Our race into the darkness ended rather abruptly when, a er a few Having expected a thrilling race through the dark tunnels of the mine, this was something of an anti-climax. It was also quite worrying, 'Now what are we going to do?' I demanded. 'Get out and push?' 'Not quite,' he said drily, and in so calm a voice it made me want to Jumping over the front wall of the cart, he landed on something solid - wood, not the stone of the tunnel floor, I could tell from the sound his shoes made. He gestured for me to follow. Looking over the edge of the cart's metal wall, I saw that it didn't actually end at what I had

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dozen yards, the rails levelled out, and our cart rolled to a halt. considering a bunch of bloodthirsty soldiers, armed with rifles, sabres and God only knew what else, were not far behind.

93. The Tortoise and the other **Tortoise and no Hare**

strangle him. 'Climb over there. Quick.'

saw.

already holding.

taken to be the front wall. There was a flat, wooden extension, a kind of platform, attached to the front, and in the middle of the platform there was a construction that looked like a strange sort of metal see-The only dierence from a see-saw was, it didn't have seats at the ends. Instead, it had wooden handles, one of which Mr Ambrose was

'Well, what are you waiting for?' he asked. 'Grab hold, and let's get going!'

'Get going with what?' I demanded, though I already had an inkling. 223

'Grab the other handle and start moving it up and down,' he ordered. 'This isn't just a mining cart. It's a draisine.' 'A what?' 'A draisine. You move it by it by moving the handles up and down.' 'You mean you want to try and escape the murderous hordes that are chasing us by pumping up and down?' 'Essentially, yes.' 'You must be joking!' He considered this. 'No,' he stated. 'In fact, I'm quite at liberty to be

serious. Which I am in general, and in particular at the moment.' 'You don't say.' 'Yes, I do. Now get moving, Mr Linton.' I opened my mouth to argue – then, I heard the screech of another mining cart, not far behind us. However much I might have likedto argue - there was no time. Quickly, I grabbed the other end of the see-saw and, immediately, Mr Ambrose began to move up and down at a prodigious rate. The cart - or draisine, rather - shuddered, and

then began to move forward at a leisurely pace. I felt as if we were sitting in an old ladies' carriage, with a tame old horse in front, so the 'Of course it can,' was Mr Ambrose's reply. 'If youmove faster.' And he picked up the pace. It was all I could do to try and follow his movements and not dangle o at the end like a sack of potatoes. I doubt I contributed much to our forward thrust. Nevertheless, sweat 'Don't shove the lever upwards like that,' Mr Ambrose commanded. 'It comes up automatically on your side when I push down. We have to move in turns. First you push down, then I, then you again.'

From then on, we alternated in the movement, and I had to bear half of the burden. As we moved along at an agonizing pace, we could hear the soldiers slowly coming closer behind us. They didn't seem to have nearly as much trouble as we with getting their draisine moving. 44 Well, they probably don't eat as much solid chocolate as you dsaid a nasty little voice in my head. And, oh yes, all that soldiering they do,

that running around and marching with heavy packs on their shoulders all day long, that probably doesn't hurt either... Gritting my teeth, I swore to myself to take more regular walks in the park. Maybe if I had done that, maybe if my behind wasn't so...

venerable grandmother wouldn't get jostled. 'Can't this thing go any faster?' I panted. soon began running down my forehead. generous, I wouldn't feel as if my lungs were bursting now. 'You're not up for this,' Mr Ambrose stated in a calm tone, not interrupting his rapid movement for a second. 'You are already 'There's nothing whatsoever wrong with my figure!' I snapped. 'I said

'You do too little exercise, Mr Linton. Your figure...'

exhausted.' I felt my ears heat. About ten minutes long, slowly back and forth between the bench and the duck pond. But he didn't need to know that. 'Do you want me to talk or to move, Sir?' He narrowed his eyes a little more, but didn't say anything else. He just kept moving, and so did I, hoping fervently that the red colour of my face came from my exertion, and not from his remarks about my personal appearance. What in heaven's name had he been going to Probably that you're fatthe tiny voice in my mind whispered. I told it

'I'm fine!' I'm fine. I do plenty of exercise!' 'Such as?' 'Um... walks in the park?' 'How long? How fast?' say about my figure? to shut up and help me move. Somehow, I would manage! I would get through this alive! And then I would start exercising until I was strong enough to handle a draisine, and to strangle Mr Rikkard Ambrose! I had just reached that resolution when we came to the foot of the It started slowly, so slowly I hardly noticed at first. The cart tilted

slightly, and my arms, which had already been screaming before, were now howling in agony. At first I thought it was just the exhaustion, but the rise became steeper and steeper, until I finally realized: we were going up a hill. 'Bloody... hell! This has to be... the slowest chase in the... history of the world!' 'Shut up and push, Mr Linton!'

