

WHAT MYNOS SAW

BY JANI OJALA

NEW SAND FOR OLD GLASS PREQUEL No. 1



***WHAT
MYNOS
SAW***

New Sand for Old Glass Prequel #1
Jani Ojala

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- Coleman-Tarinat* (2014)
Coleman-Tarinat 2 (2014)
Artner-Enkelin Multinotaatti (2014)
Ylipurema (2015)
Ice Road (Oulunsalo Fiction, Pt. 1) (2016)
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What Mynos Saw: New Sand for Old Glass, Prequel #1 (2023)

The Seer's Tower

Magic of Sight

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You handsome people, you.

FIRST WORDS

My name is Runei. I'm a wolf. Or... I was. I don't know what I am now. I guess I'm a wolf.

This is the story of Mynos, who was *and is* lots of things *to lots of people*. To me he is my owner and my best friend.

I'm telling you this story – which I believe is best-told starting around the times when his owl-party's last preparations were being made – because he himself doesn't wanna tell it. He thinks it isn't worth telling, but I think otherwise. And I believe I have a unique perspective on it. I was there.

Everybody else who was, is no longer with us. It's been over a thousand years.

Mynos' two pets were me, and a sheep named Vin. Now, I know that sounds like an unusual situation or like *something that tells a lot about a man, that he*

was able to have a wolf and a sheep as a pet. Isn't it kinda like having a cat and a mouse?...

...Okay I guess that *does* tell you a lot about Mynos.

Mynos was the son of two above-average contributors to this small village they lived in. Wealthy-enough family, to live in a stone house. Cobblestone... Cold as houses like that would get at night, it was a real sign of importance to live in one. Showed that you had your foot down *heavily* in the community. This achievement by the family was only able to be maintained by Mynos' two very able-bodied older brothers, Veros and Ajus, who worked all the time. Worked *overtime*. They were a big part of the whole village getting fed, after their parents died in an accident. Mynos... was more of a dreamer. He found work in that field, actually.

The party that Mynos was getting ready for – in the year 800, one year after Ajus went missing while walking North – was a bird-worship thing. This was still a lot of years before Christian Crusades, before troubled times and diseases and people having last names and people having a superiority-complex over all other living creatures.

You might wonder why I can talk? Write? Write you this story right now? I'm a wolf, and in the modern world wolves don't talk.

Men can ask that from their *own heart* if they really want to know. All I can say to that question is, *there used to be way more of my kind.*

In some cultures, the arrogance toward animals began with self-preservation reasons such as growing a collective dislike for predators... although, mind you, wolves *hunted with humans* because you guys walked on two legs. That was an immediate sign to us at the time, all the time, that we're dealing with someone that is able to out-maneuver us.

Sorry, I got side-tracked. This is a... sensitive topic.

Anyway, in some cultures it began with a growing hate towards big animals that might get a sudden urge to kill you for food. Then, in some cases – such as this farming-community in Southwest Finland – it began with a shared hatred of **owls**.

Yeah, that's right. *Where did owls come into this? What do owls even have to do with anything? Why owls, instead of some big predator?*

All of those are valid questions, dear reader, and my only answer to them is **I don't know**.

Anyway, one day Mynos was sitting in his home and shearing Vin.

Chapter 1

I'll Probably Never Understand

(Mynos, Veros)

October 800

— "You gotta forget about her, man. I hate seeing you like this."

Mynos was letting the instructive, well-intending voice of his older brother **Veros** fade into the background as he focused. He was picking apart the longest, toughest wools of his pet sheep. **Vin** was being particularly good today. He knew he had to make careful work of this, as not to hurt the fair sheeple. It was being good to him; he had to *be good back*.

He was always beautiful, Vin. Mynos thought the shearing-process' first step only highlighted that – taking off everything overgrown that looks out of place, *trimming* Vin until he was pretty enough to take out for compliments around the village. But no matter how many times he told Vin that he was beautiful, the animal would still go off in its' fits of self-consciousness.

— "Mynos! When did you stop listening to me *this time*?"
Veros' voice rang again from the middle of... *this*.

NEW SAND FOR OLD GALSS: Prequel No. 1

It's the year 800 and Mynos lives in his family's old home with his pet-wolf and pet-sheep. Their family was a staple of a growing farming-community in Southwest Finland. Now there's two of them left. Now, middle-brother Veros is the only one still looking after Mynos. Mynos is the town's shaman, a restless artist who acts as a bridge between people who see him either as clueless, or pure-at-heart.

Tragedies have almost wiped out Mynos and Veros' family. Mynos refuses the older brother's torn-by-the-wild outlook, and secrets unravel as to how everybody got the way they are, while Mynos just... sits there. Sits there and carves, sits there and paints, sits there and talks, sits there... and wonders if he means anything at all.

In his years as the town's top artist, Mynos has had the chance to brush up against all matter of proud people, but all that those experiences have provided him – all that anything seems to provide him – is making his introspection merely intensify.

He wants to love. He refuses to hate the nearby owls as much as the Village Master does. He wants something that's made here in the close corners of his cold house, to stand the test of time. To have something to show for all these moments alone in his room. To live on, after he dies.

