

THE COLEMAN STORIES

A curved blade knife with a wooden handle is shown resting on a red surface. The knife is positioned diagonally across the frame, with the blade pointing towards the upper right. The background is a light-colored, textured surface, possibly wood or stone.

"Coleman-Tarinat"
"Coleman-Tarinat 2"
The 2014 novels
translated to English by
the author

Jani Ojala

THE COLEMAN STORIES

Jani Ojala

This is a re-release, reworking and an English translation of the first two novels I ever released, *Coleman-Tarinat* and *Coleman-Tarinat 2*.

Originally written in Finnish, these books saw their original releases in March and July of 2014, respectively.

I was 16 years old when I started writing the first story. The year was 2013. Next year, when the first book was finished (at least to me), I took it to my local book store, making a deal beforehand with the owner, that he'd sell it to people coming in the store, I'd bring him a new batch as one was out, and he'd get to keep his part of the sales for advertisement. The books were printed, but besides this working deal with the local book-store, never released in any "official" means of publishing. No other stores had it, and what libraries in Oulu City still do, bought it from the local book-store.

In 2015, **KIPA Kirjakauppa** closed its doors, and the stories of James, William, Damien, Anthony and Alex Coleman, were no longer available for the public.

Until now.

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THE FIRST COLEMAN STORIES

STORY 1

WILLIAM

Chapter 1

Johnny Green

[May 2004]

"Hi, I'm William.

There's a few viable ways of starting my story, but the one I've concluded to be the best, is that it's far from that of the ordinary amidst kid of my age group.

I moved from New York to Finland 8 years ago, due to my mother's premature passing and my father's... well, complete and utter loss of all sense and reason. Sherri Coleman, my mother, lost her life as a bystander to gang violence, and my father, being a witness to it all, first had to forego the depressive episode that is expected under such circumstances. After that, hallucinations begun to kick in... first subtly, then, before anyone'd notice, taking over his *whole entire* mind. The rest of this *happens to be* too painful to go over right now. But don't worry, I'll get there! Gotta warm myself up a lil' bit before I do.

We got time. For now, let's say that the loss of mom was too much for dad. Yeah... probably safest to say.

My father's sitting in a jail cell and isn't ever getting out, the last I heard. And that's good enough for me at the moment. As

far as my mother... you're actually the only person in the world right now, who I feel safe even speaking her name to.

I was taken away from that broken home, and situated in a foster-home in Finland at-random. Guess this should come as obvious, but as a 7-year-old kid, having just gone through that fucking chain of events, I was not that crazy about the idea. Be that as it may, this city has accepted me, through multiple twists and turns, as its' own.

When I came here as a second-grader in elementary school, there were a certain couple boys that had their fun on my expense for a good while. I'd made one friend in school, a girl, by the name of Sanna. Sanna Karjalainen. She was excluded by *the big group* simultaneously to me at that time and I realized I had a lot in common with her. Sanna also had a regular family. ...I'm sorry, I've been trying to get rid of self-deprecating humor. Anyways, Sanna's just turned 16 right now, Anna's 18, and Aaro isn't with us anymore. Those are her older siblings, did I mention that?

The siblings fought a lot when they were young. One sunny summer's evening they went a tad too far. Sanna was ten back then. Her parents were of course working, and home was shared by the three kids when there was no school. Summer vacation, you see. That day, Anna and Aaro were just *at it* all day long. Like, they couldn't find a moment's peace with each other. I can't say I don't know what *that* feels like, but from what Sanna has described to me – the days she felt comfortable enough to talk about any of it – I understand that this shit was *just constant*. Their family lived in this Kaukovainio apartment house, real *block of flats* as we call 'em in 'Merica. 'Twas a second-floor apartment. Now, where was I... yeah, this *fateful day* started for

Sanna – who really was a bystander in most of the worst arguments between siblings, the quiet one of the bunch without a doubt – as a regular-ass day. Before rubbing the sleep from her eyes, Sanna started hearing sis and bro yell at each other in the living room, right before noon. This time it was about something different, the stuff they screamed at each other was radically different from what she’s used to hearing. Aaro was manically screeching that he’d throw her down from the balcony if she didn’t listen.

