

## The Existential Adventures of Crazy Man and the Dog, Sidestepper



### Episode 6: Crazy Man Meets the Dog, Sidestepper, Are Accused of Being Politically Incorrect

“Go no further!” said a large round object in the sky.

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, were pretty much sick and tired of this *don't do that, don't do this* thing. They just wanted to tear somebody's head off and drink the blood gushing out of their necks.

Well...

Not really. In a world where Rock n Roll seems to have left sometime in the night, Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, were very much opposed to tearing heads off and drinking blood.

They could have done with a little bit of sanity though. Just a wee bit. A dead pigeon? In the woods? On a path in the woods? How do you even begin to rationalize that? How...

“Crazy Man,” said the dog, Sidestepper, “do you ever get the feeling that there's some kind of weird narrative following us everywhere we go?”

Crazy Man thought about this for one minute and thirty seconds. His head contorted in a rainbow of directions until his eyes spun in their sockets and he said, “Nope.”

And that was the end of that.

“So we're on our own,” said the dog, Sidestepper.

Crazy Man nodded and said, “Looks that way. Even in the best of times, no one's really in control.”

Notice how they're completely ignoring the large round object in the sky. And this really pisses off that object.

“GO NO FURTHER!”

“It’s that thing up in the sky, isn’t it?” said Crazy Man.

“The moon of all things,” said the dog, Sidestepper, “and I really hope that the moon isn’t my mother.”

“I’m not your mother,” said the moon. “I’m nobody’s mother and you bastards will go no further on this path.”

“Um,” said Crazy Man, “shouldn’t that be *farther*?”

The moon looked at Crazy Man as though he was some kind of cosmic interference and said, “Are you my stupid editor? I don’t recall you being my stupid editor. I don’t care if you go further and I don’t care if you go farther. Take one more step either way and...” The moon kind of twitted its meteor pulverized body to the left in a way suggestive of *I-don’t-give-a-shit-but-if-you-take-another-step-forward-I-will-be-offended*.

*Or-something-like-that.*

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, were demolished by this accusation of their political incorrectness and began immediately to jump up and down with tears and woe flying out of their spinning eyes and ears. This went on for a while. A long while. Think: egg...water...boil. Got it? Good. That long.

Finally the moon said, “OK. OK. Jeez...you two are weird.”

“Some people would call a talking moon weird,” said Crazy Man as his spinning head spun slowly down so that he could say words instead of spitting them.

“I have a feeling you don’t own any mirrors,” said the moon.

Crazy Man thought about this for ten seconds, “I *might* own a mirror; in fact, I might own a kitchen. And a garage. And a car. And a pizza pan.”

“Wow,” said the moon. “I guess I know who to see if I ever need a pizza pan.”

Crazy Man suddenly had a feeling that the moon was making fun of him. He was just about to spin out a few tears when the dog, Sidestepper, said, “At least he’s not made out of green cheese.”

The moon began to shake and shift and blow dust particulates out of its meteor craters. All on its own, it did a full eclipse, half eclipse and bloody red moon big enough to give new meanings to the color red. It pulsated like a giant red heart on meth. Lips grew out of the pitted dead surface and words spat out into the void of its mouth, crashed into a dozen communications satellites throwing them off course and into the gibberish of technical malfunctions.

“Green cheese? Green cheese? That, you bastards, is celestial appropriation. Do you think I’m just a toy in your perverse lexicon? GREEN CHEESE? GREEN CHEESE? I’ll green cheese you little twerps. That’s MY shame! My stereotyping. My mislabeling by some imbecile...but mine. When you think those words, when you say those words...you demean and appropriate for your own gain...my celestial heritage. You bastards.”

“Sorry,” said Crazy Man.

“Sorry,” said the dog, Sidestepper.

Well didn’t that just send a monkey wrench flying into the face of the moon. The moon didn’t know what to say, didn’t know what to do. The moon was used to seeing fear of social stigmatizing and negative personal branding in the eyes of those it intimidated along the path of adventure and new meanings. Something was seriously amiss here. There was no fear in these

eyes, no regrets...just genuine sincerity. It was too much for the moon to bear. It cried like a great big green cheese baby. It was disgusting...all those meteor craters, all that green cheese.

