

The Existential Adventures of Crazy Man and the Dog, Sidestepper



Episode 117: Wherein Crazy Man and the Dog Sidestepper, go to the top of the world.

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If there's one thing the path of adventure and new meanings never lacks...it's surprises, and today the surprise was something out of the normal for our two journeyers. Today, the path led up, up and up beyond the highest building, beyond the highest hippie still living in the 60s, beyond the highest fence surrounding the house containing the kitchen that Crazy Man might have, beyond the source of all misery and mayhem and beyond that point where no dog or man has gone before without a plane, rocket or large balloon.

That high.

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, looked down at the clouds and wondered in unison: *What the hell now?*

They'd both wondered at times why the last several miles of their journey had seemed to be more physically exhausting than usual, and what they were looking at might offer a few hints. It seemed the path of

adventure and new meanings had taken an upward swing into improbable heights that were suddenly not so improbable; in fact, it appeared that they were suddenly on top of the world...and the world was a giant cloud pizza baking under the sun.

The dog, Sidestepper, scanned the fluffy white pizza surface searching for any sign of his mother while Crazy Man wondered if the intricate pizza patterns might be a secret map to food. Within minutes that were so long they could have been hours, they realized that there was nothing here for them other than a magnificent view. This caused a tear or two to float out of Crazy Man's left eye and tumble down onto the cloud bed to be absorbed and become cloud stuff.

"Thank you," said the cloud bed.

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, were astounded: Talking clouds. Who would ever have imagined?

"And what exactly are you thanking us for?" said Crazy Man.

"For the water," said the cloud bed.

Crazy Man wasn't sure what to think about this. "But it was just a drop or two like the narrator said," said Crazy Man.

"Every drop counts," said the cloud bed. "Especially just before a storm. You never know when you're going to run out of water."

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, both of whom were fresh out of water except for the occasional tear or two, agreed profusely. In fact, noticing each other's profuse agreement, they suddenly became agreeably competitive and started trying to out-agree each other. Nods of agreement transformed into unseemly applause (the kind that irritates the ear with its pushiness) and ultra-nodding that caused both dog and man to nod their heads right off their bodies so that they spent god knows how long scraping their bodies over the surface of the path of adventure and new meanings until their heads re-attached...at which point they agreed at some level of survival that the agreement was done...mostly because neither could remember what they were agreeing about.

"You two sure are weird," said the cloud bed. "You wouldn't happen to be the two bastards who saved Earth from the aliens, would you?"

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, were up to their ears with this you-saved-the-planet-from-aliens thing and they were fed up with being called bastards regardless of whether they were or not.

"You're just water in the air," said the dog, Sidestepper. "And you'll get no more tears from us."

"And we didn't save us from the aliens," said Crazy Man. "We saved the aliens from us."

"And you're a bastard," said the dog, Sidestepper.

"Hey!" said the sun. "Knock off the bad talk...you're shading my shine with your shouting."

Crazy Man, the dog, Sidestepper, and the cloud bed turned their attention upwards toward the sun in mutual astonishment. They'd never heard of a talking sun before...or at least that they could remember.

"So shut up," said the sun. "Or I'll beam and I'll beam and I'll beam you into shushing."

All three came to the same conclusion at the same time: The sun was nuts.

"Did that shitty narrator just call me nuts?" said the sun.

"Yep," said the dog, Sidestepper. "Must've been reading our minds."

"So," said the sun, "you think I'm nuts?"

"Well," said Crazy Man, "all that beaming stuff..."

"Don't worry about that," said the cloud bed. "It's always getting fired up over little things that..."

"I am the shine in the sky that burns your eye," said the sun.

"Is the sun always like this?" said the dog, Sidestepper.

"Mostly in the daytime," said the cloud bed.

"And at night," said the sun. "I share my light with the moon and..."

Crazy Man nudged the dog, Sidestepper, and whispered: "Guess we can't escape the sun."

"Sure you can," said the moon and as it raced across the sky and planted itself in front of the sun, creating a perfect solar eclipse.

"Hey!" said the sun. "You're blocking my magnificence just as I was making a point about shining off you so that I'm always..."

“Always full of it,” said the moon. “When you reflect your light off me, it’s not really sunlight. It’s moonlight. I change it with my physics and chemistry. How about some moon fart?”

“You wouldn’t dare!”

“Wanna bet?”

Villagers in the fields under the sky that day called it The Day of the Great Moon Smell, not that anyone on Earth could smell it. No, this was a cosmic smell, a fart with no other intention than to offend the sun. It was the sense of the fart that the villagers could smell between both ears and deep in their subconscious and they used this sense to create stories of a monumental odor that came close to overloading the sun and sparking a very smelly supernova.

“Wow!” said the cloud bed. “You two just saved the planet from the sun.”

That was about it for Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, it was one thing to save the aliens from the Earth but saving the Earth from the sun was never meant to be in their life descriptions. They fitted themselves into parachutes that Crazy Man was hiding in his back pocket for a special occasion and jumped off the high up path of adventure and new meanings and floated down and down to the low path of adventure and new meanings where the sun was sinking into the distance, leaving the moon to light up the sky. On both sides of the path of adventure new meanings, the deep dark scary woods seemed less disruptive than clouds running out of water.

As they continued their journey, Crazy Man turned to the dog, Sidestepper, and said, “So, what just happened?”

The dog, Sidestepper, grinned and said, “I think the sun just got mooned.”

A disgruntled sigh spread through the bushes and branches of the deep dark scary woods.

To be continued...

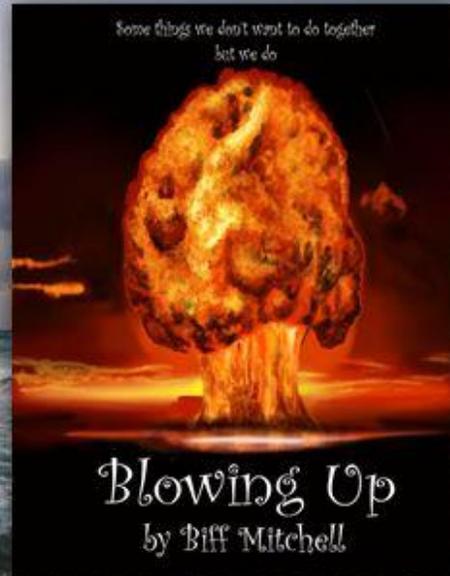
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