I’m gonna skip details *though I know you’d love to hear ’em*, since all this is, is strictly what I’ve heard from her.

Anna screamed back at him, and he just attacked. As she yelled to let ’im go, Sanna – still in her sleep-wear – grabbed a frying pan and threatened his brother to let Anna go, *or else*. Think she called him a lunatic too, or something. Bottom line is, she was stepping into the defense of her sister.

That’s when homeboy got self-righteous. He did as asked, and let Anna go, standing by their balcony, and grabbed Sanna by her arm instead, putting her down for sticking her nose into his business. Anna had to step in, and she made an effort, which the demon-brother dodged, then shoving her down the two-floor flight, onto some grass in the downstairs-neighbor’s backyard.

As he left the balcony, he just looked at Sanna with what she told me were the most evil eyes she’s ever looked at, asking, ”anything else from you?”

That’s when she swung. She always tells me, when we talk about this day, that she’s got no idea how she could muster up the force to instantly knock her brother out with a single swing of a pan. I think I might’ve neglected to stress how *big* Aaro was. Sanna doesn’t remember much from the moment, how it felt and

shit like that. As you can imagine. The rush was probably inconceivable for a 9-year-old.

Sanna'd been talking to me about running away from home long before that, so the next thing she did after the shock, was to pack a bag and get on a bus. Later on my foster-parents got custody of her as well, with the general instability and abandonment going on in her home. That's a separate story, maybe a little too long for tonight's story-time.

Her parents did try.

Anyways, Sanna's moved in with us, and my foster-father Hugo and -mother Sara have welcomed her with open arms. By the way, if I didn't mention this already, I actually love my foster-parents to death. The most understanding, accepting and overall *neat* pair of people I know. They're old, and due to some troubles in the past, unable to procreate. I always knew I was safe with Hugo and Sara. And what's best, Hugo's offered me something I never imagined to be able to have in this lifetime: a stable father-figure.

Moving on, I'm now ready to tell the most important part of this story: That day in New York. The darkest day of my life. I had to sit there and watch as my mother's blood and brains washed into the gutters, and people walked past too scared to give a shit. For a 2-hour-long, torpid stream, I cried alongside her dead body, until finally my father came home from work, saw what happened and took me inside, in complete and utter shock himself. Dad didn't talk to me – to anyone, actually – for two weeks. For a fortnite, James Coleman wouldn't speak a mumbling word, besides an occasional curse in his sleep. When the silent treatment finally stopped, he called me by a different name. Sherri...

I already went too far into that part of the past, let's move on. Still, I noticed something changing about me after that day. The day my mother died, I cried for two hours straight, in complete shock and disbelief, but really, most of all, devastated beyond anything. I thought I could go on crying for days, but when I finally came back home and started to quickly realize what it was that happened... after that day, I've never shed a single tear, and every smile needed to be forced.

I don't feel bad,
or feel good,
ever.

I've already once lost everything I love and care about. No amount of accomplishment, loss, happiness or pain reaches my emotional centers in any way... But I hide it well. I'm a perfectly functioning member of society, *believe you me*.

The best way for me to have fun is by myself, in the dark, in a cold environment. I guess I'm a little bit of an adrenaline-junkie. In wintertime I like to take these long walks alone, not listening to music or anything, just... the sound of my shoes stepping on fresh snow, hearing it lightly creak beneath me. When the streetlights are off and people should be sleeping – and the decent folk *are* – I feel more at-home than ever.

At school I could be doing better than I am. I'm just getting out of grade 9, and am facing failing in 11 different subjects. In reality I don't even see myself needing an education, or a 9 to 5-job in my future. My three hobbies keep me well-occupied: the aforementioned walks alone, training myself physically in any way, shape or form possible, and best of all, *killing*.

You heard right. Killing. Before I used to do it just for thrills, actually.

