eye contact with each other nervously, and the turtle tugged the zipper and opened up April’s bag, pulling out his flashlight. He shone the light inside, catching the gleam of his glasses and reaching in to pull them out and put them back on.

“It’s really coming down out there,” April noted, eyes still peeled upward.

“I’ve never been up here when it’s been raining,” Donnie admitted, inching a bit closer to April as the two stood in the dark room. “Do you think the power will go out?”

“It shouldn’t be too big of a deal if it does, right? We’re walking around pretty much in the dark anyways.”

“But there’s only one flashlight. What if it gets broken like yours? I only brought spare batteries, not a whole spare flashlight.”

April felt a bit more nervous at Donnie’s logic, but she brushed it aside. “Well, we’ll just have to be more careful with the one we have.”

Donnie nodded in agreement as another rumble of thunder could be heard. April started off down the carpeted hallway, and he followed a few steps behind.

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“So, do you have a shell?” April asked as they walked.

“What?” Donnie asked, surprised by the question.

“A shell. You mentioned humans not having shells, but do you- or like, your species have shells?”

The boy was silent for a moment, and April worried for a second she had said something to offend him before he spoke again.

“Yeah, we do. Well, not our dad. We’re-” He stopped again, thinking. “We’re like your earth turtles. We have a shell and a plastron- that’s the front shell. I did a lot of research on it on our computer.” Donatello explained.

“That’s so cool! You can do all sorts of crazy stuff then, without having to worry about getting hurt- and you were so freaked out about riding down the stairs!” April teased, watching her shadow in front of her as Donnie held onto the flashlight behind them. Donnie was quiet for another second. He did that a lot. April assumed he must be thinking whenever he did that, but it could also be that since he’s an alien his space translator took a second to work or something. Both are equally plausible.

“I have a soft shell. It’s pretty useless compared to my brother’s,” the boy confessed quietly, footsteps cushioned by the carpet below as they made their way into another exhibit room, this one on the Apollo 13 mission. “They can do crazy stuff like riding down the stairs and dad won’t care, even my younger brother Mikey. But as soon as I try to do it they say it’s too dangerous.”

April listened quietly as Donnie spoke, his eyes glued to an information panel about the failed moon mission.

“Do they know you’re out here tonight?” the young girl asked as another wave of thunder rumbled overhead. The turtle shook his head.

“Aren’t they going to be worried when they find you missing?”

“Aren’t your parents?” Donatello countered, shining his light towards one of the parachutes in a glass display, his back now turned to April.

Now it was April’s turn to be quiet, a bit of guilt hitting the young girl as she stared down at her rain boots.

“Not tonight. A second part of the field trip was a sleepover at the observatory. So they won’t figure out I’m missing until tomorrow morning. We have a big class, the teachers won’t realize I’m gone either. And...” she trailed off, picking at the sleeves of her turtleneck, “...I don’t have any friends. None that will miss me, at least.”

Donatello looked back at her with a bit of surprise. “You? Don’t have any friends? I find that hard to believe- since you were so quick to drag me along as yours.”

April shrugged as Donnie continued to stare at her.

“And you don’t have any siblings either,” he remembered out loud as April stared down at the floor.

Donatello looked back up at the information panel, and April clenched and unclenched her hands, trying to relieve some of the pressure building in her throat. She didn’t want to cry right now.

“Well, you do have a friend, remember? We did a pinkie swear.”

April looked up, wiping her nose with her sleeve.

“Yeah, you’re right.”

“Besides I’m probably way cooler than your school friends anyway. And smarter.”

April laughed, sniffing before smiling as the rain picked up outside, a steady drumming of background noise. “Yeah, you are.”



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“Hey Leo- Leo” a hushed voice awoke the young turtle from his sleep. Leo looked around and spotted a familiar silhouette against the doorway.

“Go back to bed Mikey.” he groaned, burying his face in his pillow.

“I had a nightmare. The monkeys from that documentary again”

“Why’d you wake me up? Donnie tells you all the time, they don’t live in New York.”

Mikey gave him a skeptical look. “What about zoos? They could have broken out.”

“Do I look like a zoo expert?” Leo asked, annoyed and tired. He’d had such a cool dream about being a movie star that had been interrupted.

“You look grouchy.”

“Look, go ask Don if you’re so worried about monkeys.”

“I can’t. And your room is closest besides his.” Mikey said, nervously shifting his feet.

“Well, why not?” Leo said, suddenly suspicious, sitting up in his bed.

“No reason.”

Leo’s eyes narrowed, and he got up from his bed, passing by Mikey.

“Leo no-” Mikey reached out and tugged on his arm as Leo started to walk in the direction of Donatello’s room.

“Shh- you wanna wake dad up too?” He asked, tugging Mikey along with him towards his twin brother’s room.

Mikey let his body go limp and latched on to Leo’s arm, trying to slow him down with the full weight of his body. Leo tried to shake him off, but his foot hit an empty soda can, the metal clattering and falling down off a ledge.

The two froze, listening to the sound of Splinter’s snores in the TV room, but relaxed when there was no change to his breathing patterns after a few seconds.

“What are you two doing?”

A third voice snapped the two brother’s attention to Raph, staring out at them from the doorway of his room, a grouchy look on his face.

“Nothing.” Mikey insisted.

“Something’s up with Donnie. Mikey had the monkey nightmare and came to me.”

Raph looked between Leo and the limp Mikey, who couldn’t hide a look of guilt on his face. Then, he himself made a beeline towards Donnie’s room,

“No- come back-” Mikey begged, but Leo successfully shook him off and ran after Raph. Mikey followed behind the two, having given up on stopping them at that point.

Raph peeked in the doorway, seeing the lump on his brother’s bed. “Donnie?” he walked over towards the bed cautiously, Leo right behind him. Michelangelo remained sheepishly by the

door. Raph grabbed Donnie's blanket and tugged it, revealing a pillow beneath.

The two older brothers stared at it for a moment, before both looking back at Mikey, whose head was slowly shrinking down into his shell.

"Mikey, where's Donnie?" Raph hissed in a whisper.

"...Out."

## Mission Control

“Out? What do you mean, out?” Raph asked, clearly upset but managing to keep his voice down so as to not wake up their father sleeping across the lair.

“Did he sneak up to the top floor again? I know he has a hideout he’s been working on up there-” Leo interjected but was cut off by an exasperated look from Raph. Mikey would have just said he was up there if that was the case.

Mikey meekly shook his head, his face half obscured by his shell as he stood by the doorway, proving Raph’s unspoken point.

“In the sewer tunnels? He knows it’s dangerous when it rains! A whole city’s worth of water comes down here.”

“Not the tunnels either,” Mikey said, looking back and forth between his two older brothers for a moment, before peeking out the doorway towards where Splinter’s snores were coming from. After assuring himself the coast was clear, he gestured his brothers closer, which they obliged, leaning in.

“He went up to the surface, to that museum he was talking about,” he whispered.

“The surface?” the two exclaimed in unison, Mikey quickly slapping a small green hand over each of their mouths in an effort to quiet them.

“Shhh! Dad, remember? Anyway, Don bribed me to keep it secret with candy” the youngest turtle hushed them. Leo removed Mikey’s hand from his mouth.

“I didn’t think Don had it in him! Raph tried to sneak out and got lost for a full night the last time one of us went out on our own. He still freaks out whenever we leave him by himself.” Leo added.

“I thought we agreed not to talk about that,” Raph mumbled.

“No, that’s exactly my point- what if Donnie got lost?”

“No, he had a map- Donnie is always our tunnel navigator anyway.” Mikey pointed out. “He made a big one on the wall and everything.” the youngest turtle gestured over towards a pinned-up blanket on the wall.

Raph walked over to the blanket and tugged it down, revealing a larger version of the map Donatello had used to navigate. The oldest brother looked back at Leo and Mikey, then back at the map.

“Well, even if Donnie isn’t lost, it wouldn’t hurt to see what he’s up to right? I’ve never been to a museum before.” Leo pointed out, walking up towards the map.

“I don’t know...” Mikey said hesitantly. “Shouldn’t we tell dad?”

“You can stay behind then, snitch.” Leo retorted.

“I’m not a snitch!-” Raph loudly shushed both of them, stepping between the two.

“I’m the oldest, so I get to say what we do.” Raph insisted, then paused for a moment, thinking. Several moments of silence went by when noise from the TV could be heard from across the lair.

“...and as the heavy storm will continue throughout the night, you can expect regular power outages and a chance of sewer backup as a proposed 1.4 inches of rainfall are expected hourly at the height of the storm around midnight, coupled with regular thunder and lightning and high-velocity winds. Authorities are recommending people stay indoors...”

The three brothers all looked at each other as a rumble of thunder could be heard from the opening in the atrium nearby.

“Let’s go find Donnie,” Raph said.

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Donnie followed behind April as the two found themselves back at the Hub. With the spinning lights illuminating the room, the turtle shut off the flashlight as it was bright enough to see without it.

“Well, what did you think of the tour, space boy? I think we’ve pretty much done the whole museum, except for the planetarium show.” April said as the two walked towards the center of the hub room.

