

**The Tunnel  
by Shaun Hutson**



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*Shaun Hutson alias 'The Godfather of Gore' made his name as a horror writer with novels like Slugs, Spawn and Relics. His first book, Slugs, sold more than 500,000 copies. Latterly, he's moved away from horror, penning what he describes as 'urban thrillers'. Shaun's consuming passion is football. A Liverpool supporter for more than 30 years, he never misses a game, home or away. He has appeared on stage thirteen times with heavy-metal band Iron Maiden. His latest book, Necessary Evil, is now available.*

**Chris Wood**



*Chris Wood is a 33-year-old PR for the Police force and lives in Northwich. A former journalist, Chris is a huge horror fan and grew up reading Shaun Hutson. He now runs a website devoted to British horror films and is halfway through writing a novel.*

## THE TUNNEL: SHAUN HUTSON

THE BLEEDING HAD STOPPED within minutes of the thumb being severed.

Frank Tate dropped it into a small plastic bag then glanced impassively at the digit for a moment. There was a small tattoo on the lower knuckle that looked like a staring eye. Tate had been careful to cut around the base with the knife to ensure that the tattoo remained intact. He didn't want the skin torn too badly. It was the mark on the flesh that would identify the owner and that was important to the men who had hired Tate. They would want to be sure that the possessor of that tattoo was dead. Tate had considered taking them the whole hand but decided only the severed digit was necessary. It would be enough to get him his money.

Sometimes polaroids were sufficient. On other occasions, merely pieces of clothing. Once, a whole head. Tate didn't care. When he was hired to do a job he delivered. Literally. He looked once more at the hacked off thumb, swathed in clear-wrap inside the bag, then slid it into his jacket pocket.

The serrated kitchen knife he'd used for his makeshift surgery lay close to the body. It bore no fingerprints. Neither did the garotte of electrical flex fastened so tightly around the neck of the man who lay at Tate's feet.

It was Tate's favoured method. It was relatively quick and there was usually only a small amount of blood. Sometimes the victim would bite off their own tongue but he could only recall that happening twice. There was the usual voiding of bladder and bowels as death took them. But never more than specks of blood. Occasionally he got some on his gloves but it cleaned off easily enough. And if it didn't then he burned them and bought more. Always the finest leather that fitted his large hands like a second skin. When you were at the top of your profession, as Tate had been for eight years, he saw this kind of thing as a necessity rather than an indulgence. A reward for his prowess in his chosen field.

He took one last look around the room then walked unhurriedly down the stairs and out into the street where he hailed a cab.

As the taxi finally pulled up outside the station, Tate glanced at his watch. The train he wanted to catch left in less than five minutes. He glared at the back of the taxi driver's head, blaming the man for not having made better time through relatively light late night traffic. Tate stuffed a couple of notes into the man's outstretched hand and sprinted off without waiting for change.

As he reached the concourse he looked up at the electronic ARRIVALS and DEPARTURES board, checked the platform number he needed then increased his pace.

He began to think he wouldn't make it in time. He ran as fast as he could, legs churning, feet thundering on the tarmac ramp but, despite the fact that the slope favoured him by inclining down towards the platform, he still had doubts about his ability to reach the train before it pulled away.

Uniformed attendants, resplendent in brightly coloured jackets, waited. No members of the public were to be seen. Those who had come to say goodbye to travellers had now wandered off. Any tearful farewells had been concluded.

Tate ran on. Outside the blackness of the night was punctuated by street lights, the glow from shop signs and the headlamps of various passing vehicles but inside the terminus itself only the dull glow of bulbs high in the roof gave off any illumination.

Tate's breath rasped in his throat, his heart hammered hard against his ribs. His chest ached from the effort of sucking breath into lungs that were already burning and his mouth felt as if someone had filled it with chalk.

He saw the last remaining staff member on the platform turn to the nearest train door and clamber through it. The figure called something to him but he couldn't make out the words.

His grasping fingers finally closed over the cold metal of the handle and he twisted it, hauling himself inside. Slamming the door behind him, almost overbalancing.

Made it.

He felt the train lurch slightly as it began to move away, steadily building up speed. For a moment or two he stood with his hands on his hips, breathing heavily. Then he wiped perspiration from his forehead with the back of one hand, patted the jacket pocket where the severed thumb nestled and walked through into the first carriage.

