

The Existential Adventures of Crazy Man and the Dog, Sidestepper



Episode 112: Wherein Crazy Man and the Dog Sidestepper, set their brains on fire.

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I sat down with a calculator one night and figured it out: Approximately 2,544,765,234,234.03 brilliant ideas have been lost because the people who had them didn't write them down fast enough and the vast majority of them didn't live long enough to have the idea again and spent the remainder of their lives trying to remember what it was.

And then they died. Unknown. Poor. Their lives a puff of regret in the grand scheme of ideas.

This insight might actually have something to do with today's episode. Let's see.

"Some day," said the dog, Sidestepper, "I'm going to have a great idea and we're going to be famous forever and you'll have more maps to food than you can count and I'll have a whole bunch of mothers."

Crazy Man wasn't sure what to make out of this "whole bunch of mothers" thing and chalked it off to the dog's tragic puppyhood. All he needed was just one map to food...one that actually led to food. "That sounds like a great idea," he said, halfheartedly.

The dog, Sidestepper, noticed Crazy Man's lack of enthusiasm and was just about to retaliate with all the other stuff his great idea would bring...like fast fancy cars and unlimited jars of dill pickles...when a sparkly somewhere-in-the-woods voice said, "Get ready to write me down!"

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, stared into the deep dark scary woods at what looked like a little explosion in the dark. "Hurry," said the little explosion, "Write me down fast!"

"Write what down?" said Crazy Man.

“Me!” said the explosion in the dark. “I’m the great idea that floats into your head and then floats right on out, never to be thought of again unless you live a thousand years. Or more.”

“But we don’t know what you are,” said the dog, Sidestepper.

“I’m a great idea!” said the great idea.

“But what great idea?” said Crazy Man.

The great idea thought a moment and said, “I forgot.”

“You forgot yourself?” said Crazy Man. “How can you forget yourself? You’re still there. We can see you.”

“Just like I’ll always be there,” said the great idea that was forgotten. “Just out of reach...skirting the edges of memory...almost remembered and then forgotten again before I take shape and definition and shower you with my greatness.”

“So,” said Crazy Man, “you’re not really here. You’re skirting the *here* and you’re on edge.”

The great idea regarded Crazy Man, not with eyes to see, but with a feeling that this strange looking man with the red nose and green samurai armor was in desperate need of a kick over the edge. “No,” said he great idea, “I’m here but I’m forgotten because you didn’t write me down when you had the chance.”

“But you didn’t tell us what great idea you are,” said the dog, Sidestepper.

“No,” said the great idea. “You just don’t know a great idea when you see one.”

“But you’re not an idea,” said the dog, Sidestepper. “You’re just a little explosion in the dark.”

“Right,” said the great idea that was a little explosion in the dark. “Explosion in the dark. That’s what I am. And you needed to write me down before I disappear.”

“But all you’ve given us to write down is Little Explosion In The Dark,” said Crazy Man. “What kind of great idea is that?”

“It’s a start,” said the little explosion in the dark that, apparently was the start of a great idea. “I mean, do I have to do all the work? Can’t you just accept that maybe I forgot what I was while I was waiting for you to write me down?”

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, were confused. They looked at each other and shrugged. They looked at this great idea that had forgotten itself and shrugged a few more times before the dog, Sidestepper, said, “Why should we believe you? You don’t look so great and you have stick sprouting from your great idea hind quarters.”

“Great ideas don’t have hind quarters,” said the great idea that, apparently, didn’t have hind quarters. “That’s an appendage.”

This sounded reasonable to the dog, Sidestepper, who considered himself an open-minded canine and he nodded to Crazy Man who nodded back to him. Turning back to the great idea with an appendage and no hind quarters, he said, “So what...”

The great idea cut in on the dog’s question and said, “Let me explain.”

Sensing another sob story heading their way, Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, prepared themselves as the great idea that appeared to be remembering itself dived into its story:

“I am the source of your lifetime regret. You will not seek me out; I will come to you when I’m ready to come to you. You must keep pen and paper close by when you sleep, lest I come to you in your dreams and you mistakenly think you’ll remember me in the morning. Never swim again lest I come to you in the water, far from the shore.”

As the great idea remembered it began to glow and vibrate. “I will wait for you under rocks and in cloud formations. I will wait for you in the spaces between blades of grass and the rustle of leaves on a windy day. I will wait for you in the smile on a stranger’s face and in the energy released by bubbles in a lively brook.” The great idea, fully into its story now, seemed to take a

deep great idea breath and said, “I will spring upon you from the vibrations of the color green on the plant growing out of a crack in the pavement. I will...”

