Diagram with a Line from Deleuze & Guattari

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Not one of the inhabitants of the town heard the train the girl named Hope touched in the night. They had grown used to the fury of its passage, had long since ceased to shift in sleep as it rattled window glass and, even at four in the morning, when only tumbleweed and tarantula risked the crossings, warned them with its whistle to stay clear. During the day the trains passed frequently, some of them double-stacked with shipping containers, their wild urban graffiti vibrant and somewhat shocking against the tawny hue of desert. The train Hope touched, if viewed from above, was longer than the town itself.

Hope had been drinking at Trudy’s with a group of kids who worked the summer resorts—dude ranches and health spas—in the mountains northwest of town. They had been dancing to the golden oldies of a local outfit that called themselves Captain Hook and his Left Hand Band. They’d stayed on the dance floor until Captain Hook (Kyle Klunich, branch manager by day at Far West Pipefitters) closed out their set with a ragged if energetic version of Spirit’s “I Got A Line On You.” Trudy flicked the lights as soon as the applause died down and the crowd spilled into the parking lot, but Hope strolled over to a picnic bench beside the