
Some Kind of Ride

Stories & Drawings
For Making Sense of It All



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, 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. (By the way, the "she" is not who you think it is, either. So, give it up...)

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*To my sons, for their laughter & wisdom &
breathhtakingly exuberant trust in life*

*& always, to my dearest Ellen, for seeing all
that is good & true in the heart of the world.*

I truly can't imagine the ride without you all...

Other books by Brian Andreas available
from StoryPeople Press:

Mostly True

Still Mostly True

Going Somewhere Soon

Strange Dreams

Hearing Voices

Story People

Trusting Soul

Traveling Light

Some Kind of Ride

Introduction

I have to admit that I actually thought about how big a typeface I could get away with in this introduction. By the time I'd finished the book, I was pretty much done talking. At one point I asked Ellen if she thought anyone would notice if I used 48 point text, which would give me about 15 words per page. She wisely ignored me.

Last year, I actually stopped writing stories. I felt like I didn't have anything more to say in words, so one morning I went to the art store & came back with a carload of canvases & started painting. For six months I painted & wrote nothing. Then, one morning, the words decided it was time to return. It was like beginning again.

So, when it came time to start this new book, I felt a little raw & unsure of how it would go. I knew how to do a book the old way, but this new way was speaking to me in dreams & leading me deep into places I'd never been. It felt like I was being called to remember something important. Even now, with it complete in front of me on my desk, I still feel not quite returned from the far-off places I went.

That's why I can't tell you what it means yet.

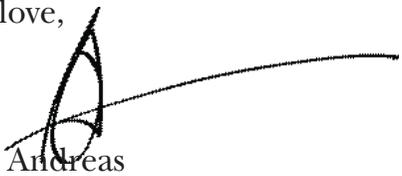
These stories & paintings & drawings feel like the visible ripples of a much deeper conversation. There are whispers of death & rebirth, spinning their threads throughout the stories. There are echoes of ancient tricksters in the voices of modern teenagers. There is bawdy, irrepressible laughter & a thin, keening sadness for worlds lost. Yet, beneath it all, there is a true wonder & love for this world. These stories talk among themselves in a way that I haven't seen in the

other books & there are threads woven between them so finely that I haven't yet followed them to their source.

It's almost like these stories hold a key to making sense of this new world that's in the process of being born. It is a messy & ungainly, beautiful & incoherent thing. Still, it is the only world we have & we're the only people to make it work. We may not be the best choice for the job, but we're the ones who are here. Perhaps, in the end, that's what this book is supposed to mean. Here are stories to remind you that you're alive & filled with every possibility the universe can imagine. Stories to remind you that life is yours to make into a wonder of love & adventure & connection. Stories to remind you that every story matters, now more than ever.

There is not much more to say. Everything you need here, you will find. Pay attention. Hold the world gently. Blessings on you & on all you hold dear. Above all, remember always through the coming years, that while it may feel like some kind of ride, it really is just life, going absolutely perfectly.

With love,



Brian Andreas
On Matthew's birthday
16 October 2006

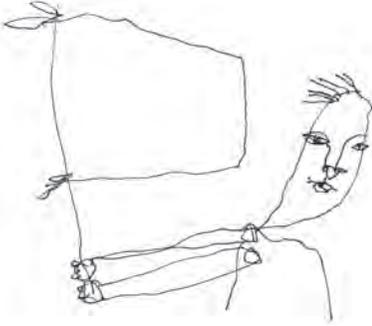
feels like
some kind of ride
but it's turning out
just to be life
going absolutely
perfectly

