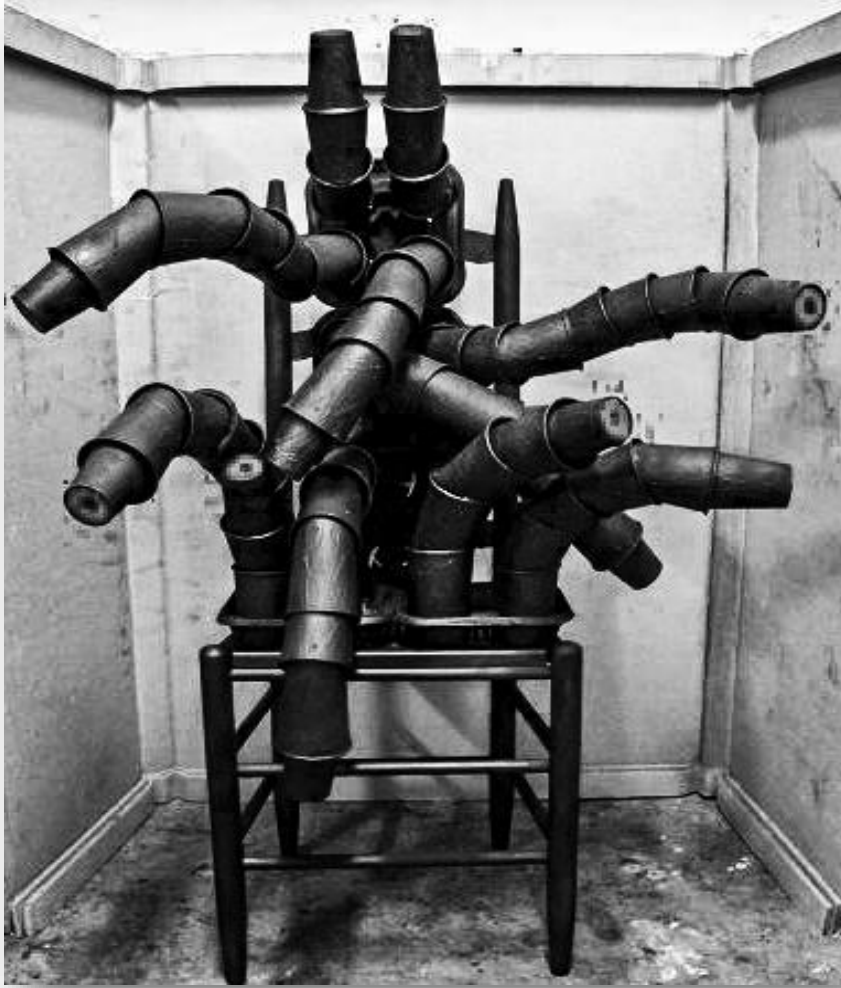


The Existential Adventures of Crazy Man and the Dog, Sidestepper



Episode 157: Wherein Crazy Man and the Dog Sidestepper, cross time and concepts.
(New here? [Click here to see what it's all about.](#))

It was a bright and placid day along the path of adventure and new meanings. Birds sang from trees in the deep dark scary woods, tectonic plates made decisions about the surface of the earth underneath the path of adventure and new meanings and right under...

"Do you ever think about what lies right under us?" said Crazy Man.

The dog, Sidestepper, looked down and seeing nothing but path said, "I don't have to think about something that's right there where I can see it."

"I mean underneath the path," said Crazy Man. "Right down in the rock and lava."

The dog, Sidestepper, thought about this for a moment and said, "Nope. Never crossed my mind."

Whereupon Crazy Man went back to wondering what was under his feet in spite of his travel mate's lack of interest in the fundamental aspects of life.

"Hello travelers on the path of adventure and new meanings," said a strange chair in a box. Eerie appendages like amputated arms protruded from its seat. "You wouldn't happen to have a steam engine, would you?"

OMG, thought Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, *a talking chair! What next?*

Crazy Man checked all 457 pockets in his zoot suit while the dog, Sidestepper, sniffed his ass as dogs are wont to do but neither of them had a steam engine.

“Guess not,” said Crazy Man. “But I might have a kitchen and a pizza pan. Somewhere.”

The strange chair let out a long noisy sigh and said, “What the hell is wrong with this world when a steam punk chair can’t find a steam engine. It really steams me up.

The strange chair waited a moment for the journeyers to laugh at its humor but saw only confusion in their eyes.

