

# 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 boontown.

The EXPLORATION that is HE 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 **cowbells**. No dry mouths. **Nothing else matters**" he said.

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