

# BROKEN SHADOWS

BY JANI OJALA

NEW SAND FOR OLD GLASS: PART ONE



# BROKEN SHADOWS

*New Sand for Old Glass*  
**Book 1**

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Jani Ojala



## Special thanks:

The visually talented and well-behaved, well-educated gentleman Santeri Kinnunen. You beast.

Your contribution to this cover-art is just as appreciated as were your contributions to my previous books *Ylipurema* (2015) and *Helicopters* (2019).

My brother Mika for a read-thru in this book's editing-phases.

Your notes are just as appreciated as were those to my previous books *The Coleman Stories* (2020) and *Overbite: Notes of a Summer in Captivity* (2021).

A greentext-story posted by [anonymous] on 4chan's "innawoods autism thread" 12/12/18 at 13:41:41.

Youtuber **Fascinating Horror** for their video "A History of Falls Into The Grand Canyon".



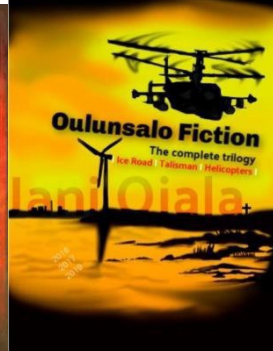
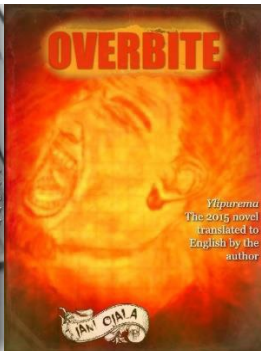
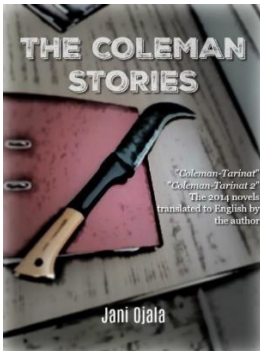
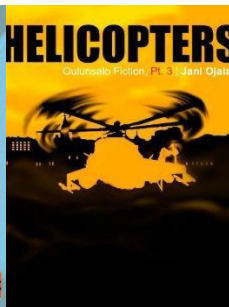
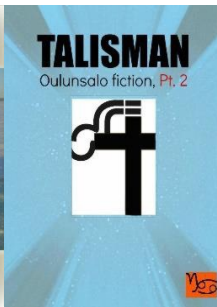
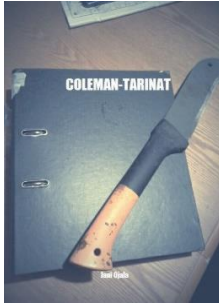


”Man feared time, yet time fears the pyramids.”

—Egyptian Proverb







# RETURNING CHARACTERS

- **Alexander Coleman** (The Coleman Stories)
- **Sanna Coleman** (The Coleman Stories)
- **Eemeli Kangas** (The Coleman Stories)
  - **Petri Soisalo** (Overbite)
  - **Sami "Sammy" Sieppi** (Overbite)
    - **Niina Soisalo** (Overbite)
    - **Matti Lehto** (Overbite)
    - **Aki Wallin** (Overbite)
- **Samuli Leinonen** (Oulunsalo Fiction)
- **Viktor Ekholm** (Oulunsalo Fiction)
- **Tiia Leinonen** (Oulunsalo Fiction)
- **Markus Leinonen** (Oulunsalo Fiction)



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## Foreword

”The continent of Atlantis was an island  
Which lay before the great flood  
In the area we now call the Atlantic Ocean  
So great an area of land  
That from her Western shores  
Those beautiful sailors journeyed  
To the South and the North Americas with ease  
In their ships with painted sails  
To the East Africa was her neighbor  
Across a short strait of sea miles

The great Egyptian age is but a remnant of the Atlantean  
culture

The antediluvian kings colonised the world  
All the Gods who play in the mythological dramas  
In all legends from all lands were from fair Atlantis

Knowing her fate  
Atlantis sent out ships to all corners of the Earth  
On board were the Twelve  
The poet, the physician, the farmer, the scientist, the magician  
And the other so-called Gods of our legends  
Though Gods they were  
And as the elders of our time choose to remain blind  
Let us rejoice and let us sing  
And dance and ring in The New  
Hail Atlantis!”

—Donovan, *Atlantis* (*Barabajagal*, 1969)



# Act 1

## Old Glass

# Chapter 1

## Release Date, Pt. 1

(Petri Soisalo, Niina Soisalo, Aki Wallin, Matti Lehto, Travis  
"Maskmaker" Marston)

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### **June 2014, 16 years before present**

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**Petri Soisalo** tapped a waiter on his elbow, as he was walking by. Glasses of all sorts were clinging around him, and chatter muffled down to a mere abrasive ambiance.

He could see the embarrassment rise on the face of this man – whom he remembered to be the one named Tiitus. Tiitus was one of the servers they'd hired for this book-release-party. *I still kinda grasp at the reality that I'm having a book-release-party. Not where I anticipated to be after all the shit last year.* This waiter had a face Petri remembered for some odd reason. Tiitus quickly turned to look back, at Petri, the man of the evening, whom a caterer had no right to go on ignoring like that. Wheelchair or no wheelchair.

— "Never mind the fucking courtesies", Petri addressed Tiitus with a familiarity, but a dash of assertiveness which he tried to keep graceful. "Just give me whatever you got that's strong on that plate. They're about to call me up on stage."

Through emerging stage-fright, Petri made his next attempt at a winding and cycling glance across the room. The sounds of glasses clinking against one another, got a face to it as he

# NEW SAND FOR OLD GLASS

## Part One

The 2030s are here. A new decade commences for the casts of The Coleman Stories, Overbite and Oulunsalo Fiction. Old world's magics, that allowed life's delicate balance to exist for a moonage, revolt against mankind's excess. Sammy Sieppi's boss, Sandking has a recluse younger brother Maskmaker, whom has stolen the answer to one of life's quintessential questions: "what happens after we die?". The Absolution-Spear's foul abuse in the hands of the Marston dynasty, gets Shotimamimu the dream-owl talking, only unto the chosen few who can see him upon appearance. While this is going on, an experimental life-form declares hunting-season in the Siberian region of Yakutia, Russia. A force so grand-standingly unstoppable, people have no choice but to try to understand and work around Nair, lest they become prey to him. Nothing will stop the six-meter wolf.



Markus Leinonen goes for his first overseas trip with a friend, leaving Tiia alone with an owl in her dreams. Viktor has bought back Oulunsalo, and is set in his ways running the town... until Ivan calls him about a beast in the East. The final Colemans are still looking for a place in the world that'll have them. Sammy Sieppi comes back from prison and his boss is now an old, legacy-obsessed man, ruling New York's post-apocalyptic world of organized crime from a lonely castle. The Soisalo-family are set in their ways and best-selling author Petri wants to discover new horizon in the West. Eemeli Kangas' owl-dreams get merged with those of a woman living in the same town and the two discover a life-changing truth about a clan of astral seers that operate from a place man cannot tread.

As life goes on and a new era commences, awareness of Maskmaker forces folk to ask some difficult questions about their lives. His demeaning life-story about a perpetual second place to a brother that has claimed his place as King... has driven the 66-year-old Marston-brother into a life of monstrous abuse. Of existential proportions. As long as the blade in his necklace has a pulse, the ink will never dry from his curated stories.