On the plus side: the hill turned out to only a small one. On the minus side: a er it came another, and another, and another. God! Wasn't this ever going to stop? My fingers were raw from the rough wood of the handle, and all thoughts of what Mr Ambrose thought of my

figure had le me. I couldn't think of anything, anymore. There was just the next push, the next turn of the wheel. Finally, I collapsed onto the wooden platform. My arms felt like burning splints of tinder, my clothes were drenched in sweat, and my last piece of strength was gone. I couldn't move an inch. 'Get up,' Mr Ambrose's voice commanded from somewhere above me. 'You can't keep the cart moving if you're lying on the floor, Mr

Linton.' 'Geez... you don't... say!' 'Yes, I dosay. Get up!' 'I... I can't.' The voice that came out of my throat didn't sound like my own. It was the croak of some half-starved crow. 'I... can't. I'm sorry.' Unsurprisingly, he wasn't very moved by my apology. 'I order you to get up, Mr Linton!' 'Oh, go stick it where the sun doesn't shine!' There was a pause. Then: 'I knew it.' The ice in his voice sent a chill down my back. 'I knew this

would happen sooner or later. You're nothing but a weak, feminine girl! A man in your place wouldn't-' He broke o . But he didn't need to finish the sentence. I could imagine its ending all too well. Suddenly, energy surged through me. Not strength, no, but something even better: anger! 'A man would what?' I snapped, raising my eyes from the floor to glare at him. He just shook his head. 'Forget it, Mr Linton. It doesn't matter anymore.' Letting go of the seesaw, he stepped back, his expression stoic. He wasn't even looking at

me! He was gazing o into the distance, his mouth set in a resigned line. He was giving up! Giving up because I was a girl 'It bloody well does!' With a gut-wrenching e ort, I scrambled to my feet and grabbed hold of the wooden handle. 'Where's your stomach? Get hold of that handle and start moving! We're not beaten yet! Not by a long shot!' He observed me for a moment through slightly narrowed eyes, as I stood there, legs shaking, hands clasped around the handle. 'But you're too weak to do this. You said so yourself.' 'I? I never said anything of the sort! Let's get going!' Something twitched at the corner of his mouth, I blinked, Had I see right? Could that have been the shadow of a smile? But no! Why

would he smile? What was there to smile about, here and now? 'All right... If you're sure you can handle it...' I had to be mistaken! Rikkard Ambrose never smiled. 'Yes, I'm bloody sure! What are you waiting for?' Another moment of silence passed. Then he gave a curt nod and abruptly took hold of the other end of the see-saw once more.

'Well, if you insist, Mr Linton.' He shoved down so hard it nearly li ed me o my feet. I gathered all my strength and pushed, and let loose, and pushed, and let loose. From then on, I kept up, although the pace he set nearly killed me. I wouldn't give up again for anything, not a er what he had said! Ha! Weak, feminine girl indeed...!

We were already halfway up the hill when it occurred to me that he might have said that on purpose, just to get me o the floor and moving again. But no... He didn't know me that well, did he? Yes, he doesthat little annoying voice whispered in my ear. I told it to shut up and help my aching arms. I pushed and pulled and pushed. But although I gave it my best e ort, we still were only moving as fast as an old lady's carriage drawn by a horse with two lame legs. I estimated our stunning speed at about one mile per hour. Fortunately, the soldiers behind us seemed to have troubles, too. To judge by the voices I heard echoing behind me in the tunnel, there appeared to be more than two of them on the draisine, and the added weight was making it di icult for them to get up the latest hillside. But that didn't make my burning arms feel any better. 'Mr... Ambrose?' I gasped. 'Yes, Mr Linton?' 'Next time... you pick a cart to flee on, Sir... pick one that is steam-

engine driven!' 'Mr Linton?' 'Yes... Sir?' 'Be quiet and move faster!' 'Yes.'

'Yes... Sir!' From behind us came the boom of a shot. I nearly dropped the handle and threw myself to the floor. 'Don't!' Mr Ambrose commanded. 'They can't hit us! The metal container shields us from any gunfire!'

