

The Existential Adventures of Crazy Man and the Dog, Sidestepper



Episode 127: Wherein Crazy Man and the Dog Sidestepper, meet the light that leaves the light.

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Once upon a time along the path of adventure and new meanings, a cave-dwelling yoik (not to be confused with the up-over-and-under tree-dwelling yoik) posed the question: *Are we here?* To which a gang of mal-contented tree-dwelling yoiks responded: *No, we're there!*

Incensed by their lack of *here* and preference for *there*, the entire population of cave-dwelling yoiks said, "No, we're here and you're nowhere if you not here-where."

This made no sense to the tree-dwelling joiks and probably made no sense to the cave-dwelling yoiks. Just before a yoik war started over something neither side had a clue about, the traveling duo, Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, barged onto the scene pointing madly up into the sky. They yelled: "Yoiks! Yoiks! Look up!"

Yoiks (both tree and cave dwellers), being easily distracted, especially in matters of pre-yoik-war, looked up into a dark sky where strange things were happening. Two balls of light detached themselves from the moon and slithered through space directly toward Earth as they screeched, "Death to all yoiks! Death to all yoiks!"

This caught the yoiks' attention. They looked up as one and if joiks had jaws their jaws would have dropped, but we all know about yoiks and jaws, so let's just say they were so impressed, their asses dropped. Yes, yoiks have asses. Don't we all? Theirs dropped.

The yoiks wasted no time in setting up yoik-friendly social media sites. They worked together to create the best branding for a cause the world had ever seen. The words were on everyone's lips: *Save the yoiks!* And everybody wanted to immortalize the yoiks. They created forums and pages and surveys demanding that everyone drop whatever it was they were doing and save a yoik. They crowd-funded a dozen solutions to yoik extinction. Media coverage for the yoik cause was like a flood of plastic-filled ocean slaughtering web surfers' sensibilities.

Meanwhile in space, the two balls of light streaked through the sky so fast they passed themselves twice, the whole time screaming their hatred for yoiks and the universe's need to be cleansed of yoiks. They were so enthusiastic about destroying yoiks that they started bouncing around in the cosmos. They bounced off the moon, the bounced off comets and meteors and neighboring stars. They bounced and bounced and then headed straight back at the yoiks.

The yoiks certainly felt picked on and this spurred them on to greater social media efforts to stop the balls of light with branded rhetoric and cute catch phrases. And it worked...the whole world took up the cause of the yoiks with politically correct outrage that was equally balanced so as not to offend anyone, which of course, boiled down to one essential word: Likes.

Everyone Liked the message. It was simple, straight forward, easy to do...just press Like and the yoiks would be all right. And you would have a clean conscience, knowing that you'd done your part.

The yoiks were flabbergasted. They'd never been so popular. They were in the limelight and everyone on the planet wished them all the best and sent hugs and prayers and more Likes.

However, nothing is ever easy in the civilized world. Though the yoiks had succeeded in bringing their cause to the world, they'd neglected to do one key thing: *Stop the balls of light from destroying them.*

At this point, Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, who'd been watching this yoik madness and wondering if there was intelligent life in the New Age, made an honest effort to save the yoiks by saying in unison: "Yoiks! Yoiks! Look up!"

At which point the yoiks looked up for the first time since the social media campaign had begun just in time to see the two balls of light streak through the clouds yelling, "Death to all yoiks! Death to all yoiks!"

Within seconds, cave-dwelling yoiks and tree-dwelling yoiks were involved in a massive explosion incident that wasn't going too well for them and they were suddenly neither here nor there...they were nowhere.

And the world went on.

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, looked at each other, looked at the big gaping hole in reality where the yoiks used to be and looked back at each other.

"Yoiks," said the dog, Sidestepper.

"Yoiks," said Crazy Man.

And all along the path of adventure and new meanings, the deep dark scary woods grew darker and scarier.

But that didn't stop sort of man and kind of dog from continuing their journey on the path of adventure and new meanings in search of a map to food, a lost mother and this crazy wonderful *outside thing*.

To be continued...

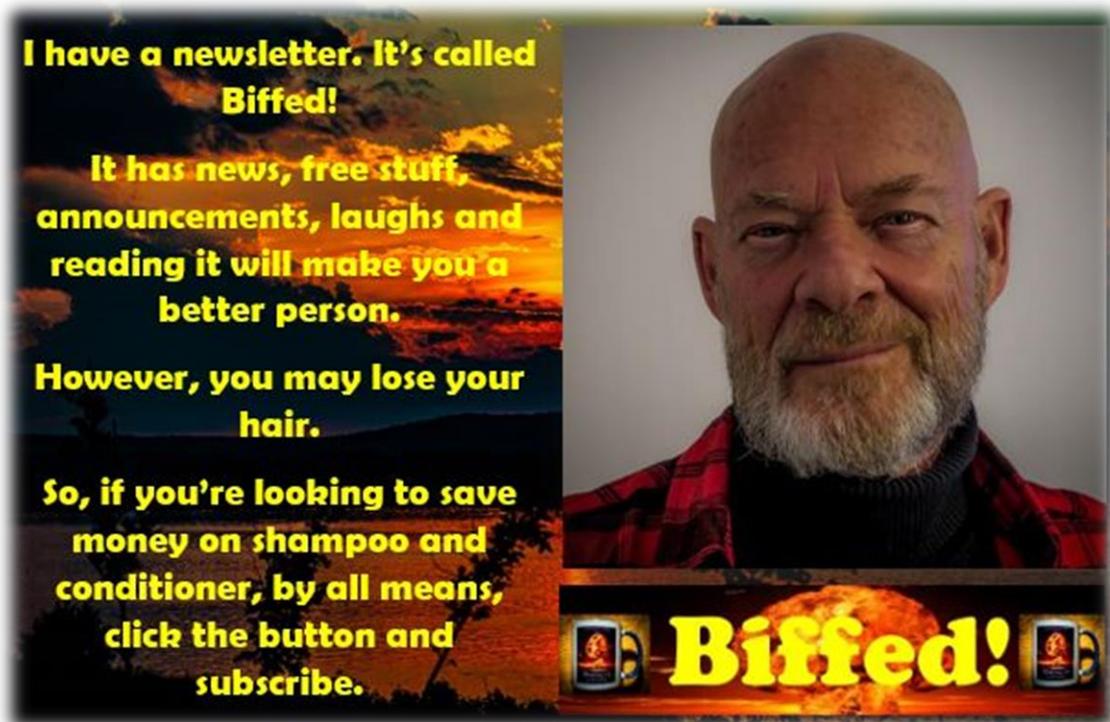
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