“They need an adult to work it though, so we can’t do that. I didn’t get to see it either, which is a bummer,” she admitted in consolation.

“I’m glad I snuck out, it was totally worth it- Looking up things on the computer is one thing but...” his eyes shone under his glasses lenses at the familiar room. “...this was the coolest thing ever.”

It had been more than he expected. A whole building dedicated to just science about space... people cared about it and wanted to learn about it just like he did. Other people liked science and liked space, enough to dedicate such a big building to, and to have jobs exploring and explaining it. It was hard to remember that sometimes, especially with his brothers and dad, who didn’t seem to care so much. But clearly, he wasn’t alone in his passion, and that by itself was exciting.

Donatello looked towards the exit to the hub room to the main entrance from which he came. He checked his watch. 10:44, pretty late. The two had explored together for over two and a half hours since they had met. He suddenly remembered that he had technically done all he had wanted to do. If he went home now, he could make it back before 11:30 and no one would be the wiser.

April had also fallen awkwardly silent, and the young turtle could feel her eyes on his back as she also realized what he was thinking.

He had seen what he had come for. He could leave now, out the way he had come, and leave April. He might never see her again after that.

Donnie stood for a moment, looking down the dark hallway as the hub lights danced around the room, debating. Mikey would probably be asleep after waiting for him for so long...and his new friend was right here. He had made a friend, a real one, he suddenly registered. And a human one at that. If they were just friends because of his promise, he had no doubt he wouldn't be having any reservations about going home, especially in this crazy weather. It was a short-lived debate as he sighed, turning back to look at April with a smile.

“So what should we do next? We have the whole place to ourselves until morning, right?”

April's eyes lit up, excitement returning to her expression as she realized her new friend was staying, at least for a while longer. “Wanna raid the gift shop?!”

# Event Horizon

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“...and the edge of a black hole is called an event horizon, and nothing can escape from it. It’s a complete void of anything- which is why a black hole is a misleading name, it can’t be black because there’s no kind of light at all.”

Donnie was excitedly talking as the two rummaged around the planetarium gift store, lingering a few feet away from April as he was absorbed in his task of speaking. Most of their time between rooms had been this way, so April had gotten used to all his chatting. The girl seemed at the very least interested in all of the information he spouted out, if not actively engaged.

“What should it be called instead then?” April responded, sorting through a bin of colored rocks with the flashlight in her hand.

“I’d call it a Light Eater. Cuz’ that’s what they do.” He said, noticing something over near the east wall of the shop.

“How can it be an ‘eater’ if it doesn’t have a mouth- hm?”

The turtle tapped April’s arm and pointed at it, and she shifted the flashlight towards where his finger was directed. A miniature model of the solar system sat on a pedestal, surrounded by boxes of purchasable versions of itself.

“Oh cool, like the big ceiling one in the main hall! There’s actually a weird word for those, isn’t there?”

“Orrery.”

“Or-what-ery?”

“No, or-rehr-ey,” he slowed down his pronunciation. “A model of the solar system is called an orrery.”

“Ooohhh, got it.”

The two looked at the model and April reached out to touch it, lightly pushing against one of the planets. The whole module moved along with it, rotating as she pushed at different speeds.

“Oh hey it looks like you’re supposed to plug it in and it’ll spin on its own,” Donnie commented passively, reading off one of the boxes.

The orrery seemed to have that revelation at the same time as the two kids did, because the model of Saturn April had been using to move it snapped off, falling onto the table. They both stared at it for a moment.

“Uh...oops?” April said, looking at Donnie.

“I don’t think that’s going back on there.”

April looked at the model for a second before wordlessly picking it up and unzipping and putting it in her bag. She maintained eye contact with her friend the entire time, a guilty blank look on her face.

“I don’t think anyone is going to notice,” she said sheepishly as she zipped up the bag with a nervous giggle.

“Yeah probably not,” Donnie agreed with an eye-roll, and then looked at a few plastic dinosaurs that had caught his eye on a nearby shelf, then back at April, getting an idea.

“Oh no,” he said deadpan as he knocked them off the shelf, and picked them back up, putting them in his pockets. April snorted a laugh, and Donnie grinned. He knew stealing wasn’t right, he figured he could put them back by the end of the night. They wouldn’t mind if they borrowed them for a little while. It wasn’t stealing if they didn’t leave the building...or something.

There was a loud crack of thunder outside and Donatello and April both jumped, staring out the door of the gift shop to the main entrance nearby with its broad windows. A split second later, a bright flash illuminated the building, blinding them both for a second. When it faded, they both stared out silently for a few seconds as more distant rumbling could be heard further away into the night.

“That sounded close...” Donnie whispered, staring out at the pitch black of the rainy city, what few lights shining through were visibly blurred and spotted by the rain droplets on the windows.

He became more aware of the everpresent drumming of rain as he remembered back what Mikey had said before he left.

“Just be safe? Dad says it may rain today and the storm tunnels flood sometimes...”

What if it did flood? He’d been so busy planning the, well, plan to get to the planetarium without anyone knowing he hadn’t paid too much attention to the weather. He knew there was meant to be a storm, but he hadn’t anticipated it being the storm of the century. It was really coming down...and it was getting late.

April seemed to sense his worry and put a hand on his shoulder. “Want to head back to the hub? We can set up a base camp there. You can help me get settled in for the night and then after a while...you should probably get headed home. I think your family would get worried if they knew you were out in this, even in here with me.”

“Yeah...” the turtle agreed regretfully before he suddenly became alert as another idea hit him. There was still something they both hadn’t done yet.

“But before that- I have one more thing we gotta do. Come on!” he grabbed onto April’s hand, surprising her as he pulled her out of the gift shop.

“If it’s the mars room I told you I’m not doing it! That place stinks!” April protested but jogged behind her friend.

“Not the Mars room. Better- I think I can try something but there’s no guarantee it’ll work.” the boy explained to her as they made their way back into the halls of the museum. “Well alright then-” April relented as the two made their way down a familiar path towards the planetarium showroom.

“So what exactly are you trying to do?” April asked as she idly stood by, rocking back and forth on her heels as she watched Donnie work. He was up on by the control panel, balancing on a stool as he pressed buttons on it, a focused look on his face as he cautiously pressed the buttons with one hand as he examined it with the flashlight in his other. “I’m gonna get the show to work. You wanted to see it, so I figured I’d try my hand at working this thing.”

April looked at him, stupefied.

“You can work that thing?”

“As I said, no promises...but I think I can. I’m smarter than a lot of adults when it comes to tech stuff- and everything else of course. I have to fix the TV for my dad all the time, switching HDMI channels is basically magic to him.” He said, sliding up a dial.

“You guys have a TV in your spaceship?”

Donnie paused for a minute, looking at her. “Oh, yeah, right- Yes we do. HDMI Space TV.”

Pressing a final button, the boy grinned.

“There, it’s starting. Let’s go before we miss anything!”

He jumped down from the stool as April opened up the door, who was bouncing excitedly in place as she held it open.

The two friends ducked inside as the door shut behind them, the projectors on the inside started to hum, and an orchestral beat played as twinkling stars began to appear on the inside of the dark dome.

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“You’re sure we took the right turn?”

“Positive- look, here’s the overflow sign that was on the map.” Raph pointed at the large painted words on the wall with his flashlight beam.

The sound of dripping and flowing water surrounded the three boys as their light beams cut through the darkness of the sewers. The water was up to their knees.

“This is gross. We should go back, I don’t want to see the museum this badly,” Leo complained.

“Not our fault you didn’t pack your booties,” Mikey said, happily splashing behind them with rainboots that were much too big, going up to his upper legs. He was in full rain gear, complete with a yellow rubber hat and jacket. He seemed perfectly content with wading around.



“Mikey, we’re in a sewer and we’re going to be indoors. Why are you even wearing all that?”  
“It’s raining. So I gotta wear rain clothes.” Michelangelo retorted as if it was obvious.

“We’re here,” Raph announced to his brothers, looking down at the map in his hand and then up at the sewer ceiling. He had managed to scribble a new version of the sewer map out onto a sheet of construction paper Michelangelo had provided.

“Thank goodness, we’ve been walking for hours!”

“It was a 35-minute walk, Leo.”

“Yeah, through sewer water!”

“Hey, guys.” Mikey piped up with a concerned look, but both Raph and Leo didn’t seem to notice.

“We came here to find Don and make sure he’s okay. You were the one who wanted to check out this place anyway!”

“I don’t remember saying that.”

“You literally-” Raph’s frustrated retort was cut off.

“GUYS! Listen!” Mikey shouted, and the two older brothers looked at him. Mikey gestured towards one end of the tunnel. In the seconds of silence that followed, a distant sound cracking, followed by the sound of intensified rushing could be heard.

Leo turned to look at Raph with a worried expression “Hey, doesn’t overflow mean something when it’s raining?”

## Chapter End Notes

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Oops, a cliffhanger <3

But don't worry, a new chapter coming soon! I was planning on making this and the next chapter one big one, but I decided to break it up for stake cohesion and just for convenience. So, it should hopefully be up sooner rather than later!

