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Echo Lake Reflections

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“We have a winner,” said a college-aged girl with a blue streak in her hair. The nearest clump of people clapped. Macey jumped up and down, repeating, “That’s my sister, that’s my sister.” The crowd slowly dispersed. Star Wars man pleaded with a judge but the judge turned his back, unsympathetic to the grown man’s pleading. Lydia smiled as she watched Star Wars man sulkily walk back towards the Star Wars booth to drown his sorrows in impulse purchases.

“So what do I win exactly?” asked Lydia.

“You don’t know?” said the college-aged girl. She laughed and said, “You entered a Funko Pop competition with the world’s craziest fans, and you don’t know what you were competing for this entire time?”

“No, I guess not. I did it for my sister.”

The girl laughed so hard spit flew out of her mouth and nestled in her blue hair streak. Lydia couldn’t look away as the girl said, “Oh, man, that’s good. Well, first of all, you get to keep the Cap’n Crunch Funko Pop. You also get this year’s rarest edition, a golden Freddy Funko figurine on skis. She handed Lydia a golden human boy figurine on silver skis with a crown on his head. The girl also gave Lydia a beige colored tote bag with the Funko Pop logo imprinted on it in block lettering. Lydia dropped the Cap’n Crunch and Freddie Funko figurines inside.

“You also get a sixty second shopping spree to fill up that tote bag with Funko figurines from the Funkopit. You know, the one you dug through in the second part of the challenge?”

You’ve got to be kidding me. Lydia would have to run again, like a chicken without a head, for more cheap plastic figurines. She looked over the balcony. Macey waved up at Lydia and blew her a kiss.

Lydia called down, “I get to grab as many Funko Pops as I can in sixty seconds from the Funko pit.”

Macey beamed, her bright pink braces bands radiant in Lydia’s eyes. “Make sure to find Ursula!”

Lydia smiled back, staring at her sister from the top of the ridiculous wooden Funko tower. She admired her sister’s upward slanted eyes, and shrunken ears and nose. Most people thought Macey was as intelligent as a three-year-old and treated her as such. They didn’t know that Macey was a bright young woman with hopes and dreams of running the Funko Pop company one day. Macey never chose to have an extra chromosome.

“I’m ready,” Lydia told the lady with the blue-streak in her hair. Lydia plopped herself down onto the plastic green slide; finding an Ursula figurine was the least she could do for her sister’s twelfth birthday.