
Going Somewhere Soon

Volume 3: Collected Stories
& Drawings of Brian Andreas

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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, even if they are the author's relatives, 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
promise and wonder, and for all the wild places we've been, and to my
beloved Ellen, forever and always, for every late night conversation and
dance, and for patiently teaching me every day the secrets of an open
heart.*

Other books by Brian Andreas available
from StoryPeople Press:

Mostly True

Still Mostly True

Strange Dreams

Hearing Voices

Trusting Soul

Traveling Light

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Going Somewhere Soon

Introduction

This is the last book of the *Mostly True* trilogy. There's been so much that's happened since I began: we've gone from babies to boys, and moved from the West Coast back to a small town in Iowa. All the while, I've travelled around the country telling stories and meeting many of you.

And I've had letters. Beautiful and warm and filled with stories. The simple stories you see here have touched people in ways I can only begin to understand. Last holiday season, I was sitting at my desk when a FAX came in. In part it read, "your gift to the world became your gift to me. It came just in time to remind me I'm not dead." *To remind me I'm not dead.* I wondered once how I would describe to my boys what it was like to be alive at the end of the Twentieth Century. Your letters are a great part of the answer I will give them someday. They have meant a lot to me, and I thank you for every one.

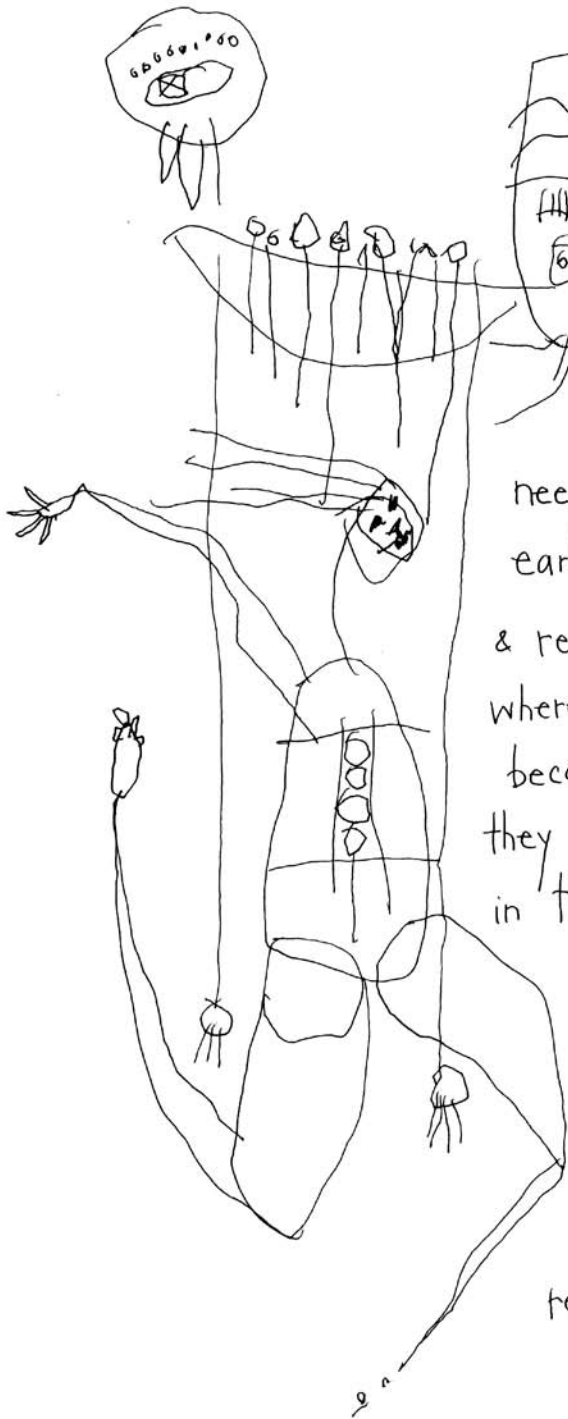
Many of you have asked where the stories come from. I don't have an answer for that. All I know is that the stories we love are about ourselves. The stories we tell about our children, the family myths from our grandmothers and grandfathers, even the eerie fables that leap at us from the Enquirer in the grocery store, are all stories about ourselves. Our lives can be intricate puzzles, filled with remembering and forgetting, all the pieces scattered seemingly at random. Stories are the one guide I've found to be true. They are the signs pointing the way across our inner landscape.

