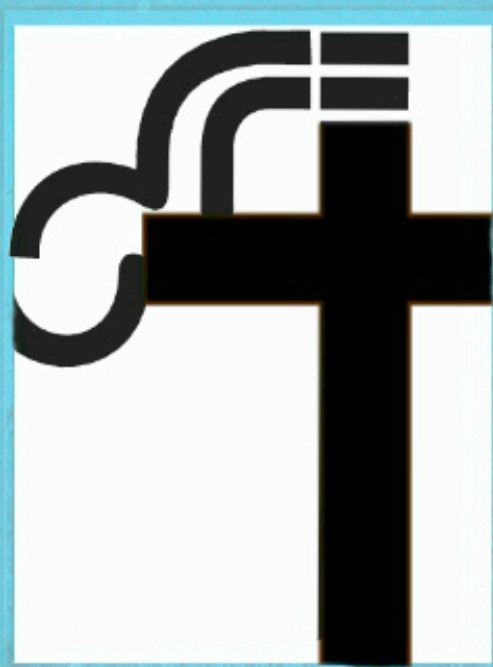


TALISMAN

Oulunsalo fiction, Pt. 2



Oulunsalo Fiction, Pt. 2

TALISMAN

superstitious fiction

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Himalaja
The park with two hills

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First Words

A **Top 10** is a list compiled of objects (songs, movie scenes, albums, movies, composers, writers) possessive of same or similar specific characteristics. It moves in an order of preference from the largest digit to the smallest (**#1**). Said order can be determined by perceived quality of the object, lack of quality, age, or any other distinctive trait setting the objects apart.

A slide-show, blog-writeup, presentation or any other means of manifesting a Top 10, is designed to bring it into life, give it character. It lets the viewer in on the list-writers' views on a larger scale, but more importantly, it lets them in on his interests, feelings, and added reasoning or explanation behind rankings makes this work even more succinct.

Top 10, however, is merely a name; something instantly recognizable. Whether you call it a *list* or a *countdown*, it can mean many a thing. Its size – being a top 5, top 25 or top 200 – tends to vary, depending on how many objects the list maker feels obliged to let in, on the final result of the picking-process, and give a stage like a *top 10*. One amount for one category, let's say a Top 40 for a songs-list, *can* be too small. If objects are cut out to narrow the list down to the preconceived size, it can turn out to be not-worth-while to make a list that doesn't do justice to all objects deserving of a placement. It is the size of the list that needs to bend; not what you *know* you must add.

Similar to a novel, a lists fundamental mission is to set *a start* that is fitting. Lists flow the most naturally out of all forms of art known to man, except for music. The first couple of placements only give you a hint of the idea, let you see what's going on, and

can either hook you into following it for the rest of its duration, or let you know if it is worth observing. But regardless of both of those facts, it can't always necessarily fill you in on how's it all gonna *end*. It keeps constantly evolving, inevitably culminating – we can see the end coming, but at the same time, can't quite predict...



PLAY 1

HALF-CLOUDED

Chapter 1

Plot

”Get the fuck outta here”, Tapani – *who was doing a little better by now* – said to his friend Samuli. It was the middle of May 2015, and any- and everyone could feel summer in the air.

Walking out of the local convenience-store by the name of *Siwa*, the guys headed to a little trail that leads one’s way through a trail in between two big hills, both standing around fifteen-to-twenty meters tall. At the top of one hill, there was a rocket-shaped wooden structure, pointing at the sky. Samuli pulled on Tapani’s sleeve, interrupting his little break from walking.

— Tapani, I love you, but let’s be reasonable about this.

— *Asa Akira better than Diamond Foxxx?* Where’s the reason in that? You *really* like watching a small-titted woman with a reasonable – and objectively nothing more than that – ass, practically *screaming* at you like she’s losing her virginity to a stranger in an Indian train, and her home village’s being destroyed at the same time?

— Have you not seen the *moves*, the versatility this oriental beauty possesses?

— Versatility shmersatility. If I may repeat myself: What *point* is there, for a woman to have *moves* or *versatility* instead of shape? Diamond's tits fell down here from heaven.

— Well first of all it's a sign of how much the counterpart is actually *in* the act. We both know porn is fundamentally just acting, but each of Asa's performances, she makes look like the man – whoever it is – is doing her the worlds biggest favor by sticking his Junior up that wonderful vagina of hers. It's like her life is dependent on it, and her voice – while admittedly reaching something above an ideal level of decimals – is praising God in Heavens for it. For *dick*.

— She sounds like a pig giving birth.

— Well Diamond fucks selfishly as hell. That old cougar's way too hung up on who she is and what kind of a favor *she's* doing to the world by letting them see that kind of a body in action. You can tell by the way she always poses for the camera whenever she's facing it in a scene. I'd not feel good about myself as a man, if I was fucking a woman who pays more attention to the man behind the camera, than me.

— "OK I'll admit, there's a little truth in that", Tapani partly opted to Samuli's view. "The cougar-part. She's older, so I might be a little biased here. *Just a little*; I still think Asa's performances are way over-the-top."

— Diamond's well-preserved, too...

— "Unlike me." Tapani admitted. "*That* might also be a factor. A small one."

— "True, true..." Samuli responded.

— "So you also think I've not kept my looks well?" Tapani asked his friend.

— Well that was nicely nitpicked.

