

Victor Fteha

Literature

Mrs. Harari

12/8/15

Railroad Diary Entry – CORRECTED

It hit me one day, after a long feud with my father — I would ride the rails. I'd been hearing about the trend since '29, but it never struck me as a realistic resort. Until my older cousin left in late April, that is. So as luck would have it, the next morning I was out by dawn, heading 95 miles per hour northeast toward New York City, where they say freedom is prevalent. I don't even know the rules, but yet I'm tryin to play the game. Two weeks later and I'm begging on the streets, no job and heroine flowing through my veins. It seems like the world is against me, yet I find reason to go on. I hoped to maybe send home a check, but instead I'm on the verge of tears, broke and looking for something to eat and wishing I had never left my dear parents. The other fellows, they don't mind — they're lost in their dreams, waiting for a miracle, lying to themselves that the end is near. I hit the club and I rhyme to escape my misery; but I know inside it's not helping. In good faith, I would love to send home a letter to my lovely mama; it's just too bad I can't afford a damn stamp. I see the penitentiary; I'm running from the police — that's right. It's gonna take the man in me to conquer this insanity. I was given this world; I didn't make it. I hang around with the Thugs, and even though they sold drugs, they show a young brother love. I'm tryin to make a dollar out of fifteen cents; it's hard to be legit and still pay the rent. That's it! I'm done with all this — catching a train back to Missouri next week, and the hell with them bulls. So farewell to them broke days, and bonjour to the most paid!