

The Existential Adventures of Crazy Man and the Dog, Sidestepper



Episode 156: Wherein Crazy Man and the Dog Sidestepper, Encounter a Shit House
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“Hey you guys!” called a strange metal and plastic box with a door. It seemed like the space behind the door was there just to give the door something to open in to. “Are you the two who saved us from the alien invasion with your smarts and bravery and magical world-saving trickery?”

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, were used to being seen as heroes even though the aliens weren’t attacking the Earth, but making a decision to place the planet on an intergalactic travel advisory, warning the universe to stay away lest the Earth’s madness spread beyond its orbit.

“Yep,” said Crazy Man with a crooked smile. “That’s us...saviors of the world.”

“Magical weapons and all,” said the dog, Sidestepper, icy with sarcasm.

The structure, sensing a degree of insincerity from the journeying duo said, “I sense a degree of insincerity from you. Are you those two or some other two?”

“We’re the two,” said Crazy Man. “And what are you?”

Forgetting completely about aliens and heroes and magical trickery, and seeing an opening to talk about itself, the box seemed to expand its door like a chest expanding while pulling apart a giant lobster. “I,” said the box “...am a shithouse.”

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, had never met a shithouse before and they were impressed.

“Shit lives in houses?” said Crazy Man.

“Would you like to step inside and see for yourself?” said the shithouse, whereupon its door opened and an odor that might have come from a thousand rotting hells drifted out and almost knocked the traveling duo off their feet.

“I’ll pass!” said Crazy Man, straining to breathe as his skin turned purple and his eyes leaked tears like a waterfall after an acid rain.

“Pass,” said the dog, Sidestepper who didn’t seem all that phased by the stench, proving once and for all that he was in fact a dog or, at least, very close to canine origins.

“OK,” said the shithouse. “Have it your way, but if you ever need a place to shit or just sit and think, feel free to think of me.”

And with that, the shithouse closed its door.

“So,” said the dog, Sidestepper, “what do you do with the shit when you get filled up?”

“Oh, I don’t do anything with it,” said the shithouse. “I just let it pile up.”

Suddenly, the dog, Sidestepper sensed that maybe the shithouse might have a clue to where his mother might be.

“You wouldn’t happen know if my mother shit in you and where she might be, would you?” he said.

The shithouse looked the dog, Sidestepper, up and down with its not-eyes and said, “No. I’m sure I’d remember another dog like you shitting in me but you’re a bastard for asking and so is your weird looking buddy.”

And there it was...the bastard thing again.

“We’re not bastards!” said Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, in unison.

“My mother’s the bastard,” said the dog, Sidestepper. “She abandoned me. Left me alone in the wilds of the world when I was just a wee pup.”

“That’s really shitty,” said the shithouse. “So why do you want to find her if she was such a shithead of a mother.”

In spite of his mother’s lack of anything for him, the dog, Sidestepper, wasn’t comfortable with a shithouse calling his mother a shithead. “No,” he said. “She’s not a shithead...she’s a bastard. And I want to find her and tell her that I’m over it. That I’m a big boy now and even if I don’t look like other dogs, I’m...”

At which point the dog, Sidestepper, broke down into a heaving mess of pathetic puppy self-pity. His eyes spun tears like a washer without clothes or purpose. His tiny doggie chest burped sorrow and regret. His wee doggie tail curled up like a fiddlehead and his ears clapped against the sides of his head as if to stifle the sound of his abandonment.

Seeing his travel partner’s pain, Crazy Man fell to the ground, pounding it with his fists and berating the fates for their cruelty and lack of support for motherless dogs.

The shithouse, not having expected such a horrendous display of misaligned emotion wasn’t sure what to do so it did what any shithouse would do: nothing.

It waited for a few minutes that might have been hours or days until both strange man and weird dog stopped emoting and lay in the center of the path of adventure and new meanings physically exhausted, whereupon the shithouse said, “I often offer those who shit in me the option of coming back at any point in the future to take their shit back but no one ever does, they just let the shit pile up and up until maybe someday it will explode out of pure magnitude of shit. I don’t know.”

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, were on the verge of another empathy attack but the shithouse sensed the oncoming spectacle and said, “But at least I have all that shit right here behind my door where I can see it and have an idea of the degree of shit I have and maybe give some thought to what can be done about it.”

