

The hunched, bloodied reflection in the mirror made Frank spin round to the luggage rack behind him. Motionless a man cowered, his head rolled back against the wall of the train. In his right hand he held a biro, blood running down the length of it, through the fingers of his hand, congealing and puddling thickly in his lap. Frank's gaze fell upon the old man's face. Blood pumped freely down both the man's cheeks, running from his mutilated eyes, flowing down under his chin staining the dog collar around his neck a dark crimson red.

The train shuddered, knocking Frank forward onto the body of the priest causing him to outstretch his arms to steady himself against the priest's bloodied torso.

The priest screamed out in absolute horror, his high pitched scream caused Frank to reel back in shock

"Rapere, Rapere !!"

The priest began to shriek. " *It's happened, the voices mock us , you and I are the unwanted. Make the voices stop their taunts!*" The priest hit out at Frank blindly.

"What voices, where the hell is everyone!" Frank asked, dodging the flailing limbs.

*“ It is **us** that are in hell. Listen to the voices, they are everywhere!”*

The priest became hysterical, his laughing mocked and frightened Frank.

“ This is Hell and you don't even know what your about to witness...sinner” The priest was unable to control his frantic hysteria as he panted for breathe.

Frank steadied himself against the shattered door behind him and brought his fist down hard against the temple of the priests' head, knocking it back hard against the wall, causing the body to fall in a heap on the luggage below him, unconscious. Gathering himself, Frank stepped back into the passageway of the speeding train, leaving the priest where he fell, and continued toward the front of the train, confused. Looking round at the empty seats and the clutter on the tables. No children shouting, no loudmouth on his mobile, no laughing from mates out on a Saturday night. Nothing. Only the discarded items on the tables, newspapers, laptops and upturned books showed signs of life Frank stopped and peered down the train. Turning, he faced the other way. Apart from the tones from the phones and the “clackety-clack” from the wheels beneath there was nothing. Picking up the nearest ringing mobile, he answered the call.

“TERRIBILIS EST LOCUS ISTE”

Whispered the voice from the other end. Before the line went dead .

He threw the mobile against the table and picked up another ringing phone.

“ TERRIBILLES EST LOCUS ISTE”

Again the voices whispered softly into Franks ear, he dropped the phone, frustrated and spooked. Peering into the darkness outside, Frank stared past his reflection in the glass. No light broke the night, if anything it was blacker denser than before. The train continued into the night . He turned to face the passageway again when something caught his attention. There, again, outside in the sky. It was the flashing beacon of a plane, low over the trees to the right of the train.

The darkness was broken.

Ahead of him, a women cradled what looked like a baby in her arm, dazed and sobbing she stared at Frank. Her face was puffed red , tears still flowing down her cheeks. Walking passed her he realised that all she was cradling was an empty blanket. He walked on.

“BLESSED IS THE MAN THAT ENDURETH TEMPTATION, FOR WHEN HE IS TRIED, HE SHALL RECEIVE THE CROWN OF LIFE, WHICH THE LORD HATH PROMISED TO THEM THAT LOVE HIM.”

This had stopped frank in his tracks for a moment, he went light

headed, and stumbled towards the seat in front.

"THE DEAD IN ME SHALL RISE FIRST- NO TRUE CHRISTIAN WILL BE LEFT!"

Frank, shook his head the images of the murdered man whose finger he had not long cut off faded, the vision of the body in its white cotton garment lying still on the floor almost mocking him in death, as he had seemed to leading

up to his final moments, filled his mind. Frank slumped over the back of one of the headrests. Clearing his head, he continued to the next carriage.

As he passed another row of seats he heard the crying of a woman, looking round he saw that she was on the phone trembling .

".....but I saw him go, mum. He just vanished ! I was talking to him then he.....he ," the young woman began sobbing uncontrollably again.

Frank had to take a moment, to think. What was happening on the train? He left the crying girl to it and walked into the buffet car. Finding it empty and void of any ringing phones he sat in a booth on the right by the window and rested his head in his hands. On the table, someone had left a box of Marlboro lights. He picked them up . Taking a cigarette out the box he searched for a light, nothing on the

table he noted and began to rummage his pockets for one. His hands fell on the plastic bag containing his "trophy". He pulled it out of his pocket and laid it on the table and smiled. This job will make me rich. Finding his lighter he lit the cigarette, taking a long hard drag before releasing the smoke from his clenched teeth. The smoke forced its way out and drifted around Franks head.

As the train banked to the right, Frank took a closer look at the tattoo on the dead mans finger, the mark was of prominent blue ink and resembled an eye. Only the eye was attached to a long stem , like a needle . He dropped the bag back to the table, took a drag of his cigarette and turned to the window. Staring back at him, through hollow bloodied eyes, was the priests reflection.

"**SHIT!**" cried out Frank dropping the cigarettes to the floor and jumping to his feet.

"And again I say unto you, it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of god! RAPTURE has arrived!" The priest spoke, clutching his bible, the one he'd lost faith in many years ago and faced Frank.

Frank backed away from the priest as he did he heard screams from the carriage behind him. A bright blinding light filled the carriage, then

Franks world turned over, the crunching of steel, the grinding and the screeching of metal on metal. Over and over, searing heat rose from the jagged openings to the upturned carriage, Frank was thrown again onto his back debris hit him from all angles. Flames billowed in from the shattered windows, fed by the aviation fuel, as the driverless train ploughed on through the wreckage of the plane, also driverless.

Frank crawled from the burning wreckage, torn and bloodied, into the new world order. Into the chaos, and the darkness. One of the forgotten sinners, left to ponder the day they were left after the Rapture!