

The Pecker Checker

By

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It was stupid of me to start this job as a pecker checker. I thought it was my ticket to fame, because I could journal about my career looking at dick pic after pic. Each day I look at dicks, sorting through them and sifting them and organizing them... filtering out the child dicks or the questionable dicks. I am the dick arbiter, coldly and rationally applying my dick training skills to the task. At first my writing made this sound fun: my inner monologue sounded like the main character of Fight Club in my head, but as time wore on I realized how much I had debased and degraded myself with my career, which didn't even pay enough to escape. I was trapped. Each day I'd have an online phone meeting with my boss and I'd curl up under my desk so no one in the call could hear my secret fits of crying. Not only that, but the demands were enormous. Because of the machine-driven fully-automated manner of the dick pic delivery system, a constant stream of dicks were displayed on my monitor always. I was not only miserable, but I was constantly miserable. There was no down time. No relief. Nothing. Day in, day out, there was nothing but dicks. I'm gay, or at least I was, back before I had been totally blown out on the penis. I don't care for penises anymore. I don't care for anything. When I look down at my dick to masturbate, the latent images from all my dick-viewing hang in my mind, turning my once triumphant erection into a soft mass of flesh. I can't get hard anymore. I can't pull myself up the socioeconomic ladder, either. No one wants to hire the guy that was happy to write a novel about being a pecker checker for 3 years. Nobody. I'm trapped. I'm impotent. I'm all alone, and this is my story.

You see, I wanted to write the next big novel, something that would end up becoming a Hollywood film. I had always wanted to see a Hollywood film about something mundane like pecker picking and so I deliberately sought out that miserable job so I could experience that terrible experience for myself. You see, if I didn't actually become a dick-approver then my script would never be worth it, I thought. So I did my homework, and I found the AFDA (Agency for Dick Approval). Gleefully I applied, thinking to myself that I would not be hired, yet surprisingly I was almost immediately. And of course I journaled about this constantly all the time, I now see. But I will not quote myself word for word here. Suffice to say I was incredibly enthusiastic: constructing the anatomy of my dick picking story of my life as an AFDA dick approver. I could and would make Hollywood films one day, I thought... but I was wrong.

People blocked me. Depression forums blocked me. Reddit shadowbanned me. Google demonetized me. My 4Chan complaints were met with ridicule and scorn. I had sabotaged my online presence without even trying. My book was rejected when it was 100 pages long... it was rejected a year later when it was 400 pages long... it was rejected again when it was 1 volume long. Now there are 6 volumes of evidence of my failure. I'd make with friends with people in real life, only to shy away from revealing what it was I was doing with my time and what I did for a living. "Oh, I scroll through innumerable pictures of dicks to filter out the inappropriate ones." I imagined myself say. But I was not so tactless to say this aloud. Instead I would tell people I was an "auditor." My deception fooled no one, they could tell that I was a pecker picker immediately. "She has the eyes of a pecker picker." I could tell they could tell, even though they never said it. I went to see a psychologist to tell him about my problem after scraping together \$80 and the surprised bemused expression and smirk when I said "I can't escape my job as a penis checker." said it all. I paid the modern sophist his fee and never returned. As I browsed the dark web for fentanyl (to kill myself), something clicked: "There has to be a pecker checker community." and when I looked it up, I was horrified by what I found.

Everyone was journaling about their lives. In reality the forum I was browsing was infinitely more depressing than anything I could write! People didn't need my stupid book, or my movie. They needed to actually experience this horrible community, I realized while scrolling through page after page. "The AFDA has to be aware of this site. There's no way they aren't monitoring us, checking on us periodically to assess our mental health." I noted one user wrote. At first I was merely a lurker, rudely shocked by the pecker picker support group that was 11,821 members strong. I'd go outside after work for a walk, looking up at the heavens mankind wanted to explore, but instead of feeling wonder and awe I was deeply disturbed and depressed by this idea: that massive online community could, potentially, grow exponentially greater in the future. "Fuck this is bad." I

told myself. Instead of escaping my job, I ended up embedded in my job, and my job's support group created for people with my job, as silly as that sounds. My compassion got the better of me. You see, because I was good at talking myself out of suicide for choosing this God awful career (of pecker picking!), I had the speech ammunition necessary to prevent countless suicides, I thought. And, for a while, I did that, and I'd document that this is what I was doing.

After saving what I thought was my third would-be suicide, I started to feel like a hero: a saint of the penis arbitration community. There, I was understood. Here, I was welcome, and even loved. My comments were upvoted and it filled me with joy to sense that I was doing good deeds. In time it no longer mattered where I was or what I was doing. *I was supporting a community and the community was supporting me.* Fundamentally it didn't matter what we did, even if we were bemoaning the fact that we were human dick filtering machines bound to be replaced by an algorithm someday. "When that day comes... will I be employed again, or will I commit suicide?" I wondered. One user in particular caught my eye. Like me, they had this same terrible job and were unable to escape the cheap pay and the hours, but they would say things that raised eyebrows: "I have a way to use cryptography to replace all governments." I was intrigued to say the least, especially since now my depression had reached an all time low.