

The Existential Adventures of Crazy Man and the Dog, Sidestepper



Episode 25: Crazy Man and the Dog, Sidestepper, do some moon lighting

Some nights have eyes peering at you from the peripheries of your vision and you'll see them just long enough to wonder if they're really there and if you should be running. Tonight wasn't one of those nights. Tonight, Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, walked fearlessly along the path of adventure and new meanings.

"What do you think will happen to the Queen of Every Sandcastle?" said the dog, Sidestepper.

"I think it already happened to her," said Crazy Man. "She became one with the tide."

"What does that mean?" said the dog, Sidestepper.

"I don't know," said Crazy Man, "but it sounded about right."

The dog, Sidestepper, thought about this for several hours before smiling through his silence and nodding agreement to something neither of them could get their heads around.

"Hey guys!" said a voice from the sky. "It's me again! I'm back!"

It was the moon.

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, looked up and couldn't decide whether to frown or smile. Their last encounter with the moon had left an inappropriate taste in their mouths and they'd decided that the moon was an asshole. But then, most of the acquaintances on their journey had been assholes so it really wasn't a big deal.

"Shouldn't you be buried behind a herd of clouds?" said Crazy Man.

“That wasn’t very nice,” said the moon. “We could have been close friends if you hadn’t tried to appropriate my celestialism.” The moon frowned. “And you called me green cheese.”

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, weren’t having any of this. They stuck their tongues out at the moon and yelled, “Green cheese! Green cheese!” Their heads bounced up and down on their shoulders and they spun their arms like wind mills in a hurricane. This went on for exactly ten minutes and seventy-three seconds before the pair calmed down enough for the dog, Sidestepper, to say, “We thought you were eaten by a herd of clouds.”

The moon’s laughter reminded Crazy Man of thousands of grubs inside the bark of a burning tree, screaming. Crazy Man begged the moon to stop laughing. “Can you keep it down to a giggle?”

At first, the moon appeared to be offended... something menacing and deadly in its demeanor, maybe even some eye daggers with serrated blades and poison tips. But then, the moon smiled and said, “So you two are still alive and traveling the path of adventure and new meanings.”

“Yes,” said the dog, Sidestepper, “and no thanks to you.”

The moon emanated sheepishness and said, “I’m not your mother and you’re a bastard. What more can I say?” The moon cast its gaze on Crazy Man and said, “And I don’t have a map showing you where to find food. You should have taken geography more seriously in school.”

Crazy Man said, “Geography has a map to food?”

“Geography has a map to everything,” said the moon.

“Does geography have a map to my mother?” said the dog, Sidestepper.

“Well,” said the moon, “almost everything.”

The dog, Sidestepper, frowned. Crazy Man frowned. The moon was back to being a dork.

“I’m not a dork!” said the moon.

“Nobody called you a dork,” said the dog, Sidestepper.

“You thought it!” said the moon.

“That’s somebody else thinking,” said the dog, Sidestepper. “We hear it every once in while hanging around in the deep dark scary woods, sliding off trees and slinking around in the bushes.”

“What are you talking about?” said the moon.

The dog, Sidestepper, thought about this for three seconds and said, “I don’t know. I think it’s a theory I’ve had since my mother abandoned me...like somebody else is telling my story.”

“The path is your story,” said the moon. “You tell it inch by inch as you journey through each minute of your story.”

“And what if I don’t like the story,” said the dog, Sidestepper.

“Then you find another path,” said the moon. “But that means searching for it in the deep dark scary woods. Best to stay on the path of adventure and new meanings.”

“What are the other paths?” said Crazy Man. “We thought their was only one.”

“There’s as many as you choose,” said the moon. “But you have to stay on the path to get where you’re going.”

“And where are we going?” said the dog, Sidestepper.

“Wherever the path takes you,” said the moon.

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, expressed their confusion by rolling around on the ground and howling at the moon. The moon, being a dork, snickered as they howled. After several nights

with missing days, they stopped and stared into the full moon light and screamed, “Green cheese! Green cheese!”

In a fit of unbridled insult unevenly tempered with anger and frustration the moon hurled a barrage of killer moon beams at the two. They attacked like a swarm of hungry mosquitoes riding on the backs of angry hornets.

Fortunately, for Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, they weren’t a swarm of hungry mosquitoes riding on the backs of angry hornets...they were moon beams and no moon beam has ever killed anything. The moon was bluffing, whereupon Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, laughed and pointed at the moon and pretended to shower in the moonlight. The moon thought this was hilarious and sent swarm after swarm of moonbeams for many more nights with missing days until the two were so moon-washed they fell into a heap on the path and giggled for twenty-three seconds.

“That was fun,” said the moon. “You two have just become my favorite man named Crazy Man and my favorite dog named Sidestepper.”

“So you’ll tell us where to find food?” said Crazy Man.

“No,” said the moon. “That would be interfering with the story the path is unfolding for...”

At that exact second, a herd of maverick clouds converged on the moon and ate it...somehow proving once and for all that the earth is flat and reality is two dimensional...at least, on this path.

“I don’t think the moon even knows where to find food,” said Crazy Man.

“The moon beams were kind of fun though,” said the dog, Sidestepper.

“Yeah,” said Crazy Man. “I guess that’s what they call moonlighting.”

“More like moon bathing,” said the dog, Sidestepper, as he winked.

“Or moon beam struck,” said Crazy Man. He giggled into his hand.

“So,” said the dog, Sidestepper, “do you think we should stick to this path, this story?”

“Well,” said Crazy Man, “I don’t think we’re going to find food or mothers by tearing off into the deep dark scary woods looking for a new path. I’d just like to explore this outside thing some more.” He thought for three and a half seconds. “Be nice to find a hamburger stand though.”

“We’ll find food someday,” said the dog, Sidestepper. “Or I don’t walk sideways.” With that, he wagged his tiny puff of a doggie tail and the two burst out laughing as they made their way along the path of adventure and new meanings unmindful of the marvels and dangers awaiting them as their story unfolds.

To be continued...

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