

Marching Bands Are Just Homeless Orchestras

Half-Empty Thoughts, Volume 1



by Tim Siedell

Illustrations by Brian Andreas

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Introduction

Ever feel like your lack of power and wealth might be holding you back? Of course you do.

The truth is you and I are a lot alike. You put your pants on one leg at a time, and I've watched people put their pants on one leg at a time. Like you, I enjoy the simple things in life because complex things, like math and mechanical pencils, are unnecessarily vexing. No doubt, you have aspirations in life. Me, too. And if yours involves digging up and reuniting the skeletons of the Rat Pack, we have more in common than I originally thought. That's good.

But we're different, too. I, for example, know the medical term for black lung disease. So there's that. Other dissimilarities probably include my home state (Nebraska), my choice for corrective vision (glasses), and my love of cute photos sent via email (low, borderline robot-level). I also own a cat. And if you own a cat, as well, I doubt it's named Olive. And if it is named Olive, I still doubt that we're talking about the same cat.

I'm confident there are enough similarities between us that you can flip through this book, nod your head in agreement a few times, and generally feel good about paying money for it or going to the hassle of stealing it from the store. And hopefully there are enough differences between us that you won't feel like you're reading something you could have written yourself. Because, let's face it, you're probably not a great writer. No offense. Statistically speaking.

I'd like to thank Brian Andreas for bringing his unique artistic style to this book. I've seen him draw in person. Let's just say he puts as much time into his trademark doodles as I put into the words. And let's just say we had plenty of time to do other things together, like walk down to a Mexican restaurant and order steak.

Special thanks as well to my supportive wife, my two daughters, and, for reasons that they will not understand unless they read this book, my neighbors. I would also like to thank the Internet, without which I would never have been able to diagnose myself as having every major disease.

Tim Siedell

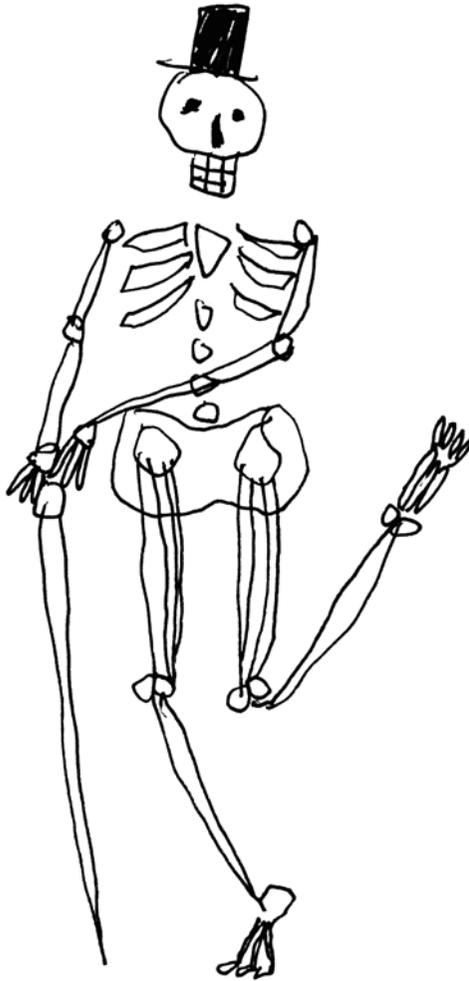
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Slightly comforted by the fact that in some
parallel universe I'm insanely rich and
successful. Slightly concerned
I'm a country music star.

You can call it brunch if you like, but I'm
still getting two more meals.

The fact the first step of a 12-step program
isn't "join a 12-step program" makes
me wonder what else they're
leaving off the list.

I hopped out of bed this morning like
Fred Astaire. Or anyone else, really,
who has been dead for 20 years.



I think Johnny Cash wore black because it's slimming. It was either that or be known as the Man in Vertical Stripes.

Technology is all well and good until someone hits you in the head with a rock.

So organizing my desk is procrastination? Abe Lincoln would say I'm sharpening my axe. Plus, he'd love the tiny log house made of pencils.

I love my new winter beard so much it
would be the first thing I save
from a burning building.