Tapani dug out his pack of cigarettes from the pocket of his jacket, and Samuli kept talking:

— But yeah, indeed, I won't deny Diamond also has a way of making me pulsate from time to time. It's just... it's just up to the *mood*. The way I would sum this up is: Diamond's a temporary stay, while Asa is a wife. A porn-wife. To me.

— "Fuck." Tapani muttered, having stopped listening to his friend talking a while ago.

— What is it?

Samuli and Tapani looked at each other. Tapani quit flapping the hem of his jacket.

— "I'm out." Tapani complained.

Samuli looked at his friend, first quiet, at a loss, then, like hit with a lightning from the clear sky, he realized what was going on and had an idea in that head of his. The moment it dawned upon him, was visible.

— "Steal a pack." He said.

— "What." Tapani said like he wasn't even considering to entertain the thought.

— Because guess what I heard? This was an interesting story; I was supposed to tell you this one a while ago but I forgot.

— What is it?

— This one gypsy... No, *gypsy's* a bad word--

— "You're in adult company, Samuli." Tapani interrupted. "I can *handle* bad words."

— Either way, this Romanian boy, who lived next door to me years ago, told me this story. A *true story*, that took place in this store.

— Well how did it go?

— He had this habit of always bragging, to me, about all the stupid shit his brothers and cousins pulled. Even if I didn't ask, he'd tell me. He told me one day, that in this *Siwa*, one of his cousins from Sweden – this outrageously big, broad-shouldered guy I actually *saw live* once – *stole* a pack of cigarettes from here, back when the law would allow stores to keep cigarettes on display and you didn't have to crack secret codes and shit to find your brand from the shelf. The way he did it was *fucking ace*: he just waited in the line until all other customers ahead of him got their groceries, paid, and left. He then walked up to the tobacco-shelf when it was his turn, and, standing there, ready to pay for his purchases, he *took* one pack outta there, and put the shit in his pocket. He did all this while the lady at the register just looked, and then he just looked at her intimidatingly, into her *soul*. Through her eyes.

— "...And?" Tapani asked. "What then?"

— And that's it. He left. With the pack.

— Fuck you. Of *course* the register-lady called security.

— No, she didn't. He *never* heard about that shit afterwards; just got himself a free pack of cigarettes, and went on his way. The look in his eyes was deep and dark enough.

— "Okay" Tapani said. "But that doesn't matter. I haven't even gotten around to express to you yet how fucking air-headed this idea of yours is. I haven't picked the right words to illustrate it to you."

— "How?" Samuli asked, semi-dumbfounded by the doubt. "It could work."

— *How?* Do you listen to yourself when you talk? They don't *have* their cigarettes on display. So I couldn't *do* the same shit, even if I *looked* intimidating enough. Which I don't.

— *So what* they don't have it on display? It took just as much balls from the gypsy to do it, as it would take you.

— Well the difference between me and him is, I don't have a whole clan of armed and dangerous goons on call, ready to come roll on anybody that talks back to me.

— "Yeah you do." Samuli corrected.

— ... Well *be that as it may*, that lady at the register doesn't *know* that. I don't *look* like that. Matter of fact, I can't even believe I'm dignifying this bullshit proposition with an answer.

— You're a shouldered guy.

— Well thanks, but--

Tapani shook his head, and turned back to the actual subject:

— No! You're not talking me into this and attacking me from that self-esteem angle. And stop pulling those fast ones on me.

— "All the while you've entertained my idea, you haven't even asked me about *what if I get caught?*" Samuli pointed out.

— I'm not afraid of cops.

— Yea you are. Pussy.

— You're a pussy. And I can as easily just drive two miles to Kapteeni and get a withdrawal for some cigarette-money.

— It'll take you less time to just walk up in that store and tell the lady, "Listen here, you're giving me a pack of cigarettes right now and I'm not paying you a fucking thing, okay?"

— You're a fucking moron.

Tapani threw his unlit cigarette in the ground, as well as the empty pack from his other hand, and started walking back inside the store.

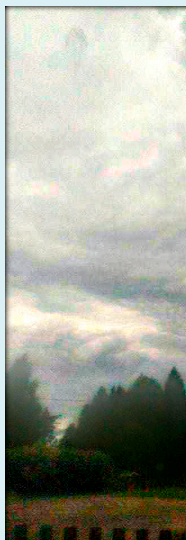
— "Wait, you're doing it?" Samuli asked his determined friend.

— "Yeah I'm doing it." Tapani said while on his way.



Serving as a sequel to 2016's *Ice Road*, *Talisman* is the second addition in the "Oulunsalo Fiction" trilogy.

Ice Road's Samuli and Tapani are back for another night-less summer in the north. They've been upgraded from deliverymen to bosses by old bossman, and new grandpa Rene, whose heir gave birth to that of Samuli during a year already grand in terms of life-development.



Joining the story is the 17-year-old Viktor, whose endless walks around the neighborhood seem to make him but a regular piece of its scenery... and whose mask is taken off quick every time he steps foot at home.

Stakes are at an expected but brand new height, as the upgraded bossmen bask in the victory of running the local drug-trade. As all this happens, the arms of shadow-clocks on the walls begin making unfamiliar tics, last year's disappearers are still nowhere to be found, people lose sight of themselves biting more than they can chew, and before eyes have the chance to be batted, everything's on a steady course downward.



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