

The Existential Adventures of Crazy Man and the Dog, Sidestepper



Episode 121: Wherein Crazy Man and the Dog Sidestepper, confront thinking.

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“Do you ever think that we think too much?” said the dog, Sidestepper.

Crazy Man considered the concept of thinking too much and mistakenly over-thought at which point he fell down flat on his face on the path of adventure and new meanings and said (through a mouthful of dirt and dried leaf stuff), “I’ve never thought about that before.”

Both Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, pondered these words. There was much to be thought about thoughts that went un-thought, especially those about thinking about the un-thought.

Crazy Man pushed himself up to his knees and screamed. His head spun like a merry-go-round and his ears spun in unison to his head spinning as his eyes spun in their sockets and his eyebrows raised in mysterious and knowing ways. The dog, Sidestepper, watched in awe. He’d always wondered how one went about spinning one’s head and ears at the same time. It seemed unfair to him that, every time he tried, his head fell off his canine shoulders and he’d spend hours and days or more cleaning the dried leaf stuff out of his ears after he’d re-attached his head.

“It hurts,” said Crazy Man.

Crazy Man was a mess, a victim of over-thinking or maybe just thinking.

“Maybe I should re-word the question,” said the dog, Sidestepper. “How about this?”

Crazy Man's eyes peered expectantly thought path detritus, waiting for the words that would release him from thought hell.

"If you think about A and not about B," said the dog, Sidestepper, "where is C?"

Crazy Man stopped all thinking and turned all that he was into wishing that he had a flame thrower to put this smart-ass weird looking dog in his place. Sensing Crazy Man's animosity, the dog, Sidestepper, realized that he had no idea what he was talking about in the first place...it was it just a thought that he may simply farted out his ass.

"Nothing wrong with farting out your ass," said a dangling goo dripping slowly off a tree bough by the path of adventure and new meanings. "If I had an ass, I'd be farting out of it all the time."

Holy moly! Talking goo!

Crazy Man suddenly remembered his long-standing dream of having an in-depth conversation with talking goo. Somewhere in his kangaroo costume, he had a list of questions. As he searched frantically for it, the dog, Sidestepper, said, "You wouldn't happen to have a directory of lost mothers, would you?"

It was a long shot, but you just never know.

"No," said the goo. "And you're a bastard."

And sometimes you know.

"And your weird buddy is a bastard as well," said the goo. "And, no, I don't have a map to food."

Suddenly, Crazy Man didn't want to ask questions; he just wanted that flame thrower.

"But you're both lucky," said the goo. "You have asses. You can fart."

That's all it took to drive Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, into a frenzy of empathy without reason. But this time, they kept it under control. They didn't fall to the ground snapping at the cruel air and the unfair onslaught of time with their heads and ears spinning and blood curdling howls of sorrow bellowing from their mouths. No, this time, they just stood still, transfixed by empathy, unable to move, unable to speak, unable to do anything but feel the goo's lack of ass.

They stood transfixed for hours that competed to be the hours with the most minutes in an hour until it became weird with both sort of man and kind of dog transfixed and staring in mutual empathy like stone statues glued to a moment that no longer existed.

"You can both stop that now," said the goo. "You look really weird."

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, immediately assumed their we-don't-give-a-shit posture and Crazy Man said, "Every goo is an assless bastard."

The dog, Sidestepper, agreed. Both man and dog pointed at the goo and laughed.

The goo dripped and thought and dripped some more.

"Laugh, bastards, laugh," said the goo. "But think about this for a moment."

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, abruptly stopped laughing and stared at the goo, waiting for something to think about. The goo wobbled in the air with that robust demeanor exuded by those on the cusp of telling a secret. The goo focused its gooiness on the two and said, "I can burp."

Suddenly, Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, wanted to be goo when they grew up...burping, belching, croaking goo. They wanted to drip from eaves and boughs and shine in the full moon light.

