

They say this urn was born in a time when cats were more than companions, when they walked as quiet emissaries between the world of humans and the world of the unseen. This vessel, known in whispers as The Guardian's Jar, is said to have belonged to a forgotten coastal people whose lives were bound to both the sea and the stars.

The body of the urn was shaped from red earth dug at the edge of their sacred cliffs, where land tumbled into the restless waters below. Into this clay they mixed powdered shells, fragments of ancient bones, and even strands of hair from their beloved animals, believing that every vessel carried within it a pulse of the world. When the potter's hands raised the walls of this urn, the people believed it was not only a container but also a dwelling, a house for spirit, memory, or dream.

The cat that crowns the lid was not merely decoration. To these people, cats were guardians of passage, protectors of thresholds. They prowled the borders of hearth and field, of life and death, of dream and waking. The potter, whose name has been lost to time, shaped the feline head with reverence, its ears alert to distant sounds, its eyes half-closed as if watching things invisible to mortals. The lid was placed so that nothing hidden within could be disturbed without the cat's silent approval.

Legend tells that these jars were often given to the sea. When a beloved member of the tribe passed, ashes or tokens of their life were placed inside. The jar, sealed with its guardian cat, was carried to the waves at dusk and released to the tides. The turquoise glazes that flow across the surface of this urn are said to echo the mingling of sky and sea, the colours chosen to ensure the departed found their way across the horizon to the realm beyond.

Yet, not all jars were given to the water. Some were kept in the homes of storytellers, priests, or dream-diviners. These urns held not ashes but words, sealed scrolls of memory, visions, or warnings. To open such a jar without proper ritual was considered dangerous, for the cat's head was believed to whisper curses to those who disturbed what was meant to remain hidden.

The particular urn before us seems touched by both purposes. Its earthy base speaks of the human world, of soil and root, while its flowing turquoise glazes recall the open seas. Perhaps it once carried ashes of the lost, or perhaps it preserved the whispered dreams of a seer. No one can say. What we know is this: the cat remains, silent but unyielding, a sentinel across centuries. Its watchful gaze still guards whatever mysteries the vessel may hold.

Even now, as it rests in a window, the urn does not feel inert. It waits, as if remembering. It is less an object than a threshold. To stand before it is to sense a quiet presence, and perhaps to wonder whether the cat is watching us—or whether, through those glazed eyes, something greater is watching from the other side.