Also! I post some art of this fic on my Tumblr, West-Brooke, so feel free to check it out under the stargazer's club tag under my name. Also, I love seeing your guy's feedback, comments and kudos are so, so appreciated, especially since this is the first time posting any of my writing or even making real fanfic.

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# Event Horizon (II)

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Raph's eyes widened with realization and he gestured for Mikey to come over. The youngest turtle quickly sloshed over towards Raph. Raphael picked him up by the sides of his shell under the rain jacket and lifted him up to the higher rungs of the ladder. "Go, quickly- Leo you too. Leo, give me your flashlight"

Leo nodded and Raph took his flashlight and his own and put them into Mikey's back pocket before they got too far out of reach. Leo climbed up after Mikey while Raph looked in the direction of the noises. The water around his knees began to slowly rise.

He climbed up after his brothers, only to run into Leo's feet.

"What's the holdup?!"

"Mikey can't push open the cover!"

Raph looked around Leo's shell up to Mikey, who was straining against the heavy metal cover.

"Alright, I'm coming up, move over Leo."

Raph squeezed past Leo to where the snapping and red-eared slider turtles were right next to each other.

"It won't open! Are we at the right place?"

"Yeah Mikey, we are- Can you move? Let me see if I can get it."

Mikey looked down at both of his brothers and shook his head. There was barely enough room for the two of them side by side, let alone a third to squeeze by.

"Uh...keep trying at it Mikey, let me think of something-"

"Hey Raaaaph." Leo's worried voice interrupted Raphael's train of thought. Leo's leg was a few rungs below the oldest brother's and he scooted it upward as the water began to get higher.

"Overflows don't fill this fast-" Leo mentioned in an uneasy tone.

"They do if a sewer dam breaks- That must have been the cracking. Mikey!"

"I'm trying!" Mikey said, panic in his voice. Leo suddenly spoke up.

"Mikey! Can you hold onto Raph's shell?"

"What?" The other two brother's asked in unison.

"If you piggyback Raph while he holds the ladder, then we can all fit since we can't go down into the water- I can get by and try and open it. If Donnie got through here with his wimpy nerd arms, I definitely can."

Mikey seemed hesitant.

“It’s that or sewer water swimming,” Leo added.

“And I can catch you if you fall,” Raph assured Mikey, catching up to Leo’s idea.

The youngest brother seemed to debate it for a moment, looking up at the cover, down at his brothers, and at the rising water, before finally nodding.

Carefully, he lowered himself to Raph, putting his feet on his shoulders as the oldest brother steadied himself, grabbing around the slippery rungs tightly. He slid down the back of the shell slowly, tightly gripping the rectangular edge of Raph’s shell to not fall.

“Okay Leo, you’re up.”

Leo nodded and climbed upward, being careful to not bump into either of his brothers. He felt a ball of anxiousness in his throat but positioned himself below the grate. Putting his hands up to the cold metal, he pushed upward. It didn’t budge at first and Leonardo began to feel panicked but was quickly replaced with relief as the cover began to move. He strained against it, shifting it over to the side and out of their way. The lid clattered against the cement above as the hole opened into the darkness above.

“It’s open!” Leo said as he climbed up and through the hole, looking back down at his brothers through the dark.

“Okey Mikey, climb back off me,” Raph said, but Mikey gripped the sides of his shell tighter, shaking his head.

“I can’t climb up with you on my back, Mike!” Raph insisted. Mikey slowly started inching his way up Raph’s shell, struggling to pull himself up with just his arms before he found a foothold on one of the rungs by his brother’s side. Raphael focused on keeping himself steady to give his younger brother the easiest chance of getting up.

Mikey had managed to get his elbows hooked on Raph’s shell when he suddenly slipped, losing the foothold he had been relying on to keep his weight up, and his grip on Raph’s shell disappeared before he could even be surprised about it. He began to fall.

The eldest brother immediately felt the weight shift and reacted before thinking.

Raphael quickly turned and grabbed the back of Mikey’s jacket with his hand, leaving his brother dangling in the air below him, and above the rushing water below. He felt a pain in his arm but tightened his grip, not allowing himself to let go.

“Mikey!” Leo called down with worry.

“We’re okay!” Raph assured him, though he was straining to hold the full weight of his brother with one hand, feeling his other hand that was slowly slipping on the wet bars of the ladder. His breathing was heavy.

“Mikey- the rungs! Grab them before I drop you!” he commanded, and Michelangelo did what he said, quickly gripping the bars as Raph released his collar.

Raph let out a sigh of relief.

“You guys okay?” Leo’s voice came from overhead.

“Yeah- coming up. I’m gonna go up, Mikey. Come up behind me.”

The youngest brother just nodded, still too shaken from almost falling to respond otherwise. He looked a bit shell-shocked and pale but seemed otherwise unharmed by the incident.

The two came through the hole without any further events, greeted by Leonardo who was worriedly waiting for them both. He helped lift Mikey out of the tunnel, who quickly gripped Leo’s arm for emotional support. Leonardo made no effort to shake him off that time.

“I dropped the flashlights,” Mikey solemnly admitted. “They came out of my pocket.”

“That’s not your fault Mikey- you didn’t mean to slip. Well just…have to find our way in the dark. Turtles are nocturnal, right?” Raph looked at Leo for assurance, who just shrugged.

“That sounds like a Donnie question,” Leo said, and Raph frowned at the reminder of why they had come out there in the first place.

“I have a few words for Don when we find him. Sneaking out during a storm was a stupid idea!”

“We didn’t HAVE to follow him, you know,” Leo said, but shut up after a glare from Raphael.

“Now we’re stuck here until the water goes back down. What happens when the museum opens tomorrow? Humans are gonna see us!” Mikey chimed in anxiously.

“Let’s find our brother and then figure out what to do. If anyone has a plan, it’s Donnie. I just hope for his sake he also has an explanation.” Raph grumbled, looking up at the tiles through the mess of wires and pipes above them.

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Donnie and April sat next to each other as the show played, the projectors and speakers announcing the wonders of the universe as the two excitedly watched as galaxies and planets zoomed by on the dome above them.

They both giggled to each other at the mention of Uranus, and both stared up in awe at the massive galaxies that appeared as the narrator’s relaxed voice explained how star clusters and planets were formed, and supernovas exploded out, scattering matter out into the void of space to later come back together to form new celestial bodies.

The music surged as two stars collided, forming a black hole while the voice explained facts about how little was known about them. By the end when the instrumental music faded and the narrator went silent, the two sat quietly for a moment.

“That was the coolest thing I’ve ever seen,” Donnie said, breaking the silence.

“Right?!” April wholeheartedly agreed, the two staring at each other for a second before laughing.

“I’m so glad you were able to get it to work! I was so bummed I wasn’t able to see it.”

“I wanted to see it too- besides, I wanted to do something for you before I left...you gave me the tour and everything.” the turtle admitted.

April sighed as she remembered he had to be leaving soon but shook off the sadness. “Hey, I can give you my parent's phone numbers. You can call them and say you’re a friend from school and they’ll let you talk to me. Maybe we can meet somewhere else sometime.” She said as she got up from her seat and started to make her way towards the door, Donatello following behind.

“Oh true! That’s a great idea.” Donnie agreed. He’d have to convince Splinter to let him use the phone somehow or be sneaky about it, but he could probably pull it off. The phone in the lair was usually reserved for ordering food and stuff since they didn’t get many calls.

April opened the door for Donnie and the two walked out together.

“I’ll help you get set up in the hub room and stuff. There should be enough light in there with the star lights so I can take my flashlight with me to go through the sewer tunnels.”

“So how did your spaceship end up underground?” April wondered out loud, and Donnie slowed and then stopped in his tracks after a pause.

“Don?” April looked back at him.

The turtle let out a sigh, biting his lip for a minute and contemplating. “There’s actually something I should tell you about the whole...alien thing...” He finally admitted.

## Chapter End Notes

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As promised, here's the next chapter of the fic! It's technically a pt. 2 of the previous chapter, but it deserved its own separate chapter since it would be way too long in one big chunk and mess with the pacing.

Cheers!

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# Stargazer's Club

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“What do you mean?” April raised an eyebrow as Donnie began fidgeting with his jacket sleeves.

She stood a few feet away from him in the hallway, looking backward at her friend. She turned the flashlight in her hand off, putting it in her pocket as their eyes adjusted to the dark.

Donatello was anxious. April deserved the truth. They were friends, and she had been so nice to him...but everything she had done she had done under the impression that he wasn't from the planet.

He hadn't expected the lie to get so out of hand but it had just kept building as the night had continued and she had kept asking questions. No- it wasn't her fault for asking, he should have come clean sooner. He would have done the same thing in her shoes. The young mutant looked up at the girl.

“What if she doesn't want to be my friend anymore?” he thought, looking up at April who was waiting patiently. She seemed to have picked up on his anxiousness as there was a light frown on her face, but she seemed more concerned than anything.

Taking another breath, Donnie sighed.

“I'm not...actually an alien. I'm from the earth, I mean.”

April blinked, staring at him.

