

HITRECORD WRITING SELECTIONS

Francis D. Piccolella / Frank Questionmark

Nine short works from the Museachilles account, presented in their original wording. The selection moves across speculative fiction, humor, poetry, and candid personal writing.

FICTION

Seventh Circle; Raccooning; Cosmoses Jones; If Walls Could Talk

POETRY & REFLECTION

Waiting for a shooting star; Fleeting Warmth

PERSONAL WRITING

There was a change?; Straight to The Moon; To live

Source: hitrecord.org/users/Museachilles/records | Records dated April-December 2020

Seventh Circle

HITRECORD / May 10, 2020 / by Museachilles (Francis D. Piccolella)

A job interview turns into a compact supernatural scene.

Awaiting the phone to ring, I shudder in fear. My heart palpitates as every second ticks by. My nerves won't stop. Ever inching nearer to anger.

Ringtone Goes off. I immediately pounce. I didn't know I was so cat like.

They tell me the only way I can get in for an interview is in an hour. Bombs explode. My eyes bust out of my head. I got me an interview.

I hope this job works out. I heard about it through a sketchy source, friend of a friend of a friend. The job is at the Seventh Circle. Hmm....never heard of it before. The job specifications were, filet knife skills, withstanding high heats, the art of torture, and sacrifice. It had to have been a typo. I just needed a job. Any old one would do, but I choose the Circle.

I arrive just in the nick of time. This building is all dilapidated and spooky. I'm having second thoughts about this. I decide to headlong into this, and the building. Chills run up my spine as I pass through the doors.

From the outside it looks possessed. The inside is another world unto itself. The inside is bright and modern. I don't see any of those broken windows. Everything is stunning and in place. Crimson and black as far as the eye can see.

The front desk, urged me to walk into the boss's office. The front desk I could've sworn were zombies. They were degrading and smelled rotten. Though they were quite helpful.

I finally make my way toward the office. Instead of the sound of air breezing through air vents, it sounded like snakes. A slight, oft-colored sound.

My nervousness is pulsating my body and soul. I go to grab the handle and it's burning red hot. I decide to lightly nudge the door ajar. The door creaks louder than I've ever heard anything before. The chair is facing forward, so the boss would have to swivel around. The chair twirls around. Who do I meet? It's a damn goat. Either this is a prank, dream, or I could possibly be in hell?

The End?

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COMIC PERSONAL ESSAY

Raccooning

HITRECORD / May 11, 2020 / by Museachilles (Francis D. Piccolella)

A sleepwalking confession with a vivid comic image.

I experience sleep walking every night. Though, my sleep walking includes the mad munchies. Is it possible to crave all junk foods and sweets while slumbering?

I woke up on the front porch dazed. My punk rock suit jacket is covered in jelly donuts. A slew of wrappers and bits of pieces cover the floor.

I've torn open cupboards and eaten seasonings and odd condiments. My wife had caught me. She says I resemble a raccoon when she catches me.

Perhaps the raccoon is my spirit animal. All I know is if I don't stop, my wife will smother me with a pillow.

Hahahahaha...joking not joking

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SCIENCE FICTION

Cosmoses Jones

HITRECORD / May 11, 2020 / by Museachilles (Francis D. Piccolella)

A stranded voice finds a strange angle on solitude.

Stranded, out in the cosmos. I have everything almost everything I need. Im broke down, no communication, and no sign of life. I can't do anything until the next shuttle gets here. I have enough food and water. Things are looking so so. I mean I have almost everything I need. Except one key factor. No lighter. How else am I supposed to light this joint? I wanted to be the first man to burn ganja on a new planet.

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REFLECTIVE PROSE

Waiting for a shooting star

HITRECORD / May 02, 2020 / by Museachilles (Francis D. Piccolella)

A quiet cosmic meditation grounded in a physical moment.

Waiting for a shooting star...

Drifting off into space, the cosmos come alive more than usual. The moon glows with more of an orange tinge tonight.

Butt on the ground. Knees in the air. I sit up and wonder. Where is my place in all of this? I gaze upon the sky.

The ethereal makings of the universe swirls around me, enchanting me. I'm taken on an enlightening journey. One with hope and prosperity.

I feel as if I was gone for ages. The vastness of everything brings me back to reality. The moon is still orange. The sky is still infinite. I'm still here clenching and gripping my legs in sheer wonder.

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MICROFICTION

If Walls Could Talk

HITRECORD / May 07, 2020 / by Museachilles (Francis D. Piccolella)

An eerie premise delivered in two sentences.

Within these walls, the bones of the dead rest. Renovation begins in the morning.

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PERSONAL ESSAY

There was a change?

HITRECORD / May 11, 2020 / by Museachilles (Francis D. Piccolella)

A candid account of work and isolation during the pandemic.

Greetings all. Finally seeing the light at the end of this virus tunnel. My life has changed since the pandemic. Up is down. Black is white. Kardashians still Kardashians.

My life changed during all of this isolation, I was fired from a job I have been at for 10 years. 10 + years. I know everyone there. The change happened when I heard a friend and her child were possibly exposed. So I was worried because we all hangout. Now my job heard me say my girls have it. Never did I say that. They heard what they wanted. It was even in text message

So I take a 2 week isolation time for myself and my girls. As soon as I get back they fire me. Said I incited panic. No one else that took 2 weeks off got fired.

If you're gonna hire a schizophrenic, bipolar, Filipino/Sicilian, be prepared. I made it 10 years and you broke me. And apparently everyone got a \$10 raise and fully staffed so no room for me.

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PERSONAL VIGNETTE

Straight to The Moon

HITRECORD / May 11, 2020 / by Museachilles (Francis D. Piccolella)

A brief memory that turns a school encounter into a character beat.

I had learning disabilities growing up. I was quiet but seemed to be liked. Or at least tolerated. Middle school I had a bully for one day. He didn't like something I laughed at. He asks " you think that's funny?". I replied, " I'm laughing aren't I? He punches me in the face. I look at him and laugh maniacally. He never bothered me again.

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POETRY

Fleeting Warmth

HITRECORD / May 14, 2020 / by Museachilles (Francis D. Piccolella)

A short piece built around warmth, absence, and direct address.

You cast a shadow behind me with your fleeting warmth and glow.

I know you're here with me, healing of the day we sow.

Fate is sealing. Closed off till the sunrise.

You're leaving this warm world, to grow dark and cold.

Ever inching toward perpetual darkness.

You are but a fleeting warmth

Frank?

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PERSONAL REFLECTION

To live

HITRECORD / May 07, 2020 / by Museachilles (Francis D. Piccolella)

A direct statement about creativity and finding a way back to it.

I am diagnosed bipolar and schizophrenic. The things I once loved, I put on the backseat. I've been hospitalized and isolated the last few years. HITRECORD has given me back my creativity, my smile, a reason to keep going. I wish I was on this sooner.

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