'As long as... they're behind us.' 'What happens... when they realize that they... could probably catch up... by jumping o and... running a er us?' 'Mr Linton?' 'Yes... Sir?' 'One of the advantages of being silent is not giving your enemies any ideas while they might be in hearing distance. Now be quiet!' 'Yes, Sir!' It was about five minutes later, and we were just struggling up another slope, when we heard the sound of heavy footsteps behind us. Mr Ambrose shot me a dark look. He didn't say anything, but he didn't need to. His look said it all: faster! Another shot whistled over my head. And another, and another! The last one came so close that I could feel the air move as it whizzed past. Then came the sound of panting, and I knew they were catching

up. Quickly, I risked a glance over my shoulder. There they were! Halfway up the hill, only a few dozen yards behind us. The red and gold of their uniforms shimmered menacingly in the light of the torches they carried, the steel of their rifles adding another deadly colour to the mix of blood-red and gold. They were three in number, and were dashing forward at a dead run. One of them in particular, a slim-built fellow who looked as if he were used to running from Bristol to Bath and back again every morning before breakfast, seemed intent on sinking his claws into us. He was catching up fast. 'We'll never get away from them,' I panted. 'They'll get us!' 'No, they won't,' was Mr Ambrose's cool reply. 'Not if we make it to the top of the hill in time.' 'How...?'

'Be quiet and move! Faster!' And he started shoving down the handle twice as fast as before. Now, even hisbreathing sounded a little laboured. A single drop of sweat appeared on his chiselled forehead and ran down the side, disappearing into his collar. Ha! So he is human a er all, not some inanimate statue into which the God of Mammon has breathed life by accident! Unfortunately, I wasn't a living statue either. My tortured, aching muscles made my humanity all too clear to me. Gripping the handle more tightly so my slippery hands wouldn't lose their grip on it, I tried to keep up with his insane tempo. Think of Joan of Arcl told myself. She threw an entire invasion of men out of her country! And you are going to be defeated by a

stinking mining cart? What are you? A baby?

growing louder.

'Stop or we'll shoot!'

'Don't stop,' hissed Mr Ambrose.

Silence. Very meaningful silence.

'Well, thanks so much!' I growled.

'I did not say anything, Mr Linton.'

message in them: Faster! Faster!

unrelenting. Up, down, up, down-

'We've done it! Let go, Mr Linton! Let go!'

and plunged downwards.

Lie down? But why?

somebodyfamiliar. Mr Ambrose.

comfortable for some reason.

and truly!

head start.'

But why is he lying on top of you?

'Just keep moving, Mr Lin-'

Well, at the moment I definitely felt like lying down and crying.

It seemed miles away yet, but in the gloom, distances were impossible to gauge. Behind us, the sound of panting breath was

Blinking the sweat out of my eyes, I stared past Mr Ambrose and, in the dim light of the torches that our pursuers carried, could make out a dark black outline rising above us. The top of the hill? I couldn't tell.

'Stop!' The shouted command from behind me came so suddenly, and sounded so near, it nearly made my heart jump out of my chest.

us, so it's not much of a warning, but still, very thoughtful.

'You didn't have to, Sir! You were thinking loud and clear.'

The crack of a shot cut o his words brutally. It was so loud, so

terribly near now that my ears stung from the impact of the sound. Mr Ambrose's eyes burned into mine, and again I could read the same

And I did move faster. Up and down and up and down – the repetitive movement sent shocks of pain up my tired arms and down my back. I kept going, but didn't know how long it would be before I collapsed again. Even my thoughts of Joan of Arc didn't comfort me anymore. Surely, beating an army of men had to be easier than this? There probably was some way to just hoodwink the stupid fools into falling on their own swords. But a mine cart... a mine cart was devious, and

And then, we were suddenly rolling forward easily, and I nearly fell forward as the cart began to gather speed, without any help from me,

I couldn't. My hands were glued to the handle, my eyes half-closed with exhaustion. Another pair of hands gripped mine and slowly

The answer to my question came a second later, when two shots echoed through the tunnel. Something heavy collided with me, throwing me to the floor and landing on top of me. Something – no,

'They're shooting,' he told me in his cool, precise tone. 'They have a

Oh no, I plan on running a marathon! A er all, I feel so rested right

I didn't say anything, though. I couldn't have moved a muscle if I had wanted to, not even my lips. And I didn't want to, really. To lie on the

rough wood, his arms wrapped tightly around me, felt very

Good question. It was almost as if he were shielding me from the gunfire. But that couldn't be. That was something only the heroes in penny dreadfuls did if they happened to be in love with the heroine... 23K

