

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



Episode 54: Wherein Crazy Man might make a friend.

(New here? [Click here to see what it's all about.](#))

When my daughter was a young child, I used to ask her who's opinion of her was the most important in the world. She would smile and say, "Yours." To which I replied, "No, try again." And she would give a list of family and friends until finally she would say, "Mine!"

And we would celebrate.

Spotting a patch of daisies spreading their petals in the sun, the shopping cart, Wheels, said, "What a beautiful patch of daisies."

Crazy Man turned his head in the direction of the daisies and said, "Yep, they sure are..."

"Hold on there fellas," said the tallest of the daisies. "You might want to consider your mindless labeling of us as daisies."

"And we don't like to be called beautiful," said another daisy. "Your implication is that we are objects. We are not objects."

Good god, talking daisies!

"Then," said the shopping cart, Wheels, "what are you?"

“We are not what you label us,” said still another daisy. The others nodded agreement. “We are what we label ourselves and all other labels are offensive to us. And they should be to you, as well...if you were discerning, intelligent beings.”

“OK,” said Crazy Man, “then what should we call you to prove that we’re discerning and intelligent so that we don’t offend you?”

The tallest of the daisies said, “You can call us the Jury of Our Own Pleasement.”

After a moment of breathless silence, another daisy said, “No way! I don’t want to have any part of being a jury. That’s so judgmental. We want to be called The Merry Band of Plants Who Have Successfully Germinated.”

“WE?” said another daisy “I take offense with your use of the word *We*. And your label offends me to the core of my stamen. All talk of germination is offensive when spoken in daylight. These are things for nighttime discussion.”

Still another daisy piped in, “I don’t think I want associate with you anymore. Your talk of nighttime discussions is abhorrent. I will not be taking pollen from you today.”

Uncertain about which daisy the daisy was talking about, Crazy Man decided it was time to set these petal-wielding pods of ignominy straight. “You wouldn’t happen to have a map to food, would you?”

The plants gasped. The air around the plants gasped. The water in the stream behind the plants gasped. Something somewhere in the sky gasped.

“You dare associate us with maps?” said an outraged tallest of the daisies. “One more word like that...and it will be *or else*.”

“Or else what?” said Crazy Man.

“Or else...you’ll offend us,” said the daisy.

“Not really,” said still another daisy. “I’m not offended by maps. Not fussy about the reference to food though.”

“Food contains peas and onions,” said still another daisy. “I’m offended by these and therefore offended by food.”

“You’re offended by everything,” said still another daisy. “Anyone who’s offended by peas has offensive taste buds.”

“We might as well just be another birch tree like the one on our left,” said still another daisy. “Just standing there not taking sides or expressing its opinions so that we can all laugh at it from a position of moral superiority.”

“Yeah,” said still another daisy, “we’re better than trees...we’re prettier.”

“And now there you go,” said the tallest of the daisies, “objectifying us with your *pretties* and your *beauties*. I’m offended by your cavalier attitude towards yourself.”

“And I’m offended by you growing taller than the rest of us,” said the offended daisy. “Who do you think you are...growing taller than the rest of us?”

The rest of the patch turned on the tallest of the daisies with a vengeance born only from conviction in one’s own self-righteous indignation.

“Your disregard for shortness offends me.”

“Your preference for higher air offends me.”

“Your existence offends me.”

That was it for the birch tree, which was offended by the other daisy for assuming that it had no opinions. It had opinions...lots of opinions...and here was one coming now.

The birch tree flexed its roots and crawled out of the ground, reared itself over the patch of daisies, shedding dirt and bugs, and dropped down upon them with a heavy thump. Being dead, the daisies were no longer offended and the birch tree wondered how it was going to get back to the hole it had left in the ground.

Crazy Man and the shopping cart, Wheels, silently decided that it would be a good thing to stand and stare and say nothing...for 3.5 seconds, after which they continued along the path of adventure and new meanings for 9.34 seconds before the shopping cart, Wheels, asked, "Would you eat onion and pea soup?"

Crazy Man's gagging said it all. Yes, he would eat onion and pea soup...but only if he had a map to it. In the meantime, he noticed that the keychain with the dog, Sidestepper's, fur seemed to be warming up in his pocket and he missed his old travel mate.

"Would you eat pig's brains fried in onions?" said the shopping cart, Wheels.

"I might eat the map instead," said Crazy Man.

To be continued...

© Biff Mitchell

[www.biffmitchell.com](http://www.biffmitchell.com)

Check out the blog at: [www.crazymanadventures.com](http://www.crazymanadventures.com)