

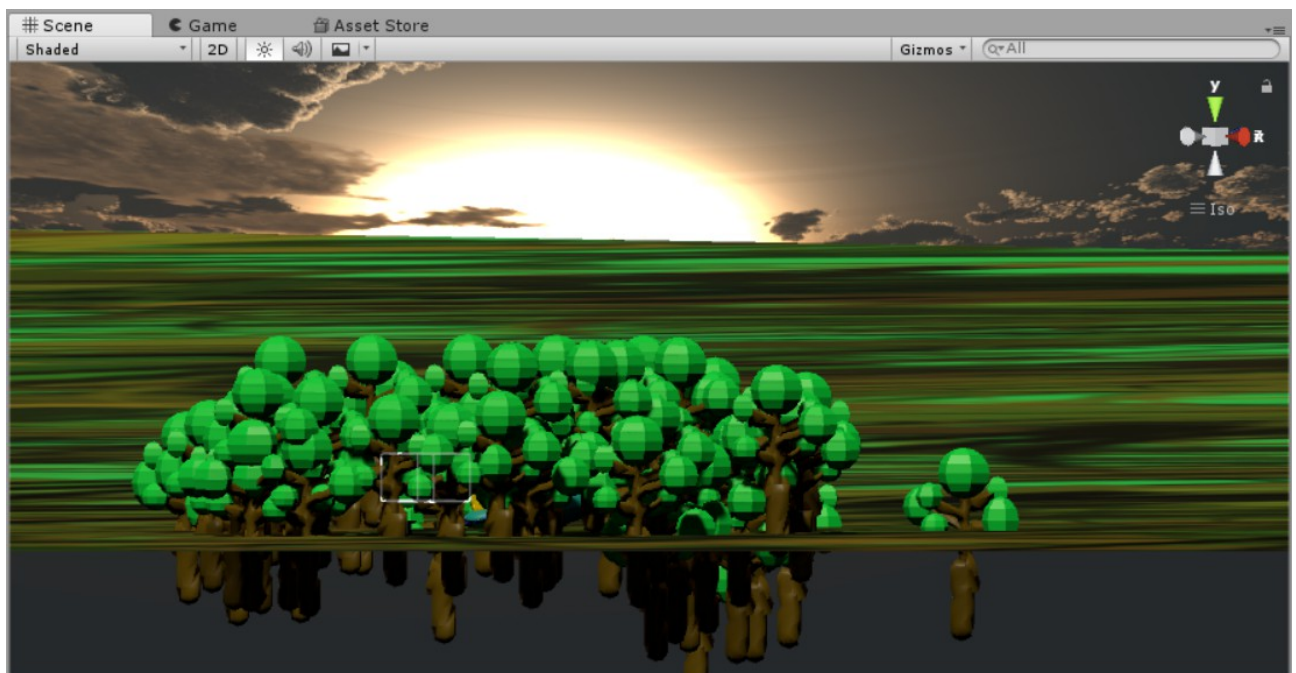
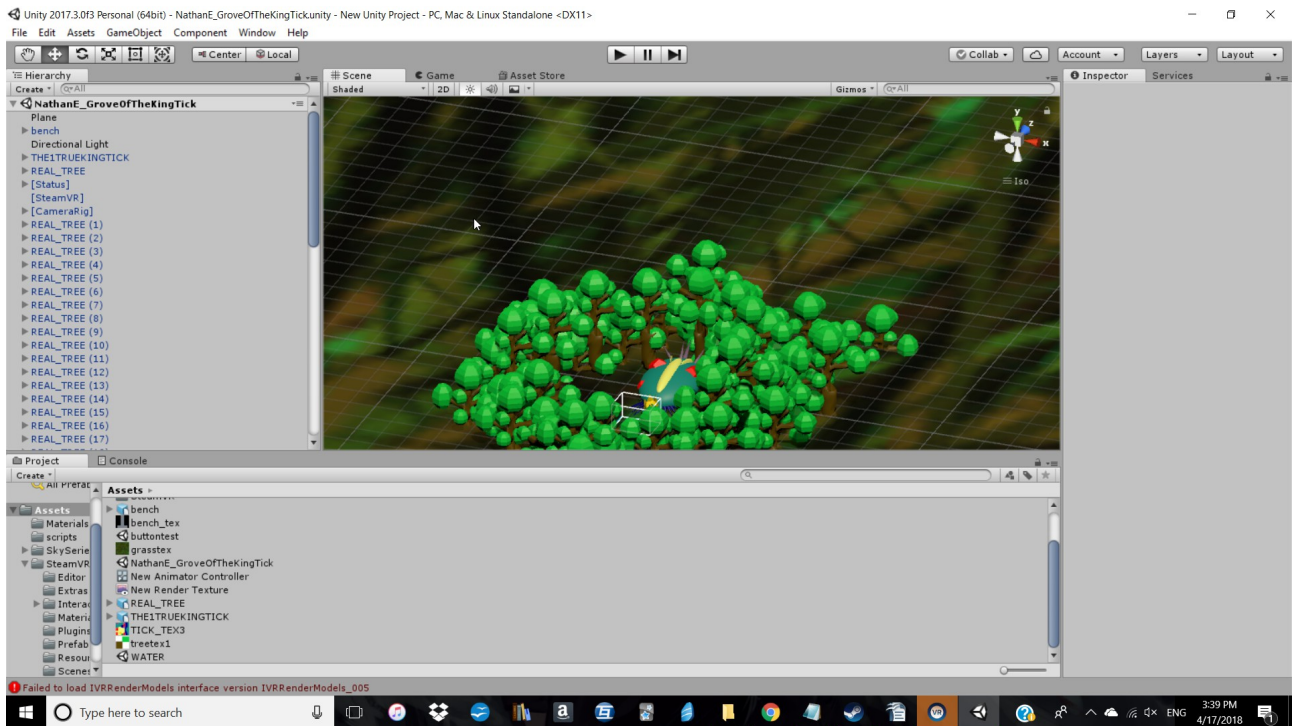
NATHAN ELSENSOHN

