

THEY SANG FOR THAT ISLAND

BY JANI OJALA

NEW SAND FOR OLD GLASS PREQUEL No. 2



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New Sand for Old Glass Prequel #2
Jani Ojala

Jani's books:

Coleman-Tarinat (2014)
Coleman-Tarinat 2 (2014)
Artner-Enkelin Multinotaatti (2014)
Ylipurema (2015)
Ice Road (*Oulunsalo Fiction, Pt. 1*) (2016)
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Broken Shadows: New Sand for Old Glass, Part One (2022)
What Mynos Saw: New Sand for Old Glass, Prequel #1 (2023)
They Sang for That Island: New Sand for Old Glass, Prequel #2 (2023)

Saaren painajainen was the name of the first story I ever wrote.
I was 10 years old.

The Absolution-Spear

Magic of Death

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FIRST WORDS

My name is Adrian Marston. My father was Lori, and I have two brothers Kenneth (older), and Stanley (younger). Kenneth has one son – Otis – at the time of me writing this.

You will see no mention of me or my brothers in this story, or any other story we'll tell. This is the story that I may not have *wanted* to tell you about my father – but that needed to be told.

When it comes to us three brothers, we have all realized what a treasured lineage we belong to. Writing down this family's great deeds is a much more valuable use of our time than maintaining little kingdoms on little islands. No matter the Absolute power we have. We HAVE to know, that later generations will know about us.

That's why Ken always called us the "archivers of Marston-glory". Ken said, that his son can conquer lands again, just like his father did. But he will be the one that makes sure, great men in our family will KNOW what they are holding, when they hold the Absolution-Spear. The Marston-family's destiny, duty, responsibility, and PROMISE TO THE SKIES.

Our generation is the storytellers. Or, WAS the storytellers, when you read this story.

Kenneth was always heir to the Absolution-Spear. A weapon that wipes life off of every living thing it interacts with. It also manipulates the fate of what happens to that living organism's CORE and ESSENCE – when it is a person. It is a power that can be controlled only by the strong wills of Marstons.

I was never to inherit our family's heirloom. It passed from Lori to Ken. When Ken dies, Otis will gain possession.

Ken says this is our responsibility. To tell these stories. Ken also says that we will win no glories, defeat no great enemies, but we will make sure the future-generations NEVER FORGET my father. NEVER FORGET THE SACRIFICES HE HAD TO MAKE FOR THIS POWER.

Ken thinks that telling the story, of how the GREATEST power IN THE WORLD was bestowed to ONE family, should be done "a certain way".

A way that favors Lori.

But I see things different.

I see that Lori was a human being as well. Lori was not a character, even though he grew up to affect the lives of future-generations. He was a GREAT man... But complicated.

Ken didn't want me to tell this story this way. But if this is the only story I make – I, the second son – it will be worth it because THIS STORY, will show what my father was REALLY like.

The reason I'm writing this story is that I caught a wooden doll on a fishing-net one day. There was writing in it.

"Merry Christmas Mom. I love you.

Dennis Rains, 1908".

I showed it to my father – who's now an old man – and he still remembered.

He remembered a family called Rains, and a former friend from the past, who turned into an enemy.

The man I was named after.

Chapter 1

That

(Lori Marston)

April 1887

SABOGA, PANAMA

It was rising.

The Pacific Ocean had been conjuring up this wave for some amount of time, and people of the village on the coast of Saboga had no knowledge. They'd heard the earth shake this morning, but to call off all daily routine just because of that would be ludicrous. Yesterday, at this time, people were doing what they do. Some going on about their work, some tending to their homes, some being too sick to do either thing *or some* being too small to *live a regular life* yet.

Today, bells were ringing at the town's center-tower as loudly as they could. Warning of a great danger that requires immediate attention; most of the village's people knew that a tidal wave was *really* the most likely concern.

Lo' and behold, it was rising. Only one look to the coast, would give any resident the clear, quick and uncomplicated affirmation to their suspicion; this is a giant wave.

