

OVERBITE

Ylipurema

The 2015 novel
translated to
English by the
author



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Notes of a Summer in Captivity

The 2015 novel translated to English.

Jani Ojala

The book *The Corner: A Year in the Life of an Inner-City Neighborhood*, and television show *The Wire* were instrumental inspirations for this story back when I was originally writing it, and owing to *Ylipurema's* lack of due acknowledgment, I am giving it here now.

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OPENING WORDS

The year was 2014. Winter was at its' deepest, and I had no idea what to make of this dawning year. Even less than that could I have predicted what a hard year was waiting for me.

One day I sat down to write, when I felt particularly inspired by just an image my mind conjured up. The idea? Four men walking along a field, away from a prisoner-transport bus. Nobody knows the other one, or why they're there. Everybody's escaping. The last thing their instructions said was to walk down that field, wait for a ride. None of them knew they would have company. They're left to figure out who to call for more instructions.

After writing *Coleman-Tarinat*, *Coleman-Tarinat 2* and *Artnr-Enkelin Multinotaatti*, there had been a drought in new story-ideas for me. This new idea was thrown at me on... a period of needing new material to write; a time when I was receptive to interesting ideas like this, that couldn't be ignored. I saw this premise as necessary to explore in 2014. How are these guys going to communicate with each other? How deep do these schemes reach, and how long does it take to find any of it out with some strangers one shares a strange predicament with?

The evolution of the story from that starting idea, into what it became, was amazing to me in two respects. Firstly it was great to write a story my mom could finally read (she wasn't a fan of all the violence on *Coleman-Tarinat*), and it was the beginning

of my *blueprints*, wherein there would be major story events lined up apart from each other, in a way that suited my sense of fitting pace. My first three books were completely improvised, from top to bottom. During *Ylipurema* I found a demand, *from the story*, to let me take a more *meditated* path. I guess that's what the legacy of this book is for me. A learning experience, on top of other forms of catharsis I found from telling this story.

The story that Jorma, Sami, Matti and Petri set out on, counting on an ambiguous plan by the lawyer they all share, Gabriel Sundberg... turned out to be tremendously fun to write on top of being an evolution in my craft. And it's never been available to my English-speaking readers.

Until now.

ACT 1

FOUR LITTLE GUYS

Chapter 1

Who's This Guy?

June 2013

A Finnish summer's day.

The weather had been approaching 30 degrees celsius in a steady pace all afternoon, and at the peak of that heat, four men walked across a field of short hay.

All four formed in diamond-shape, when watched from above... seemingly leading the pack, a man above average height, with short hair and a vapid look on his face, tucking his hands inside the long-sleeve jacket he had on. It had a black matte exterior that made a slight sound while moved by the wind, and the man's arms moved along with the paced walk. Behind him was a pair of two men – an older one, and a noticeably younger one. Walking on the left side, the younger man was looking regular, with young features. 170 centimeters tall, light stubble on his chin, wide-ish cheekbones keeping a firm posture on the face, and a dark-brown head of hair. Throughout silent moments leading up to him taking his red cap off, he'd stayed steps away from the older man, but now

approached him, walking alongside and asking in a familiar way:

- "Who's that guy in front of us, and what is his deal? Do you know him? Why doesn't he stop, or say anything? I'm getting so suspicious, Jorma."
- "Something tells me he's trying to do the same thing we are. I sat a couple rows down from him on the bus." **Jorma** answered the young man's question.
- What if he's not?
- Let's not bother ourselves about it. We're in a hurry.

The younger man sighed at the older one so loudly, it couldn't help but evoke a concerned look.

- "Don't worry, Petri." Jorma assured **Petri**. "He or anyone else around here gets cute, we'll handle it." He looked at Petri with an affirming expression, beaking out the sharp end of a screwdriver from his jacket's inside-pocket."
- What do you mean *anyone else*? How many people are there on the pickup?
- No, I was just referring to that guy that's walking behind us and getting closer.
- "There's a guy behind us?!" Petri's shock mounted up. He only now looked back, and only now realized the news were true.

Just on time, two gunshots were heard. Jorma and Petri quickly checked each other, saw that neither one was harmed, then turned to look behind them.

A more rounded man – a Happy Meal away from tubby – made himself noticed, holding a pistol in his hand, pointing it skyward.

Jorma made a sneaky peek to the other way, where the tall man with his long trenchcoat was still standing; having stopped moving as well.

- "Alright" The fat man loudly addressed everyone on the field. "Officers, I'm sure you had fun. *Walk in front of the fat man, let's see how far he can walk before we put him in jail.* Ha ha. But I'm gonna keep moving to my getaway, now."

The fat man moved his gun to point Petri and Jorma's way, with an ambiguity on whom it would hit, had it been fired.

