

The Existential Adventures of Crazy Man and the Dog, Sidestepper



Episode 121: Wherein Crazy Man and the Dog Sidestepper, meet the mobile cart home.

(New here? [Click here to see what it's all about.](#))

Every shopping cart should have a sun roof and a sauna because you never know who's going to move in.

"Have you ever wanted to own a house?" said the dog, Sidestepper.

Crazy Man wasn't sure how to answer the question. He couldn't quite remember if he had a kitchen, but if he did, then it could possibly be attached to a house. Or an apartment. Or a mall. He kind of hoped it was a mall because malls had food courts and the map showing the layout of the mall would be like a map to food and he and the dog, Sidestepper, would eat food instead of ideas. But he really wasn't sure if he'd rather own a house or a mall and, if it were a house, could he afford property taxes and hydro? There were details to be worked out before he could answer the dog, Sidestepper's, question so he changed the subject.

"I've always thought that there's just one thing we should all own," said Crazy Man.

"And what's that?" said the dog, Sidestepper.

"Ourselves," said Crazy Man. "We should own ourselves."

He wasn't a hundred percent sure what he was saying but it sounded good...like he might actually know what he was talking about. It even caused the dog, Sidestepper, to pause and think for several of a variety of minutes, during which time they passed a street corner that spilled out of the deep dark scary woods and brought a city street to the very edge of the path of adventure and new meanings. Parked on a patch of

sidewalk was one of the strangest contraptions ever seen my man or dog. They stopped and stared, discussed and explored and considered all the relevant data before the dog, Sidestepper, said, "What are you?"

The strange contraption shook slightly and wobbled on its wheels. It appeared to pull forward a few inches and then back up a few inches.

"I am a mobile cart home," said the mobile cart home. "There are those whose freedom from life depends on their right to see, at all times, everything they have to lose."

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, were impressed. They'd always had soft spots in their hearts for those who have everything to lose, especially when they could see it.

"Most people don't know what they have to lose," said the mobile cart home. "Until it's gone...and all that's left is the whining."

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, having heard this or a similar lecture at some point in their lives prepared themselves for sleep. They ensured their eyes were open, their mouths closed and their minds elsewhere. The mobile cart home sensed their preparations and said, "I contain a mobile cart home bomb and will blow up, taking you with me to an uncertain doom, if you fall asleep."

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, were suddenly awake. Their eyes were wide and aware; their minds, crisp with wakefulness.

"We would never fall asleep if it meant we would be blown up," said Crazy Man.

The mobile cart home considered these words and arrived at the same conclusion it had arrived at when it was just useless ore under the ground waiting to be mined and manufactured into something. It actually didn't feel like blowing up at the moment. Maybe another time! It smiled as only mobile cart homes can smile and said, "OK. I was just joking. I won't really blow up. I mean, how silly would that be? I would be blowing myself up as well and I wouldn't be much of a mobile cart home then, would I?"

Noticing a slightly more jovial mood in the mobile cart home's manner, Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, were overjoyed. In fact, after doing his it's-not-night-time-but-I-have-my-international-mystery-man-diving-suit-so-I'm-going-to-dance-in-the-sun dance, Crazy Man said, "But blowing up or not, we would die in wars and domestic confrontations for your right to protect the rights of those who need to see everything they have to lose."

If a mobile cart home could nod agreement then this one on this day and this context would have nodded sure, fine, hunky-dory, good...but who's ever heard of a mobile cart home nodding, let alone nodding agreement? Instead, the mobile cart home said, "Thank you. It's all in knowing whether you live in a house or a castle."

Suddenly wary that the mobile home cart might be trying to stick something thought-provoking into the conversation, the dog, Sidestepper, said, "How long have you been here?"

Ignoring this heinous attempt to steer past anything thought-provoking, the mobile cart home said, "When you come home to a castle, your stuff is still there. When you come home to me, I might be gone because no castle was ever on wheels." The dog, Sidestepper, was suddenly aware that this mobile cart home was completely insane.