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, looked away, their faces green like green cheese, and they puked. They puked for quite a while and, fortunately, Crazy Man's head didn't spin when he puked...only when he was crying like a little baby and other stuff. After they felt they'd puked for the appropriate number of heaves and minutes, they stopped, cleaned up and Crazy Man said to the moon, "You wouldn't happen to know where we could find some food, would you? Maybe some eggs, some water, something to boil the water?"

The moon stopped pulsating craters and green cheese and crying like a big green cheese baby and said, "What the hell do you think I am...your tour guide?"

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, were stunned to the point of gawking...full-jawed, wide-eyed gawking. Crazy Man searched in his mind for a politically correct response and, finding none, said, "You suck." It wasn't a loud admonishment, it wasn't a whisper, it was an insult stripped down of any ill intent, any racial or political tentacles creeping into its meaning, any religiously inept behaviour in any religious establishment anywhere in the universe depending on the belief structure of that belief in its current environment...god(s) and stuff bless you. It was a summation of his and the dog, Sidestepper's, honest, experience-based reaction to a stupid green cheese moon's inappropriate assertions. However, Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, and the moon conveniently forgot about all those...differences. Which meant that Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, would have to go hungry for a while longer while they entertained the socially fascistic politically correct moon. By now though, they'd seen worse.

The moon thought of itself as a poet and a romantic. "Oh, the poets I've inspired," said the moon. "Have you ever heard of Endymion? Written by a poet named Keats. He thought I was a woman, a goddess. He wrote about it. He WROTE about it." The moon spun an extra spin of sorrow so fleeting that every radar and moon detection device on the planet missed it.

"But that's OK," said the moon. "I'm going to borrow my Aunt Sylvia's red dress more often and you're going to see a lot more red moons."

"So," said the dog, Sidestepper. "You're not going to help us find food?"

The moon assumed a crocodile look of sympathy and said, "I'm not your mother."

Suddenly, a herd of stray clouds surrounded the moon in such a way as to suggest an assassination by other celestial concerns and almost drowned out the moon's last words: "Yes, you're bastards, but good bastards, but bastards...I'm not your mother."

And then the moon just sort of winked out in a shroud of cloud. The sky was suddenly dark and overcast. The air was thick with meaning. The path radiated continuance. Cosmic static crinkled in the trees and bushes lining the path of adventure and new meanings.

"Bastard didn't help us get food," said the dog, Sidestepper.

"We don't need the moon," said Crazy Man.

"We don't?" said the dog, Sidestepper.

"We have the path," said Crazy Man and they both looked ahead at a void of blackness now that the moon's light had been strangled by a herd of stray clouds. They could see nothing, not even the path. Crazy Man's eyes wiggled in their sockets as he rummaged through his brain for something hopeful to say about the complete unknowingness of the path. His brain failed him, still not being used to this outside thing. "It sure is dark and unknowing out there," he said.

“Maybe we should just stay here for the night,” said the dog, Sidestepper. “We can go back to starving tomorrow.”

The thought of putting off their starving till the next day appealed to Crazy Man and his head bobbed up and down a few times to express his joy.

So Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, stood exactly where they were and slept until the sun hurried over the horizons of the path of adventure and new meanings which didn't mean the path was any less challenging but now the two travellers, awake and refreshed from sleeping but still hungry, could see where they were going. It was a long path. It stretched beyond sight and beyond as far as Crazy Man could throw a stone. He knew this because he measured it by throwing a stone as far as he could into the path and through much painful thinking and a little discourse with the dog, Sidestepper, Crazy Man deduced that the path stretched beyond seventeen feet and three inches and it was time to move forward into all that distance and find something to eat. “Do you think we'll ever find something to eat?”

“No,” said the dog, Sidestepper. “I think we're going to starve to death on adventure and new meanings. I'm beginning to think they're not very nourishing.”

Crazy Man hoped that the dog, Sidestepper, was wrong at just about the same time that he noticed something ahead...and they hadn't even walked seventeen feet and three inches yet.

To be continued...

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