Big carriages on wheels were packing up with people – the ones who'd be deemed inept at running. There were only *some* horses kept by this town's successful farmers, and for the most part everything went amicably, in terms of letting the sick and the elderly on-board first. Some seats were stolen, two people killed by getting them trampled under riled horses' hooves, but this beach-village on the Panamanian island, pulled it together.

It wasn't enough though. This wave was unlike anything any resident had seen in their lives. This wave, was running through the entire island destroying trees and buildings, *nevermind people*, in its' path. Likely none of them knew before, that water could get that high, and the island was so small in area that it got covered all the way. Through and through.

There weren't many cave-systems in Saboga; the ones that there were, would not be public information because the group of travelers that'd discovered them, were weary of a danger just like this. Nature's anger just like this. Raging water was already washing away all those people that'd *successfully ran* away from the town. Screams of agony and mortal fright could **fill up** the ears of people dwelling in these caves, for safety, but they would not ever share where they were. Not even when a child's scream was heard, from the soil over the cave-roof, screaming for help with what objectively was their last force. It was survival of the fittest. This cave was the only place where water *couldn't* enter in such an insurmountable amount. This was the only place where something could be done in this kind of a disaster.

But nothing was. Because that would risk the lives of the only people who had a remote chance to survive this. Everybody was dying, everybody that they knew *and didn't know*, from back home, was getting killed.

In this cave there were crevices, prepared for water-flows. In this cave there were four survivors. Four men, whose consciences couldn't be said that much about. They'd just heard an entire people, an entire island's inhabitants be taken out with such force and frighteningly natural ferocity – without rhyme or reason – and they couldn't allow anyone into their cave which was their solution. Not even if it was the most discreet person imaginable, not even if it was a beautiful woman. Nobody, **nobody's family even** gets in. That's what Homer, Ernest, Archie and George agreed upon. Because one person could be seen by another person, as they were rescued. That person could see a third person, and that third person could be too slow to get in and the water could fill up the cave and everybody could drown. No, this wasn't about wanting *or not wanting* to save lives. This was about doing the bare minimum; holding on to the four lives everybody **knew** could be saved.

The four men's solution worked.

They might've just killed them all, by not letting them in.

But yet, nobody would've survived if even the first person was allowed in. This, the men knew, in their broken minds.

Nothing would ever be the same after this day.

ZIHUATANEJO, MEXICO

A 23-year-old man called **Lori Marston** took a seat inside the dining-hall of luxurious living-premises.

On the opposite side of the ivory-table, stood his accomplished father **Marshall Marston** at perfect posture. It seemed like serious discussion was about to unfold; cups of wine were in front of each, and the father had made sure beforehand that nobody else is in this room, and nobody else in proximity could possibly come and interrupt them. He had that type of authority.

— Father.

Lori knew not to ask direct questions from his army-bigshot father, because living to this age had taught him that the directness of the answer would most likely never be what he looked for. It fascinated the younger man often; but usually just frustrated him.

He knew however that this leave to Mexico, that the family took from the United States years ago, was *about something* that Marshall **particularly** didn't like to discuss.

Lori had been thinking for quite some time, while his father looked at a paper and wrote one sentence there. He had sat down at one point without Lori realizing. The son couldn't discern what it was the father was writing – *and to whom* – but it made him look busy.

— I wanted to be here alone with you, Lori, because you're the heir to everything I will pass down after my journey here ends. And I don't know when it will end. Whenever that time comes – near or far – and whether they'll write about me... remains to be seen. I asked you here because you're *enough of a man* already to hear these things. Appreciate this reality. There was a war. A war with real weapons and real death. My side won, but the rest was... controversial. War is **more** than you read in your history-books. Only a percentage of the actual events of war,

ever get written down, and it's always the winner who gets to write them.

— "Father..." Lori was fully aware that all he was doing was repeating one single word, while his father had a world of things to say... but he found it difficult to do anything else.

He felt like a child again.

He hated that feeling, and made it as though something had just gotten stuck in his throat, clearing it and continuing:

— ...Death comes for all of us. Do you want to tell me what crime *exactly* they're accusing you of?

