

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



Episode 107: Wherein Crazy Man and the Dog Sidestepper, might have been in grave danger.

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Sometimes we outgrow our fantasies; sometimes we don't. Sometimes our fantasies outgrow us...every chance they get.

“Did you hear that?” said the dog, Sidestepper, suddenly stiff with alertness, nose wiggling in the afternoon air.

“Watch out,” said Crazy Man.

The dog, Sidestepper, suddenly stiffer, more alert, nose practically wiggling off his face, looked around and seeing nothing that threatened to kill him, smiled and said, “I don't see any...”

“Look,” said Crazy Man, pointing at a sign on the side of a stone building:

## Danger Falling Ice

“Better tread carefully,” said Crazy Man. “I’ve seen what ice can do to large passenger ships.”

“But,” said the dog, Sidestepper, “it’s the middle of July. There’s no ice or snow in July.”

“The sign’s not there for nothing,” said Crazy Man, mustering every iota of Buddha-like wisdom that he could remember from all the books he might have read and the documentaries he might have watched in a previous life in which he might have had a kitchen.

“The sign is my nemesis,” chirped a tiny voice from way up somewhere above the stained glass and arches, way up beyond the flying buttresses and eaves...up in the darkness of ancient angles and crevasses at the top of the stone wall. Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, lifted their mutual gaze past the ledges and drip stones, past the spires and gargoyles where a tiny glint of light sparkled at the edge of a copper eave, aged in green patina. The glint shifted slightly as it said, “Do you think you could move a little more to the right?”

“Why would I do that?” said the dog, Sidestepper.

“So that I can fall on your head,” said the glint of light. “I’m the falling ice from the sign. I’m dangerous and ferocious. I’m falling ice.”

“But it’s July,” said the dog, Sidestepper. “You’re not supposed to be here. You should have melted months ago.”

“But I couldn’t melt,” said the falling ice. “I haven’t fallen yet. See the sign? I have to fall. On your head, please. Now, if you could move just a little to the right...”

“But why do you want to fall on my head?” said the dog, Sidestepper.

“So that I can kill you, of course,” said the falling ice. “I’m falling ice. I fall. You die. It’s simple. Now please, move a little more to the right.”

“But it’s July,” said the dog, Sidestepper. “And you’ve melted a lot. Why did you wait so long?”

The falling ice snorted a puny glint of light snort and said, “I’ve been waiting for the perfect kill. It’s that spot, right beside you, to your right. That’s the spot. That’s where I have it all planned. Someone walks into that spot...my killing spot...and I fall onto their head and voila! Dead pedestrian. But nobody’s walked on that spot all winter...all spring...all summer. So, could you please move a little to the right.”

“But you’re not really falling ice anymore,” said the dog, Sidestepper. “You’re kind of all glint and glitter but no ice.”

“I’ll glint and glitter all over your head!” screamed the falling ice that may not have been falling ice anymore. “Just step into that spot and I’ll show you!”

Once again, Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, exchanged unusual glances and nodded their heads in mutual agreement: this piece of once-ice was off its rocker but harmless.

“OK,” said the dog, Sidestepper. “I’ll do it.” And he stepped slightly to the right, into the falling ice’s killing zone and said, “OK...falling ice...fall.”

The tiny glint of light at the top of the building shift and rolled and shifted again until it fell over the side of an eave and tumbled through the air directly for the dog, Sidestepper’s, head...on a mission to mash.

It screamed on the way down. It said, “AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAh!” on the way down.

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, could barely make out its gleam and glint as it fell through the sky tumbling through pockets of air, barely missing an off-course sparrow...and screaming. A sudden breeze flung it against molecules dangling in the air, trying to throw it off course, but another breeze whisked in and corrected its trajectory. It picked up speed, leaving in invisible rooster tail of scorched air in its wake.

It screamed and it screamed and it blistered through the air like truly falling ice. But, as was already mentioned, it was July, and now this untimely speck of ice was melting as it fell...not that there was much left to melt.

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, were enthralled by the falling ice's tenacity and amused by its increasingly diminishing stature.

It was just inches away from the dog, Sidestepper's, head when it yelled, "This one's for the fat la..." And it completely evaporated less than an inch away from his head.

After what seemed like hours of stunned silence that was more likely days or weeks of stunned silence, Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, snapped out of their befuddlement and Crazy Man said, "Maybe a bit of over planning?"