My foster-father has is forgetful ways, and I happen to know he owns a firearm or two. I've never asked him about their origins, because sometimes it's just better to be quiet. Often, really. More often than many people I know, understand.

When I came to my current school, there was a hierarchy between students, as there will tend to be. Me and Sanna – the quiet blond-haired pair that rarely spoke to anyone else, and did all the group- or pair-assignments together – were easy to pick as outsiders. That's just the way it is. I remember these two kids named Janne and Jasper being particularly bad to us. They'd made a target of me since day one. An important thing happened with Jasper and Janne, one day walking home from school. We were still in second-grade by then. ...They stopped us, stating boldly that Sanna can go. That they don't beat up girls. She did go, and I guess these guys were surprised that my face still hadn't flinched. They asked me why I kept staring at them with the same face all the time, to which I had no real response to even think of, besides just a frustrated sigh. *I really just wanted to get back home, it'd been a long day at school.* So I picked up my pace and started running, hoping they'd leave me alone. This, I guess, led them to believe I was scared. Maybe I was actually, to a degree,

but not *of them*. It was at that moment that I realized what this mysterious, underlying feeling is, that's been fucking with my head since that day with my mother. I realized, that if I'd spent another second with Jasper and Janne at that spot, *I would've killed them*. Or at least tried; I would've gone at 'em with everything I had and I wouldn't have stopped until they were no longer breathing. Or I was knocked out. And all the nice neigh-

borhood-people didn't want *or deserve* to see what I would've done.

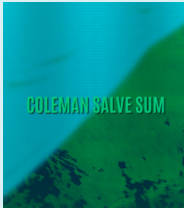
It's hard to put that killer-instinct into words, but I knew for sure what I felt at that moment.

The next morning the city of Oulu was hit with a devastating headline about a second-grader, *Janne Moilanen*, dying in a school bathroom by having his throat cut. I remember how much the security tightened at our school. Shit, they even hired some Securitas-people to watch the main entrances in case of shady intruders. For a while they were there every day, but in a couple months without any further instances, just some hours on Fridays. By third grade, none of my classmates even remembered those security-guards walking around. It was such a blast for everyone in my class, poking fun at those douchebags, until they became a distant memory. But anyways, taking Janne's life was just the first part of my plan. I wasn't gonna stop there. Later that day they held a heartfelt moment of silence for our student that died, and during that time, I made sure I'd look Jasper in the eyes long enough for him to notice, *long enough for him to know*.

Now that I think about it, it's weird Jasper didn't say anything to any teachers or anyone else. *Actually, he hardly said a mumbling word ever since.*

The investigation never lead anywhere either. When cops asked some kids, who'd been seen with Janne in the days prior to his murder, about any suspicious adults walking the halls, they'd make a joke of it and answer that they've seen the principal walking around that day. I don't think anyone knew how serious it was back then. *But I knew.*

It's been roughly 6 years now, since Jasper's suicide. When he was a kid, he was an upstairs-neighbor to Sanna and her family.



The Coleman Stories tells six bitter stories of inter-generational violence. 20 years of trying to find a purpose in a destructive legacy. So few fighters ever get to tell their story; let alone this family of killers and career-criminals. / The 1st story catches up with William Coleman, a 15-year-old American boy relocated to Oulu as a kid... about to burn a man alive in a warehouse. He tells his life story to Johnny Green, as two can keep a secret if one of them is dead. William's two lives, and the looming threat of him finding his heart after channeling his hate outward all his life... gets to his core. / The 2nd story grows from the 1st, and showcases a reality of the Coleman legacy; a whirling storm, sucking in all involved.



The 3rd story follows William's father, James, on his way to the top of the mysteriously influential Greens. / The 4th story finds people seizing second chances in life - so rare to have - and struggling not to be overcome by things that got drowned in the river of time along with their former life. / The 5th story finds the Coleman men confronting or confining to their demons... while Sanna Coleman finds a mother within herself. / The legacy ends at story 6.



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