“We're mutants! My brothers and I all used to be regular turtles but then we got mutated and now we're kids. All the other stuff is true! I like Jupiter Jim, and I'm good with tech, and I know that if adults found us we'd get sent to some kind of lab or mutant jail, and I really did want to come here to learn about space- Space HDMI doesn't exist I did make that up too-” Donnie spoke quickly as everything came out at once, clenching and unclenching his hands as he got overwhelmed as everything poured out into the open.

April grabbed onto his hands, stopping the movement and his confession as Donnie looked up at her in surprise.

“Did you lie about wanting to be my friend?” April asked sincerely in a quiet tone, and Donatello furiously shook his head.

“No, of course not! You're the first friend I've had other than my brothers!” He looked down at both of their hands, gripping April's tightly.

“You’re really cool, and I want to hang out more...”

The turtle shook his head again, redirecting himself toward the point he was trying to make. Making her feel sorry for him wasn’t what he wanted to do.

“But I get it if you don’t...want that anymore. I shouldn’t have lied.” The soft-shelled turtle paused for a moment, biting his lip before opening his mouth again to speak.

“I’m sorry.”

April seemed to think for a moment, her face unreadable before she sighed.

The rumble of the storm outside again filled the silence in between speaking as April formulated her reply. Donatello waited patiently, still staring down at their hands with a solemn expression.

“Well, I guess mutant is almost as cool as alien,” she said, at last, letting out a small laugh to break the tension. Donnie looked up at her with disbelief, eyes shining with emotion behind his glasses.

“What’s important is that...well, I want to keep being your friend too. And you didn’t lie about that.” April smiled at Donnie, the same smile that he had gotten used to over the course of the night, just as he’d gotten used to her holding his hand. He felt tears welling up but quickly sniffed, letting go of her hand to wipe under his glasses with his sleeve.

“Hey no crying, it’s all good.” April comforted him.

“I’m not...” Donnie half-heartedly responded, but gave up halfway through. “I’m just sorry.”

“Listen, we’re friends, and friends can get mixed up sometimes. But they can also make up. I’m willing to do that, especially for my first friend. We’re both kinda new at all this, after all. But only on one condition?”

“What is it?” Donnie asked expectantly, eyes wide. He was ready to agree to practically anything she would ask. April grinned and held out her pinkie towards the boy.

“That we stay friends, even after tonight. And no more lying.”

Donnie smiled, another wave of relief washing over the young mutant, and he felt himself laugh a bit, sniffing again. He reached out and wrapped his smallest finger around April’s, wholeheartedly agreeing to the conditions she had set.

“I promise.”

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The two had made their way back to the hub, returning to their regular routine of talking about whatever they liked. April took a turn speaking, chatting about what school was like. Donnie seemed particularly interested in the subject, especially at the mention of science fairs.

“Well hey, when the science fair rolls around, maybe you can help me.” April offered as they walked through the doorway of the hub, April blinking as her eyes adjusted to the semi-light of the room.

April unpacked her bag as Donatello looked around the room again. He paused at a table covered in construction paper, advertising a drawing competition for kids to design a spaceship. The soft-shelled turtle scooped them up along with colored pencils, making his way back to April who had set up her sleeping bag. He set them down as he sat down on the ground next to her.

“So you can give me your parent’s numbers” he explained, gesturing at them. April scribbled down the numbers and tore off the corner of the paper, offering it to him. He tucked it under the side of his mask. If it was just in his pocket, it could fall out. While he was doing so, the girl began doodling on a different sheet of paper.

“What are you drawing?” he asked, peeking over at the sheet of paper.  
“I’m drawing us! I didn’t bring a camera so I figured you might need something to remember tonight by.”  
“I’m not that short!” Donnie protested at the drawing, and April laughed.  
“Are too!”

Donnie snorted, but stayed quiet for a while while she drew, her feet kicking up in the air as she hummed. He looked over at the paper and grabbed one himself, starting to draw.  
“Hey do you have a ruler?” he asked.  
“No, why?”  
“I’m trying to design a spaceship that will actually work. I can’t do that without it having the proper dimensions. Maybe I’ll win the contest,” he pointed out.  
“You know how to design a real spaceship?” April asked.

“Well, no...I was hoping they’d have a spaceship here so I could see one myself to maybe build one so I can go to space. I don’t think NASA is hiring turtles....and I guess it’s probably too big to fit in a museum this size.”  
“You saw a bunch of space suits today. Maybe design one of those,” she suggested.

“Well if I can’t design a space ship what would I need a space suit for? Without space they’re just big...empty...shells....to protect things...from the elements.”

The turtle's face lit up suddenly as he slowly had a revelation, an idea springing to life in his brain.



“April you’re a genius!” He hastily started scribbling onto the paper. April paused, looking at him.

“Well, I know that. Are you making a space suit now?”

“No, something better. Remember what I said earlier about my shell?”

“That you’re a turtle? A plastron or something?”

“Plastron. But no- I’m a soft shell turtle, right?”

April nodded, remembering the conversation they had after going down the stairs. He’d seemed pretty upset about it, actually.

“Well, my dad and brothers are always worried I’m gonna hurt myself- but not if I build something that would protect me. A space suit, but for my shell!”

He proudly held up his paper, showing a somewhat crude drawing of himself with a sort of armor on the back of his shell, with scribbles coming out of the bottom. The girl examined the drawing, eyes lighting up as well.

“That’s a great idea- I guess I really am a genius!” April bragged. “What are those?”

April pointed at the scribbly lines with her pencil.

“Oh, it has a jetpack too. I’ll have to figure out how that works later. Rocket fuel is probably pretty expensive...I’m sure there are other ways I can make it fly.” He looked at the paper, reexamining the drawing and squinting.

“Art is harder than Mikey makes it look.”

“Looks fine to me,” April assured him.

“Are you done with yours” the boy inquired, looking over at her sheet.

“Yeah!” she offered the paper to Donnie. It showed both of them sitting in the hub room with the central orb off to the side, holding hands. She’d drawn Donnie with four fingers on one hand and had made an effort to erase it, but with colored pencils it was hard.

“It looks great- you should be called Leonardo Davinci, not my brother. The best thing he’s ever drawn was a stick figure with a sharpie on the lair wall. The drawing itself was awful but it was fun to see him get in trouble.”

April snickered.

“Hey what if we made a name for ourselves? Like a duo- or a club!” April suggested.

“That way even if people at school ask me why I don’t have any friends, even though I can’t tell them about you I can say “hey, my friend and I are in a club together!” and they’d give up.”

Donnie nodded earnestly, liking the idea.

“But what should we call it?” she asked, tapping her chin with her pencil. Donatello's gaze shifted upwards to the ceiling as thunder rumbled loudly outside, but inside the hub, the spinning lights glimmered as reminders of the stars above, even if they were obscured.

“This room and the planetarium show totally beat whatever you would have seen at the observatory. This type of stargazing is way better than staring at dark clouds at night. Might as well be watching a turned-off TV”

April snapped her finger, pointing at Donnie. “That’s it! I know what we should call ourselves.”

“Hm?” Donnie looked back down at her.

“What about the Stargazer’s Club?”

## Chapter End Notes

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Heeeeyyyy guys! Another day another chapter at this point lol. Classes are just starting for college so I have a bunch of free time before everything really starts up, so I want to get a bunch of writing out before I might get busy.

Plus, I've just been having a blast writing this. I'm honestly more of an angst/plot-heavy writer (which I may write some of in the future hint hint wink wink) but this has been a really nice pace changer and a smooth introduction to writing fanfiction for an audience. And as always, thank you all for all your kind comments, you all make writing this all the more rewarding!

More chapters to come soon! <3

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# Second Contact

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Splinter woke up suddenly in his armchair, the TV playing commercials. When had he fallen asleep?

“I must have dozed off...” He said to himself. Splinter’s ears swiveled back towards the atrium as a rumble of thunder caught his attention. The sound of moving water, louder than usual, brought him to alertness as he quickly got off his chair.

Instead of the metal grate meeting his feet below, he was met with a rather unpleasant splashing of wetness. The water was up to his ankles, soaking the edges of his robe. “Ah! How long was I asleep?!” Splinter protested, quickly grabbing the projector and lifting it above his head, preserving it from the water.

He made his way through the flood to his personal cabinet and briskly began tossing the important items into a nearby cardboard box that had been spared by being up on a ledge. Splinter clambered up the ladder rungs to the second floor of the room, pushing the box up into the safety of the loft.

The mutant mentally berated himself for having fallen asleep. He had created doors that could be closed to protect the lower rooms from flood water, but by now it would already be too late!

“I’m going to have to replace so much furniture,” the rat thought miserably as he slid down the ladder. None of the boys must have woken up yet, as they would have likely woken him up as well.

“I need to shut off the power and wake the boys. We need to get everything up to the second level that we can in case the water continues to rise.” he thought to himself, making his way through the water to the exit of the TV room. He grabbed an electric lantern that hung by the doorway and turned it on, carefully navigating his way to the center of the flooded atrium.

“Boys! The lair has flooded!” he called out into the dark, trying to shield himself from the rain that fell through the open atrium ceiling above with one hand. His whiskers twitched at the silence that followed.