"Stop, you fools!" said the goo. "I know what you're thinking...but you'll never be goo...you're too attached to farting. It's one thing to never fart when you've never known the fart." The goo let this sink in for a moment for more before adding, "It's another thing to not be able to fart after you've known the fart."

This made absolutely no sense at all to Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, who were both well-versed in the art of farting and had turned many a nose with their foodie fumes, though neither could actually recall the exact details or if they'd ever farted at all. But they were reasonably certain that they'd farted to good effect at some time.

"Farting is more fun than thinking," said the dog, Sidestepper, "and I guess we don't want to be assless bastards after all."

Crazy Man nodded agreement, though he wasn't a hundred percent certain what the dog, Sidestepper, was talking about.

"Did you really save us from the aliens?" said he goo.

"No," said the dog, Sidestepper, "we saved the aliens from us. Sort of."

“I wish I had an ass,” said the goo. “Then I could save us from the aliens that need to be saved from us. I’d just fart them away.”

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, were suddenly grossed out by the thought of goo farts and decided that it was time to stop thinking.

Strangely...

...the goo disappeared.

At which point...

...Crazy Man farted.

To be continued...

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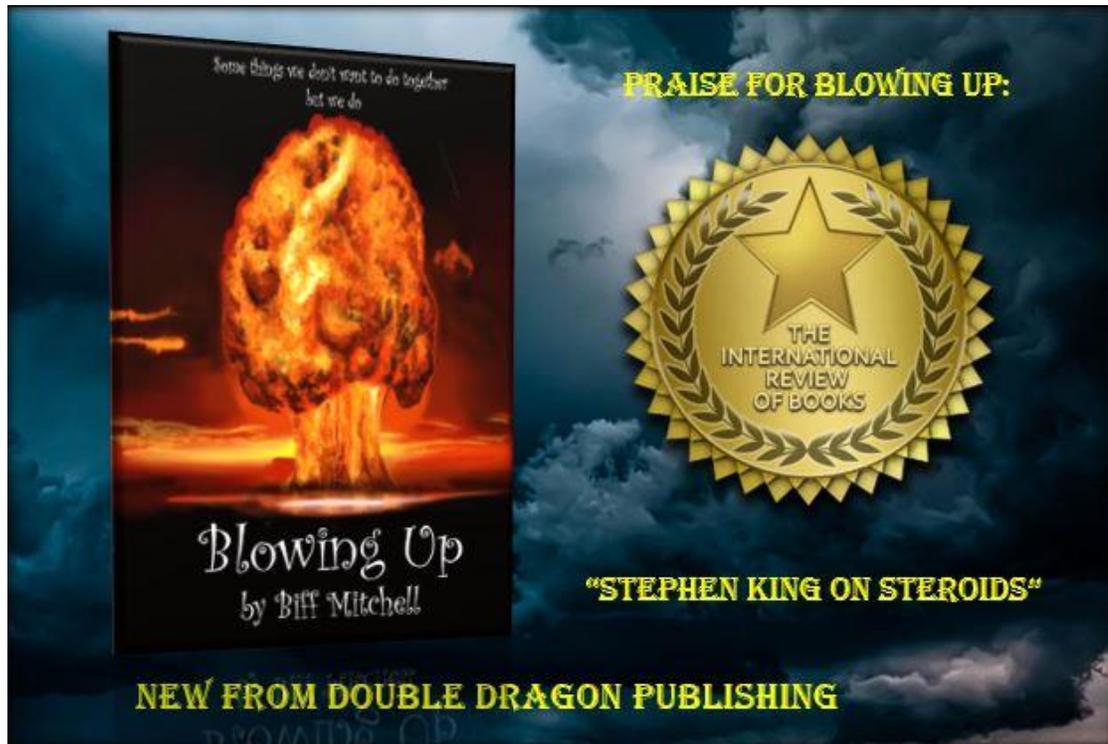
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