Some Kind of Ride



**Remember to
use positive
affirmations.**

**I am not a dork is
not one of them.**

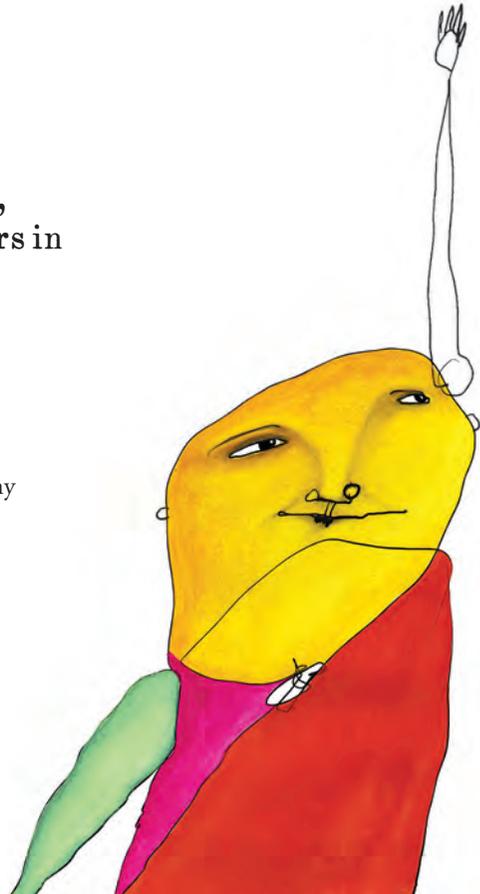
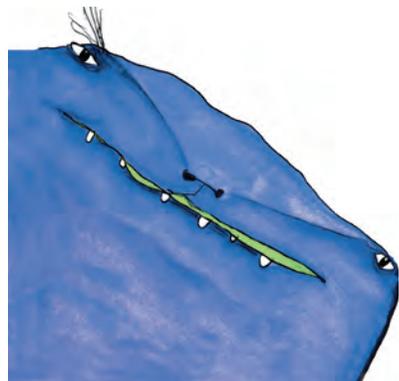


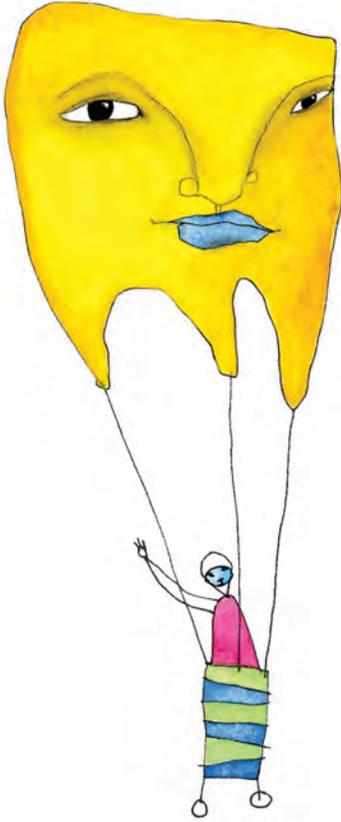
Positive Affirmations

**When I grow up,
he said, I want
to be just like you,
except for the hairs in
your ears & nose.**

**That's too gross,
he explained.**

Gross Anatomy



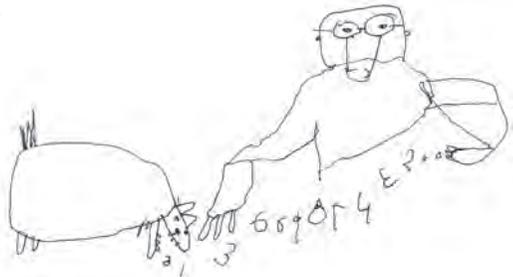


this is the center
of the universe
at this moment
unless you're
looking in another
direction, or are
thinking about
something from
a long time ago,

in which case
it will wait
quietly right
here until
you return

No Rush

**There are some days
when no matter
what I say it feels
like I'm far away in
another country &
whoever is doing
the translating
has had far
too much
to drink**



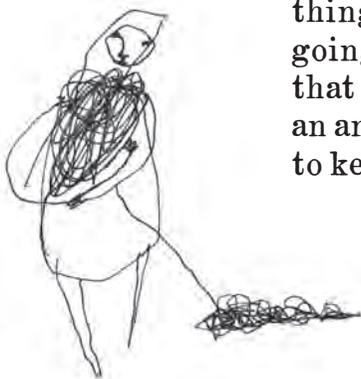
Lost in Translation

I can read minds,
she said & I said, OK
& she said, Do you
want to know what
you're thinking?

I said no thank you.

I don't do stuff like
that on weekends.

Down Time



things have been
going so well
that she's taking
an anxiety break
to keep centered

Anxiety Break