

The Existential Adventures of Crazy Man and the Dog, Sidestepper



Episode 132: Wherein Crazy Man and the Dog Sidestepper, go the extra half.

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Someone once said that we feel happiness in proportion to the sadness we feel. I heard that same person fell to certain death looking for the other half of a cliff that didn't exist.

"That's not true!" said a half full or half empty glass of white wine on a mysterious cluttered table top jutting out from the deep dark scary woods. "He jumped off the cliff because he thought he was lighter than air."

OMG, thought Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, in unison. *A talking wine glass.*

"How much did he weigh?" said Crazy Man, suddenly intrigued by lighter than air travel fails.

"More than air," said the talking glass.

Once again, Crazy Man found himself wishing he had a flame thrower and wondering if he might have one in the kitchen he might have.

The talking glass, sensing his murderous thoughts, said, "Before you waste your time on murderous thoughts, let me introduce myself." The glass seemed to sparkle for a moment within a moment as it continued. "I'm Little Miss Half & Half, the glass that won't let you have it all."

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, felt an eminent sense of threat. All their lives, they'd wanted to have it all...all of it! Everything! They'd dreamed of walking in landscapes full of stuff and being able to gouge

it all in with their eyes and say, "MINE!" And now some dorky little wine glass was telling them their dreams were empty wine glasses but they weren't about to settle for just half of anything.

"You must choose," said half&half wine glass that won't let you have it all. "And you can call me Miz Half&Half," said Miz Half&Half.

Crazy Man felt his ears begin to spin. His eyes bounced up and down in their sockets. His nose wobbled. He tried not to think about his nose...or anything red. The dog, Sidestepper, did doggie stuff on the spot that defied description by anyone with a rational mind.

They hated making choices. It took the straight line out of life. Choices made things complicated. They required thought. Thinking hurt. Just thinking about thinking made them howl like a pack of grieving wolves during a full moon.

"You must choose!" said Miz Half&Half.

"But if we choose one, we abandon the other," said Crazy Man. He had no idea what that meant but it had words and words are all we have when actions...

Crazy Man, the dog, Sidestepper, and Miz Half&Half all began to snore having sensed a lecture coming on from the narrator at which point the narrator shut his mouth and let the story continue with characters who were awake.

"You must choose," said Miz Half&Half.

"Nope," said the dog, Sidestepper.

"Nope," said Crazy man.

"What do you mean by 'nope'?" said Miz Half&Half, "You must choose!"

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, were adamant: they weren't choosing anything today and this glass that didn't know if it was full or not wasn't going to make their lives half sad or half happy.

"We choose not to choose," said the dog, Sidestepper. "Because a glass half empty of bad things is like a glass half full of good things."

"And a glass half full of good things," said Crazy Man, "is like a glass half empty of bad things."

"What would you choose?" said the dog, Sidestepper, staring Miz Half&Half straight in the wine.

This thought tightened around Miz Half&Half like a hungry snake coiling around a mouse. "I don't have to choose!" said Miz Half&Half. "I'm the glass! I'm the wine! I'm the choice!"

"But you don't know if you're half full or half empty," said Crazy Man.

"It doesn't matter if I'm half full or half empty," said Miz Half&Half. "You must choose!"

"Not me," said Crazy Man. "I choose not to choose."

"Me too," said the dog, Sidestepper. "

"But you won't know whether to drink from me or top me off," said Miz Half&Half.

"I don't mind drinking half a glass of wine," said Crazy Man.

"Especially after drinking half a glass of wine," said the dog, Sidestepper.

"You're missing the point," said Miz Half&Half.

"No," said the dog, Sidestepper. "You're missing the point. It doesn't matter if you're half full or half empty. As long as there's a wine glass, there will be wine."

"We hope," said Crazy Man.

"The emptier you are the more there is to fill up again," said the dog, Sidestepper.

"Right," said Crazy Man, suddenly waking up to the truth of it all, whatever that truth might be. "And the fuller you are, the emptier we can make you."

Miz Half&Half shook so hard that the wine sloshed in her half empty/half full wine glass belly so hard that drops of wine spit through the top of the glass and onto the cluttered table top.

"Maybe having a glass half empty is a sign to appreciate the half that's left," said the dog, Sidestepper.

"And maybe we only want half a glass of wine," said Crazy Man, though he kind of savored the idea of guzzling down a full glass of wine right after guzzling down a few glasses of wine...half full or half empty.

"And maybe we'd rather have beer," said the dog, Sidestepper.

At this point, Miz Half&Half was so mad the wine began to boil and gurgle and boil some more and turn into steam, leaving the completely empty.

“Now look what you’ve done!” she hollered as she went off looking for a bottle of wine to fill the emptiness.

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, stood by the edge of the path of adventure and new meanings, waving goodbye to Miz Half&Half.

“Maybe we should follow her in case she finds some wine,” said Crazy Man. “I sure could do with some wine right now.”

“Wine would be welcome,” said the dog, Sidestepper, just as the two heard a sound like glass shattering. “But I don’t like the idea of going into the deep dark scary woods looking for it.”

And with that, the two set off down the path of adventure and new meanings telling each other stories of pasts that neither remembered.

To be continued...

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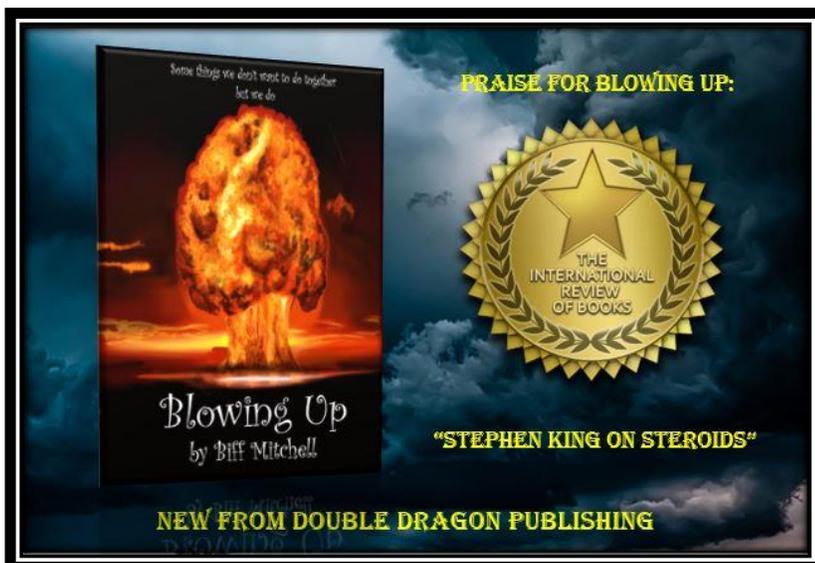
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