— "Why? Why do you wish to know that?" Lori could clearly tell that his dad was pulling away from the question.

— I know you, I know what is true and what isn't. You have fighting-men, don't you? *Sworn* guards around the premises? We will keep this stronghold, and we will hold fast. I am your son, yes, but as you already said, enough of a man to pick up arms.

— I *never wanted* you to pick up arms. I wanted you to do that as little as possible, ever throughout your life. Men in battle are the ones that fall, for the sake of someone else's story being told.

— I promise you, father, our family will write the histories! But... for us to do so, I'd *need to know* the accusations.

Lori could tell that his father liked what he was hearing. Not just the words, but the voice carrying them... Lori knew he was about to hear one of those direct answers again.

— They're accusing me of spying on my own side and trading information with the Confederation when it really looked like the war was going to end in their favor. This is punishable by death. I fear, Lori, that my days are numbered. But it is not late for you to do all those things you just promised me. Will you remember the promise?

— "I **will**." The authority and might in Lori's voice made the air boom. "Through death, through storms and rising tides I will carry the promise with me, father."

Lori was getting a look from across this expensive table – which only stood in the dining-area to establish that these are indeed wealthy folks staying here.

I was here.

He watched back, as Marshall quickly examined him, then admired his spirit, then inhaled and exhaled and it became nigh-impossible for Lori to predict the next thing he'd say:

— You need to understand that life is full of storms and tides. You might know what they look like, but you haven't been in one. Lori... you're my eldest child, you might be the last to carry the Marston-name, or *I* might be. A whole country's gone crazy just now, and it isn't gonna be safe for years. Nobody knows what the future holds. And no matter how in-control you are, how complete the mission looks, how sage your advisors and clear your mind... there is always something, someone, up there, watching.

— "Who's that?" Lori asked a question that he thought sounded stupid.

Marshall didn't, though. He took it seriously, turned to look behind and pointed his hand – pointer-finger-first – out from the dining-hall's window and to the moon. Its' white rays came through the clouds, green on the other edge of what could be seen and blue on the other; forming a gradient-color somewhere in between.

Chapter 2

Saboga

(Homer and Ernest Pomroy, Gonzo Rains, Lori Marston)

SABOGA

A MONTH LATER:

May-flowers were being trampled under the steps of one foot, as two brothers, **Homer** and **Ernest Pomroy** walked along a path.

Never veering off too far to the side from known, established trails that lead back to the cave – *the cave... our default home* – Homer silently understood that he was the more gifted one when it came to directions. Or at least, that's what playing together as children in these forests, had taught him.

— We really are out of games to play, aren't we brother?

— "Since mother and father were swiped away by that wave... yes." Homer could tell that Ernest was swallowing some of his abundant sadness, even though a majority-melancholic tone of voice could not have been avoided. *He's been like this for a while.*

NEW SAND FOR OLD GLASS: Prequel No. 2

It's 1887 and Marshall Marston is hiding from some sour after-effects of the American Civil War with his family in Mexico. He decides to impart wisdom on his oldest son and heir, Lori. These are turbulent times, the South has gone crazy and only further South, is where the misunderstood family can regroup and get their last chance at redemption. These are the beginnings of the Marston-dynasty, and of their control over the magical entity, the Absolution-Spear.

As the journey points them southwards, Lori and his friend Gonzo Rains set sail for the Saboga-island in Panama. This island has been devastated by a terrible wave, and little life is left. Life, that the sailors see as a new prospect; new resources up for collecting. But they have only learned what the tide has taken away; they will take years to understand just what has survived.

It's been over a thousand years since the events of WHAT MYNOS SAW, and the Seers are helpless when they watch a lightning hit the Earth from the Moon. What begins from a chase down in the Mexican forests, sets the stage for a battle where lives and entire lineages are at-stake. During this years-long pursuit for power, a battle is fought with bullets, betrayals, spears and conspiracies. Two families are in a race for an absolute prize and their offspring are born into this race. Their children grow up in this race. They wear crowns, and wield weapons that hold such power they couldn't conceive of, even if it was explained... And the island sees it all.