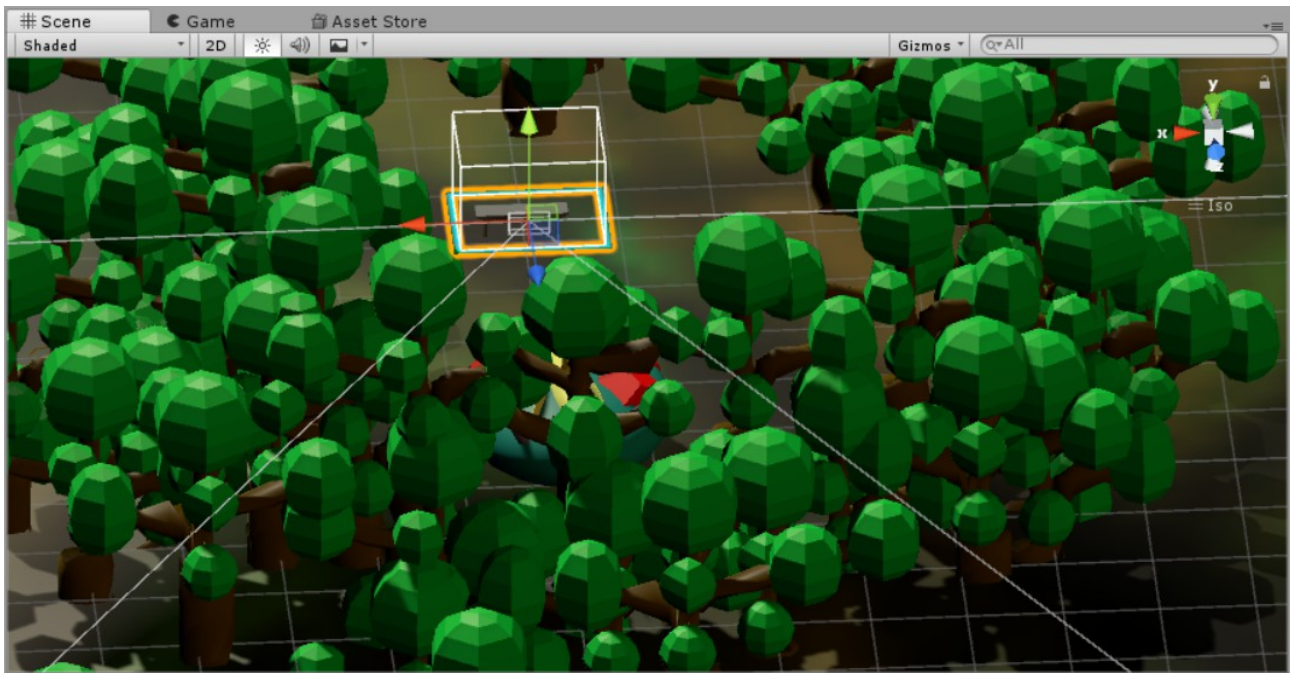
ART175

Spring 2018

Project 2

Grove of the King Tick: A Glimpse of Fantasy





A bloated beast of royal blood, that itself feeds on blood. Eons ago, it had many servants, many children that would tend to him, but now he is all alone in an overgrown grove, nothing but himself and an empty bench that would serve to seat his more enlightened guests. His eyes are empty—his sight long since gone, but still, his regalia twinkles with faint light; an echo of his legacy that resounds as the sun sets on his reign.