

The Existential Adventures of Crazy Man and the Dog, Sidestepper



Episode 139: Wherein Crazy Man and the Dog Sidestepper, meet the light that shines through the leaves.

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“I am the light that shines through the leaves. I have no meaning...I have no purpose...I shine through the leaves for the hell of it,” said the light that shone through leaves at a strange juncture on the path of adventure and new meanings.

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, were impressed. They’d never met anything that owned up to having no meaning and no purpose. That was a lot of personal baggage to make public.

“But you create a very pretty effect,” said the dog, Sidestepper. “Maybe that could be your meaning.”

“Looking pretty is my meaning?” said the light that shines through the leaves for the hell of it. “I was thinking of something with a little more substance, like maybe I show everyone the way. I think I could do that. At least it would give me something to do.”

“But what way would you show them?” said Crazy Man.

The light that shines through the leaves (hereafter, the light) thought about this with a glimmer here and a sparkle there and said, “The way that takes you from here to there.”

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, nodded enthusiastically.

“So,” said the dog, Sidestepper, “You’d be like the path of adventure and new meanings, taking us from here to there but in a meaningful way.”

“That’s it,” said the light. “How does the path do that? Maybe I could do the same.”

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, pondered this. And pondered some more.

“It’s a mystery,” said Crazy Man, who immediately wondered what he was talking about.

“What does that mean?” said the light.

“We won’t know until we’ve solved the mystery,” said the dog, Sidestepper.

“And how will you solve the mystery?” said the light.

“By following the path of adventure and new meanings,” said the dog, Sidestepper. “And through this we gather meanings and have some really cool adventures.”

“But what meanings do you gather?” said the light.

“We won’t know until the end of the journey,” said Crazy Man, suddenly aware that he still didn’t know what he was talking about, but the hell. “That’s when we add up all the meanings so that they make sense.”

“And how long will that take?” said the light.

“When we find my mother and a map to food,” said the dog, Sidestepper, hopefully.

“And when we’ve had enough time to make sense of this *outside thing*,” said Crazy Man, equally hopefully.

“And what does that mean?” said the light.

“We’re not sure,” said Crazy Man. “The story hasn’t gone that far.”

“Maybe that’s what I can do,” said the light. “Maybe I can tell a story.”

“That’s a great idea!” said the dog, Sidestepper, and his tiny doggie tail wiggled to show his excitement.

“What story will you tell?” said Crazy Man.

The light thought about this deep into the leaves it shone through. There were so many possibilities, so many stories to tell.

“I’ll tell a story about shining through leaves,” said the light.

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, thought about this from a critical point of view that involved much research and discussion and decided that the light’s idea might actually be a good one.

“How will you begin your story?” said Crazy Man.

The light pondered the beginnings of stories and said, “It was a bright and peaceful morning.”

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, took turns pondering story beginnings and nodded their approval.

“And what will happen in your story?” said the dog, Sidestepper. “A story needs action and plot.”

“I’ll shine through the leaves,” said the light.

The journeying duo thought this was a great plot...so much so that, if Crazy Man had a cute little doggie tail, it would have wagged enthusiastically. “And then?” he said.

The light thought a moment and said, “I’ll shine through the leaves some more.”

This was met with a little less enthusiasm.

“And then?” said Crazy Man.

The light grew a little bit brighter and said, “I’ll shine *much* brighter...with great emphasis on the *much* thing. You know, for drama.”

This wasn’t going over well with man nor dog. Where was the drama? Where was the conflict and the resolutions that carried the characters through the ups and downs of life and plopped them somewhere where they had to start all over again? And where the hell were the characters?

At that exact moment...something inevitable happened, something that had been happening for millennia upon millennia. The earth rotated...and the light was no longer shining through the leaves for the hell of it. It was somewhere else.

“Where’d the light go?” said Crazy Man.

“Somewhere to start a new story I guess,” said the dog, Sidestepper. And just then his tiny doggie ears cocked and his body froze...a sign that he was listening to something that Crazy Man wasn’t picking up with his big red ears.

“What is it?” he said.

“I thought I heard a distant voice say *come back tomorrow for chapter two*,” said the dog, Sidestepper.

“I’m not sure if I can stay awake for more shining through brighter and then more shining through even brighter until I’m blinded by the story,” said Crazy Man.

“Me too,” said the dog, Sidestepper. “Some stories just don’t know where to go.”

“Where do you think the path of adventure and new meanings is leading us?” said Crazy Man. “Into stories that have plots and characters...conflict and resolution?”

The dog, Sidestepper, pointed his cute little doggie nose straight ahead into the horizon as far as they could see, smiled his snarly little doggie smile that deeply disturbed Crazy Man and said, “Let’s find out.”

And off they went with big long steps and short four-legged choppy sideways steps in search of a map to food, a dog’s mother...and looking forward to lots more of this *outside thing*.

To be continued...

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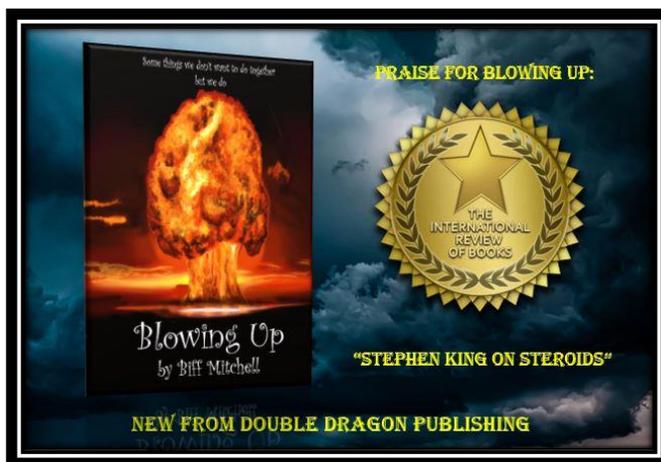
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