
Subject: Re: Celebrations and Challenges
Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 20:47:54 GMT
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Saturday, June 2, 5:30 a.m., Banihal Tunnel, Pir Panjal range, India (noon Tracy Island)

The worker wore warm clothes and had an oxygen mask, just in case. The heavy-duty halogen light he carried on his helmet illuminated his workspace within the dark tunnel. Though the tunnel did carry lighting, it wasn't activated until a train passed through, thus saving energy.

His gloved fingers worked clumsily at the device he was setting up. He had used a collapsible ladder, one that could be anchored in the smooth cement ceiling of the long monorail tunnel, and had worked on his first device from that precarious perch. It had been the more difficult bit of hardware: a motion sensitive transmitter that would trigger the device he was working on now.

This one was an explosive charge that would sit on the ceiling itself and was powerful enough to bring down tons of the concrete that made up the tunnel. The transmitter would send a signal to the explosive once the engine of the train that he was interested in passed beneath it. Then, it would trigger another explosion, right where it was situated, once the entire train had cleared the spot.

He smiled as he worked. There was a particular piece of hardware aboard that train, an anti-aircraft scanner that could detect anything. "Including those blasted Thunderbirds," he muttered under his breath.

He checked his watch, noticing that he still had enough time to get down to the station and board the train in his current guise. Then he would be handy when the power went out and the train had to stop. "I will check the maintenance tunnel once again," he murmured. "I cannot allow myself to be trapped here with the rest of the passengers." The tunnel would deposit him on the side of the mountain, from which he could access a helijet he had hidden not far away. Earlier, he had unloaded a four-wheel drive truck from that helijet so he could get back down the mountain.

"There, done!" he exclaimed softly. He didn't like the echoes of the long tunnel; they reminded him how far beneath the ground he really was. "Now to check my escape route, and then into my truck for the journey down to the station. In a few short hours, the train will come by and the tunnel will collapse, trapping it and making the acquisition of that particular bit of technology very, very simple."

He laughed softly under his breath as he climbed down to the floor of the tunnel. Pressing a button, the pitons that held the ladder released and it fell, ready to be picked up and stored for another use. He loaded it into his truck, then headed for the maintenance access point to reassure himself of its usefulness.

From: Tikatu Sent: 11/24/2005
