

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



Episode 130: Wherein Crazy Man and the Dog Sidestepper, try not to get bonked.

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Some say we carry paradise within ourselves. It could be a place we visit or a place we want to visit. It could be the place we live or the place we want to live. It could be the life we live or the life we want to live. It's that picture in our minds that makes us happy, gives us hope, cheers us up and gets us through another day in our humdrum lives. The picture may not match the model, but the picture is there...our paradise...humming softly under the surface of our everyday lives.

"I really don't like those people who tell you that your attitude is more important than what's actually happening to you," said the dog, Sidestepper.

Crazy Man, sensing a lecture or metaphysical event sneaking into his otherwise mindless day, prepared himself for sleep walking.

"I mean, they tell you to smile, think positive, consider your blessings and all that stuff," said the dog, Sidestepper, "all this while you're looking at a wave of lava flowing down the cliffs of your life but you're supposed to smile and think sweet thoughts while the wave sweeps you away."

Now Crazy Man was sure that his travel mate was on a lecture tangent but, just as he was about to close his eyes and sleep off the dog, Sidestepper's, wild vent he stopped...amazed. And the dog, Sidestepper, stopped...amazed.

"Welcome to paradise with a price," said a gang of tropical palm trees.



Yes. Suddenly.

The coconut bonk trees snapped up, catapulting their coconuts like furious bee hives soaring into the sky. As they streaked upwards, they gathered into close formation and plummeting to the earth right where a horde of ducks was training for war against the world. Within seconds, the army of angry ducks was transformed into duck soup washing down a river, wondering what happened.

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, were unaware of the ducks as they stared at the coconut no-longer-bonk trees...now safe for tourists the world over. Until they grew new coconuts of course.

So they rested under the shade of the trees and watched butterflies land on their noses. They talked about their travels and encounters with all manner of strange creatures and Crazy Man, in a moment of great hope asked the trees: "You wouldn't happen to have a map..."

"Nope," said the tree to the right. "No map to food and no lost mothers. And you're both bastards."

That settled, the two dozed off and slipped into dreamscapes of a world that was one big colorful map to food populated by all the lost mothers of the world. And, of course, this huge perplexing *outside thing*.

To be continued...

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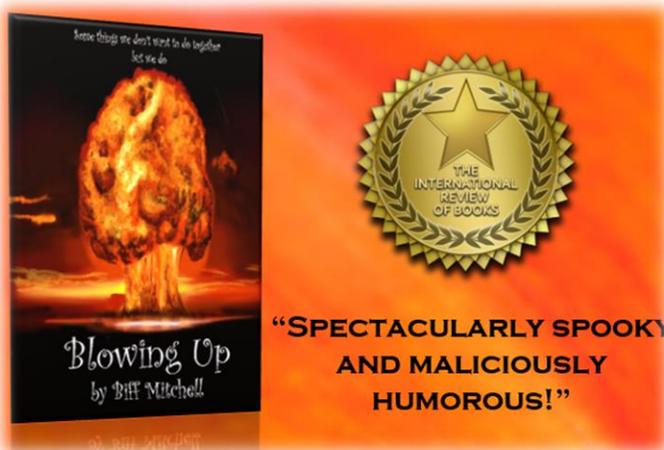
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