

The Existential Adventures of Crazy Man and the Dog, Sidestepper



Episode 115: Wherein Crazy Man and the Dog Sidestepper, meet Muck.

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Once upon a time, a dog and his man journeyed on the path of adventure and new meanings in search of a dog's mother, a map to food and this *outside thing*. On either side of the path, the deep dark scary woods threatened to devour them with distractions from the path; in fact, the path itself was rampant with distractions from itself, causing the dog to wonder...

"What do you think it's all about?" said the dog, Sidestepper.

Crazy Man thought about this until it began to hurt his head with a trillion answers, none of them involving a map to food, rendering the question pointless, so he did the only logical thing...he changed the subject. "I think I need a new pair of boots," he said, looking down at the fat wide red things that might have been shoes or might have been boots or might have been unholy slippers. "I've never been able to figure these ones out." He pointed at the questionable foot wrapping, looked the dog, Sidestepper, straight in the eye and said, "They really bug me. and they don't match with the conquistador cape that I might have stowed away somewhere."

The dog, Sidestepper, snorted through his tiny wet canine nose that was more like a black blueberry than any dog nose known to dog biology. He sensed a lack of thought on his travel buddy's part. But he expected no less at some deep-seated layer of understanding in his doggie core, so he let it ride.

Well, maybe not.

“They look like clown boots,” he said, knowing that Crazy Man suffered intensely from clownphobia.

Crazy Man, who was staring at white cloudy things in the sky that had not yet identified as clouds was just about to make a brilliant comeback that would trash his travel mate the dog, Sidestepper, when suddenly the dog, Sidestepper, clamped his tiny rows of doggie teeth on the collar of Crazy Man’s conquistador shirt and stopped him dead in his tracks.

Crazy Man had almost walked off a wooden ramp on the path of adventure and new meanings into a ghostly arrangement of realities that appeared more disturbing than his footwear. The dog, Sidestepper, came to a halt beside him, shaking a bit on his plus-long stilt-like legs and wondering *Is my mother somewhere in there?*

Before them, a swatch of hazy sunlight glowed at the core of a primal muck skewered with ancient branches, dead marsh grass and eerie reflections.

Crazy Man stepped back slowly and said, “What are you?”

After a few or more seconds, a deep dark voice emanated from the scene, “I’m the primal muck the narrator mentioned a few sentences ago.”

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, looked around, gazing up and down and side to side for any sign of a narrator and, finding none, came the same conclusion, this primal muck thing was hearing voices, which was OK with the dog, Sidestepper, who frequently heard drabbles of narration that seemed to pass through his mind as he travelled the path of adventure and new meanings. Crazy Man assumed that both dog and muck were crazy as loons.

“I’ve been around since the beginning of it all and I’m the stuff from where it all came,” said he primal muck.

The dog, Sidestepper, taking a huge leap backwards in his mother-delusions said, “So you’re my mother?”

“No!” said the primal muck. “And you with the weird shoes...you’ll never find a map to food. And you’re both bastards.”

Crazy Man was incensed. The dog, Sidestepper, was infuriated. In unison, they said, “You’re muck, you’re yuck and you really suck.”

Whoa.

For just an instant that encompassed an eternity of instants lined up like dominoes stacked into the fabric of time, there was stillness, awe and disbelief.

Until the primal muck rearranged the dominoes: “I heard that the two of you saved the world from an alien invasion. You drove them away with convincing insults and original wit. They say you didn’t use a thesaurus once in your battle against the aliens.” The primal muck’s branches and shadows shivered lightly right into the dark reflections. “I’m calling it bullshit. There’s nothing in my primal genetic material to even suggest that happened.”

This muck was sounding crazier by the minute to Crazy Man. He flicked his finger at his nose (which appeared to be a bright red ball, but let’s not let him know that) and made it bounce off his cheeks like a weird single ball ping pong played on a curved horizon and then it suddenly popped back into place. Crazy Man had this: “You’re what already happened. We...” he pointed to himself and to the dog, Sidestepper, “...are...” And immediately forgot what he was saying.

However, the dog, Sidestepper, had the same thought, only he was able to finish it: “You may be the primal muck, but you’re still something that’s already happened and we’re what’s happening so you didn’t have the genetic material to see us coming because...” The dog, Sidestepper, wrapped his lips up, showing two rows of sharp canine fangs in a terrifying smile. “...You’re muck, you’re yuck and you really suck!”

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, smirked and laughed and occasionally pointed at the primal muck for many long dog ages (according to the dog, Sidestepper) until the primal muck couldn’t take it anymore and responded completely irrationally, “Everything that happens! Happens because I happened! And none of the stuff with the aliens happened because I didn’t happen it.”

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, glanced furtively at each other and glanced further furtively at the primal muck. “Once you make it happen,” said the dog, Sidestepper, “it starts to happen on its own when

we carry out its happeningness and make it ours.” At this point, the dog, Sidestepper, nodded to Crazy Man for support, but Crazy Man had no idea what the dog, Sidestepper, was talking about but he finally nodded in the affirmative.

