

The Existential Adventures of Crazy Man and the Dog, Sidestepper



Episode 151: Wherein Crazy Man and the Dog Sidestepper, face the fruit fly Armageddon.

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NOTE: The Existential Adventures of Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper is still on hold while I publish three novels over the next few months. However, this episode suddenly slipped out of my mind and onto the page, uninvited, unwanted, belligerent and noisy. So here it is.

There are those who say the human race will be the end of the human race, that we'll consume, make war and propagate ourselves clear out of existence. They could be right. Each day, a quick scan of the news sounds more and more like a global obituary. But then, don't these things happen by surprise? Just when we're certain we're all gonna die from nuclear war, a meteor lands on our heads. A meteor. Just ask the dinosaurs.

It so happened that the dog, Sidestepper, was thinking about the end of civilization and wondering if he would find the mother who had abandoned him before it all ended.

Crazy Man was wondering if he'd ever find a map to food but he was a little more optimistic about the survival of civilization thing. He was banking on plenty of time to find that map and plenty of time for the journey to the shiny neon X that shows where the food is hiding. He wondered if there would be recipes on the back of the map.

Suddenly, the dog, Sidestepper, stopped so fast he almost had a gravity moment. Crazy Man, who was a few feet behind him, almost tripped over his travel mate, and said: "What is it? Are we all gonna die?" That beautiful neon X was dimming into just another day like the last.

The dog, Sidestepper, pointed at a blood chilling sight ahead. It was a giant spillage of fruit flies, thousands upon thousands of them, possibly more. It was like being at the base of a waterfall except the water was air filled with fruit flies and they stretched higher than anyone could see and wide enough to block passage on the path of adventure and new meanings. Man and dog were mutually aware of the unacceptability of the situation and were having none of this.

"Hello massive spillage of fruit flies," said Crazy Man. "Could you move a little to the left so that we may pass?"

For a moment there was silence so quiet you could hear young clouds farting in the sky. And then there was laughter, uproarious mean laughter. It came from the thousands (and possibly more) of fruit flies. They laughed as they buzzed around in the air.

"Why should we do that?" said a fruit fly named Zed whose mother was the notorious Madame Z who'd turned three bunches of bananas into fruit fly condos in just one day. And then died. "We're fruit flies. We exist to annoy you and this is us annoying you. Are you annoyed?"

A churning wave of giggles and snickers flowed up the raging spill of fruit flies.

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, looked into each other's eyes and looked back at the fruit flies. "No," said Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, in unison "We're not annoyed. We're irritated."

The fruit fly waterfall spillage stopped spilling and stopped giggling and snickering. Thousands (and likely more) of fruit flies stared in disbelief through multi-faceted fruit fly eyes. These two had just pulled out the philosophical and sociological underpinnings and *raison d'être* of fruit fly existence: To annoy the humans, to invade their kitchens and fly into their eyes when they're cutting onions, to buzz around their heads while they're watching television or playing computer games. This was the stuff of fruit fly existence. It defined them. It provided them with a sense of purpose and a quiet place to go in their minds when they were feeling low.

"Bastards!" said Clive the Jive Fly. "You've destroyed the underpinnings of our existence. What will we tell our young? Why do you hate us so?"

"Bastards!" agreed the Winged Bing and Wild Buzz Charley, two very important fruit fly influencers.

"Bastards!" cried thousands (and quite possibly more) suddenly disenfranchised fruit flies.

"Irritation is for spiders and head lice," said the fruit fly named Zed. "We aim to annoy and annoy we will."

Neither Crazy Man nor the dog, Sidestepper, liked the sound of that. They'd had enough of annoyance on their journey and they didn't like Zed's tone.

"Attack and annoy!" screamed Zed and Clive and Bing and Buzz and thousands (or more) fruit flies as they left their insecurities behind and spilled like a crashing wave towards the two travelers.

"Auuuuggggg!" they screamed in their most annoying voices as they charged over each other like an angry surf looking for something to kill with mean words.

"I have a survey for you to fill out," said Fly Shit Sammy. "It'll only take a few hours."

"Please install my app on your phone so that I can track you and sell you things you don't want," said the notorious Don Fruit Fly.