“Red! Blue! Purple! Orange! I need your help- This is no time to sleep in.” he added, making his way towards Raphel’s room. His call was again met with silence.

“Boys?” he called out again, worry beginning to creep into his voice. He reached Raph’s room and lifted the lantern to see and was met with an empty room, several stuffed animals sitting miserably in a few inches of water and his bedsheets on the floor. It was empty.

Splinter spun and looked into Leonardo's room, and was again met with an empty room. His concern was slightly alleviated for a moment when he saw a lump in his son's bed. He made his way over and pulled back the covers, only to realize that it was a pillow and not one of the twins that inhabited the bed. Empty.

The rat mutant quickly ran across the atrium to Mikey's room. Also empty. He felt his breath begin to quicken and his panic rise. Perhaps they had gotten afraid of the water and gone up to a higher level already? No, they would have woken him up.

He made his way into Donatello's room. Like all the others, the room was abandoned, and Splinter felt his stomach drop. Had something happened to them? There wasn't enough water that they would be swept away. As he turned, papers on the wall caught his attention. He vaguely remembered seeing the wall covered in a sheet when he had asked Purple about breakfast in the morning. Raising the lantern, he examined the array, eyes again widening with realization. His son had been making some kind of plan.

A plan for sneaking out of the lair. Up to the surface, and through what Splinter realized with a sudden chill, through tunnels that were prone to flood when it rained. The others must have either gone with him or followed behind afterward.

He turned and briskly walked out of the room, the water sloshing around him as he made his way towards the lair exit, the hair on his neck standing on end. His brows were deeply furrowed in a furious expression as he muttered to himself, cursing under his breath.

"They're going to be grounded for life! They know better than to go out, and on a night of a flood, no less. To the surface! What if humans see them?!" he seethed as he made his way out of the lair, the lantern swinging in the grasp of his claws as he held it above his head to see.

His brows relaxed as his expression quickly melted into one of worry, eyes shining in the electric lantern light as he stared out into the tunnels of the sewers.

"...They better be alright," he thought to himself, before making his way out into the dark.

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Donnie crunched on the candy that April had offered him, his face puckering up at the sour flavor.

"Why did they make a reverse sour candy?" he complained. "It's supposed to get sweet AFTER sour, not the other way around!"

April laughed. "That's the point of trick candy- I have some jelly beans that are super gross too. My parents bought them all thinking I'd share them with other kids but..." she trailed off, her cheery tone faltering again.

"And then you did. With me." Donnie responded, crunching down on the candy again. The girl smiled, thankful.

"Yeah, I guess I did," she agreed, settling down to a position where he rested her head on her hands as she lay on top of her sleeping bag. After the night's excitement, she started to feel a bit of sleepiness trying to sink in. She sighed again, catching Donnie's gaze.

"You should probably go now."

The turtle looked at her, and back down at their drawings, his fingers brushing the sides of the colored paper. It was clear that he didn't want to leave yet. April was somewhat grateful for that, but she knew he couldn't stay.

"You're gonna get into trouble if you don't go soon. It's already midnight," she added.

Donnie hugged his knees to his chest, looking out towards the main room, opening his mouth to say something but stopped as something caught his attention. Suddenly, he looked a lot more alert, staring out into the dark.

"Don? What's up?" April asked, following his gaze.

Donnie got up, picking up his flashlight. "I'm not sure...thought I heard something that wasn't thunder."

April listened, and the sound of something grinding, something heavy reached both kids, and they looked at each other.

April got up, offering Donnie her hand as she walked past, taking the lead. She held a finger to her lips. He took ahold of her hand, following behind her with the flashlight, which he clicked off so their eyes could adjust to the dark, and so they wouldn't be spotted.

The two made it to the entry to the main hall, both peeking around the corner. Donnie squinted, and he was able to make out some silhouettes hunched over the same table that he had come up through.

"Here Mikey, this way," Donnie caught a familiar hushed voice coming from the silhouettes, and he pulled back instinctively, pulling April back with them. Those numbskulls had followed him!

"It's my brothers!" he hissed to April, keeping his voice low.

"Really?! That's awesome!" she said, and Donnie quickly put a hand over her mouth as she had spoken a bit louder than he had.

“Did you guys hear something?” It was Raph’s voice this time.  
“No- are you guys gonna help me up?” Mikey’s voice sounded from below.  
“Yeah sorry, here ya go Mike,” Raph said, and there were more sounds of movement.

“Not awesome! What if they see you?” Donnie whispered  
“So what?” the girl mumbled behind Donnie’s palm, her voice muffled. He removed his hand, and April snagged the Flashlight from his hand. “I want to meet them anyway.”

Donnie paused for a moment. She had a point. There was no reason why April wouldn’t be alright with being seen like he would if the situation had been reversed.

April got up and made her way into the main room before Donnie could protest, clicking on the flashlight and pointing it towards the other turtles. The softshell turtle followed inches behind her, nervously peeking out at his brothers to see their reactions.

“Who’s there? Donnie?” Raph’s eyes squinted, adjusting to the sudden light, shifting to put himself in front of his other two brothers. Raph, Leo, and Mikey were all there, and Mikey seemed to be wearing some kind of jacket and hat and was sitting on the ground after crawling out of the tile hole.

“I can see the resemblance,” April said, looking back at Donnie.

“A human!” Mikey shouted, scrambling to get to his feet.

“A security guard!” Leo said, diving behind Raph’s larger shell and covering his head.

“Where’s our brother, security guard-!” Raph demanded, pointing a finger out towards the light shining at them.

It was clear that whereas Donnie and April could see them with the light, the same light made it near impossible for the three other turtles to see them. Donnie let out a sigh of exasperation.

There was definitely a better way they could have approached this.

## Chapter End Notes

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Comments and kudos are always appreciated! Thank you all so much to those who have been keeping up with the fic, I always enjoy seeing familiar faces in the comments at every update.

My updates may be a bit slower now, as I'm actually going to be starting work on a second fic at some point very soon, and I have college classes and all that. But ofc I'll keep on going here until the story is finished!

Cheers! <3

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## Mission Compromised

"I'm right here, Raph," Donnie said, peeking out from behind April.

"The human got Donnie!" Leo cried, still cowering behind his older brother.

"No, she didn't! Guys, it's fine- you're a bunch of chickens!" Donnie exclaimed, putting his hand on the one April held the flashlight in and lowered it, moving the beam out of his brother's eyes.

They all blinked, staring back at the soft-shelled turtle who was looking out from behind the strange human. Donnie groaned and pinched the bridge of his nose, and gestured at April.

"Guys, April. April, Guys. This is Michelangelo, Raphael, and Leonardo."

"Wait a second, so you guys are ALL named after those old painter guys?"

"What, you thought Donatello was anything else?"

"I just thought it was a cool name."

"And you didn't catch that before?"

April shrugged.

"Wait, what's going on here?" Raph demanded. "Donnie, why are you introducing us to her?! You didn't only break the 'no sneaking out rule, but the 'no talking to humans' rule too?!" The large snapping turtle pointed hastily between his brother and the other kid.

"Obviously."

"Don't 'obviously' me Don! This is serious- She's a human!"

"Not really serious- she's cool, right April?"

"Oh, I'm very cool. You guys don't have to worry. I snuck in here too," April bragged. "I've been hanging out with your brother all night."

The other three turtles all looked at each other for a moment, then back at April.

"Brother meeting!- excluding Don," Raph called and pulled Leo and Mikey towards him.

"So, what do we do?" the snapping turtle asked.

"You're asking us? This is new to me too." Leo replied with a sarcastic tone.

"Splinter always said humans would freak out if they saw us, but she's not freaking out at all." Michelangelo pointed out, having to stand on his tiptoes to be near eye level with his older siblings.

"Plus, Donnie seems to like her. And he hates everyone." Leonardo added on.

"I think that's just you, Leo." Mikey retorted, and Leo made a face.



“They know we can hear them, right?” April asked, looking back at her friend. Donnie just shrugged, unbothered.

“What if she tells other people about us, ones that WOULD freak out?” Raph asked.

“But what if she doesn’t? We’ve never had the chance to hang out with another kid before, especially not a human.” Leo countered.

“Yeah, new friend!” Mikey agreed excitedly.

Raph looked between his younger brothers and sighed, relenting to their enthusiasm. The three brothers broke the huddle, all looking back at the other two. Donnie was whispering something in the girl’s ear, and she giggled.

“So...she’s your friend?” Leo asked as he broke away from the huddle and looked at his brother and the girl, now leaning against Raph’s shell nonchalantly in an effort to recover from his embarrassing position before.

“Yes,” Donnie said bluntly, and April snorted, holding in a laugh.

“New human friend!” Mikey shouted seemingly out of the blue, and quickly barreled over towards April and his older brother, almost tripping over his boots. April seemed surprised but didn’t recoil or anything of the sort.

“Mikey-!” Raph protested, reaching out after the youngest turtle.

“You must be Michelangelo- Donnie said you’re a great artist!” April said with her hands on her knees, looking down at the youngest turtle with a smile. His eyes were shining as he looked up at the girl with a mix of awe and excitement. What she said registered in his brain, and he turned to look at the soft-shelled mutant with a look of surprise.

