

The Existential Adventures of Crazy Man and the Dog, Sidestepper



Episode 42: Crazy Man and the Dog, Sidestepper, consider the why of beingness

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“Hey guys, it’s me again....the moon,” said the moon.

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, rested beside a pole topped with balls of white light that looked like mini-moons hiding behind a traffic light, though neither of them could imagine the need for traffic lights on the path of adventure and new meanings.

“I was thinking about our last meeting,” said the moon. “I think maybe we got off to a bad start. I may have been a bit off that night. I really wasn’t going to green cheese you. I wouldn’t even know how.”

“You called us bastards,” said the dog, Sidestepper.

“So?” said the moon. “Everybody calls you bastards.”

The dog, Sidestepper, reluctantly agreed with the moon but without his normal smile at the inevitable unfairness of life and all its skewed jigsaw components.

“I heard you saved us from aliens,” said the moon.

“No,” said the dog, Sidestepper, “we saved the aliens from the Earth.”

“I kind of figured that,” said the moon, “but I didn’t want to rub it in. But it’s good to know that the universe is safe for the time being. You landed on me once...and left garbage behind... but that’s neither here nor there...how have you been doing, guys!”

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, were touched by the moon’s sincerity and agreed at some perversely personal/psychic level that they would gladly die to protect the moon from whatever threat endangered it.

The moon, upon reading their thoughts through the transparency of their eyes said, “Aw shucks, fellas, you don’t have to die for me. I’m the moon. Even your garbage can’t bring me down.”

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, sensed karma in the moon’s words and were about to caution it when the moon, in a fit of karma-producing bravado said, “Nothing can harm me. I’m the moon. I’m big. I float in space. I revolve. I circle the Earth and the sun. I have a light side and a dark side. I’ve harbored goddesses and gods. Just ask Luna, Chang’e, Sin, Mani or Diana. They’ll all tell you what a good ol’ moon I am.” The moon winked...or blinked...or whatever it is that moons do to express jocular familiarity. “Even the immortals feel safe on me.”

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, cringed at the moon’s complete disregard for over-statement and the danger inherent in letting your guard down for just a fraction of a second in a universe waiting on its cosmic haunches to pounce.

“You shouldn’t make claims like that,” said the dog, Sidestepper. “The universe is big on disaster.”

The moon said, “Ho! Ho! Ho! I’ve been around a lot longer than you, little doggie with the weird body. I think I can take care of myself when it comes to push and shove in the cosmos. Why do you think I look like Swiss cheese? Look at all the craters attesting my survival under a continuous onslaught of space rocks, millennia after millennia.”

“There’s always a bigger rock,” said Crazy Man.

“Well,” said the moon, “I have yet to meet a rock big enough to wipe out all life on me like the one that did that to your planet.”

“But you don’t have any life to wipe out,” said Crazy Man.

“Details!” said the moon. “There’s always the possibility that I might have moon microbes.”

“Do you?” asked the dog, Sidestepper.

“I’m not sure,” said the moon. “I might. I don’t have time to check on these things. Do you have any idea what kind of logistics are required to keep myself orbiting around the Earth? It’s more than just trivial...it’s trivial times 10 to approximately the power of 29.568. It’s a lot.”

“But you have no air,” said Crazy Man. “How would life on you breathe?”

“They breathe moon air,” said the moon. “I have a whole moon full of it.”

This confused Crazy Man to the point where his head would have fallen off if not for the miracle of duct tape. An endless expanse of possibilities galloped across his eyes leaving pot holes of half-baked answers. The dog, Sidestepper, could no longer endure his travel mate’s consternation so he screamed. “THERE’S NO SUCH THING AS MOON AIR!”

In a voice dripping venomously with distain, the moon said, “I might have. Have you ever flown to the moon? I don’t recall seeing you strolling through my rock gardens or plying your way across my craters and moon mountains. Besides, it won’t be long before my air is more breathable than your Earth air.”

Meanwhile, Crazy Man's eyes stopped galloping with possibilities and the duct tape continued to hold his head steady and, suddenly, the calculations to nail down the moon's orbit didn't matter. That was the moon's problem. But the moon wasn't seeing the bigger picture...the one that included the universe beyond the Earth's orbit. Neglecting reality of one's special place in the cosmic scheme of things is the most sincere form of karma request and the moon's request was about to be fulfilled.

"Wait a minute..." said the moon as it realized the karmic corner it might have painted itself into.

But it was too late. A space rock on a random moon-bashing mission with no set calculations in mind streaked across the sky and gobbled up the moon without even stopping to burp. It was suddenly a dark and moonless night. Even the deep dark scary woods held their breath and wondered how the fairies and wood nymphs would cavort under the full moon light now that the moon had been eaten by karma.

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, stared into the void left by the moon, their faith in the inescapability of karma renewed.

"Where do you think that space rock is taking the moon?" said the dog, Sidestepper.

"I'm not sure," said Crazy Man, "but this isn't going to go down well with astronomers. And they're probably going to blame the missing moon on us."

The dog, Sidestepper, after giving careful thought over a distance of 3.8 seconds said, "Maybe it's just a big..."

"JOKE!" said the moon as the space rock dropped the moon out of its giant maw right into its calculated orbit and both the moon and the rock laughed at Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper.

"Just pulling your legs, guys," said the moon.

"We do this shit every few million or so years, give or take a day or two," said the giant space rock with its moon swallowing maw pointing uncomfortably in their direction before the maw turned to the moon and said, "See you again in a few." And it was gone.

The moon turned its attention back to the pair. "So guys...you can thank me now."

"Thank you for what?" said Crazy Man.

"Well, for showing you the error of your ways," said the moon.

"What error?" said the two in unison.

"Karma," said the moon. "It doesn't exist. It's an Earth-based concept designed to add just a little more angst to the human condition."

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, were horrified. "You shouldn't..." began Crazy Man, but before he could finish his sentence a random black hole swallowed the moon and the sky was dark again.

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, shrugged their shoulders (in unison) and continued down the path of adventure and new meanings, unhappy with having to wade through the darkness of another's karma.

"You haven't been asking about your mother lately," said Crazy Man after 3,980,889 steps into the path.

"And you haven't been asking about food."

They thought about this and said, "Karma's a bitch." In unison, of course.

To be continued...

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