"No," said Clive the Jive Fly. "Install my app. It only takes an hour and the learning curve is only a year, by which time you can install the updated app and please don't ask how much it costs and what we can do with your information...that's all in the microscopic terms and conditions."

“Hello Dear. Am prince from Hula Balula Land and my familys leaved me billion dollars in pennies but need your bank account to get to it. Please send me you pin number and I will transfer half billion to it.”

“Let’s be business partners,” said Fruit Fly Sally. “You buy stuff from me and I sell stuff to you. How’s that for partnering?”

“Vote for me and I’ll give you anything you want, whether I can or not,” said the only fruit fly with a degree in Public Service and Basket Weaving.

“Are we annoying you yet?” said Fly Boy the Flyer, “

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, shuffled around inside the cloud of fruit flies and shrugged their shoulders and said, “Nope.”

The fruit flies were scandalized so badly some died and fell out of the sky like flies.

“Only a couple of bastards would say a thing like that,” said Fruit Fly Sally. “How can I sell anything to you with all your ‘nopes’?”

“You’re trying to *not* let us annoy you,” said the prince from Hula Balula Land. “That’s not fair.”

The mood had changed. Now, instead of annoying Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, the fruit flies wanted to kill them.

“You must die!” said Fruit Fly Sally and Wild Buzz Charley.

This was enough for the entire horde of fruit flies to suddenly become less annoying and more murderous.

Once again, Crazy Man regretted not bringing a flame thrower with him when he first set foot on the path of adventure and new meanings. The fruit flies flew into their eyes and ears. They danced on their foreheads and rubbed their hind legs in their eyebrows. They piled into their noses and tried to force their way into their mouths. The onslaught was horrifying. Thousands of fruit flies died from slaps and scratches but the fury continued unabated.

A few hours later (or was it a few days or months?) the last fruit fly attacked the dog, Sidestepper’s, nose and drowned in dog snot.

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, stood in the center of a heap of dead fruit flies. Some said they weren’t dead but they were obviously faking it. These fruit flies looked dead. Sort of man and kind of dog stepped over the tiny black bodies and continued onto the path of adventure and new meanings. They were silent for a few hours, trying to figure out what had just happened.

“Crazy Man?” said the dog, Sidestepper.

“Yep,” said Crazy Man.

“I think I might have been *just a little* annoyed.”

“Yeah,” said the dog, Sidestepper. “Me too.”

“But I wasn’t going to tell them,” said Crazy Man.

“Why’s that?” said the dog, Sidestepper.

“Because I wanted to bug them.”

Their laughter spilled across the surface of the path of adventure and new meanings and burrowed into the brushes and trees of the deep dark scary woods as the two adventurers strolled into another horizon in search of a mother and a map to food...and explode this crazy *outside thing*.

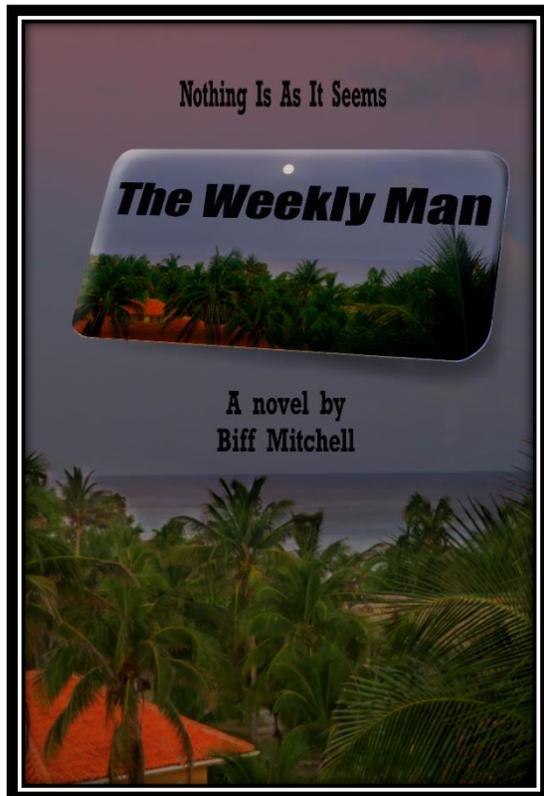
To be continued...

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