“Let me explain,” said the strange chair.

Whereupon Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, sensing a sob story rising its ugly self-pitying head immediately went to sleep with their eyes open so as not to offend.

“It all started when I watched *Wild Wild West* and saw the potential of steam. And I really liked the sun glasses and if I had eyes you bet I’d have round sunglasses and...”

The strange chair noticed something off about the eyes of these two travelers. Something wasn’t right. Something was missing. What was missing? What?

“You bastards!” cried the strange chair. “You’re asleep! Asleep when I’m pouring my soul out to your uncaring ears. Bastards!”

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, woke up, sensing that the sob story was over or they’d been caught sleeping.

“I need a steam engine!” cried the strange chair. “I need a steam engine or I’ll never be a complete steam punk chair. I’ll always be just a half-defined idea with strange appendages. And nobody can even sit on me. I’m not even a chair anymore!”

Tears of empathetic arousal steamed out of the dog, Sidestepper’s, eyes and ears and it’s possible that he farted a few empathies. “What can we do to assuage your lack of a steam engine?” he cried.

Meanwhile, Crazy Man, remembered that he existed in two dimensions, his body in one and his mind in another. He wondered if he might have a steam engine in whichever one he wasn’t in *now*. The more he thought about this, the more his head hurt so he decided to do the only reasonable thing: change the subject.

“What are all your...appendages for?” he asked.

“If I told you, you would laugh,” said the strange chair. “So I’m not going to tell you.”

“Aw...come on,” said the dog, Sidestepper. “We won’t laugh. We’ve always had a soft spot in our hearts for strange chairs and all we want to do is support you until it hurts.”

If a strange chair could blush then this strange chair would have blushed, but being a strange chair, all it could do was say, “I am an entanglement of ideas and themes that cross time and concepts. I’m what could have been had it been with a strong dose of what’s to come. I look both strange and familiar; distant and under your skin and...”

The strange chair noticed that both travelers were smirking and on the verge of laughing.

“You said you wouldn’t...” said the strange chair.

Whereupon both Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, burst out laughing so hard their mouths swallowed them...leaving just their dangling mouths laughing in the air and then they burped their outsides back to outside.

Tears dripped from the appendages sprouting from the strange chair’s seat.

“You’re just like all the rest!” cried the strange chair. “You laugh and you point and you misinform the world about me on social media. Bastards!”

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, considered the strange chair’s plight. They both agreed that there was merit in understanding idea and theme entanglements even though they had no idea what that meant.

“You wouldn’t happen to have a map to food in one of those time and concept entanglements, would you?” said Crazy Man, always one to stay off topic.

“No,” said the strange chair. “And I already called you a bastard. Now I really mean it.”

“So,” said the dog, Sidestepper, “no ideas about where lost mothers might be found?”

“No,” said the strange chair, “you bastard.

Suddenly, Crazy Man remembered that he hadn't checked his Zorro cape for steam engines. He checked and sure enough it had a portable steam engine tucked away in a special secret pocket. He reached down and pulled it out.

"Is this what you want?" he said, as he held it up with both hands a few feet away from the strange chair.

The strange chair glowed and would have jumped up and down with glee if strange chairs could jump up and down. With glee.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" yelled the strange chair. "A steam engine! Give it to me and I'll tell you where they keep lost mothers and I'll give you a map to food!"

With a smile that would eclipse three moons, Crazy Man passed the portable steam engine into the appendages reaching out for it. When it was in their grasp, all the appendages wrapped around it tightly. Steam blew out the back of the chair and it shot straight up into the sky and disappeared in the clouds.

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, necks craned upward, stared at the mass of cloud that had swallowed the strange chair along with Crazy Man's portable steam engine. They stared for minutes that turned into hours and then days and possibly weeks.

"I don't think the steam punk chair's coming back," said the dog, Sidestepper.

"That's OK," said Crazy Man. "I just remembered why I don't use that steam engine anymore."

"Why's that?" said the dog, Sidestepper.

"Regulator's broken."

"So...what does that mean?"

"Watch," said Crazy Man.

Almost as soon as the words bobbed out of Crazy Man's mouth, there was an explosion in the direction the strange chair had disappeared. A moment later, bits of chair and appendages rained out of the sky directly into the deep dark scary woods.

"Guess it's not going to tell us where to find lost mothers," said the dog, Sidestepper.

"And no map to food," said Crazy Man.

"No point in getting steamed up about it I guess," said the dog, Sidestepper.

