

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



Episode 125: Wherein Crazy Man and the Dog Sidestepper, meet the guardian pigeons.

(New here? [Click here to see what it's all about.](#))

Without warning, the path of adventure and new meanings opened into a metal and brick structure that soured any hope for a good day.

A metal and wood bridge crossed the chasm between the right and left of the structure. Three pigeons hopped back and forth on the bridge's railings. These were not your ordinary pigeons...these were guardian pigeons sent by dark forces from the deep dark scary woods to torment weary travelers exploring this *outside thing*. Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, approached with caution. Somehow they'd heard the rumors of guardian pigeon horrors.

"Stop where you are!" yelled one of the pigeons. "One more step and we'll shit on you."

The dog, Sidestepper, with his vast experience of peeing on fire hydrants and lamp posts wasn't one to be cowed by pigeon pellets, even from guardian pigeons; "Do your worst, birds," he said, "but you're just three and you're not very big and we will have plenty of time to duck your butt muck."

Both Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, thought that "butt muck" was the funniest thing they'd ever heard and they started laughing so hard that the energy equivalent of their laughter turned three wisps of vapor in the sky into smog particles before they could merge and make a cloud. The pigeons watched silently, eyes narrowed and glowing malevolently.

"Enough!" said one of the pigeons. "You will walk to the left or to the right. If you take any other path, we will shit on you."

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, looked from side to side through the dark alleyway where intricate spider webs billowed softly in a breeze but they couldn't see a difference and assumed that these guardian pigeons were actually just a pack of avian control freaks and no way were they going left or right...they were going straight down the center.

"Look before you step," said one of the pigeons.

"Our shit is fast and thick and gooey," said another pigeon.

"We feasted on taco waste and popcorn for lunch," said the third pigeon, "and now our shit smells like a thousand years of bottled death."

Crazy Man checked to see if he was wearing his tuxedo. He wasn't. He drew in a deep breath and said, "You wouldn't happen to have a map to whatever's left over from the tacos and popcorn, would you?"

The three guardian pigeons stared down him with evil round pigeon eyes and a dour look that could only be interpreted as *No. And you and the dog are bastards and the dog will never find his mother.*

And then something straight out of whatshisname's worst nightmare appeared before them.

Man and dog stared in horror at piles of bird shit steaming over the remains of things that could no longer be identified as having been created on Earth. It took a few minutes or a few days before it sank in...the piles were in the center of the path...these were once living creatures that had tried to pass without going left or right. They were now mounds of shit and both Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, had long ago forsaken any desire to be turned into pigeon shit. They'd had many productive meetings and discussions about the chemistry, the agriculture, the biology and the morality of being pigeon shit and they'd decided that it definitely was not for them.

"Why can't we just go down the center?" said Crazy Man.

"Why would you do down the center, when you can go left or right?" said one of the pigeons.

"But why would we go down the left or the right when we can go down the center?" said Crazy Man.

"Because we'll shit on you if you don't," said all three pigeons in unison.

"But why will you shit on us if we don't?" said Crazy Man

"Because you didn't go left or right," said one of the pigeons (the one who always wanted to be a statue). "That's your only choice. All else is shit."

Crazy Man suddenly had a beautiful daydream about owning a flame thrower. He'd always wanted one. And wouldn't it be wonderful to have one now?

"You're full shit," said the dog, Sidestepper.

"Yes we are," said the pigeons in unison.

A sudden moment of silence ensued. All five witnesses to the moment observed a mutual quiet. Thoughts raced through minds at dizzying speeds and a general conclusion was reached: The narrator's the one full of shit. And with that, sort of man, kind of dog and three shitty pigeons burst out laughing so hard the pigeons, lost their balances on their perches and fell to the ground with terrible sounds of cracking skulls. It was a rare sight and a rare sound.

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, stared at the dead pigeons, feeling perhaps that this was a solemn moment and maybe they should do something out of respect for dead pigeons, but maybe save that for sometime after they could stop laughing and pointing at the dead guardian pigeons.

They looked to the left and they looked to the right and they looked ahead and continued laughing and pointing as they hopped, skipped and jumped down the shit-studded center of the path of adventure and new meanings without fear of the shit.

To be continued...

© Biff Mitchell

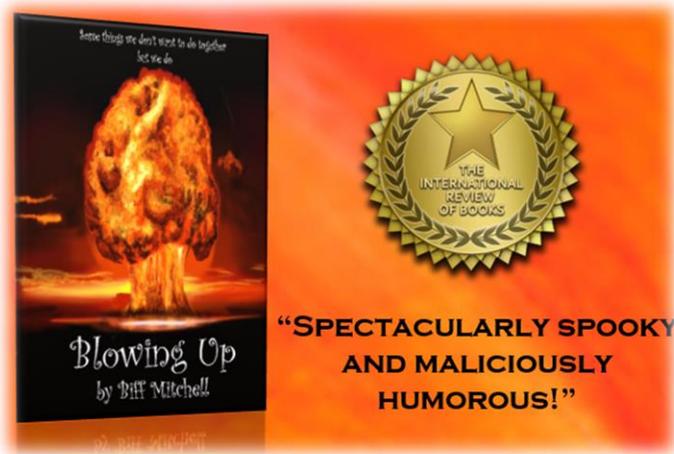
[www.biffmitchell.com](http://www.biffmitchell.com)

Check out the blog at: [www.crazymanadventures.com](http://www.crazymanadventures.com)

New from Double Dragon Publishing!

# Blowing Up

You deserve a good laugh in 2022. Here it is...



[Click here to own the laughs.](#)