**The Crazy World**

I roam aimlessly around the streets of the small town called Brothingham. I say aimlessly, but there is a certain purpose to my wandering – according to a trusted source, this town houses what one might call ‘an eccentric’, or ‘a looney,’ or ‘a nutcase,’ or, more simply:

A crazy person.

But what’s so weird about that? No matter where you go, there’s bound to be someone who’s not quite there, right? What’s so special about this one that it warrants one going out of there way to come see it?

Well, I’ll tell you what: it’s that he not only flaunts his kookiness out in the open, but that it’s even accepted by his peers. Every day, the man walks around town being openly insane, and yet no one seems to address it.

Or so I’ve heard. I’ve never met the man myself – hence why I’ve come all the way out here.

It was only a few days ago when I first came to know of this person. I was with a few friends from university, and we eventually got to talking about our hometowns. Eventually, as we all took turns explaining why we came from a shittier, more backwater place, it came time for my mate Jason to regale us his tales.

And god forbid he fail to mention the ‘resident nutter,’ as he called him. He went into detail, explaining how he came to be known as such, and how he’s become almost a poster child for the town – something like a mascot. So perplexed I was, as my mates questioned more and more about the man, that I at some point asked him why they would possibly enable what could surely only be considered a mental illness.

With an awkward laugh, all he could say was, “You can only say that cause you haven’t been there.”

After that response, which only served to confuse me more, he seemed to have read my face and continued:

“If you’re so curious, why don’t you go see for yourself?”

And so, we arrive at the present situation – me wasting my weekend on a day trip to downtown Fucksville over here to catch a glimpse of the crazy.

“He usually takes a stroll around this time. If we both look around, we’re sure to run into him at some point,” Jason told me as we got off the train, after which we went our separate ways to try and find the man.

Unfortunately, I’ve been walking around for an hour, without so much as a glimpse of him.

I pull out my phone and shoot Jason a message.

*Are you sure this guy’s not a figment of your imagination?* I text him.

*You saying I’m the crazy one?* he responds shortly after – so quick that it could only be explained by him also being bored out of his mind.

*Sure seems like it,* I write out, continuing to rib him. I’m not letting him get off scot-free with making me go all the way out here for nothing.

*Give it another 30 minutes. If we still haven’t found him then, I’ll set you up with that girl you’ve been crushing on.*

I furrow my brow.

*What, Misha? Do you even know her?*

*I’ll find a way,* he responds. Knowing him, he probably will.

*Fine,* I text him back, before pocketing my phone. I’d be fine giving up a day for that. Honestly, I’m low-key hoping I don’t run into the cuckoo now; Misha’s a solid ten.

Unfortunately, fate seems to have other designs in store for me, as I spot a man in the distance who fits the description I’d been given just a bit too perfectly: a tall, good-looking man with slightly messy hair. He’s even wearing the exact dress shirt and pants I’d been told about.

Just to be sure, I snap a pic and send it over to Jason.

*That’s the one,* he says, as I silently curse god for ruining my future date.

*So what now? Do I just walk up and talk to him?*

“Hi there,” I hear before I can get a response back. “I haven’t seen you around these parts before.”

I look up from my phone to see the screwball approaching me with a friendly smile plastered on his face. I now silently curse myself for not coming up with a plan of action while I was wandering around earlier.

“Excuse me but, who are you even?” I ask, deciding to play dumb.

“Oh, so sorry,” he stammers out, in what seems to be a nervous manner, although he still looks perfectly composed with that handsome face of his. “In a small town like this, always seeing the same face in the same places, you get a bit over-excited when someone new pops up. You’ll have to excuse my zealousness.”

“That’s quite alright,” I respond. “I was just a bit surprised, is all.”

“Then, allow me to ask again, because the question is simply burning on my mind: what brings you here? Brothingham isn’t exactly known for its tourist spots after all.”

“My friend invited me along. You might know him; Jason, he’s called,” I say, hastily coming up with an excuse.

“Oh, Jason’s back? I figured he’d never come back, after living the high life in the big city for a while. What brought him to go home after all?”

“His sister’s birthday is coming up, or so he says, so he figured it’d be a nice time for a visit.”

“Oh, of course!” he says, while bumping himself on the head – an action that shouldn’t allow someone to look so stupidly cool while doing it, and yet here we are. “I can’t believe I forgot about Maria’s birthday! How foolish of me.”

“Well…it happens,” I non-committedly respond.

“I should get her something, now that I’ve remembered already.” After this proclamation, he turns to the blank air at his side, and says to it, “Do you have any ideas, Natalie? You know a girl’s mind better than I do.”

He stands still for a couple seconds in full silence, just nodding, before saying, “Oh, that’s a great idea. She did say she’d quite like to have one of those, didn’t she? You’re so attentive.” Again, he waits a few moments, before waving his hand in the same direction he’s been speaking in, saying, “Oh, stop it, you! You’re going to embarrass me in front of the new-comer!”

“Um,” I say, despite already knowing full well what the situation is, “do you mind explaining what’s going on?”

“Oh, so sorry,” the wacko says, handsomely. He then gestures to the side, continuing, “I was just talking to my girlfriend, Natalie.”

Such is the case, exactly as Jason had told me. An annoyingly good-looking man, who dresses neatly, is attentive, caring and well-spoken, who additionally makes great money while working casually from home – quite frankly, a man who you can only hope doesn’t *also* have a bigger penis than you, has, for some reason, settled on an imaginary girlfriend.