I offer the stories here in the same spirit they came to me, as gifts of laughter and love and possibility. Read them. Listen to their voices inside yourself. Listen for what feels right. The stories in this book, and the ones before it, are a set of maps of inner space. When you find the right story, it will guide you unerringly. I don't know why or how this works, but I know that it does. Many people have told me these stories touch places they have forgotten or never known. They can be the beginning of a great journey, for there are stories within you that will dwarf these small offerings with their wonder and anguish and forgotten power...

With love,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Brian Andreas". The signature is written in a cursive style with a large, looping initial "B" and a long, horizontal flourish extending to the right.

14 February 1995



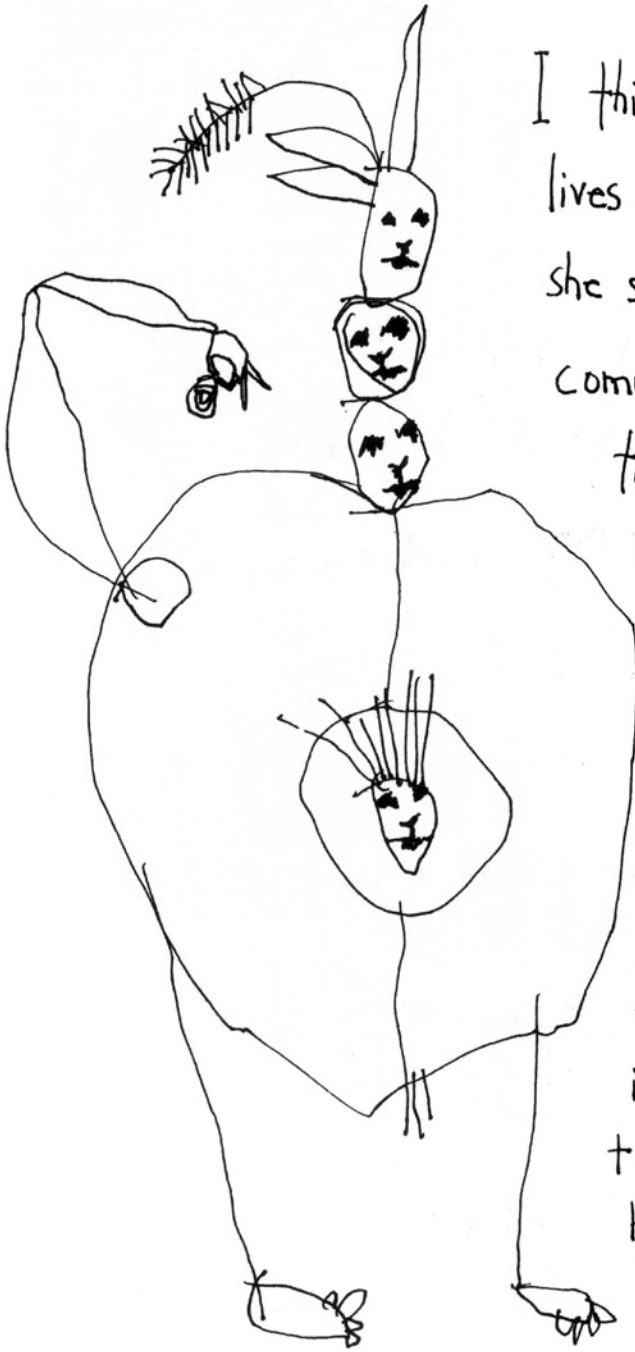
these are little packets of light & you need to plant them early in the year & remember to mark where they were because lots of times they look like weeds in the beginning & it's not until later that you see how beautiful they really are.

My great·grandmother sent us out to pick raspberries in her garden while she watched the first moon walk on tv. You'll have plenty of time to see things like that, she said, but those raspberries were carried overland by your great·great·grandfather. She was very wise. I see pictures of the moonwalk all the time, but all I have left from him is the memory of those sun·warmed raspberries.

I've always liked living in the past best,
she said.



It takes less money than
I make now.



I think my best self
lives in my stomach,
she said, & only
comes out around
the hors d'oeuvres
at parties. I
think you can tell
a lot about people
from the hors
d'oeuvres.

I nodded & hid
my Vienna sausage
in a big plant in
the hall & avoided
her for the rest
of the evening.

I don't
really have
any secrets,
she told
me once.

I just
forget
a lot of
stuff.