

The Existential Adventures of Crazy Man and the Dog, Sidestepper



Episode 92: Wherein Crazy Man and the Dog Sidestepper, meet the thought clot.

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No one knows how long they cried. It could have been seconds, it could have been lifetimes. It had been the first day of spring and now it was winter. After they'd dried-cried their tear ducts to the point they'd almost perished from dehydration as their tear ducts rummaged through their bodies for more water to throw into the wind, the dog, Sidestepper, said, "What are we crying about?"

Crazy Man stopped beating his head with his thumbs and said, "The human condition?"

The dog, Sidestepper, thought deeply on Crazy Man's words and said, "We need to find new things to cry about...something with a little more hope."

"Help me!" cried a strangled voice from somewhere alongside the path of adventure and new meanings.

Imagine...a strangled voice, a call for help. What could it be?

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, stopped, held their breath, and listened. The voice came from a strange configuration of shapes in the snow, given form and texture by reality. It reminded Crazy Man of the time he was attacked by an upside down chandelier attached to the head of a long-beaked bird. Just as he was lifting his foot to step on it, the strange configuration of shapes said, "Noooooooooooooo!"

Crazy Man paused his foot in the air, vibrating with deadly intent inches above the strange configuration of shapes and let the dog, Sidestepper, do the talking.

"Are you the stuff of nightmares?" said the dog, Sidestepper, who, it appears, also had nightmares about chandeliers and big beaked birds. "And are you my mother or do you know where my mother is? And if you're my mother...great disguise."

"I'm not your mother," said the strange configuration. "And you're a bastard. And the only maps to food are in the mind of the searcher. But not really."

Just as Crazy Man was going to follow through with his deadly intent to introduce the strange configuration to the bottom of his big red boot, the strange configuration said, "But I didn't call *you* a bastard!"

Crazy Man decided not to stomp the strange configuration and placed his foot back on the ground. But ready for action.

“Thank you,” said the strange configuration, “and may I introduce myself...I’m a thought clot.”

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, backed up a few inches. Neither had ever heard of a thought clot before and it sounded dangerous...like something they didn’t want to think about.

“What’s a thought clot?” said the dog, Sidestepper, ready to pee on the thought clot if it came any closer.

“I’m what happens when there are too many truths and they begin to cancel each other out until there are no thoughts left...just a clot...like me,” said the thought clot.

“But, if they’re all truths,” said the dog, Sidestepper, “then they should all get along with each other.”

“But none of them agree on anything,” said the thought clot. “Apparently, truth is in the mind of the thinker.”

“But if something is true,” said the dog, Sidestepper, “then it’s true. If something proves it’s not true then it’s not true.”

Crazy Man’s head swam in the confusion of the moment. With desperate eyes, he glanced around and pelted his words, “It’s daytime. That’s true. Let’s see you make it not true.”

“It’s daytime here, but on the other side of the planet it’s nighttime,” said the thought clot with eager conviction.

“But it’s still nighttime here,” said Crazy Man. “I was talking about here. Not there. Here.”

“Truth requires specific parameters,” said the thought clot. “It’s what I tell everyone, but no one listens.”

“Fine,” said the dog, Sidestepper. “At this moment, here and now, right here in this location where the sun is shining, it’s daytime.”

“Unless it’s 10 o’clock at night,” said the thought clot, “and then it’s nighttime.”

“But it’s not 10 o’clock at night,” said Crazy man. It’s noon and it’s daytime.”

“But it was dark last night at 10,” said the thought clot.

“But it’s not last night at 10 now,” said Crazy Man. “It’s noon and it’s daytime.”

“I’ll check my weather records and get back to you on that,” said the thought clot. “Until then...the jury’s out on day or night.”

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, looked around at the fields and hills of snow glittering in the sunlight and then turned their attention on the thought clot. Malevolence burned in their eyes. Their noses twitched with the anticipation of thought clot death.

“You’re a bad thought clot,” said Crazy Man. “And we’re not listening to you anymore.”

“Oh yeah,” said the thought clot. “Well, you’re a bastard just like the dog. And you’re never going to find a map to food and I hope you don’t have a kitchen.”

That was it for Crazy Man. He lifted his big red boot over the thought clot with a firm conviction that the only way to deal with resistance to the truth is to go around it...or right through it. At which point he brought his foot down and squashed the thought clot into a hundred little lies that scurried around in the snow bumping into each other until they disappeared into cracks in the season.

Crazy Man wiped his shoe in the snow to remove bits and pieces of clotted thought sticking to the bottom. “So,” he said, “when you have too many truths, they turn into lies when they don’t agree with each other.”

The dog, Sidestepper, carefully considered Crazy Man’s words, making sure each agreed with the ones before and after and the ones at the beginning and ending of his sentence. He applied mathematical principles that he’d picked up just for the hell of it in a book on transformational grammar by Noam Chomsky. When he was satisfied that nothing in the world made sense let alone what Crazy Man had just said, he barked.

Just like a dog...he barked.

To be continued...

www.biffmitchell.com

Check out the blog at: www.crazymanadventures.com

BTW.....

Team Player has been re-printed. Written when malware and associated nuisance software was just a small dot on the internet horizon, Team Player shows how fast science fiction becomes historical fiction in a wild wild world.

You can buy the paperback or non-Kindle ebooks here:
<https://fiction4all.com/ebooks/b16735-team-player.htm>

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

Set in an uncomfortably close future run by homicidal marketing managers, 30 naked pagan women try to save the universe with the help of man who thinks he's a tree.

