

Railroad Hotel

A Digital Cut-up Short story by,

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Part I

ACROSS shrieking hysteria, and **on** chance, the readers' fear of reality will praise **those** **southern** sounds of Bones. **Wheels** roll south. Four people are **dead.**

His **Victims**, us, and one novelist stood by the **hills** and expressed **the state** of their mind. The Mississippi was unburdened **by** the load of the **weapon** that expressed trouble **and** **slowly killed** what was left of the day.

None **of this** was reported. The **tracks** are still taped off. **Today** is Sunday. He walked away and headed for **boomtown.**

The **exploration** that is **him** robbed a gas **Station**. He **murdered** for a car. He waved at the railroad workers. They **smiled** at him and **pointed**, while his feet **were** melting **to** the streets.

The crowded country pork pointed **that** way.
He followed the humming of the delta into where his
shoes pressed upon the **metal** petroleum foot-brace.

Into a town on Sunday he **walked.** "One room" he
said. "**I'll** be here for two **weeks.** Business. No
phone calls. No cow bells. No dry mouths. **Nothing**
else matters" he said.

He was at the famous **railroad Hotel.**