

**Jenny's Digital Book Nook -- A Fictional Look at On Time Publishing (OTP) in 2008  
Marshall Masters Copyright 2003 – First Draft**

Jenny had just finished cleaning up the breakfast table when she noticed her brother Tom pulling into the drive of her house in his brand new 2008 electric SUV. “Boys and their toys,” she sighed to herself with a smile.

She exchanged her kitchen apron for a light jacket as she mentally reviewed her plans to open the first On Time Printing (OTP) store in her small town. She'd call it , *Jenny's Digital Book Nook*. This morning, she'd draw on Tom's experience as the own of the town's only theater as a last minute check on her plans.

Tom sipped his coffee as she plopped down in the passenger seat of SUV. “This is early in the day for a night owl like me,” he yawned. “OK, off to main street to look at this store front you want to rent” he mumbled as he backed out of the drive.

“So have you been thinking about it?” She asked.

“You betcha! Our town is too small for a regular book store and I think folks would like to see something a bit more inviting in the way of bookstore than a UPS delivery truck.” He glanced at her with a reassuring smile. “Hey! I'm proud of you sis. Starting your own business is a big step and I'm glad to help. Since I'm new to this, I'd like to focus the customer experience first, and then how all this works with authors and distributors.”

“Sounds like a plan to me,” she chirped as she held up a set of store keys. “Andrew Wyker is the broker, and he gave me the keys to the store so I could show it to you today. That's where we're going. It is about 1200 square feet and perfect for me.”

Tom scratched his ear for moment. “Oh yah, the old flooring store on main. By the way, I remember Andrew. He had a real thing for you back in high school as I recall.”

“And he's still as shrewd as ever,” she added with a grin. “Now drive on Hunkmaster.”

Hunkmaster had been Tom's nickname back in high school and he chuckled all the way to the vacant store as fond memories flooded back.

“We're here,” he finally announced as the SUV parked itself.

It took a bit for Jenny to work the old fashioned lock and they were soon standing in the middle of the old exotic hardwood flooring store. The walls were bare and drab, but the entire showroom was still covered with a beautifully patterned floor made of exotic wood. “The floor stays!” She exclaimed.

Tom eyed the floor. “All it needs is a refinish and it will be mucho premo, but what about these bare walls. Gosh but they're ugly!”

She jabbed him in the side and winked. “You know all those hardbound editions Mom collected over the years.”

“Yah, I've been waiting for the foundation of the house to collapse because of them.”

Jenny grinned. “Check this out,” she grinned. “I'm going to line the walls with solid oak bookcases and use Mom's collection for ambiance. My customers will sit and read while sipping latte's and espressos, but we're not going to be a public library. The books stay here.

“And what about the library?”

“I cut them a sweetheart deal that will give them books for less and with custom super strong library bindings at that. Another thing the librarians really love is that I can deliver books to them that have been out of print for a long time. All-in-all, the net on my library business in the first year will pay for my bindery equipment and then some.”

“Nice,” Tom nodded. “But hey, I’m here to buy, so what’s it going to be like for me.”

“OK,” she smiled back. “Imagine if you will. Surrounding us will be nice comfortable recliners with 21” plasma touch plasma displays eBook readers. Folks can use them to preview any book in our distribution library and they can purchase it from their couch for a one-time wireless download to their laptop or order an On Time Publishing copy and pick it up at my counter in less than an hour.”

“That’s nice, but what about price?”

“The cost is between the old style Print on Demand and Offset Print books, but the big difference is getting what you want!” She gestured him to follow her to the row of opposing glassed in offices at the back of the store, with two on each side. “There,” pointed to the corner office, “will be the machine room with the On Time Printing equipment. The one to the right will be the binding room. On the other side will be an office and combination store room and lunch room.”

“You need a whole room for binding?”

“For what I want to do – yes! Close your eyes and imagine along with me.” He did as she asked. “We’re sitting in your movie theater watching a film. The opening scene is set in the library of a large mansion and the camera pans across shelves of books all bound in perfect sets that just ooze with class and dignity. Now open your eyes.”

He blinked and mused. “I never thought of books as part of the décor, especially when you consider that my own bookshelves are a miserable mix of garish colored books and sizes.”

