

# THE CRAZY PATH

NEWSLETTER FOR THE EXISTENTIAL ADVENTURES OF CRAZY MAN AND  
THE DOG, SIDESTEPPER

**The World's First  
Free Daily  
Serialized Coffee  
Break Novel**



I published a chapter a day for 72 days and will never attempt anything like this again.

[Click here to read The Weekly Man.](#)

## **Bestie**

Some of the episodes have a note thanking my best friend for inspiration. Her name is Stephanie Durelle. She's cool and has a weird sense of humor. :)



## **It Started with a Lockdown**

Yep, went into work late March and they told us to pack up and go home because the world was on fire with plague.

There followed a layoff with winter still freezing everyone's asses off and travel restrictions so that we all had to stay here and take it up the frozen butt. Plus, the first day of lockdown, I injured my back and spent the next three weeks on the living room floor reading [Dan Simmon's Hyperion series](#). By the time I was able to sit down in front of my computer without screaming, I was starting to go a little stir crazy.

There I was...in front of my computer...sitting. Humming. Not screaming. It was all new to me. I laid my hands upon the keyboard, let my mind go blank so that I could fall into my wellspring of imagination and drown in inspiration. My fingers moved in fitful patterns across the keyboard and there was no stopping them. I lost track of time and place and was aware



**We Live in a Crazy World and It Gets Crazier Every Day**

In my first year in college, Kraft Dinner was 7 cents a box. Now it's almost two dollars a box. And the box is the same size. I guess each KD noodle is now hand made and signed on the inside by the macaroni artist. If you don't see their initials about halfway down the inside of the noodle, you could be in danger of eating a KD spinoff. Always check your noodles before eating. And don't read nonsense.

**Devious Quotation**

'No product was ever greater than its marketing.'

Gangshen Barto in Boston  
Jonson in Murder by Burger.

**Free Stuff**

There's just not enough free stuff in the world. Let's add some more in the form of workshops, articles and short stories.

[Click here for a page full of free stuff.](#)

only of my fingers making the keys go clack, clack, clack. When the clacking stopped, I stared at the words they'd left in their wake:

"One day Crazy Man stepped outside to see what it was all about."

I read these words, re-read them and read them one last time before thinking: "What the hell is this?" I wasn't impressed. All that time cooped up and letting the inspired thoughts build and then getting this craziness? I was just about to delete this nonsense when my fingers began moving across the keyboard on their own, ignoring all sense of who was in charge of them...and those damn fingers wrote another line:

"He'd been under his bed crying and drinking wine for so long that he couldn't remember what he was crying about and he'd run out of wine."

This...I could relate to. It was the story of my life.

**Mixing Obsession with Passion**

I've always had a thing for writing and for photography. One is my obsession; the other, my passion. Writing is the obsession...if I don't write, I fall apart. Pieces of me become unhinged. I leave toes and fingers in my wake. Writing hurts like hell. Photography on the other hand is pure pleasure from taking the picture to processing it. In this series, I get to suffer and regal all at the same time.