The next shot sounded farther away. The one a er that could hardly be heard. We were gathering speed now – I could feel it from the wind rushing past us, tickling my face. We were really getting away! Really

'Why...' My voice sounded like a crow with a cold. I cleared my throat

'Oh, they will, eventually' Mr Ambrose said in a dry tone. 'But they jumped o their cart halfway up the last hill, in order to run a er us. It will have rolled downhill by now. They'll have to push it up all the way before they can follow us. That will take time. We have a good

There was a last, faint echo of a gunshot, but even I, with my limited knowledge of firearms, knew it didn't have a hope of hitting us

anymore. We were much too far away by now, the darkness gathering

breathing. We were alone. We should get up and try to find a light, try to find out where we were, maybe. We should definitely get out of this embarrassing position, Mr Ambrose lying on top of me, his arms pressing me to the floor. Yes, that was definitely something we should

Why don't you get up yourself, Lilly? You still have two arms and two

I checked, just to make sure. Yes, all the necessary limbs were still attached, and hurting like hell. He might be lying on top of me, but I could have pushed him away, or tried to slide out from under him, or said something to him. Yet I did not. I simply lay there, his body pressing against mine in a way that made me ache to pull him even closer and put my arms around him. I could feel his breath on my

'We should get up,' he said. His voice sounded strange, rough even. It

'Um... excuse me, Sir, but what are youwaiting for? You are the one

On top of me- the second time in a row! But I didn't dare say these words aloud. They made heat rush to my face just thinking them. Was

'Well? I asked. 'What are you waiting for, just wasting time lying here?

'Of course, Sir.' Before I knew what happened, my hand had reached out and touched his face. Bloody traitorous limb! 'You're a very

Then his weight was suddenly li ed o me, and his arms were gone. I

'You're right of course,' I heard his voice from high above. 'We have to get moving. I must have received a blow on the head when falling to the floor and been temporarily stunned. That is the only explanation

I could feel him climb past me, back into the metal container of the

disappointment. But why? Having a man so close had been highly

And yet, now that he was gone I wished him back. Bloody hell!

'Mr Linton! Look what I've found!' His shout roused me from my

'I can't look,' I pointed out, turning towards where his voice had come

'Actually, I was aware of that, Mr Linton.' Suddenly, a light flared up,

'How...?' I demanded, grasping for the edge of the cart for balance. The bright yellow shine forced its way through my fingers and, a er the long time spent in utter blackness, almost made me dizzy.

'There is a wooden case with spare equipment attached to the back of the cart,' I heard the voice of Mr Ambrose from beyond the golden glow. 'A safety lamp, knife, flint, food, water – you can say what you

'Really? Well, then I'd like to point out that he is a pretentious, lying,

'As I was saying, say what you like about Lord Dalgliesh, but he does take all possible safety precautions. And this time, they work to our

Slowly, I lowered my hands from my eyes and let my eyes get used to the brightness. Slowly, I looked around, and for the first time since starting on this mad, muscle-tearing ride, actually paid attention to

The orange glow of the safety lamp fell on rugged stone walls rushing past at a prodigious speed. They rose up about three meters, forming a vaulted ceiling above our heads. Both in front of and behind us, the tunnel disappeared into seemingly endless darkness, not giving away any of its secrets about where it would lead. For the moment, I

couldn't bring myself to care very much, as long as it brought us away from hostile men with guns. What I did care about was the ice-cold wind in my face, making my sweat-drenched clothes feel as if they

'Come.' Suddenly, Mr Ambrose was beside me, nodding towards the rear of the cart. 'Get into the container. It will shield you from the

He was right. The metal was cold to sit on, but it was a relief to have the biting wind out of my face. And there was an old sack in the metal container. The material was rough, but warm, and we huddled

'Where do you suppose the tunnel leads?' I asked, a er a while.

As the last words le his mouth, the scene around us suddenly changed. Where before there had only been the stone walls of the tunnel rushing past, there now gaped a black opening. For just a moment I glimpsed another tunnel, and another set of rails splitting o from the ones we were riding on and heading down the other way.

'And how do you know that thatwasn't the way which leads to the

'I don't.' His voice wasn't timid at all. It was as cool and composed as a cucumber on ice. 'But since this car does not have brakes and is going too fast for us to change direction, it is of little consequence.