As he made his way slowly up the aisle he counted three other occupants of the First Class compartment. A woman in her thirties was seated at one of the larger tables, tapping away at a laptop. Tate guessed she was a year or two younger than him. Further up from her, a balding man in a white shirt was reclining in his seat, listening to music on a portable CD player, his fingers tapping gently on the arm of his chair. The third traveller was younger. Mid-twenties. He was looking at a magazine and cast a cursory glance in Tate's direction before returning to his reading matter.

Tate sat down in one of the single seats and let out a deep sigh somewhere between relief and satisfaction. He settled into his seat, peering out into the blackness of the night, aware that the train was now increasing its speed as it left the station further behind. He could see the lights of houses on both sides of the tracks. To his right, vehicles moved along a stretch of road then disappeared out of sight. Tate stretched, the muscles of his legs aching from the sprint he'd been forced to make. A slight smile played on his lips and he caught sight of his reflection in the window. All he had to do now was sit there and let the train carry him on through the night.

He would make the delivery the following morning. And when the merchandise was approved he would pick up his money and leave. Until the next job.

He could hear the clicking of keys as the woman worked on her laptop and, more than once, he heard her voice as she answered a call on her mobile phone.

Tate lounged there a moment listening to the sound of the train and gazing absently out of the windows into the night.

He was startled from his aimless peering by the hiss of the hydraulic door leading into the carriage. A uniformed woman carrying two metal jugs walked in and stopped at each of the occupants of the compartment to ask if they wanted tea or coffee.

Tate hauled himself upright in his seat as she drew closer and he watched as she poured coffee into his cup. He thanked her then stirred the steaming beverage as she made her way back up the compartment and disappeared from view again.

Despite the coffee, he felt tired. His frantic rush to reach the train coupled with the comforting warmth inside the carriage made him feel pleasantly drowsy and he reclined his seat slightly, welcoming the onset of sleep.

Ahead of him, the tapping of the laptop keyboard had ceased momentarily as the woman sipped her own hot drink. Tate caught her eye and was pleasantly surprised when she smiled back at him. He returned the gesture and settled lower in his seat, his head lolling to one side, his eyes turned towards the darkness beyond the well-lit interior of the carriage. The night looked like a black towel thrown over the landscape. Tate couldn't even see street lights anymore. Or headlamps. He frowned slightly as he realized that they hadn't passed through a station yet.

Had they?

He looked at his watch. The train had been travelling at top speed for more than twenty minutes now. And yet, beyond the carriage windows, there were no lights of any kind. It was as if they were in a tunnel. But there was none of the familiar amplified noise that came with the passage of one of those subterranean shafts. In fact, it seemed almost unduly quiet within the compartment.

Tate looked away from the window in the direction of the woman at the laptop.

There was only empty space where she'd been sitting.

She must, he reasoned, have gone to the toilet or perhaps to the buffet car further up the train. He leaned to one side and looked up the aisle.

No fingers drumming on the arm of the chair in time to music. The man in the white shirt was missing too.

Tate stood up, trying to catch sight of the younger man at the far end of the carriage.

Three magazines and a mobile phone lay on the table but, of the younger passenger, there was no sign.

Tate sat down again and took to gazing back out of the window. His brow, already creased, acquired several more furrows as he noticed that there still seemed to be no respite from the tenebrous gloom outside. No sign of a light anywhere. If the train was indeed passing through a tunnel then it was one of quite astonishing length, thought Tate.

The ringing of a mobile phone interrupted his musings.

It took him a second to realize that it was the phone on the table near the carriage door. He rose from his seat again, as if expecting that the younger passenger who'd left the phone there would magically re-appear to answer it.

Tate stepped out into the aisle, the tune played by the musical ringtone now beginning to irritate him a little. Wondering where the phone's owner had got to, Tate began striding up the aisle. He passed the table where the woman with the laptop had been sitting. As he drew level he looked at the upturned screen. There were just four words on it;

*Terribilis est locus iste*

Tate looked more closely at the screen, the irritating phone still ringing in his ears.

He wasn't a stupid man but his knowledge of latin was certainly sparse. Tate glanced at the words once again then moved on up the aisle towards the ringing phone. He peered through into the next compartment, wondering if he might see the young man making his way back to his seat. There was no sign of him. In fact, as Tate stood beside the table, he could see no sign of movement at all in the carriage beyond.