The primal muck noticed the furtive glances between the two and knew that something fishy was going down. “My muck!” it roared. “My muck contains every possibility in every endless pool of possibilities. Gaze upon my surface and see into the impossibility of you saving the world from the aliens.”

And so they did. They gazed upon the surface of the primal muck. It was slick with a layer of primal water through which reflections of the surface muck mingled with the muck under the surface creating a sense of movement where there was only primal stillness, a stillness and calm that settled over Crazy Man’s being with all the luster of an idea. He bent down, picked up a pebble the size of everyone’s idea of the size of a pebble and tossed it into the center of the primal muck.

It started with a thin dollop sound, quick between dol and lop, followed by a small geyser of water shooting out of the still surface for about a foot before spreading out like a mushroom shedding droplet spore. And at the base of the geyser, ringlets of water radiated outwards, growing in size as they skimmed across the surface of the primal muck, creating tsunamis of infinite possibilities multiplied by infinite possibilities until the primal muck went insane and scampered into the deep dark scary woods on twiggy feet.

And of course, the lesson here so obviously learned is that we create our own possibilities whenever we throw rocks in water

“What do you think happened here?” said Crazy Man. “I mean, I think there might have been some kind of lesson, something we learned just now.”

“Yep,” said the dog, Sidestepper. “I kind feel that myself.”

“What do you think it is?”

The dog, Sidestepper, curled his lips into an unsettling smile and said, “Don’t call us bastards. We’ll throw rocks at you.”

Even the deep dark scary words chuckled (though it still wanted to devour the pair) as the horizon far off into the path of adventure and new meanings beckoned them with the possibility of a found mother, a map to food...and always this *outside thing*.

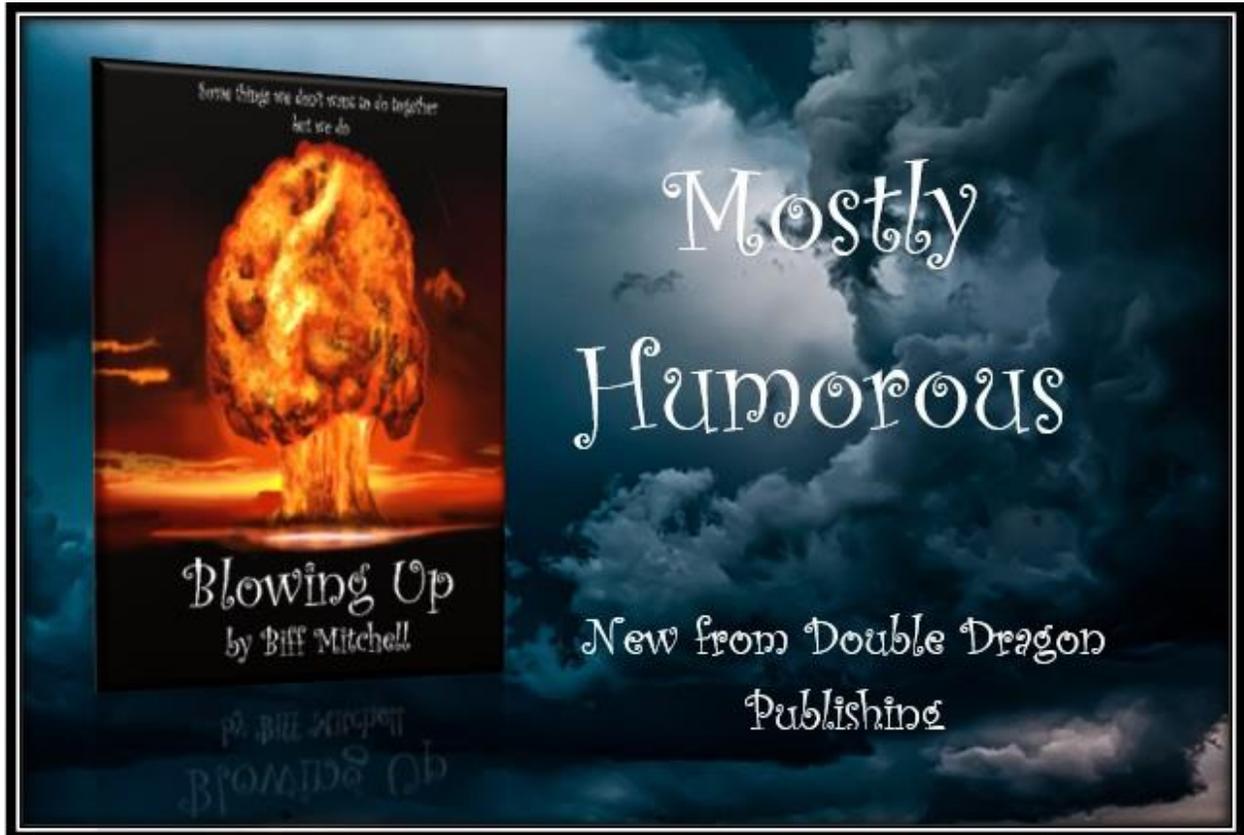
To be continued...

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