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Subject: Re: Celebrations and Challenges  
Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 20:48:09 GMT  
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Saturday, June 2, 8:30 a.m., Banihal Tunnel, Pir Panjal range, India (3 p.m. Tracy Island)

The India Star monorail train made its way into the long Banihal Tunnel. The passage through the Pir Panjal mountains was over seven miles long and had taken years to build. It was used by monorail trains carrying both passengers and freight to and from the central portions of India to the northern ones.

A swarthy man, not particularly noticeable in his unassuming clothes and his bland face, paid close attention to his PDA as the train entered the tunnel. The exterior lights switched on providing a glimpse of the smooth walls as the monorail flashed by. Two miles into the tunnel, words appeared on the man's PDA: "device 1 triggered". This was accompanied by a strong vibration in the monorail, strong enough to make the train slow down. Then, moments later, the words "device 2 triggered" appeared on the PDA, followed by an actual shaking and a jarring screech as the rails holding up the train from the back tore from the roof and fell, twisted, into the pile of debris that was now blocking the tunnel.

The man smiled inwardly even as he reacted to the situation as he would be expected to: with fear and confusion.

The train came to a halt less than a quarter mile from the farthest blockage, saving itself and the passengers from a devastating collision with a wall of rock. However, the rails were twisted, and groaned precariously as the weight of the train threatened to pull the still standing threads from the ceiling. To the rear, the back of the monorail was already dragging on the ground as the rails they passed over had been weakened more and had fallen from their overhead stanchions. Power to the tunnel was disrupted; lights went out both inside and outside the train, and the giant ventilation fans ceased to turn.

The passengers were reacting with panic despite the best efforts of the crew to calm them. The swarthy man disappeared into the milling crowd, heading for the rear of the train where the piece of technology he was looking for had been stored.

Unbeknownst to the would-be thief, the explosions he had set off had another, unforeseen affect. A slope of talus, pieces of loose rock that littered a part of the mountain almost like a glacier, were shaken loose from their positions and had flowed like a stony avalanche downward, covering both the ventilation shafts that brought fresh air into the tunnel... and the maintenance exit that the culprit hoped to use to make his escape.

From: Tikatu Sent: 11/24/2005

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