“I said nothing of the sort.” Donnie objected. “I just said he made it look easy.”

“Aww, Donnie!” Mikey looked at his older brother, who turned his head away in embarrassment, arms crossed and a stubborn expression on his face.

April offered her hand out for the youngest turtle to shake, and he did so with enthusiasm, gripping her hand with both of his smaller ones.

“I’m just surprised you made friends with Donnie, of all turtles. Leonardo.” the red-eared slider offered his hand as well, and the girl shook it. “He’s not very... likable.”

Donatello glared at Leo, who stuck out his tongue at his twin. Donnie returned the gesture as April’s attention turned to the eldest.

Raph hesitated back by the tile, nervously looking at the human. She was shorter than him but taller than all of his brothers. If what Donnie said was true...maybe she could be trusted.

“And you must be Raphel, right?”

The girl looked over at the largest turtle with a friendly expression and an extended palm, but Raph hesitated.

“You’re not...gonna tell anyone about us?” He asked doubtfully.

“Nope.” April confidently confirmed, looking back at the soft-shelled turtle, who smiled. “I made a promise to Don, not that I’d tell anyway. Or that anyone would believe me, for that matter. Mutant turtles living in the sewers is a bit of a ridiculous concept. Too ridiculous for adults to believe in anyway.”

Raph relaxed slowly, shaking April’s extended hand gingerly, uncertainty still apparent in his movements.

“Speaking of telling, did you guys tell on me to dad?” Donatello asked suspiciously, staring down at Mikey in particular, who shrunk into his shell guiltily. While he didn’t know exactly if Michelangelo had told anyone, from his reaction Donnie judged that it was most likely the case that he’d broken his end of the deal.

“No, we didn’t. Do you think he’d let us go through flooded tunnels by ourselves? We’re lucky we made it up here before the dam broke.” Raph butted in.

“Wait, what? Broke?!” Donnie asked with alarm. “Are the tunnels below flooded? Fully?”

“Yeah! Mikey almost fell in- why on earth did you think this was a good idea? Sneaking out is dumb enough, but you had to pick the worst night ever to do it!” Raph accused. Donnie opened his mouth to say something, his own expression becoming angry.

“Woah woah- wait.” April stepped between the two brothers, much to Raph’s annoyance. “If the tunnels are flooded, how are you supposed to get back to your home?!”

Donnie’s face paled as he realized what April was pointing out. There was no reliable route to get back to the Lair anymore. Any backup route he had were all downstream of the tunnel he had come up through and would be flooded as well.

A flash of lightning illuminated the main entrance through the broad windows again. Donnie turned, pacing a few steps as he thought.

Until the waters receded, there was no way for them to exit through or even near the museum. The nearest exit to a different tunnel was two blocks away, and there was no guarantee it wouldn’t be flooded either. Donnie turned back to his brothers, eyes wide under his glasses.

“April is right. We’re stuck here.”



# Constellations

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“This is your fault.” Raph accused, again pointing an accusatory finger at the soft-shelled turtle.

“I never asked you guys to follow me! I snuck out alone for a reason.” Donatello countered. He could feel himself getting more frustrated. He had spent time planning for a reason, and his brothers had ruined it-

“What are we going to do now?” asked Mikey worriedly.

“Yeah, dad is gonna freak!” Leo added, equally as concerned.

April stood by to the side, awkwardly looking between the brothers and shifting her feet while holding the sole surviving flashlight. She felt like she should interject, but at the same time, she had no idea what to say to break up the fight.

“The only reason you guys followed me was that you think I can’t do anything by myself!” Donnie argued again.

“We came because we were worried! There's a crazy storm going on and we thought you would be in trouble. So we came to get you!” the snapping turtle retorted. Donnie scoffed.

“I was doing fine until you guys came!”

Raph opened his mouth to yell, an angry expression on his face when a crack of thunder ripped through the air, a bright flash illuminating the sky and the room only a split second later. It was the loudest one yet, vibrating the windows. They all flinched at the noise. Donnie hastily covered his ears, squeezing his eyes shut as he waited for the ringing to stop.

The group stood in silence again. The rising tension in the room had dissipated at the moment of the strike. The oldest brother sighed, letting his anger go as Splinter had taught him. Raph looked back at Donnie, who was still covering his ears and eyes, and his expression softened.

“Let’s get away from the windows. I set up my stuff in the hub room, it’s probably safer there.” April suggested hesitantly, breaking the silence.

Raph nodded and put his hand on Donnie’s shoulder. The soft shell looked up at him, letting his hands drift away from the sides of his head.

“There’s nothing we can change now, so no point in arguing. We’ll just have to wait out the storm, right?”

Leo and Mikey nodded in agreement.

“...right.” Donatello relented.

“What time is it?” Mikey asked, his question followed immediately by a big yawn.  
“Few minutes past midnight,” April said, checking the small digital watch on her wrist. “You guys should follow me and Don, we know the way there.”  
She offered her hand out to Donnie, but he wasn’t paying attention, still staring at the floor.  
The girl lowered her hand with a frown.  
“Follow me, then.”

“So April, why are YOU here? You said you snuck in, but how?” Leo asked, walking beside the girl.

“Well, I came here earlier today on a field trip, but I got stuck with a lame teacher as a partner and it ruined the whole trip for me. So I hid and stayed behind to check it out myself after they locked up,” she explained.

“A field trip?” Mikey asked. “We go on those too! Like to the junkyard- we get to take whatever we want. Ooh! Or the playground at night,” he explained excitedly.

“Yeah...sorta like that I guess. I guess you guys don’t go to school, huh?”

“Nope- don’t need it,” Leo boasted.

“Nuh-uh! Splinter gives us worksheets and stuff to do for math and writing and that sort of stuff. You always get things wrong on those, even worse than me-” Mikey responded to Leo, who cut him off before he could finish.

“Hey, you don’t get to talk, not after I helped you “accidentally” drop the learning multiplication book in the sewers,” Leo pointed out.

“That WAS an accident! You knocked it out of my hands when I was going to give it back to Splinter!”

“Yeah...exactly...accident,” Leo winked, and Mikey rolled his eyes.

“So you’re breaking the rules being here too?” Raph asked April, having listened in on the conversation. Donnie walked near the back of the group, remaining quiet.

“Well, technically. I’m gonna fib though. See, if I say I got locked in here by accident, nobody will be mad at me because everyone will think it was a mistake.” she explained her plot.

Leo nodded solemnly, putting a hand to his chin. “Smart plan.”

-----

“Well, here we are!” April announced, clicking off the flashlight in her hands as they entered the hub room again.

The other turtle brothers all peered out from behind the girl, looking out at the rotating lights with different expressions of amazement.

“This place is so cool!” Michelangelo declared, running out into the room, Leo following close behind.

“Ahhh- don’t touch anything!” Raphael ran out behind them, trying to reign in his brothers before something broke.

April looked back at Donatello.

“Are you okay?” she asked quietly, tilting her head slightly.

Donnie shrugged, and April gave him a look. No lying.

“My whole plan fell apart. I had it all worked out perfectly, but it all fell to pieces! I worked a long time to get it right so I could come out here and not get in trouble but because of the stupid storm, I’m gonna get grounded forever when we get back. Maybe my brothers too.” There was a tone of guilt to his explanation.

“Yeah...my excuse of being locked in wouldn't really work for you, huh?” April agreed.

“It’s not just that...what if he grounds me by saying we can’t meet each other, or even call anymore? I doubt I’d be able to sneak out without getting caught, not after tonight,” the soft shell worried, eyes wide beneath his glasses.

April frowned at the prospect, brows furrowing. Would that really happen? She didn’t know too much about their dad, but she couldn’t see her own parents grounding her that way but... everyone’s parents were more or less strict.

“I hope not...I want to still be friends! And be friends with your brothers too... they seem fun.” She said, looking out into the room. Mikey had somehow managed to get on top of the central orb the projectors displayed the planets on.

“I’m the king of Mars!” the youngest turtle proclaimed while Raph urged him to get down while Leo was also trying to climb up.

“Well, no matter what I’m gonna try my best to keep in touch,” Donnie said with determination, clenching his fists.

April smiled. Their discussion was interrupted as Leo pushed Mikey off the sphere with a thump, posing atop the planet.

“Now I’M king of Mars!”

“No fair!” Mikey retorted.

“You won’t be king for long!” April declared, taking her backpack off and running towards them. Donnie watched after her for a moment before taking off his glasses. Tossing them onto April’s discarded bag, he ran after her to join the game.

No matter what happened when the next morning came, all he wanted to do for now was have fun with April. There was no use in planning things out anymore. No matter what he was probably gonna be in serious trouble. So why not have fun for now?

## Chapter End Notes

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Hey all!

Been really busy because of school, so updates are gonna be slowing down a bit again. Lots of homework to do and things to take care of, but I also love to just sit down and write when I get the chance!

Thank you all so much for 300+ kudos, and keep your eye out for chapter updates, as well as a possible new fic in the future. As always, I love reading everyone's comments and support, and it's always fun to see familiar faces (well, pfps lol).

