

Colourful.

Ash stood in a grey room filled with silhouettes made of different shades of grey. The only colour she could see was the colour of paint and her painting, dramatically contrasting the bleak environment.

It had been like this for a few months now, how many? She couldn't keep track. It wasn't only her room it was everywhere, cars, tree, people who danced and sang, yet all she could hear was a distorted mumble coming from those bleak silhouettes.

However, art always stayed the same, it bought her comfort in the oddest times. She stayed up till ridiculous hours having no idea just purely invested in the brush strokes and the patterns they made.

This was what she was doing now.

Ash's alarm clock was blaring constantly, beeping and playing the same message over and over again. "Ash, you should head to sleep I know you want to keep going bu...". Ash would shut that wretched thing off repeatedly yet set it again after every time.

It was early in the morning now, with absolutely zero sleep and a lot of work to show for it. She set off to the art auction, three different paintings in hand. She walked out the room, headed down the stairs and out the door.

Everything happened as usual the people-like things would mutter and murmur and sing and dance. All the same. Until a person came up to her grabbing on to her coat, they were screaming and crying about something she couldn't understand.

The person shoved a hat to her leg, wanting money then started wailing even louder this time she could just make out what they said "Please, PLEASE. I need this for my kids, I'm going to die here alone to rot. I couldn't pay what she wants..." the screaming dulled into sulking.

Ash left, these things... its better just to give to charities. Knowing she would forget she kept walking feeling a growing pit in her stomach slowly swelling and the world going greyer by the second.

She entered the auction house.

The person at reception smiled as she dumped her paintings on the desk. "How much do you expect these to go for, Ash?" Ash just stared at her. She was so loud ash could hear them, very clearly. "I'll take it as usual then, well I'll hang these up now, feel free to look around". She quickly hurried off, ash following behind into an auction hall with all the paintings displayed.

Out of the corner of her eye she saw a man wondering around. She recognised him immediately due to his appearance being completely different to the others. He had a moustache. This was odd in the fact that she had never seen anything different on any

persons face before, ever since the world went grey this man had been with his family every day, except this was different he wasn't with them.

He watched her painting go up. With a blank face, he would normally smile.