He took a step towards the door which opened automatically. It was cold in the area between the carriages. One of the windows was slightly open and a chill breeze was whipping in. Tate swiftly crossed to the window and shut it. The door of the toilet closest to him was ajar. He placed two fingers tentatively on it and pushed, watching as it swung open to reveal an empty cubicle. He moved across towards the door of the next compartment, pausing a moment to tap lightly on the door of the other lavatory. The sign showed that it was vacant so Tate tapped once again and pushed it. The other toilet was also empty.

He continued into the next carriage, still able to hear the mobile from behind him. He stalked up the aisle, looking to his left and right.

At the first table there was a half empty cup of coffee, steam still rising from it. A little further up he found an overnight bag propped on a table, unzipped to reveal clothes inside. Beside it there was an open newspaper and another cup of coffee, also still steaming. At one of the larger tables he found a half eaten bar of chocolate and another newspaper. There was a biro lying on it, a crossword partially completed. There was a miniature bottle of wine, most of which had been decanted into the glass that rattled gently on the table. There was lipstick on the rim.

Tate saw a slim leather bound book lying next to the wine glass. It had a pen jammed between the pages to keep it open at this chosen place and Tate realized that it was a diary. He reached for it and picked it up, the pen dropping to the floor. Written across the two pages were four now familiar words;

*Terribilis est locus iste*

He threw the diary down and continued on up the aisle towards the door of the carriage. He moved through it, seeing more cups full of steaming tea or coffee. Other tables littered with crumbs of food or wrappers. He saw some half eaten sandwiches at one table. A can of fizzy drink standing next to a glass in which ice was melting.

Another two carriages and he would reach the buffet car. Then perhaps he could find some answers. There was no one in the two compartments leading to the buffet car either but Tate did pause in one of them to inspect the screen of another laptop and the words that flickered upon it.

Terribilis est locus iste

His initial feelings of mild bewilderment had given way rapidly to irritation and now to full blown annoyance.

Where the hell was everyone? Granted he didn't expect a night train to be full to the rafters with passengers, especially not in First Class but this was ridiculous. Why had they left their belongings at their tables? Why the half drunk beverages? Why the abandoned hot drinks? He knew there must be a good reason for it but, as he strode towards the buffet car, he was damned if he could think what that reason might be.

Even in his anger he had sufficient presence of mind to look up at the sign on the end wall of the compartment that proclaimed; TOILET ENGAGED. It glowed with a dull, sickly yellow light but, to Tate, it shone like a golden nugget in a dung heap. If the toilet was engaged there was someone inside. Simple logic. He would wait for the occupant to emerge then ask them a few questions, find out what the hell was going on.

He stood, arms folded, waiting. Five minutes passed. Tate moved closer to the door, listening for any sounds from inside. After another five minutes of silence and stillness elapsed, Tate stepped close to the door and banged hard on it.

Whether the lock was faulty or because of the force of his blows, the door cracked open a fraction.

Tate pushed it.

As it swung open to reveal the cubicle, Tate looked in. He'd been prepared to say something, to speak. To enquire of the occupant if they'd seen anyone else moving about on the train.

The cubicle was empty.

But what Tate saw froze the breath in his lungs.

## CHRIS WOOD'S ENDING TO THE TUNNEL

His face. There was something wrong with it. No, scratch that — everything was wrong with it. Staring back at him from the toilet mirror was the face of another man. His face, but changed. The skin was pallid and yellowed. The eyes were dull blank orbs sunk deep in their sockets. It was the face of a much older man. Or a corpse.

Tate lifted his gloved hand to his mouth. His reflection did the same. That's all it was, just a reflection, he told himself. He stepped into the brightly lit cubicle, tore his eyes away from the mirror, and ran the cold tap, taking his gloves off and shoving them into his coat pocket with the thumb, then splashing his face to try and bring himself back to reality. Hands gripping the edges of the small metal basin, he bowed his head down, eyes shut. Him. Scared of his own reflection! With his eyes still shut, and his head still down, he shook it violently to clear his mind. Stupid! He was freaked by the empty carriage, that was all. And with that thought in his head, he stood up, took in a deep breath and opened his eyes.