Cheers!

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# Stardust

Splinter made his way through a back alley, sticking closely to the shadows. His fur and robe were drenched, but he continued to trudge through the storm. As he had tried to make his way through the tunnels, the water had only gotten higher, making it impossible to pass through the lower areas that the boys would have passed through. The rat mutant had to make his way up to the surface and continue along the path from there, abandoning his lantern.

Splinter quickly ducked behind a dumpster as two humans passed by the alleyway, squished together under a large umbrella.

They were laughing among themselves, though it would be hard to tell against the sound of rain. One of the benefits of being a rat. Better hearing meant it was easier to avoid being spotted. Once they passed, Splinter looked out onto the street.

“I can only hope the boys’ plan worked now...that I will find them at the museum.” he thought to himself, peeking out from the alleyway. When he saw the coast was clear, he quickly made his way across it, ducking behind garbage cans and parked cars to keep out of the sight of any prying eyes. Splinter didn’t want to think about the alternative.

“If it was purple’s plan, it has very likely succeeded,” Splinter assured himself.

To be honest, the purple turtle’s interests concerned him somewhat. He often dissuaded them from doing dangerous play and exercises with their shell, but that meant he had started to dedicate their time to other things. He consumed books at an alarming rate, more than Splinter could often keep up with supplying. But there was no problem with that. Learning, while not being a real passion for Splinter, was important. He was glad at first that his son took interest in such things. It was probably when the eight-year-old repaired an old computer that he got a bit worried.

Splinter had an unfortunate...history with scientists.

He never discouraged Donatello, but he stopped engaging as much. Purple didn’t seem to mind, or at least he thought so. They had started building their own lab up on the top floor of the lair and was easy enough to entertain with any old electronics Splinter scavenged. Even when he’d declined to take them to the science museum Donatello hadn’t seemed all that upset. Clearly, that wasn’t the case.

“I should have just taken him to the Planetarium myself if I knew it was going to cause me so much trouble,” Splinter muttered to himself, making it across the street to the next alleyway.

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“So why are you guys color coded?” April asked the turtles. They were all sitting around in a loose circle around April’s sleeping bag surrounded by a pile of bedding. They had gone back



to the gift shop and grabbed a few space-themed blankets and dinosaur-shaped pillows they had for sale.

“Makes it easier for dad to tell us apart. Plus, it makes us look cool,” Leo explained, tossing the back ribbons dramatically.

April began taking out her scrunchies and the bands beneath them from her hair as she continued to talk. Her hair poofed up, no longer restrained by the elastic.

“What do you guys eat?”

Mikey had dozed off leaning against Raph’s shell, worn out after the trek through the sewers as well as their game fighting over the top of the sphere.

“All sorts of stuff. Popcorn, cheeseburgers, rice, veggies...” Raph counted out on his fingers.

“We eat the same stuff people do, for the most part,” Donnie explained. April nodded, and held a scrunchie in one hand while gesturing for Donnie to give her his hand. He did so, and she put it on his wrist. He examined it absentmindedly.

“Having hair must be so fun,” Leo complained, grabbing onto Donnie’s head and pushing it towards April to show it off. “Turtles don’t grow hair!”

April laughed as Donatello swatted at Leo and pushed him off. Raph fiddled with his hands for a moment before finally speaking up.

“What’s being a normal kid like?” Raph asked, and April turned her attention to the eldest turtle. It had been the first time he had asked a question during the conversation.

“Well, being a human kid sucks. You have to go to school all the time and it’s like, SUPER boring. The library is fun though, they have a lot of graphic novels there. They’re like, big comics. As for being normal...” April trailed off and then frowned.

“Well...I wouldn’t really know, I guess. Not many of the other kids like hanging out with me.”

“They’re missing out.” Donnie insisted, and April gave a small smile before her face fell again.

“It’s like...everyone has a rulebook on how to make friends and act right that...I don’t for some reason,” the girl said as she looked down at her feet, hugging her knees to her chest. She was quiet for a while.

Thunder rumbled again outside, this time quieter.

“Well, you must be getting something right. You seem like a pretty cool friend to me,” Raph said, breaking the silence. April looked up at the snapping turtle, who was smiling.

“Yeah anyone who can get Donnie to hold hands with them might as well be a miracle worker. He still tries to bite me just being around him,” Leo interjected.

“That’s because you’re ANNOYING!” Donnie protested.

Mikey stirred in his sleep, and the soft-shelled turtle quickly quieted down again.

“Mikey has the right idea. We should try and get some sleep while we wait for the storm to die down,” Raph suggested. Donnie rubbed his eye under his glasses and nodded a bit in agreement.

“This is a way cooler sleepover than having to be stuck in a room with my whole class,” April said as the turtles all gathered up bedding to their spots. Raph picked up Mikey, putting him on top of one of the pillows, and put a blanket over their shell before settling down into their sleeping spot next to them. Leo flopped down next to them as well.

Donnie set up his stuff on the other side of April, carefully flattening out the corners of a blanket on the floor and setting down his pillow.

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Minutes passed by slowly as the lights continued to rotate across the room. Donnie stared up at the ceiling, unable to fall asleep. Raph’s quiet snoring and the rhythm of the rain filled the silence. Donnie heard the shifting of fabric next to him and turned to look. April was also awake and had turned to look at him.

“Can’t sleep either?” April whispered. The turtle nodded. “What’s keeping you up?”

Donnie looked back up at the ceiling. “We might not get to hang out again. I don’t want to go to sleep yet.”

April sighed, also staring back up at the ceiling. “Yeah, we might not,” She agreed. They both lay in silence for a while.

“But...we might also just figure it out. You could invent a way to hang out or something. Or I could come up with a plan or sneak down into the sewers after school. That way your brothers can hang out too.”

Donnie contemplated it. “Yeah...we’ll figure it out,” he said softly, before falling silent. April looked over at him, and his eyes were closed, breathing quietly. April looked over at the other turtles and then back at the ceiling, feeling her eyelids get heavy.

She allowed herself to doze off, surrounded by her friends.

# Collision

## Chapter Summary

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Hey readers!

I just wanted to give a little heads up that there will be some shouting in this chapter between Splinter and Donatello. If you have any sensitivities with that sort of thing, please skip this chapter. This is mainly a fluff fic, so I understand that some people may not want to read this sort of thing right now if they came for a chill time.

-West Brooke

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## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Splinter had finally made his way to the planetarium, perched up on the rooftop above a skylight and staring down into the main entrance. It had taken him longer than expected to make his way across the city. The doors had all been locked, but he hoped it would not be the same for the skylight. They were generally left neglectfully unlocked due to their hard-to-reach nature.

The rain poured down on the rat mutants as his claws found purchase on the sides of the skylight, tugging on them to see if they would give. The water made it hard to grip at first, but after a moment the skylight swung up, the downpour from outside hitting the tiles below.

The large planets slowly rotating in the main hall had caught his entrance, and he nimbly hopped down onto the model of Neptune as it passed by. Scanning the room, he saw some cloth banners with the word “Exploration” on them.

He waited as Neptune passed by the banner and lept, reaching out to grab onto the fabric. His claws sunk in and he tightly held the bunch of fabric so as to not fall.

“Hopefully they have found somewhere hidden to sleep, in case any staff returns early in the morning...it may be difficult to find them,” the rat thought to himself as he slid down the banner and to the floor below.

It was strange that all of his sons had decided to go with their brother. From what he had made of the plans, Purple looked as if they were intending to go solo. Perhaps they'd found out about his plot and convinced him to let them come. It seemed like the kind of stunt Blue would like to pull. But not Red or Orange... Red was more responsible than this.

Perhaps something bad HAD happened to them after all.

Splinter's anxiety increased as he made his way through the main hall of the planetarium. "I have to find them quickly, before the humans wake..."

They had to be here somewhere. The sewers below were flooded, dark water quickly carrying away anything in its path into the deep labyrinths. The boys could have been- If they hadn't made it out in time... Splinter shook his head. Now was not the time for such thoughts.

As he continued to make his way down the hall, he noticed he was approaching an illuminated room at the end of the passage.

Splinter blinked as his eyes adjusted to the room.

His whole body sagged with relief as he noticed that among a mess of pillows and blankets in the center of the room, were the familiar shells of his sons. They had made it after all.

They were alive.

His sons were safe and asleep. Not in a very good hiding spot, but they were out of harm's way. And going to be grounded for ages after sneaking out and almost giving him a heart attack tonight.

The rat mutant took a few steps forward before suddenly pausing and doing a double take. Instead of the usual four figures, Splinter was accustomed to seeing, there were five.

There was a human with them, asleep among the group.

Splinter merely stood and stared for a while, trying to register what he was seeing. Not only had his sons snuck out, but they had let a human girl see them...this could be disastrous!

However, she appeared to be young. There was a good chance any adults wouldn't believe her story, especially without proof. As Splinter's eyes wandered around the room as he thought, something caught his eye. A faint blinking red light. His face paled underneath his fur.

Security cameras.

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Donnie awoke to someone lightly jostling his shoulder.

