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In Heritage Station, Huntington, WV

Trish Klei Denison University

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In Heritage Station, Huntington, WV

The boxcar child pokes her braided head between the metal rails. One hand clutches a used doll, caked with wear and love's grime. She poses gap-toothed for a Polaroid, cameo-like behind the bars. She scampers along cobblestones on dirty bare feet.

We stroll past, through the replica village and enter the restaurant. A blond in a too-tight skirt seats us. Some honey-toned French major spouts specials with a southern twang. We order seafood fresh from the heart of the Midwest. A redneck stumbles in, shouting "God is dead!"

A sigh, a clattering spoon, and unimpressed patrons resume their dining.

-Trish Klei