- ...and I'll be going there *alone*.
- "No no, chill!" Petri intercepted. "We're not police, or guards or anything like that. *We're trying to get to a getaway too.*"

The fat man just idly stared. His eyes waited for explanation, and his hand enforced upon his demand, still not losing focus on *hitting at least one of these fucks if they don't get to explaining.*

The tall man had walked to Jorma and Petri's side. The fat man noticed this, and pointed *directly* at him. He hadn't seen him walk that way. *He's a big guy. He shouldn't be able to be that unnoticeable.*

Jorma laid an interested look at the tall man, but did so without having anyone notice. He was staying as deliberately silent as possible, noting that the tall man had something to say, now:

- "Alright, let's break the ice here." Tall man spoke. "That crash back there... I'm wondering, just as much as you guys, how we're all standing here and *all* walking the same way, trying to reach what looks to be a getaway in everybody's case."

- "That's right." Jorma confirmed. "We're looking for a getaway. It was said to drive over to this here field from that other entrance, behind that tree way over there."
- "Aye, that would be the same for me." Tall man replied to Jorma, looking at the fat man with the pistol half the time it took for him to say those words. "And you are?"
- Jorma Soisalo, *fugitive*.
- **Sami Sieppi**, shared profession.
- "Nice to meet you, Sami. This young man here is my nephew, Petri." Jorma spoke calm. "And you were?" He directed a question at fat man.
- "My name is Brad Pitt, for all I give a fuck for you to know." The fat man disregarded Jorma's attempt at a more friendly common tone. "And you better start explaining, 'cause this thing holds more than two."
- "I'm aware of how many it holds, but *listen*, man." Sami stayed encouraged to reason with the man with a pistol. "Did you plan something with a lawyer, perhaps? Or anyone else that knew that driver? Because my guy--"

Fat man cut Sami off:

- Yeah I did. Gabriel Aro. What of it?
- "He's our lawyer too!" Petri budded in, sounding more anxious than he willingly wanted to reveal. "Me and my uncle--"
- Fuck up, piss-ant. The adults are talking.
- "Hey!" Jorma said, with a level of anxiety to himself as well, as fat man's pistol had turned inadvertently to point at Petri amidst the response.
- ...What?
- I don't think I caught your real name?

- "...Alright." Fat man said, calming down and starting to tuck in his gun. "My name's **Matti**. Got this piece from the driver's glove-box while everybody was breaking loose from the crash... well, *whoever made it*. Fuckhead thought he could steal from *me*."
- "Alright, so..." Sami got on top of things, addressing the mutual conclusion felt behind all four men. "We all broke out of that transport-bus, right as it crashed to that tree. We all knew the crash would happen, we all knew when, why, which way to walk and who was behind it all."
- "The lawyer." Jorma commented.
- "Exactly. So why don't we just call him instead of killing each other?" Sami proposed to everybody.

Matti had walked closer to everybody in this time.

Silence covered up for singing crickets for a few seconds, as everyone was short of a better idea than Sami's. Sami took the silence as *affirmative*, and got his phone out, dialing on it, and getting interrupted by Petri:

- The fuck's that? How didn't they confiscate your phone? You hid it up your ass?
- "*Steal or get stole on*, words to live by." Sami said, moving his eyes back to his phone's screen.

An answer was given to Sami sooner than he'd expected.

- *Gabriel Aro, how can I assist you?*
- Gabriel! Could you be so kind, as to explain to us all what--
- "*Put me on speaker*." Gabriel demanded.

Sami did as asked, lowered the phone from the side of his head and muttering "what the fuck"... too quietly for anyone to hear.

He pressed the button, and Jorma, Petri and Matti gathered around him.

- *Good day to you guys. I see we've been successful. Don't worry, none of you know each other, but you will. This is the last time I'll talk this directly over the phone, but trust me when I tell you, there's a reason for all of this. Your ride is coming very soon. I've got to go now; the walls have ears.*

Chapter 2

Where Are We Going?

Around fifteen minutes later Matti, Sami, Jorma and Petri were all sitting in a circle, in the shade of a lone tree whose branches reached wide – enough to make something resembling decent shade. Petri held the filter of his burning cigarette ten centimeters away from his lips, and pondered as he scanned the surroundings with his eyes. The toke he'd been holding inside his lungs for a while now, was blown the stick's way, and a bare and simple silence had completely descended over the field.

Sami was the only one to look far out-left on-time, in that crucial second when a grey minivan took a turn off the road, into a trail that would lead to this field.

- "Hey, toss those things, guys!" Sami commanded the boys, as they were all noticing an approaching vehicle at the same time.

Matti got slightly thrown off, turned to look back but didn't neglect the craving for one last hit. He tried his best to make that



Notes of a summer in captivity: Overbite tells a story about people's rise above anxiety, confinement and overall impossibleness.

In the summer of 2013, four criminals escape from a prison-transport bus that suffers a crash after its' driver is poisoned. Walking along a field in the moments right after the crash, four men piece together the plans of their lawyer, Gabriel. They wonder if they've been saved or just captured further. Amidst wondering, they find out more details about the Sundberg-brothers – the criminal entity behind the crash.



Years ago the Sundberg-brothers escaped home, and to get back at their parents for how they were raised, they've been passively channeling their hatred and pain outwards to the world around them... until Gabriel had a plan.

The journey Jorma, Matti, Petri and Sami set out on, could take them anywhere. The convicts find it hard to breathe until they start slowly finding themselves through simple positive visualization.



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