

For a long moment Tate stood transfixed in the doorway, his eyes locked upon the cubicle mirror. Inside the mirrors blank surface was a small bedroom, dominated by a large double bed, four video cameras set up around it.

On the bed was the man he had killed earlier that night.

Tate had never thought that he would see him again, except perhaps as a picture on the inside pages of a red mast. Yet here he was, fat and naked, a small boy no older than eight next to him. Tate could see that the boy had been crying, his tears shining on his cheeks.

The sight burnt Tate in places that he thought had long grown cold, places that he kept bricked up so that he could do his job. He didn't want to look, the image sickened him but he forced himself to, needing to know for definite that this was the man he had killed. After a while he realised that something *was* different about the creep, and it hit him like a bucket of cold water. The man he was looking had to be at least 10 years younger than the man he'd taken out.

Tate was about to walk away then, but the figures on the bed began to move. The man pushed himself into a sitting position, and then checked on the cameras making sure that each one was working. Then, once he was comfortable, he pulled the boy into his lap. The boy climbed in without saying anything, his expression unchanging, and Tate wondered if he had been drugged, he was so docile. That's when it hit him. The boy was no different than a dog that's been beaten too many times; he had just given up resisting, hoping that it would soon all be over.

Once he was sat in his lap, the man wrapped thick arms around the boy and gave him a cuddle, even whispered something in his ear that made the boy giggle.

Then, with no warning, he began to kill him.

The boy had been given no time to react, no time to do anything at all except struggle feebly, and then die.

Tate looked away at the last, sickened and disturbed by the child's death. He'd killed over a dozen people in the last eight years, for no reason other than money, but it had never been personal, and it had never been for pleasure. He had never once considered killing a child; it was the only line in the sand he had ever drawn. There were just some places he didn't want to go.

Tate stepped out of the cubicle without looking back at the mirror, intending to take a walk back to the buffet car. He'd noticed a sixteen year old malt in there the last time he'd walked through, and right now he needed a drink more than he'd thought he'd ever needed anything else. He gave everything a cursory glance as he walked down the aisles, but wasn't really surprised that nothing had changed.

Once he got to the buffet car he poured himself a tumbler full, his mind dwelling on the absurd notion of the money he was saving. He was about to salute himself in the mirror behind the bar when something flickered in his peripheral vision. He turned slowly, drink in hand and came face to face with the boy he'd just seen killed.

Tate took a step back, the whiskey spilling over the lip of the glass down his hand and onto the royal blue carpet. The boy also took a step back, and

then turned around and walked away. He stopped when he reached the seats, plonking himself down and shimmying until he was next to the window.

'What do you want?' Tate asked, unable to keep a slightly hysterical edge out of his voice. The boy gave no sign that he had heard him, preferring instead to carry on looking out of the window into the darkness, as though there was something out there that he alone could see.

Tate was about to say something else when the light went on above the toilet again. He stayed where he was, unable to move.

'You've got a lot to see tonight Mr Tate' the boy said, breaking the silence with a voice that was both high pitched and yet gentle. 'You're not going to like it but we need you to understand, we need you to help; we need to be able to sleep'.

'I don't understand, what do you want.'

'Oh that's simple Mr Tate. We want vengeance. And you will be our instrument. It's time now Frank.'

The walk back to the cubicle seemed to take forever, and yet when he got there he found that he still wasn't ready to go in. Tate felt hysteria lurking around the corners of his mind, and he had to struggle against a desire to crawl into a booth and curl up. Inside the cubicle the mirror waited, and Tate wanted more than anything to not have to see the visions it offered.

Tate braced himself and then walked in, his eyes drawn to the mirror despite himself. He found himself praying that all he would see was his own reflection, and not the visions he feared were waiting for him.

He was disappointed.

Deep inside the mirror the room was still there, as were the double bed and four cameras.

Only the people on the bed had changed.

This time there was a small skinny man, naked, his companion a tiny elfin girl. She had her head turned away from Tate, and so he couldn't see if she was crying, but he suspected that she was from the shaking of her shoulders. Her abuser had his arm around her, and Tate could clearly see an eye tattoo identical to the other mans just above the knuckle joint. Tate had to watch as yet another child was killed, the cameras around the bed capturing everything.

Once she had died the scene changed abruptly, the pair on the bed replaced by another couple. Like the other two men he also had an eye tattoo above his knuckle, and Tate realised then that it was like some sort of membership pass, a way of joining a club. The thought made him want to vomit.

The visions seemed to go on forever, as he watched the three men murder innocent children over and over again. By the time it had finished and the mirror showed nothing but his reflection he had been sick, the smell revolting in the tiny cubicle. Tate staggered out into the gangway and threw himself into a seat, unable to stop unbidden tears from falling. He didn't see the children until they were on top of him.

One by one they walked up to him, hands outstretched. With little hands they touched his tears, and with small mouths they told him their names. Each one kissed him and then was gone, leaving nothing behind but the

smell of child. The last one to go was the boy he'd seen first, who drew near and simply whispered 'Vengeance'.