She nodded appreciatively. “Time to thing décor bro, now that average stiff can own a library fit for a Rockefeller.”

“Cool tunes there sis.?”

“On top of that, I’ll represent specialized binderies for those with a very specific need.”

Tom nodded. “I’m sold on the bindings, but what about author readers?”

“Every night of the week if I can, and most definitely anyone within driving distance.”

“OK, so we’ve the customer thing wrapped. What about the authors, publishers and distributors? After all, they’re literally giving you a license to steal with this OTP stuff, if you get my meaning.”

Jenny cocked her head. “Not so. First let me say there are no foolproof systems. Bro, think about it. With all the money I’m going to sink into setting up this store, would I burn the bridge with my content providers to pirate a few copies of their books here and there?”

“I don’t think you would,” Tom shot back sincerely, “but you know what they say about the human body. It’s made of 90% water and 10% greed.”

“You’ve got a point there, and that I suppose is why the On Time Publishing open standard carries such a tight Digital Rights Management schema. For starters, you’ve got to get an encryption dongle from each distributor.”

Tom laughed. “A dongle? Oh this has got to be good. Tell me more.”

She groaned. “A dongle you testo-jerk is an adapter you connect between your OTP computer and your OTP printer. When you print a book, the file will not work without the distributor’s encrypted dongle and if it is stolen, the code is invalidated by the distributor and the dongle becomes worthless. On top of that, the distributors know exactly how many books you’re printing, the number of words you’re downloading, the number of pages your printing...”

Tom sported a devilish grin, “and whether or not your dongle is where it should be.”

Jenny sighed with resignation. “You’re incorrigible. Let’s move this along shall we.”

He smiled with a sweet sense of victory. “Fine. So now that we’ve covered the distributors and publishers, what about the authors?”

“That’s the best part,” she chirped. “Their OTP royalties are almost twice that of sales through traditional channels. As a matter of fact, more top selling authors are publishing their first editions in eBook and OTP every day to enjoy the extra income. They’re no dummies.”

“Everyone knows the big names sis, but what about our own local authors?”

“With OTP, we can publish anything you want. High school year books, garden club recipe books, and anything else you could imagine, then distribute it through our OTP channel partners.”

Tom shook his head in disbelief. “Jenny, you’re talking about God knows how many gazillion new titles each year. Small authors will just get lost in all the noise.”

Jenny looked back towards the front of the store and could see her customers relaxing in deep lounge chairs, sipping their drinks as they search titles in her online catalog. Then she remembered. “I totally forgot. One of the OTP reps told me that Yahoo and Google are rolling out their new online book catalog search engines this year. They’ve captured all the metadata and...”

“Metadata...”

“I thought you were a bit more savvy,” she teased. “Metadata is data that describes other data and for years, publishers have been creating these huge metadata databases about their book titles. It was only a matter of time before someone in the Silicon Valley figured out that they now have a whole new load of information to sell – and people are buying.”

“So how do you use it?”

“The same way you use an Internet search engine to find things on the World Wide Web. You don’t search by the numbers of books sold or glitzy marketing hype. You search for what you want, so in essence, it helps to level the playing field for unknown authors.”

Tom nudged her in the direction of the front door. “Hot damn, I’m sold. Let’s go.”

“Why so fast?”

“I’ve got an idea for my first book. *Immortal Tales of the Buckaroo Hunkmaster.*”

Jenny clapped her hands over her chest and laughed. “I love it!”

**AUTHOR'S NOTE:** This fictional account set in the year 2008, is based on present day fact because a system such as that described in the story, is now operational. Also, please note, the term On Time Publishing (OTP) was invented by the author solely for the purpose of this story.

*That being said, a future OTP system is not a pipe dream!*

A retail POD-type system has been invented by InstaBook founder Victor Celorio, and has already been deployed to market. The first Instabook brick-and-mortar retail location is now open for business in Ontario, Canada. For more information about this futuristic publishing technology, visit the InstaBook site at [www.instabook.net](http://www.instabook.net), or write Mr. Celorio at [celorio@instabook.net](mailto:celorio@instabook.net).