

The Existential Adventures of Crazy Man and the Dog, Sidestepper



Episode 22: Crazy Man and the Dog, Sidestepper, meet the tears of the planet

It didn't take long for Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, to realize that their brains would have been reduced to bowls of misspelled alphabet soup if they'd seen the big blue/green without a slow sloping journey through the giggling forest. It was big. It was blue/green. It was...

"Blue," said the dog, Sidestepper as he wagged his bug of a doggie tail in typically un-canine way.

"Nope," said Crazy Man, "it's green."

Whereupon man and dog jumped up and down on the spot until one of them would give up. Hours or days later, the dog, Sidestepper, collapsed...his long stilt-like legs so long and stilt-like that they collapsed not long after both of them had forgotten why they were jumping up and down.

The air smelled of salt and dead fish. Crazy Man wished that he had a dead fish. He would have eaten it and maybe share it with the dog, Sidestepper, but he wasn't sure if dogs ate fish. He was just about to ask when...

"I used to be green," said a voice that seemed to originate everywhere at once...the waves crashing on the shore, the sand, the rocks, the sun-dried seaweed, the salty air, the moment span-

ning millennia back to ancient times when water ruled the land and covered it. “And I used to be blue.”

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, stopped on a strip of sand where the blanched remains of uprooted trees posed in twisted contortions of branches appeared to be in an eternal state of screaming.

“I used to be water and life,” said the voice. “I was the originator of life. I swarmed with life. I fed the clouds with water to take life to the land. I was the deep sea graveyard of endless attempts to defeat and control me.”

The dog, Sidestepper, perked up at the mention of life and said, “Are you my mother?”

“No!” said the voice. “I am the mother of all things...but not you. And you’re a bastard.”

The dog, Sidestepper, refused to take offense, being completely confused by this “but not you” thing.

“Could you float some food to us?” said Crazy Man.

“I could,” said the voice, “but you two are the worst fishermen in the world, so I’m not going to waste the effort. Food will be yours in its time.”

Crazy Man had no idea what the voice was talking about, so he changed the subject. “We know a mushroom who said we’re good people.”

The voice went quiet.

For several minutes.

Or maybe a few hours.

“So?” said the voice.

“Just thought I’d mention it,” said Crazy Man.

“I think we should stick to relevant topics,” said the voice.

“Who or what are you?” said the dog, Sidestepper.

“I am the big blue/green,” said the big blue/green. “I am the wave that parted to reveal the land and populate the land with life.”

Crazy Man was so impressed that his eyes popped out of their sockets and spun three times like bolos before spooling back in with a loud *whomp*.

“Maybe you’d like to come and swim in me,” said the big blue/green.

Crazy Man wasn’t too keen about getting his conquistador outfit wet in a deep sea graveyard swarming with life. “Well,” he said, “we really appreciate the offer, but we’re following the path of adventure and new meanings and we should maybe get back to that.”

The dog, Sidestepper, nodded agreement.

“Oh come on,” said the big blue/green. “I’ll take you out to sea for adventures that most never thought possible. You’ll see sharks.” The big blue/green’s laugh sounded like a snarkle. “Lots of sharks! Sharks everywhere! You might even be eaten by sharks! Have you ever been eaten by sharks before?”

Very slowly, Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, began to back up toward the friendly forest they’d just made their way through down to the big blue/green, but the friendly forest was gone and replaced by the deep dark scary woods. A clearing to their right in the sea shore seemed like a good place to get back on the path. They inched towards it while the big blue/green raged and ranted.

“You might even drown,” said the big blue/green. “Legion are the lives that have been snuffed when they tried to breathe me. They offer themselves to be food to my creatures with gills.”

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, were beginning to freak out. They didn’t want to have anything to do with the big blue/green and began footing and pawing their way backwards towards the clearing, hoping that would be where the path continued.

“I am everything the flows from the land and falls from the air! I am the final destination of sewage brought to me through rivers and streams. I am the swallower of oil and metal...the ultimate piggy bank of plastic from a world teetering on devouring itself...”

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, turned and started running toward the clearing.

“But I have hurricanes and tsunamis to comfort my rage and I send them to remind the world of my power! I am the repository of the tears of the planet and I will cry you to my depths.”

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, had almost reached the clearing when a powerful wind almost knocked them onto their faces and they ran harder.

“Run, little beings, run!” screamed the big blue/green. “You can run as far as you want, but I’ll be everywhere when my time comes and there will be nowhere to hide!”

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, jumped with every last calorie of their mutual energy and landed square back on the path of adventure and new meanings but when they shook their heads after ignoble landings on their butts, they noticed that they were still by the big blue/green.

But they were faced with something very strange for the landlubbers they were.

To be continued...

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