If anything, it was worse. His skin was drawn across his cheekbones, his hair looked like it had come away in clumps from his head during the seconds his eyes had been shut. His eyes had sunk deeper into his skull. And strange, red-brown threads were stretched across the skin. They traced lines, some thick, some thin — around his nose, in front of his ears, across his forehead. A particularly vivid one travelled around his neck, across his throat. He backed away from the mirror, back into the railway carriage, the sliding door hissing open to allow him through. As the toilet door swung closed, he caught sight of his ravaged face still staring at him, matching his gaze.

The carriage was still empty and silent. Even the mobile phone seemed to have stopped. Then he realised he could hear a noise . . . a tiny sound which could have just started, or might have been happening for the past few seconds. A knocking, like hammering a long way off. Or like a bony knuckle tapping on the other side of a pane of glass.

He lunged over to the carriage window and stared out into the inky blackness. Nothing. Certainly no sign of someone trying to get in. He was half way to the other side of the carriage to check that window when the shock hit him like a punch in the stomach. There was nothing to see on either side. Not even a reflection. Not even his reflection. Just a solid wall of blackness, surrounded by the chrome and plastic frame of a train carriage window. A wave of pins and needles passed over the crown of his head and fresh beads of cold sweat broke on his forehead. He fell backwards onto a seat and tried to collect his thoughts. This couldn't be happening. He must have bumped his head, or had too much to drink, or been hit by a car. Anything would be preferable to this nightmare.

The noise was louder now, more insistent. With a shock he realised where it was coming from — the automatic door had failed to shut behind him and the tapping was coming from the toilet he had just vacated. As he strained to hear more, the tapping stopped. For a couple of seconds there was silence, then a loud thud. And another. And another.

Cursing under his breath, Tate stood up. To be scared of an empty room and a trick mirror just wasn't his style, and it was time to reassert some common sense to this situation. He'd go in there, see his reflection back to normal, then find the joker who was responsible for this little performance. And then they'd pay.

Tate left the carriage, made for the door, grabbed it and swung it open. A quick look in the mirror — his reflection was back to normal. There he was, looking slightly dishevelled and wide-eyed, but normal. He stepped inside again. Then he noticed the marks on the mirror. Greasy hand prints, as if someone had been hitting it with the palm of their hand. He reached out to touch them. An electric shock seemed to run through his fingers, up his arm and across his scalp when he saw that the marks weren't on his side of the glass. They were only on the reflected side.

He looked up from where his fingers were almost touching those of his reflection's, and once again made eye contact with himself. His face stared back, impassively. And then winked at him.

With a yelp, he pulled his hand away from the mirror as if scalded. On the other side of the glass, his mirror image didn't move, its hand still held out, fingers grazing the glass. Then its expression changed. The eyes grew hard and the mouth broke into a wide grin. As he watched, the same change came over his reflected face as had happened before, but this time he could see the eyes sinking into the skull, see the skin yellowing and pulling tight across the bones, see the lines — memories of a hundred agonising deaths — trace themselves across his nose, his ears, around his eyes and neck. And as this change took place, the hideous demon he had become on the other side of the glass started to move. Its bony, ungloved hand went from the mirror's surface to the cold tap on the sink, and with one powerful twist it wrenched it free. Tate watched, transfixed, as the thing weighed the heavy metal object in its hand, then swung it forcefully at the glass partition separating them. A large white chip appeared in the centre of the reinforced mirror. It swung again, and a spider's web of cracks appeared. With a shock, Tate realised that one more blow would shatter it, and not wanting to find out what that would lead to, he turned and ran.

He was halfway down the carriage when he heard the mirror shatter, and it was at exactly this point that the lights went out, plunging everything into total darkness. He tripped over something, and on his way to the floor banged his head on the sharp edge of a table. Dazed, he tried to get up, but couldn't. In the inky blackness, something was coming for him. The hiss of a door, a rustle, a girlish giggle, and it was on him, hot breath on his face, a smell like mildewed clothing. Bony knees pinned him to the floor. An unseen finger traced a line from his forehead, down his nose, across his mouth and under his chin. A now-familiar phrase was whispered in his ear.

A fumbling sound. He still couldn't move, he was paralysed. Realisation began to dawn. Tate felt the serrated edge bite into the flesh between his thumb and forefinger. And despite knowing it would do no good, that it had never done any good in the past, he started to scream for mercy.