

# **Gothic Sidestory: The Artist**

**By Dantes\_vampire\_girl**

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*This is the first one that I wrote hope you like it. plz comment*

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# 1 - The Artist

There once was a girl, young to be living by herself. She lived in a small apartment, with walls of red and windows tinted black. Purple covered the portion above her bed, splattered with bits of black and hues of blue. Before her canvas had arrived she had painted these walls as if they were it. But the brightness of the canvas strained her eyes so she couldn't bear to look at it for long. So she hid it under a dark blanket in the darkest corner of her apartment.

Once she was ready to paint, she tied a strip of cloth over her eyes. Paintbrush in hand she threw color after color onto the canvas. Anxious to see what she had created after hours of hard work she ripped the cloth off her eyes. Flinching from the bright white that hit her eyes, she gasped as the paint that covered her hands was not mimicked by the white canvas. Glaring, she dipped the brush point into a gray paint and spread it onto the canvas. The paint changed colors and vanished on the white. She painted feverishly for twenty-four days stopping only to eat here and there. On the twenty-fifth day she gave up. She recovered the canvas and stuck it back in its corner.

Years passed before she even thought about the canvas again. Then, she started to hear the voices. Some of them were loud obnoxious voices, while others were quite soothing voices. Thinking her neighbors were fighting, she called management. But her neighbors weren't fighting and management asked if she was okay. She said yes and told them that she probably needed sleep. Lying in bed she groaned as the voices gradually got louder. She opened her eyes and the voices quieted. Mere whispers as she thought it was her stomach. Getting up, she went to the fridge. As she opened the door, she realized she hadn't gone shopping for food. So nothing was in the fridge and she slammed the door shut. Striding back to bed, she laid there awake as the voices got louder.

Sitting up, she looked around her room. As she did she noticed a sliver of white out of the corner of her eye. Curiosity overtook her and she walked over to the white line. Gripping the air around it she pulled the blanket off of the canvas. Staring at the canvas she opened her mouth to scream but nothing came out. A scene of a man in a black hood laughed at her as its hands reached out to grab her. Backing away she found her voice, but it was useless to her now. The farther she backed away the bigger the man in the picture got. She backed into the wall and the man pulled her into the picture. She screamed and was gone in a splash of paint.

Three days later, management opened the door to find it covered in blood and a strange scene on a canvas. It was a girl that was being tortured in old London. Management didn't seem to notice that the

girl in the picture was the same girl that had called them. They sold the painting to an Occult museum of history which later burned down due to unknown reasons.