This made him smile. Seeing the smile spreading across the dog, Sidestepper's, ridiculously tiny head attached to a round ball of dog fur with a twig of a tail, all of it perched on four long skinny legs, Crazy Man backed up and scanned the sky for a cloud to gaze at. He avoided direct viewing of the smile, but the mobile cart home saw it...saw the tiny doggie lips unfurl over two rows of gleaming razor sharp teeth that seemed to increase in size and sharpness as the lips tightened. Those teeth pulsed and grew toward the mobile cart home, smiling with an insanity beyond all the castles and carts in the world.

In a snap, the teeth were gone, the smile was gone and the mobile cart home was suddenly feeling normal. Crazy Man was still looking for a cloud. Two clouds hiding behind a faraway mountain pointed at Crazy Man and giggled. The dog, Sidestepper, licked his lips and said, "No castle was ever mobile, making them doomed by meteors and accidental nuclear bombings, no matter how much warning time."

The mobile cart home kicked this around in its already stuffed bucket and said, "You speak with great wisdom, you strange looking dog...as though the words are put in your mouth by some invisible narrator. But you're still a bastard. And so's the weird guy in the car racing outfit."

And with that, the mobile home cart spun its coaster wheels and took off down the road looking for a tenant.

Crazy Man and the dog, Sidestepper, watched the mobile cart home careen around a small village of like-minded trees and disappear into the deep dark scary woods. In the distance ahead, the sun began to set over the path of adventure and new meanings and it was time for the two journeyers to warm the night with dreams of lost mothers and maps to food...and this great zany outside thing.

To be continued...

© Biff Mitchell

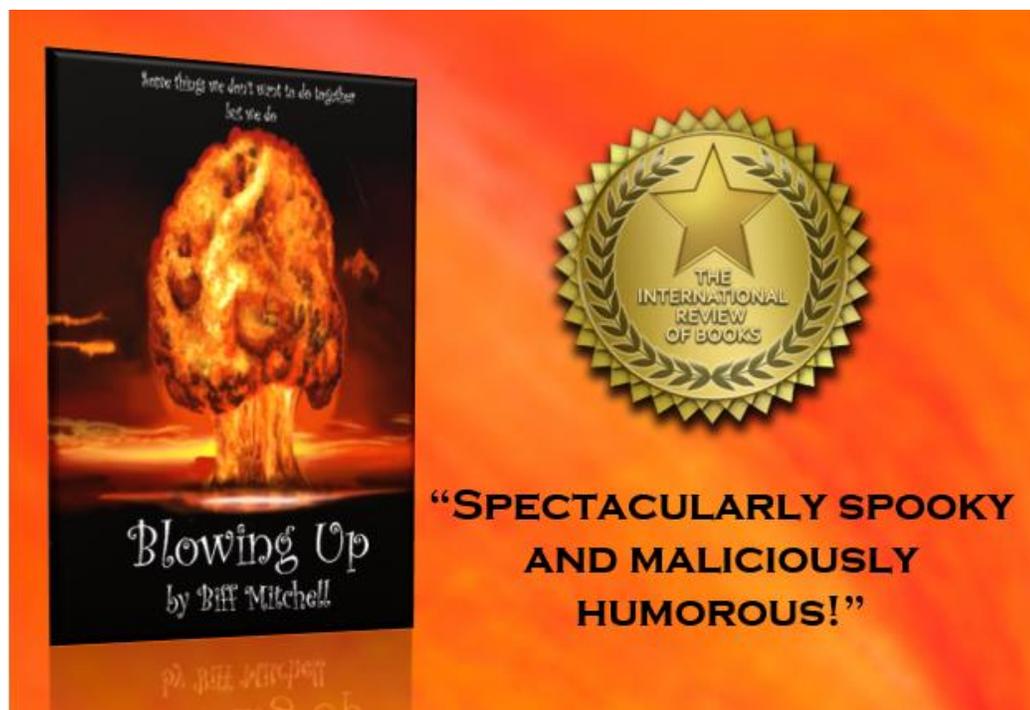
www.biffmitchell.com

Check out the blog at: www.crazymanadventures.com

New from Double Dragon Publishing!

Blowing Up

You deserve a good laugh in 2022. This is it...



[Click here to own the laughs.](#)