'I asked you whether you want some cheese.' He held out a piece of something yellowish towards me. 'Or bread. There are some emergency rations in the container in which I found the lamp.'

Again, I hesitated. We were supposed to be in a desperate rush to escape our enemies. That hardly seemed the right time to be eating cheese. But then, I had worked harder today than ever before in my

He handed me a neatly cut-o piece, and took another for himself. We sat in the semi-darkness and ate in silence. The bread was dark and coarse, but I didn't really mind. It was hearty and gave me new

Only a er a while did I notice that Mr Ambrose was watching me. In the shadowy half-light, the planes of his perfect, stony face stood out more sharply than ever. The look in his dark eyes as he watched me

'Why are you looking at me like that? And don't you dare deny it,

'Indeed?' He cocked his head. 'How do I normally look at you?'

'Like you want to strangle me and ship my body to Antarctica. And don't try to distract me! I want to know why you were staring at me!'

'Well...' His cool voice was hesitant, his eyes calculating. 'You don't seem to mind the bread much. Most ladie- most people like you

My lips twitched. 'Most ladies? Was that what you were going to say?'

I shrugged. 'Most ladies would have turned up their nose at being

Was the scant light playing tricks on me? Yes, that had to be it! How else could it be that I thought one corner of Mr Ambrose's mouth

'I'm used to tough food, Sir. I live with my uncle, and the only thing he

because you are looking at me, and not like you normally look at me.' 487

nibbling on a piece of cheese made my skin tingle.

'Why were you staring at me? Please, Sir?'

would have turned their nose up at brown bread.'

turned up into a quarter-smile, for just a second?

'Sounds like a sensible man, your uncle.'

were smiling. Quickly, I looked away.

'How did you imagine it, Mr Linton?'

don't get to one in time...'

told a fascinating story.

Startled, I looked up.

'How do you know?'

not that far away from the exit anymore.'

'What about it? Looked just like a pebble to me.'

single quarzite anywhere in sight.'

there was to know about stone.

make them move a lot faster.'

you might ima-'

~~**~*

Silence.

day.

line.

soon.'

him my most fiery glare.

Ten minutes. Twenty minutes.

'Do you hear anything?' I asked.

'I didn't hear anything, Mr Linton.'

since we le them behind?'

'It can't be that long already!'

Suddenly, my ears pricked up.

'Do you hear that?' I demanded.

'Mr Linton, I told you, they are not-'

'What do you think it could be?' I asked.

My dear Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen,

exhausting for our poor heroine?

beloved double quotes ;-)

Yours Truly

Sir Rob

'But it is, Mr Linton.'

'I could have sworn I heard voices behind us!'

'As I said, Mr Linton, we have a good head start.'

men catch up with us?'

The cool look he gave me made me shut my mouth.

to it. Those French really had a culinary talent.

ever puts on the table are potatoes, bread and cheese.'

'He's one of the greatest misers in the world. You'd like him.'

Again I saw that trick of the light, that play of the safety lamp's illumination on Mr Ambrose's face that made it almost seem as if he

'I don't know. More exciting. Less... cheesy.' Ponderously, I took another bite. The cheese really tasted quite good, once you got used

'Well, I think I can promise you some excitement soon enough,' Mr Ambrose told me, drily. 'Once we reach the end of the tunnel, we have to manage to get on a ship before they catch up with us. If we

His voice trailed o . But I didn't need him to finish the sentence. I

We lapsed into silence for a while. I was busy with eating, and Mr Ambrose, who only took an occasional bite now and then, seemed to be very busy staring at the tunnel floor, as if the stone whizzing by

'I was right,' he said, suddenly. 'This tunnel leads to the sea. We are

'Do you see this? And this?' He pointed at the floor, and I barely managed to catch a blurry glimpse of a small stone before we rushed

'This "pebble" was quarzite – not the same type of stone as the mountain around us. Such pebbles are only found on beaches. They must have been accidentally carried up by soldiers who passed this way from further down, because up at the mountain there was not a

He sounded as if he had spent his life burrowing through all kinds of di erent rock and knew all of them by name. I wanted to open my mouth to argue, but then I remembered the ease with which he had pushed the mining cart, his familiarity with the functioning of a draisine, and I shut my mouth again. Somehow, I was suddenly certain he knew what he was talking about. If you looked at his chiselled granite face, you simply had to believe that he knew all

'But will we get to the exit fast enough?' I asked. 'Before Dalgliesh's

'But don't you think they'll catch up with us quickly once they've pushed their cart to the top and roll downhill, a er us?' I asked. 'A er all, they're three, and we're only two. Their added weight should

'Yes, they are three, and we are only two, that is true,' agreed Mr Ambrose. 'But still, the dierence in weight might not be as great as

He eyed me, and then suddenly lapsed into silence. A very lengthy silence, and, for him, a very healthy one. Had he continued his sentence, I would not have been responsible for my actions. I gave

'There willbe a di erence in weight,' I hu ed, and pushed him away, sliding out from under the sack. 'A very greatdi erence in weight.

