
Still Mostly True

Volume 2: Collected Stories
& Drawings of Brian Andreas



StoryPeople
Decorah

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The people in this book, if at one time real, are now entirely fictitious, having been subjected to a combination of a selective memory and a fertile imagination. Any resemblance to real people you might know is entirely coincidental, and is a reminder that you are imagining the incidents in this book as much as the author is.

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To my sons, David Quinn & Matthew Shea, for their spirit, wild & exuberant as life itself, & again & always to the heart of my heart, Ellen Rockne, for her thought & compassion & the fine, bright starlight dancing in her eyes.

Other books by Brian Andreas available
from StoryPeople Press:

Mostly True

Going Somewhere Soon

Strange Dreams

Hearing Voices

Trusting Soul

Story People

Traveling Light

Some Kind of Ride

Theories of Everything

Something Like Magic

Still Mostly True

Introduction

I've always seen hidden meanings in everything. Whenever I used to do those puzzles in children's magazines, the ones where you're supposed to find all the hidden pictures, I'd never find the right ones. I'd say I found a griffin, and the Wesselman steam engine, and the missing little finger of the mummy of Tut, and everyone would give me a strange look and say, All you're looking for is a yellow duck.

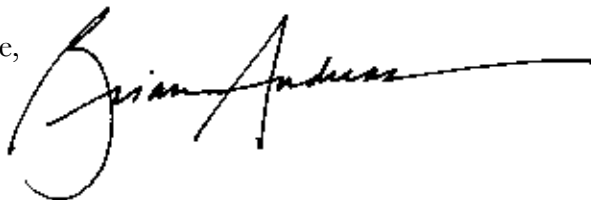
I like to find the secrets hidden in the moments of everyday life. My grandmother used to tell us that once upon a time everything in the world had a voice, and every place you walked you could hear the whispers if you listened close enough. I believe the world still whispers. But we have forgotten how to listen.

Take some time to listen to the voices around you. Start some place easy, like an old photo album. Listen to the sounds of your memories, like the voice of your great-grandmother at her ninetieth birthday party, or the sound of the waves at the beach that summer when you and your sister found the dried-up cat's paw.

After that, work up to the voices of places you can only imagine. Ask where to find the griffin, and the Wesselman steam engine, and the little finger of Tut. I know they're out there, and usually in the strangest of places.

And if you find the yellow duck, let me know. That's the one I always miss.

With love,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Brian Andreas". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long, sweeping horizontal line extending to the right.

My grandmother
used to say life
was so much
easier when you
were simple-minded.

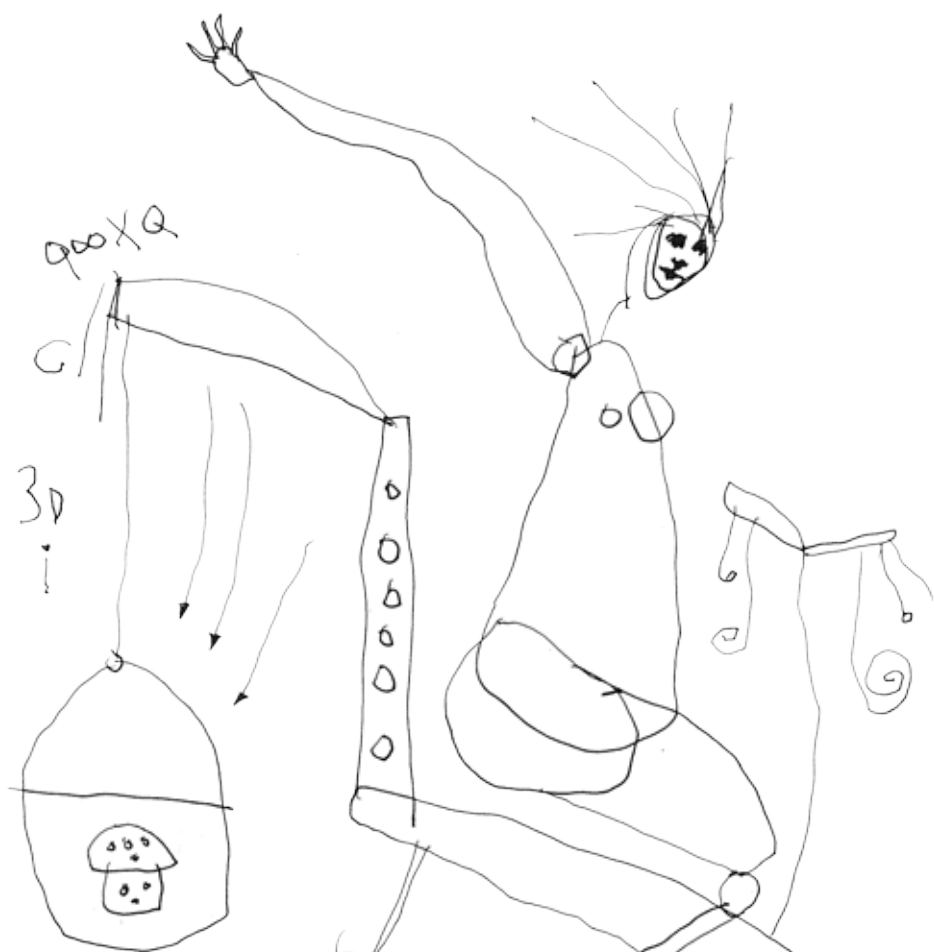
It's taken me
almost my whole
life to understand
what she meant.

After he was quiet
a long time, words
began to come to
him in dreams &
told him their
secret names & this
was the way he learned
the true nature of
the world.



When I met the
Grandfather of
Time, he said
it was no use
struggling.

Even after all
these years he
still had too
much to do.



She went everywhere with a basket filled daily with a fresh blueberry muffin. It's either that or cigarettes, she said.

I am only strong enough for a life of partial virtue.

He told me once
that if I kept it
up long enough
I'd probably get
wise enough to
be silly in public,

but I probably
won't wait
that long.

I'm not
so good
at taking
my own
advice,
she said,



but that
doesn't
mean I
don't know
what's right.