

## The Existential Adventures of Crazy Man and the Dog, SidesteppEpisode 83:



Wherein Crazy Man and the Dog Sidestepper, meet the pelican. Again.

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

Crazy Man was so excited that his head bobbed up and down and his ears wiggled while his eyes spun whirling firecrackers. He couldn't believe what he was seeing.

"Hey up there!" he yelled. "Are you the pelican that was eaten by sharks after your mother was eaten by sharks because she left you to be eaten by large lizards?"

"I sure am," said the pelican. "But I wasn't really eaten by sharks."

"Yes you were. I saw it. Sharks...they ate you."

"Smoke and mirrors," said the pelican, "to throw everyone off from my true purpose."

"What's your true purpose?" said Crazy Man.

"I don't know," said the pelican. "I was hoping you would know."

"I thought it was waiting...you waited," said Crazy Man.

"That was just a cover for my true purpose," said the pelican. "You're sure you don't know what it is?"

"No," said Crazy Man. "But I hope it's more exciting than sitting on a post and waiting. And it's good to see that you're still alive."

"This really sucks," said the pelican. "Are you sure you haven't heard anything...like, maybe I'm supposed to save the earth from aliens or something?"

"No," said the dog, Sidestepper. "Apparently, that was us."

"Oh great," said the pelican. "You two stole my purpose."

"Maybe you have another purpose," said Crazy Man.

"And maybe I should have just let myself be eaten by those sharks," said the pelican.

"About that," said Crazy Man, "how did you do the smoke and mirrors thing? It looked pretty much like you were being eaten."

“Yeah,” said the dog, Sidestepper. “But now that I think about it...there was no blood.”

“Which leads you to believe?” said the pelican reassuringly.

“Pelicans don’t have blood!” said Crazy Man.

“No,” said the pelican.

“Sharks don’t have blood!” said the dog, Sidestepper. “And you ate the sharks!”

The pelican he-hawed as only pelicans can he-haw and said, “No...that’s crazy. Pelicans don’t eat sharks.”

“So why did you fake being eaten by sharks,” said Crazy Man.

The pelican considered this for a long as it take to consider and said, “I was bored.”

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, sensed a sob story coming and prepared to sleep on their feet.

“Waiting can be nerve wracking,” said the pelican. “Just sitting there waiting and waiting and waiting and waiting can be emotionally and physically draining. So I decided to do something.” The pelican let out a long tired sigh. “I decided it was time to be eaten by sharks, especially after talking to the two of you.”

“But you weren’t eaten by sharks,” said the dog, Sidestepper.

“I changed my mind,” said the pelican. “So I played Catch-the-Pelican-but-Don’t-Eat-It with the sharks. And while we were playing, it occurred to me that maybe I should stop waiting for my purpose and maybe I should go out and find it. You’re sure you don’t know what it is?”

The pelican’s question went unheard by the two sleeping travelers.

“Hey!” said the pelican.

Crazy Man woke immediately and said, “I’ll bet you still don’t have a map to food.”

“Never did, never will,” said the pelican. “And you’re a bastard.”

“Maybe that’s what you needed to do,” said the dog, Sidestepper.

“What’s that?” said the pelican.

“You needed to stop waiting for something that was never going to come to you, get off your perch and go looking for it,” said the dog, Sidestepper.

“So much easier to just wait,” said the pelican. “Boring, but easier.”

“Nothing worth waiting for will be had by waiting,” said the dog, Sidestepper.

Crazy Man nodded agreement; in fact, he was so taken by the dog, Sidestepper’s, insight that his head bobbed up and down and left to right, forward and backward, in the sheer joy of rhetorical appreciation. When his head finally settled, he said, “Goomba.”

The dog, Sidestepper, and the pelican (still circling in the air around the traveling duo) stared at Crazy Man in disbelief.

“You get it!” said the dog, Sidestepper.

“By George, he gets it,” said the pelican.

“Get what?” said Crazy Man. And with just two words, he pulled the card at the bottom of the house and it all came tumbling down.

“Oops,” said the pelican.

“Oops?” said the dog, Sidestepper.

“Shit!” said Crazy Man as he eyed a huge wad of pelican shit dripping off the rim of his favorite troubadour hat.

“Sorry about that,” said the pelican. “Maybe that was what I was waiting for all that time. I was constipated and had to shit. Sorry it landed on your cool hat. Nothing personal.”

And the pelican flew like a comet out of control into the deep blue horizon.

“I should have worn my hard hat,” said Crazy Man as he stared at the pelican shit still dripping from the brim of his hat. Suddenly, a thought occurred to him. “How can they fly when they have this much shit in them?”

The dog, Sidestepper, considered Crazy Man’s question for as long as it merited thinking and said, “Goomba.”

Crazy Man nodded agreement and said, “Goomba.” Even though he had no idea what he meant by that but he wasn’t going to bring down another house of cards.

Around them, the deep dark scary woods reveled in goomba as the sun set on the path of adventure and new meanings.

To be continued...

© Biff Mitchell

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

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

BTW.....

Team Player has been re-printed. This novel was written when malware and associated nuisance software was just a small dot on the internet horizon. Shows how fast science fiction and cyberpunk can become historical fiction in a world rushing into the future. This was also a time when neutrinos were thought to have no mass. But since then, they do. Go figure. Neutrinos with mass.

Or you can get the Kindle version here: <https://tinyurl.com/547dmju9>

The story is set in an uncomfortably close future where the world is run by homicidal marketing managers who kill for love, company, and the almighty promotion.

Aside from the talking brain cells and the rampaging neutrinos, the angry Italian ghosts and the Bolshevik computers...the thirty naked pagan women who save the universe with help from a man who thinks he's a tree aside from all that: this story could actually take place in any global IT company headquartered in the tallest building in the world, which might be built as an amplified replica of the Leaning Tower of Pisa.

