

On the mirror above the sink were those four familiar words.

Terribilis est locus iste

It was written in blood he'd seen enough in his time to know. A cold shiver ran through Tate's body; as he stared not only at his own reflection but at the redness of those chilling words.

Tate turned away and went into the next carriage, clearly there had to be somebody aboard this train. But like all the other times it was empty. Tate walked along the aisle everything looked the same as before, he stopped at a table where a black leather handbag had been placed on one of the seats. On opening he saw the purse with all the money and credit cards in tact. There were photos of loved ones even a lipstick. He shook his head not wanting to believe in what was happening to him, this was just plain crazy.

He closed the handbag and placed it back. Tate carried on through the doors and into the carriage. The train still had not come out of the tunnel, he wanted to yell but he knew it was pointless. The anger in him had now started to show, his face red the whites of his eyes bulging from their sockets. He carried on walking that's when he heard it, noises coming from within the buffet car. Tate hurried along towards it; a smile now appeared on his face.

I'm not alone.

Tate pushed the doors, mouth open ready to say something only to find that the carriage empty. The noise he had heard came from a radio behind the counter, some presenter going on about the weather. Tate laughed aloud the only thing he could see at this moment in time is 'black' he

couldn't say what was happening outside. The smell of coffee once again met his nostrils. He was tired, tired of all this running around, trying to find what seems to him a needle in a haystack. He sat at one of the tables in front of him a cup of steaming black coffee. He took a sip only to burn the inside of his mouth; Tate put the cup down only for it to spill over his fingers. He screamed out in pain but what did he care there was nobody around to hear him. Tate knew now how alone he was, he had never felt this lonely before, and after eight years at the top this was the first time he felt insecure. Tate stood up and made his way over to the counter, his watery grey eyes glared at the menu board. Tate looked surprised, if he remembered correctly the only thing on it had been the choice of sandwiches. Now it read those same four words

*Terribilis est locus iste*

Who had written on it this time it was written in chalk, memories of that blooded mirror came flooding back to him. Never had he been afraid in his life until now he always thought of himself as fearless but the events which were happening now were terrifying him. The blackness outside seemed to be closing in around him; no street lights there were no lights of any kind. There was no sign of the train slowing down either, if anything it appeared to be getting faster. Tate wondered whether or not to carry on along the train.

Was it really worth the trouble?

Tate sat back at the table his body ached all over his head pounding as if being hit by a hammer. That was when he remembered the severed thumb; he patted the pocket only to find it gone.

How could that be?

He slipped his hand inside no plastic bag nothing. He tried the other one, his pockets were empty.

Must have fallen out.

Tate retraces his steps back along the carriages without the merchandise he won't get paid, no matter how convincing he tried to be. He stopped between two carriages tired and restless. Gazing into the first class compartment he had once occupied, he thought back to the woman who had smiled at him earlier. Tate felt a breeze on the back of his neck, looking over his shoulder he could see an open window, the one he had closed previously.

Tate could hear laughter; he hurried off in the direction it was coming from.

He stopped suddenly; in front of him was the man he had killed.

He gasped! This couldn't be happening.

It was just standing there its face staring at him with sightless eyes, still around the neck the electrical flex. Tate glanced over at his hand sure enough the severed thumb was missing with its serrated edges and blood.

It started to move towards Tate; not wanting to turn his back on it he went backwards along the carriage. He stumbled and fell heavily against one of the seats, on the table laid the plastic bag the thumb still inside. Tate picked himself up and grabbed the merchandise not once did he take his eyes from it. He ran but as he turned he could see more of them coming his way, many with the same electrical flex. He got to the end of the carriage written on the window were those four words.

Terribilis est locus iste

The hydraulic door would not open, by now they were only a few feet away. Come on.

Finally it opened, how was he going to escape them there was no where to hide on a train. Not that he could anyway these things were dead. He turned to face them backing away as he did the, cold breeze chilling his body. Further and further he went until his back was against the outer door. Stay away.

There was nowhere to go, Tate his face wet from a mixture of sweat and tears tried pleading with them. No use he was surrounded, hands reached out for his neck. He almost passed out from the acrid smell of decaying flesh. They kept on pushing until finally the window shattered from the pressure and Tate fell to his death.

The train finally slowed down, as it approached the next station. Lights from houses and streets shone brightly into the train as it left the tunnel. The young woman packed away her laptop and other belongings and waited for the train to stop. The two men made there way along the aisle passing the seat where Tate had once sat, not even his coffee cup remained. It was as if Tate had never boarded that train. The train that led him to Hell.