I glared morosely at the tunnel walls, doing my best to avoid looking

'They should have caught up with us long ago. How long has it been

'Exactly twenty-five minutes and thirty-seven seconds, Mr Linton.'

'Not from behind! From there!' Anxiously, I clambered to my feet and pointed into the darkness ahead of us – only that it was not complete darkness anymore. There was a tiny point of light moving towards us, getting bigger as it approached. But not white light. Not the light of

Suddenly, Mr Ambrose appeared beside me. His eyes were as dark as the bottom of the ocean, his mouth pressed into a grim line. Well, it was alwayspressed into a grim line, but now it was a very, verygrim

The moment the words were out of my mouth, I suddenly heard the noise I had been both dreading and hoping for: the faint squeak of a

'Prepare yourself,' Mr Ambrose commanded, reaching into his jacket and drawing out something hard and shiny. I only caught a glimpse of the metal barrel of a gun before it disappeared again, hidden behind his le hand, where it was easily accessible. 'We will have company,

What did you think of Lilly and Mr Ambrose's version of a mine cart race? ;-) Better than the one in Indiana Jones, or was it too

Incidentally, you might have noticed that the direct speech of the characters in this installment was surrounded by single quotation

Continue reading next part \Box

that this chapter has already been professionally edited for publication, and the single quotation marks are how you do it in proper British English, which I settled on to amplify the 19thcentury English atmosphere. I apologize from the depths of my heart to all my American readers who might be missing their

mine cart's wheels! But it wasn't coming from behind. It was approaching from ahead of us, from where the light was.

Silence. Calm silence from him, grumpy silence from me.

Just you wait and see, they will catch up with us fast!'

'You know,' I said, 'this is not at all how I imagined a mine cart chase.' 34

life, and a chocolate croissant wasn't much to go on.

my theory that the tunnel leads to the coast.'

It was gone as quickly as it had come.

coast?' I asked, my voice unusually timid.

I hesitated for a moment.

Cheese?'

'Excuse me, Sir?'

'Some bread, please, Sir.'

'What is it?' I asked.

Silence.

Silence.

shot at, too.'

'I imagine so, Mr Linton.'

'What is what, Mr Linton?'

'Here.'

'As I said before, I smelled sea-air from down there. I still catch a whi of it now and again. Also, the tunnel is going down, and we started at the centre on the island, inside a mountain. This all would support

making me raise my hand instinctively to shield my eyes.

cart, and had to fight hard to suppress a sense of stinging

for such unforgivable inactivity. Now... let's see...'

improper, and against my every principal and yet...

dangerously unfeminist thoughts.

like about Lord Dalgliesh...'

bloodthirsty ball of slime!'

'Oh. Sorry, Sir.'

advantage.'

my surroundings.

would freeze any second.

My teeth began to chatter.

All right, maybe I cared a little bit.

together, pulling it around us.

'That was not meant as a prompt, Mr Linton.'

from. 'It's dark.'

it just coincidence that we always seemed to end up like this?

Knowledge is power is time is money, isn't it?'

He was silent for a moment.

'You remembered, Mr Linton.'

Another moment of silence.

A really, really long one.

gasped with surprise.

memorable man.'

A long one.

cheek. He was so close. Almost close enough to ki-

'Well?' he said. 'What are you waiting for, Mr Linton?'

still was his usual cool tone, and yet, it wasn't.

around us. The distant red flicker of torches subsided into grey gloom, and then the grey turned to black, and the last noises of our pursuers faded. All noise faded, except for the song of wheels on the

rails, the whistling of the wind in my hair, and Mr Ambrose's

But then, why didn't he get up?

legs, don't you?

'Yes,' I agreed.

lying on top.'

Neither of us moved.

and tried again. 'Why aren't they following us?'

pried them loose. 'Let go! We have to lie down! Now!'

better angle now, from above. Stay absolutely still.'

'Of course not! What do you take me for? An idiot?'

How very kind of you to warn us... Of course, you have already shot at