

Special Object Essay

Barlon the Spotless, lord of the lions, limped back into his palatial palace after gruesomely killing Zarangatang, the god of the giraffes. Relieved to have one ruler less to worry about but exhausted by the conquest, Barlon exasperatedly rests on his throne and gazes out the wide window that showcases the entirety of his kingdom. However, while marveling at the view, specks of what appear to be dirt manifest along his body. Unable to wash the spots off with his cloak, Barlon approaches a hanging mirror and perceives a demonic appearance on his face. These unusual new features resemble the characteristics of his neighboring rulers. Soon, Barlon was now recognized as an outcast because he became flawed by the marks from the murders he committed. After Barlon was banished to an island, his former citizens created carved statuettes to warn future rulers not to be overcome by such greed, as greed marks us all in the end.

Now, Barlon stares back towards me, showcasing his features as if I were one of the rulers he intends to kill. The stern lion, painted with dull emerald and plum giraffe patches throughout the back, towers the soft viridescent plain, the intricate streaks of amber entwining the marks. With an inflorescence of gold circumferencing the head, the face emerges, embedded with a reflection of a sunset savannah. Affixing the sunset savannah, leap golden whiskers, neighboring a bucktooth for the jaw, with a wide human remnant protruding above. As I hold the figurine carefully, stroking the glossy beast like a pet, the feeling is interrupted by a deep, rough fracture on the right leg, and segments of the elongated tail nicked off due to lack of awareness. Flipping the statuette upside down with simplicity, I also detect a rough tenderness on the paws and a trace of gold arching around the abdomen like a winding stream. Overall, Barlon's intricate and demonic features show that he is no ordinary lion.

This lion statuette appears mischievous and reminds me of an interest I encountered during my elementary school years. When my group was deciding on an object, my eyes immediately caught a glimpse of what appeared to be a lion statue. While examining the structure, the solemn, gilded aperture to the lizard-like flesh composed the grotesque beast. These monstrous and mischievous characteristics made the creature seem formidable, impressing me through my usual pessimistic expectations. Additionally, when I scoured through elementary school, reading about Greek mythology transformed into a common hobby. The lion reminded me of a Greek mythological god identified as the Chimera. A half-lion churned with the head of a goat and the tail of a snakehead. The intriguing monstrous visuals of the lion statuette and reminder to my Greek mythological interests secured Barlon as my first choice.

Through a careful examination of the statuette, there are numerous inferences I could deduce about the owner's traits, personality, and interests. For example, the spotted green flesh of the creature supports the inference that the owner is a cautious person and cares about consequences. The basis for my assumption is that the speckled green body might reflect the owner's faults, resulting in a non-realistic portrayal of the person. Another inference I could draw together about the owner is that the owner of this craft is creative and artistic. The explanation behind this inference is because the lion embodies intricate details such as a petaled mane and an eye-catching multicolored face, which only an artistic and creative person could reproduce. Lastly, the final assumption I could create about the mysterious owner is that the owner is an appreciative person. That is because the lion sculpture arrived with a snuggly, soft blanket, carefully placed underneath the lionhearted beast. Therefore, the owner manifests themselves as a cautious, artistic, creative, and appreciative person. Ultimately, the lion statuette is a reminder of my Greek mythological interests, representing caution, creativity, artistry, and appreciation with monstrous and intricate details.

Numerous years have progressed since Barlon was banished to the abandoned island. While trudging along the shore, Barlon perceives a miniature statuette of himself underneath the shallow water with his imperfections. When grasping the figurine for a closer examination, he cackled at the distorted version of himself, the laughter swiftly extinguishing into crashing noises released by the rushing waves striking the shoreline. As the sky darkened, and the waters slowly submerged the landscape, inside Barlon's head sparked a moment of a lifelong realization. Squeezing the damaged statuette with tears trickling down his throat, he yearned for a better answer.