

Fictionaut Is Audited

by Steve Finan

From time to time, the Internet Decency League conduct audits of user-contribution websites — such as Fictionaut — to ensure high standards of common human decency are adhered to.

The usual scenario is that an auditor gathers a few contributors in an online discussion.

Unfortunately, when Fictionaut was audited, something went wrong. A button was pressed that shouldn't have been pressed . . . or a line of html script became corrupt . . . or an IT bod did something malicious.

In any case, a mistake was made.

Instead of a group of Fictionaut contributors giving sober answers to the League's questions, somehow random phrases and sentences from the stories, comments and profile pages were generated as “replies”.

Here is the (regrettable) result.

Internet Decency League Auditor: “Good morning Fictionauters, my name is Elizabeth, I will be your auditor today. Please speak freely and answer honestly. Do you all understand?”

Gloria Garfunkel: “I am protected by the Americans with Disabilities Act.”

IDLA: “Err, I'm not sure that's relevant, but thank you for telling me.”

Carol Reid: “I think you might be daft.”

IDLA: “I beg your pardon!”

Con Chapman: “You can't make a fart noise.”

IDLA: “Look, I'm not sure what you all mean, but might we get started here? One of the things we do in these audits is set forth a subject and ask for your first thought. It helps gauge your moral temperature. Because we are nearing the festive season, if I said, ‘The Christian Nativity scene’ . . . what would be your first thought?”

Meg Pokrass: “Wet tits gleaming under the full moon.”

Available online at «<http://fictionaut.com/stories/steve-finan/fictionaut-is-audited>»

Copyright © 2012 Steve Finan. All rights reserved.

James Claffey: "Everything was covered in a bright green liquid."

Marcus Speh: "They were squinting, trying to get used to the new lighting conditions."

Gary Hardaway: "Buzz in the blogosphere suggested the tour was an audition for a syndicated television gig."

IDLA: "These answers are very strange. Do none of you have anything sensible to say?"

Gloria Garfunkel: "I slipped on my ass."

IDLA: "Look, I mean about the Nativity. What thought does the Virgin Mary inspire in you?"

James Claffey: "Eight-foot tall, gold-skinned, and earrings made from playing card guitar picks."

Penny Goring: "a Polish man named Mazeppa who was tied nude to the back of a wild horse"

Misti Rainwater-Lites: "She was allowed to eat chocolates in bed."

Gloria Garfunkel: "Wavy shining black hair, long legs, and large breasts, rising majestically above the short adults around her."

Mark Fewtrell: "I'm sweating, she's hot from dancing."

Bud Smith: "Anybody got some tissues?"

IDLA: "These answers are ridiculous! What sort of person do you take me for?"

James Claffey: "A drunken girl in a nun's habit."

Insanely Confident Houtman: "Well, let's just say, someone I don't particularly care for."

IDLA: "How dare you . . ."

Carol Reid: "Well, do they take any notice of you at home?"

Gary V. Powell: "It's the artistic, loving women I find hard to resist."

Insanely Confident Houtman: "I was tryin' to be tactful."

IDLA: "Look, I don't think you understand what I am trying to do here. Let's try again. If I said, 'The Three Wise Men', what would be the first thing that popped into your head?"

Beate Sigriddaughter: "They smelled like rancid butter."

Michael Kelso: "Something about 'doggie style'."

IDLA: "You'd think about dogs???"

Tim Young: "Unless the first thought was to grab the bottle of aspirin and a huge glass of water"

David Ackley: "When I had pulled off the dogs, we stared at each other curiously."

Nonnie Augustine: "Where's the cat? Where's the dog?"

IDLA: "This is monstrous! I am appalled. I must ask, what do you think of Jesus?"

Gary V. Powell: "A damaged person, but his insight into his lover is dead on, maybe."

Meg Pokrass: "Maybe he had ADD."

Socially-Awkward Houtman: "I want to screw with him and so I give him one of my slutty looks, y'know."

John Riley: "The second one was better than the first."

IDLA: "This is preposterous. I warn you, I will be sending a full report to the League. What do you awful people think of THAT!?"

Misti Rainwater-Lites: "Fickle sadists at best."

Nonnie Augustine: "Thank you for the bounce, lovies."

IDLA: "Disgraceful. Do you realise what the League spends its time doing?"

Mark Matthews: "Having sex with the doctor."

James Claffey: "It must have been bad because my mother slumped to the floor and cried."

IDLA: "You don't seem to respect me at all."

Lillian Ann Slugocki: "I am left only with the memory of the vulnerability of your naked body."

Penny Goring: "It's as if she's possessed by an idiot."

Socially-Awkward Houtman: "Bring us any kind of wine and bugger off."

IDLA: "Look, let's all calm down. Just. Calm. Down. OK. I will give you one last chance. Everyone pay attention please. The question I put to you is . . . What do you think of when I mention The Bible?"

IDLA: "Nothing? Does no-one have anything intelligent to say?"

Bud Smith: “Really dug the bit at the end with the nuts.”

