

The Existential Adventures of Crazy Man and the Dog, Sidestepper



Episode 144: Wherein Crazy Man and the Dog Sidestepper, meet an actual talking lizard.
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“Hey guys! Look at me!” said a vivaciously colorful lizard clinging to a living room wall that mysteriously leaped out of nowhere by the path of adventure and new meanings. “Look...I can walk on walls. Can you walk on walls? I’ll bet you can’t walk on walls. I can.”

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, had long wanted to watch lizards walking on walls; in fact, there were times when they had been obsessed with wall-walking lizards and hurt to the bone that they’d never actually seen a lizard walking on a wall.

“Don’t get sucked in,” said the deader squirrel as it popped its head out of one of Crazy Man’s big silly pockets. “That lizard is setting you up! It’ll challenge you to a race that you can’t win because the only wall-walkers better than lizards are squirrels but being dead my wall-walking days are over.”

“Ha ha ha!” said the lizard as it pointed its tail at Crazy Man. “You have a dead squirrel in your big stupid pocket and lizards have always been better wall-walkers than squirrels.”

“Don’t listen to it,” said the deader squirrel. “Lizards are reptiles and reptiles are related to snakes and snakes eat mice and...” The deader squirrel stopped talking when it realized that it had completely forgotten what it was talking about. “Or something like that,” it said in conclusion, hoping that something it had said made sense.

“That doesn’t make any sense at all,” said the lizard. “Besides, I don’t feel like wall-walking today. I just feel clinging right here to the wall and watching someone else walk on walls for a change. Oh, and by the way...I don’t have a map to food, the dog’s mother probably doesn’t exist and you’re both bastards, especially the dog. I don’t know what to think of the squirrel.”

The dog, Sidestepper, suddenly felt picked-on. Who the hell did this lizard think it was, insinuating that he might never have had a mother? Just because it could walk on walls didn’t give it the right to break a poor dog’s heart.

“And I’ll bet your mother has scales and a pointy tongue like in horror movies,” said the dog, Sidestepper.

“You tell it!” said the deader squirrel. “And I’ll bet its mother wears crocks.”

“At least she exists,” said the lizard,”

“So where is she?” said the deader squirrel.

“She’s somewhere around here,” said the lizard.

Crazy Man, the dog, Sidestepper, and the deader squirrel looked around. They looked at the mysterious wall and didn’t see a mother. They scoured the trees and shrubbery around the mysterious wall but they saw no mothers. They looked up, they looked down and they looked all around but there were no lizard mothers to be seen. This went on for minutes that marched into hours and days and lifetimes of realization that this lizard was quite likely motherless.

The lizard watched them nervously, its eyes glowing with what looked like hope as though the lizard was hoping they would spot its mother. It could no longer contain itself. It asked, “Well...did you see her? She’s right around here somewhere. I know she is. I think I saw her over there.” It pointed its tail at a bush by the side of the path of adventure and new meanings.

The traveling trio suddenly realized that this poor pathetic reptile had no mother. It was motherless and abandoned...another cruel case of mater rejection. Their hearts were broken. Well, Crazy Man’s and the dog, Sidestepper’s, hearts were broken. The deader squirrel was too dead to give a damn.

The dog, Sidestepper, ambled over to the bush and sniffed it vigorously. “Just bush...no mama lizards,” he said, painfully aware that he was breaking the poor lizard’s heart.

“Maybe she had to be somewhere else,” said the lizard, obviously choking back sobs. “She’s very popular, my mom, very popular and has a vast network of friends. She might be visiting and dining on grubs with friends. You never know.”

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, felt industrial size rubber bands tightening around their hearts. Where was the justice for motherless lizards? Where was the justice for motherless dogs? Where was the justice!

“It’s just leading you on,” said the deader squirrel. “Lizards are born in eggs. They think the eggs are their mothers.”

“That’s not true!” said the lizard. “Eggs don’t teach you how to hunt bugs and walk on walls. My mother, the lizard, did that.”

“So what does she look like?” said the deader squirrel.

The lizard thought about this and a bunch of other things, but mostly this.

“Like a lizard,” said the lizard. “Was that some kind of trick question?”

“All lizards look like lizards,” said the deader squirrel. “How do you know she wasn’t somebody else’s mother?”

“You’re just saying that because all patches of dead squirrels look alike,” said the lizard. “My mom is the most beautiful squirrel in the world and she’s probably lying down somewhere recovering from her hectic social life.”

“I’m not just a patch of squirrel,” said the deader squirrel, “I’m...”

Crazy Man pushed the deader squirrel down into his big silly pocket and said, “We should all try to be friends and just get along.”

The lips below the lizard’s beady little eyes twisted into a horrible silly putty smile as its head jutted in Crazy Man’s direction, almost knocking him over with the weirdness of the smile. “Will you be my friend?” said the lizard enthusiastically, as it cocked its head at a crazy angle.

“Don’t listen to it,” said the deader squirrel’s voice from somewhere deep in Crazy Man’s big silly pocket.

“Sure,” said the dog, Sidestepper, “We’ll be your friends even though you called us bastards. We’ve always been big fans of lizards that walk on walls. Maybe you could teach us a few wall-walking steps.”

“Um...no,” said the lizard.

“Why not?” said he dog, Sidestepper.

“Don’t feel like walking on walls anymore,” said the lizard as it yawned and covered its mouth with a vivaciously colorful leg. “I think I’ll just sit here in the sun and fry my brains for a while.”

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, were no strangers to fried brains. They'd had their share of days spent lying in the sun, taking in the rays and...

Suddenly...as in right out of the blue...a band of trouble-making chipmunks wearing black eye patches poured out of the deep dark scary woods like furry lava, swarmed over the living room wall and the lizard and dragged them back into the gloom.

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, stared long into the day at the spot where the wall and lizard had been swallowed into the deep dark scary woods.

When they were sure that the chipmunks were gone they looked at each other and shrugged.

"And just when I was ready for some wall walking," said the dog, Sidestepper.

"You can walk on walls?" said Crazy Man.

"Only when my brains are fried," said the dog, Sidestepper.

And the two laughed loud and heartily as they continued along the path of adventure and new meanings while somewhere in the depths of one of Crazy Man's big silly pockets, a deader squirrel pondered its future.

To be continued...

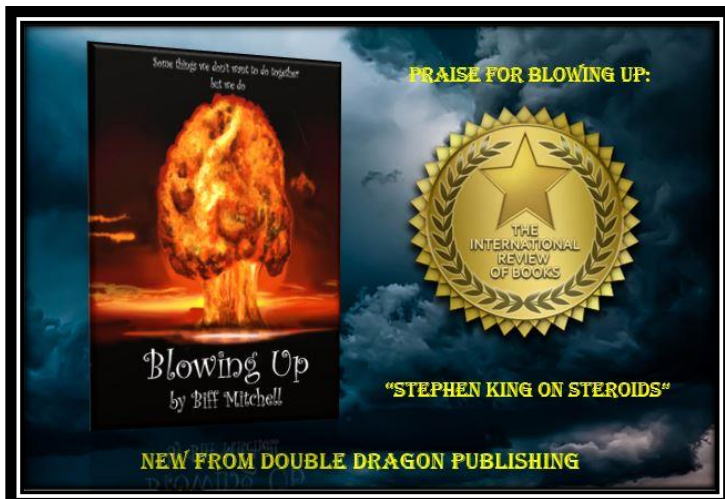
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