“And you think something can be done with all that shit?” said Crazy Man.

“Not really,” said the shithouse. “Shit is shit and there’s so much of it I think we might have reached a breaking point where our shit owns us.” The shithouse thought a moment and said, “But what would I know...I’m just a shithouse.”

“But aren’t we all just shithouses?” said Crazy Man, not having a single idea what he meant.

The shithouse thought about this and, after a few months of internal deliberations, came to the conclusion that, even though what Crazy Man had said likely made no sense in a sane world, in this world it explained everything while still making no sense.”

At this point, Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, realized that they didn’t want to talk to this shithouse any longer and that they’d rather be anywhere but near it. In the same instant, the shithouse realized that it wanted nothing to do with these two strangers who, themselves, appeared to be full of shit and completely lacking in shit. It was too much for the shithouse.

It exploded.

Later, on the path of adventure and new meanings, Crazy Mana and the dog, Sidestepper, walked leisurely into their journey’s distance, wondering if they’d had anything to do with the shithouse exploding.

“Maybe my new Zorro outfit was too much for it,” said Crazy Man, even though he’d had the Zorro outfit for as long as he could remember even though it memory before the path of new meaning was composed mostly of questions like, “Do I have a kitchen?” “Do I have a pizza pan in the kitchen I might have?”

Thinks that we all think about. Constantly.

“No,” said the dog, Sidestepper. “I think it was just having a shitty day.”

No way was Crazy Man going to laugh.

To be continued...

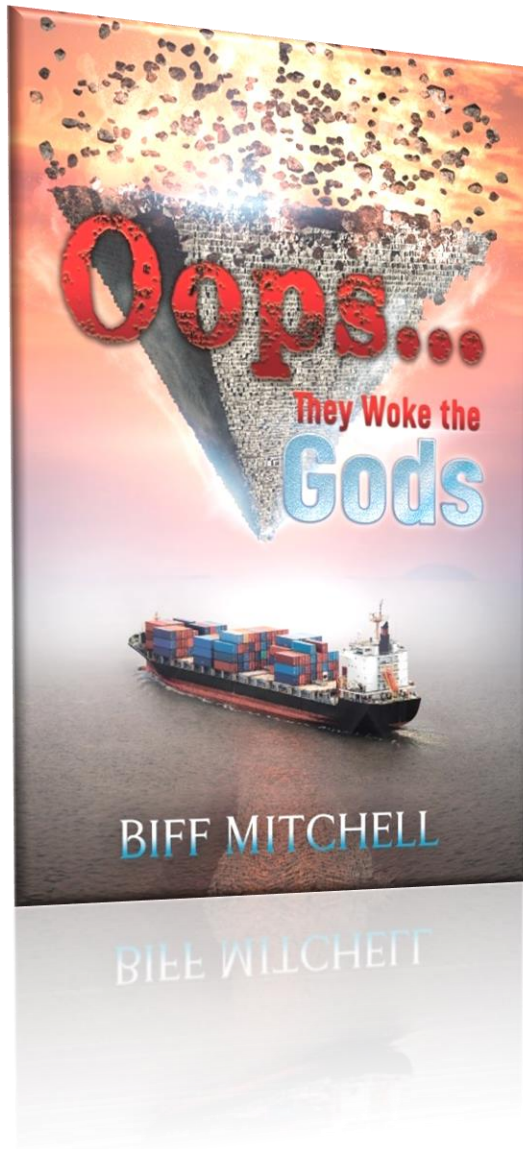
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God only knows when the gods get angry!

Oops



They Woke the Gods

Cursed to sleep for 2000 years, the Gods of Rome awaken to a world destroyed by the mortals and a war among themselves that threatens to destroy all that's left.

Charon the Ferryman has upset the balance of nature by sending legions of the dead back to the firmament because they didn't have coins for the ferry crossing to the underworld. Now, he must hunt those legions down, give them a coin for the ferry and kill them.

Meanwhile three crazed demigods wreak havoc on what's left of the human race, and gods of the skies and the underworld must join forces in seedy bars and drink vast quantities of Scotch to plan their moves.

COMING SOON!