“Donatello!-” It was his father’s voice.

His eyes shot open and he looked up to see the rather angry face of a rat mutant staring down at him. He was alert immediately. Oh, super busted.

Donatello looked around. Raph was already awake, rubbing one eye while holding a dozing off Mikey’s hand. Leo was also awake, looking guilty but hiding behind Raph.

“This was reckless, Purple! You’re in serious-” Splinter stopped suddenly as April stirred next to him. She slowly rose from her sleeping bag, rubbing her own eyes.

“Mmm...guys be quiet.” She said, before blinking her eyes open. Splinter took a step back.

April stared for a moment at Splinter, sleepy brain trying to comprehend what she was seeing. “A giant rat?” the girl said tiredly before her eyes widened.

“A giant rat! The boys have told me all about you! I’m April O’Niel, Mr. Splinter!”

“Ah...It is...nice to meet you, Ms. O’Niel. I suppose. Glad to see my boys told you all about everything apparently. Even the SECRETS.” he shot a glare at Raph, Leo, and Mikey, who looked guilty.

“But now is not the time for introductions- Purple!” He shouted, and Donnie froze. He had been attempting to sneak away, only having gotten a few steps before Splinter had noticed. He turned around slowly, a guilty look poorly hidden by a strained smile.

“Yeeeesss?”

Splinter took a deep breath.

“You snuck out to the surface. You talked to this...” he looked at April, who was staring up at him with shining eyes. “...hyperactive child. Not only that, but you did it on the night of a massive storm! I thought you all had gotten swept away in the flood and drowned! Only to find that you were breaking the top two rules I have given you!” The rat mutant counted it out on his claws as he went through the list.

“And not only that but your whole adventure through the museum was recorded. There are security cameras in here, Purple!” Splinter furiously pointed at the blinking red light in the corner.

Donnie’s face fell. He looked scared now. “Cameras? You mean, the people will be able to see all of this?!”

“Yes, Purple! This was a foolish decision! A thoughtless one, that put you and your brothers at risk!” Splinter’s voice had raised gradually, but by now he was shouting.

“No, no, I can fix this!” the softshell turtle pleaded. “I didn’t- I wasn’t thinking, I know!”

“You shouldn’t have done this in the first place!”  
The boy’s fists were clenched tightly by his side.

“I know! I was stupid for wanting to come here!”

Tears were welling up in his eyes.

Thunder rumbled outside, and the rotating lights of the room went out.

The power had gone down.

## Chapter End Notes

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Been a while since I updated! School has gotten busy, and I got a little bit of writer's block.

But thankfully, I'm feeling much better now and have tackled the workload! The next chapter will be coming out hopefully very soon since I hate to leave you all on cliffhangers for too long. It was another big one I had to cut in half for pacing purposes.

I know Splinter seems a bit mean in this chapter, but stick with me on this one ;) As always, thank you all for your support and comments!

Cheers, and see you soon!

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# Blackout

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The sudden darkness caused Splinter to stop, and he realized what he was doing. His hands, previously raised in an angry gesture slowly lowered down to his sides. Splinter's angry expression quickly changed into one of regret.

He took another deep breath, calming himself down. April and the other brothers had fallen dead silent, watching what was happening uncomfortably from behind Splinter. Donnie had started crying, it sounded, sniffing audibly even in the dark.

"No... You weren't stupid. I...am sorry for yelling Donatello," the rat said, taking a few steps towards the soft shell.

"You are my sons. I was scared something terrible had happened to you, but I shouldn't have lashed out at you."

Donnie hastily tried wiping his eyes furiously with his sleeves, but tears kept on flowing. As Splinter's eyes adjusted, he could see their outline performing the movement. He felt his heart sink into his chest. It had been a long time since he'd seen Purple break down like that. And he had been the cause this time.

"It was not appropriate for me to shout. I was reacting without thinking, and my anger got the better of me. You boys mean everything to me." He placed his hand on his chest over his robe, a sincere tone to his voice. He was standing in front of Donnie, who was still attempting to erase the evidence of his crying furiously to no avail.

He knelt down in front of Donatello.

"I should have brought you here myself if I knew it meant so much that you felt the need to sneak out. It's just...hard to read you sometimes. I couldn't tell how disappointed you were, and you didn't tell me either."

The turtle sniffed, looking up at his dad. Splinter reached up and adjusted their glasses slightly after having been knocked askew by the young turtle.

"You're very bright, Donatello. Smarter than I was at your age. But you are still a kid, and you make mistakes. This was just a very scary one for me." Splinter put his hand on Donnie's shoulder.

Donnie wiped his eyes again after a long sniff, trying to calm themselves down. The flow of tears had slowed down.



“I’m sorry too,” the turtle managed to get out, trying to calm down from his overwhelming burst of emotion with quick, shaky breaths.

Splinter sighed, standing up again. He patted Donnie’s shoulder in an attempt to comfort him again, but the softshell looked away again. “...I know. It’s alright for now.”

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The rat mutant looked again towards where the camera had been, unable to see the exact place now that the blinking red light had gone out with all the others. “If the power was still on...I could have tried to erase the tapes.” He thought aloud, tapping his foot.

“The power going out wouldn’t do that?” Raph asked, breaking the silence from their gathered group.

“No...recordings that were already done won’t be erased.” Splinter explained, turning to face the larger group of children.

“Do we wait for the power to come back on then?” April asked, getting up from her sleeping bag and brushing herself off.

“I...should get you boys home before the city begins to wake.” Splinter shook his head. “We can’t wait around all night for them to potentially come on and risk people discovering us in person.”

“But they’re gonna see us on the cameras tomorrow! They’re definitely gonna check them after April snuck in for a whole night!” Raph argued. Both Mikey and Leo nodded in agreement.

“I could...try and get something to work,” Donnie spoke up, and everyone turned to look at the soft shell. “The museum gift store has batteries. I could try and combine them into, like a super battery or something- power the machine long enough to get rid of the tapes?”

Splinter put his hand on his chin, considering it.

“Isn’t messing with electricity dangerous?” April asked.

“I mean I have some experience-” he stopped suddenly, looking up at Splinter, who was raising an eyebrow. “...from books...and stuff. Definitely not with live wires or anything...I’m sure I could try and rig things up. We’ll have to find the security room to see what there is to work with first before I build anything though.”

Splinter stroked his beard, thinking for a moment. “...very well,” he finally agreed with a nod.

“April, come help me get-”

“No, Purple. She stays with me. I wish to have a word with your new friend.”

April and Donnie both shared a glance. The soft shell looked hesitant.

“We’ll take the flashlight then,” Raph said, stepping forward. “Let’s go get those batteries.”

April watched as the turtles disappeared down the hall towards the main entry and the gift shop, the beam of light going with them.

“April, was it?”

She looked up at the rat mutant, blinking. “Oh- Yes Mr. Splinter!” she agreed. The rat seemed to think for a moment, gathering his words while awkwardly avoiding her gaze.

“I understand you have become friends with my sons, but...”

“If this is about me telling anyone about you guys, you don’t have to worry! I made a promise. And April O’Neil keeps her promises!”

Splinter scratched the back of his head, looking unsure. “I suppose that’s...alright then.”

“Is that all you wanted to say? I’m sure the boys could use our help...” She looked in the direction that the turtles had disappeared.

“I’m giving Donatello a bit of space right now, after that whole...disaster. They’re still getting grounded, it just was not the right time to bring it up.” the rat mutant chuckled. After a pause, his face fell into a frown again.

“April, you are the first human they’ve had a chance to speak with, you know. I’m sure they have had many questions about your life. But the surface is not safe for them. I don’t know what you and my sons have planned but...I don’t want them sneaking up here all the time.”

April nodded, listening. She didn’t really get what he was talking about, but she figured it was the polite thing to do.

“I have no issue with you being friends, but you all must be careful. That includes you. I doubt your parents would take kindly to you going down into the sewers all the time,” the rat mutant finished.

The young girl perked up hearing that. “You really don’t mind?!” April asked.

The way the turtles had been talking about Splinter, he’d sounded much stricter than he appeared. But he really didn’t see all that bad. Maybe he was the type of parent who acted differently around their kids versus other kids.

“Oh I do mind, this is going to be a pain in my tail, most likely. But I don’t mind so much that I’m going to stop my sons from seeing their friends. Heavens know they would just try and sneak out again. Tonight proves that” Splinter relented, tail twitching behind him.

“Thank you! I won’t be too much trouble, I promise.” April said excitedly. There was a loud crash from the direction of the main hall, and the sounds of the brothers’ voices arguing. The two shared a glance with each other.

“I’m gonna go help them out now,” April said, pointing off down the hall. It had been dark for long enough that their eyes had adjusted to their surroundings.

The rat watched as the girl ran off, clasping his hands behind his back. It was difficult to make out in the dark now that the star lights had gone out, but he had a smile on his face.

## Chapter End Notes

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Thank you all for the Kudos and Comments!

Feel free me on Tumblr (west-brooke) for art on my fics as well as updates! I also have a Twitter, but I'm a lot less active there (West\_Brooke\_)

Cheers,  
West

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