And this time both journeyers roared with laughter as they traveled the path of adventure and new meanings into...well...adventure and new meanings.

To be continued...

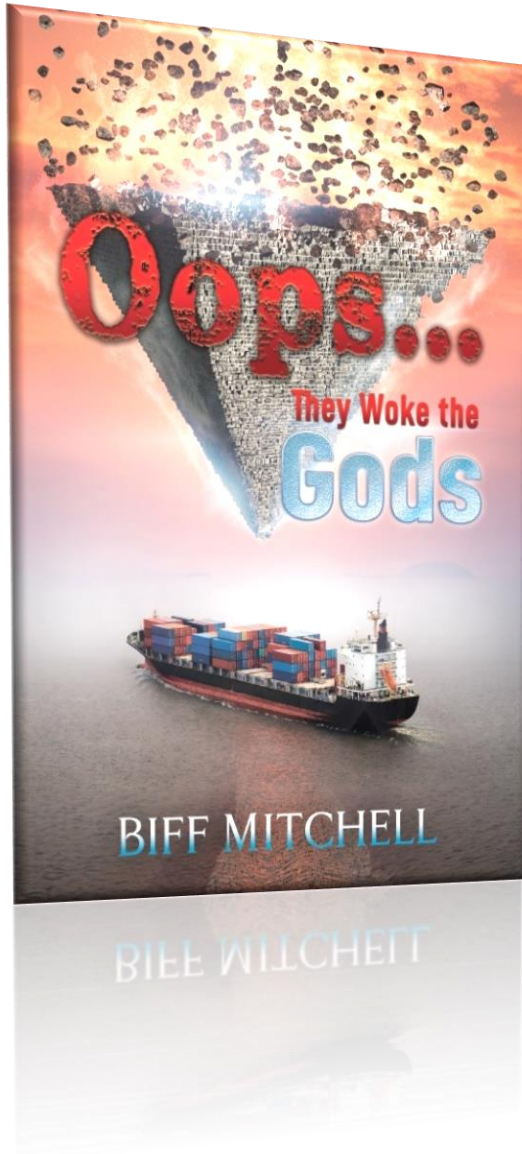
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God only knows when the gods get angry!

Oops



They Woke the Gods

Cursed to sleep for 2000 years, the Gods of Rome awoken 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!

What does steampunk mean? Steampunk is a literary and aesthetic movement that takes inspiration from 19th-century science fiction and fantasy as well as the technology of that era, especially the steam engine.

Steampunk fashion is a mixture of fashion trends from different historical periods. Steampunk clothing adds the looks of characters from the 19th century, explorers, soldiers, lords, countesses and harlots, to the punk, contemporary street fashion, burlesque, goth, fetishism, vampire and frills among others.

As a result, steampunk technology takes on a retro look reminiscent of the Industrial Revolution era. As Douglas Fetherling so aptly put it, "Steampunk is a genre that imagines how different the past might have been had the future come earlier." In short, steampunk features modern technology with a retro look.

A commitment to self sufficiency and the creativity of the individual, support of small and local business, respect of artisanship and traditional materials are core steampunk

The Do-It-Yourself mindset is a major part of Steampunk, and ties in with the appreciation for craftsmanship. Similarly to how Punks engage in DIY to resist the commodification and commercialization of their subculture, steampunks associate DIY work with resourcefulness and originality.

It often explores themes of adventure, innovation, and the impact of technology on society. Steampunk enthusiasts are drawn to the idea of a world where steam-powered machinery, clockwork, and brass gadgets coexist with elements of science fiction and fantasy.

Hardcore steampunk enthusiasts tend towards a longing to downsize the material aspects of their lives, while simultaneously demanding more function, better design and romantic execution of the objects they choose to have around them.

In short, steampunk features modern technology with a retro look. The steampunk aesthetic is inspired by the fashions of Victorian Era in England (1837-1901), but also by the Belle Epoque in France (1871-1914) and the Civil War. The message of Punk was thus anti-mainstream, anti-establishment, anti-commercial, and very angry. As did early Hip Hop in the United States, Punk Rock embodied a "Do-It-Yourself" or "DIY" attitude. Many bands were self-produced and self-recorded.

era in the United States. The word "cyberpunk" was coined by writer Bruce Bethke, who wrote a story with that title in 1980. He created the term by combining "cybernetics," the science of replacing human functions with computerized ones, and "punk," the raucous music and nihilistic sensibility that became a youth culture in the 1970s and '80s. (1861-1865).