The great idea stopped abruptly as an ungainly and possibly unholy noise crushed its narrative like a giant turd descending on something seeking completion. It was Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, showing their unique response to all the sob stories, back stories, hard lock stories and stories without end: They slept. They snored.

Sensing the game was up, they opened their eyes and shuffled around on the path, eyes glancing about in the guilt of being caught out.

The great idea was so furious that it held its breath until it turned purple and imploded, leaving nothing behind but the stick that extended from an area that might have been hind quarters if great ideas had hind quarters.

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, stared ahead, wondering what it was that they were staring at, wondering what had happened in these past few minutes or days.

“What just happened?” said the dog, Sidestepper.

“No idea at all,” said Crazy Man. “Couldn’t have been anything important.”

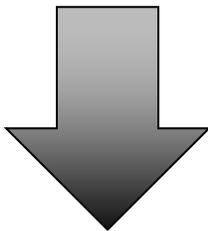
And the two journeyers continued along the path of adventure and new meanings in search of a map to food, a mother and this great outside thing.

To be continued...

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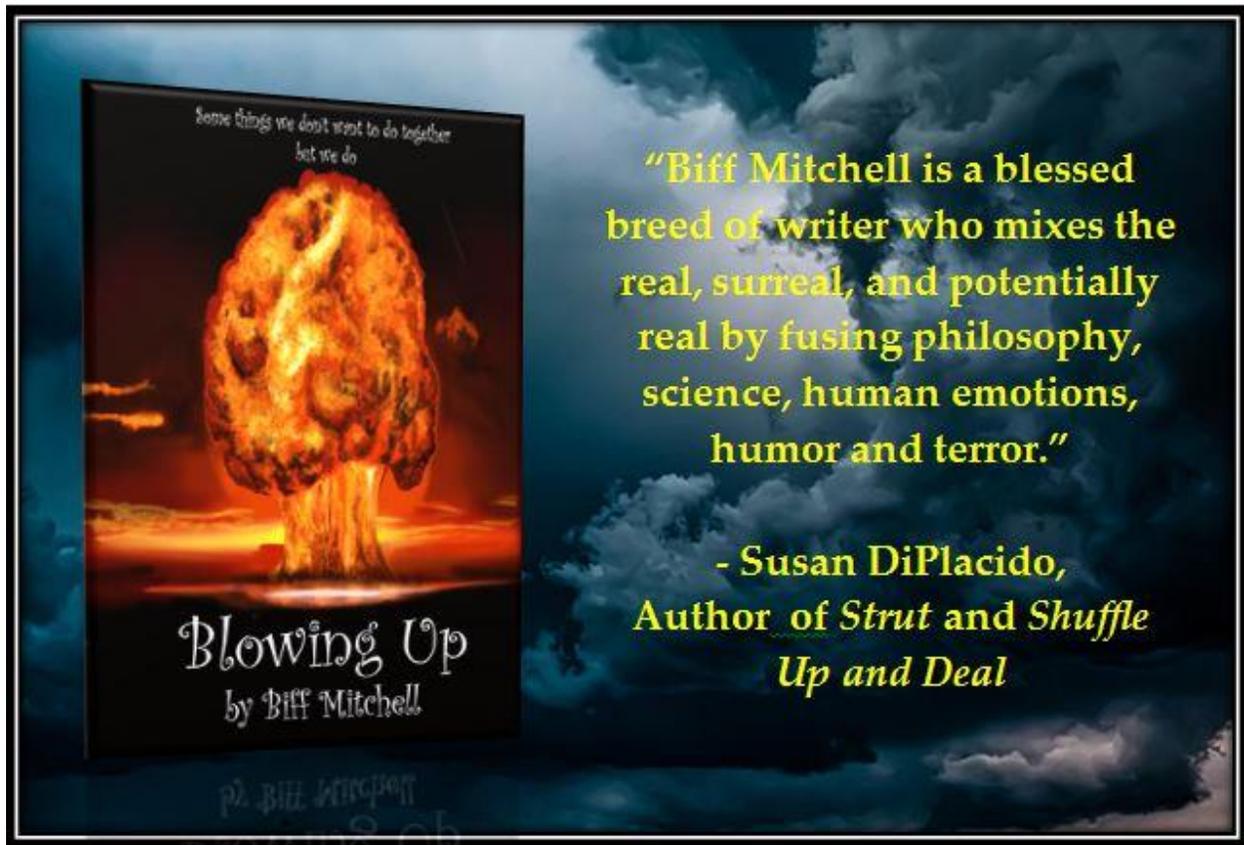
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