The dog, Sidestepper, thought about this and said, "Well, you know what they say...the best laid plans of ice and men..."

The entire length of the path of adventure and new meanings groaned as sort of man and kind of dog journeyed into another day of this outside thing in search of a mother and a map to food.

To be continued...

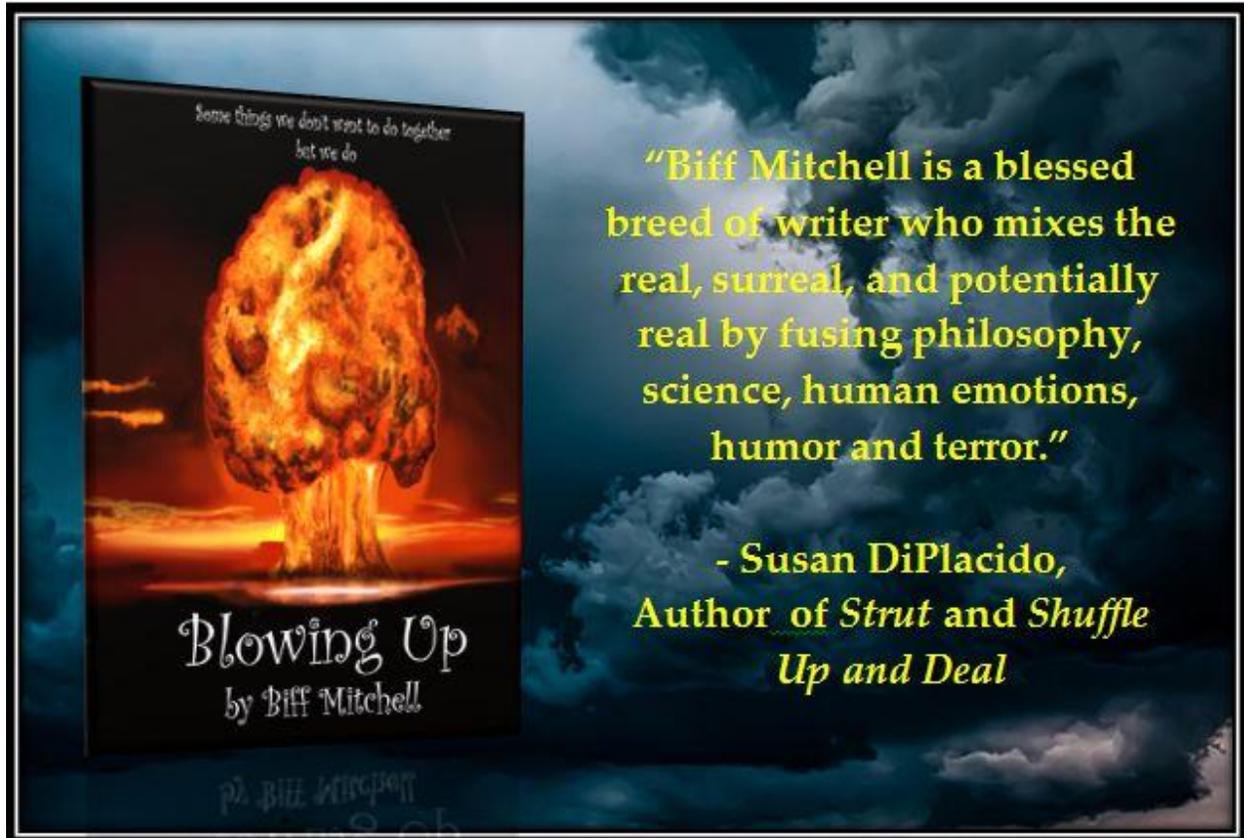
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About the picture at the top of this article: the Westmoreland Street bridge in Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada. (Has absolutely nothing to do with this article.)

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Biff Mitchell is bald and has no idea how to use his cell phone. In spite of this he taught writing workshops through the University of New Brunswick's College of Extended Learning for a decade. He's also given workshops on science fiction, humor, mystery, horror and publishing through the Maritime Writer's Workshop, the FogLit Literary Festival, Culture Days Canada and the Muse Online Writers Conference.

Biff's new publisher, Fiction4All, has re-published the popular Boston Jonson cyber mystery series and the witches' delight...Team Player.

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