The faded, floral print wallpaper is starting to peel. The Kit-Cat clock ticks away, red tail swishing and eyes darting back and forth. I stare at the ticking clock, which is starting to melt in my vision like that Salvador Dalí painting. I stare at the wall. I stare at my paint-splattered canvas, which now has a giant rip in it, paint slowly dripping onto the floor and splattering against the once pristine white tile. Vincent Van Gogh begins to speak. He drones on in the background as I keep staring. I lean forward to throw the canvas aside, deciding to start over and stabbing the sharp end of the paintbrush through, tearing into the frenzied, paint splattered scene I've created. I fall through the rip and I'm drowning in watercolor, staining my lungs with light blues and muted greens. Keith Haring pulls me out, and I'm standing in the middle of New York City. He shakes my hand and walks away. Vincent is still speaking, now in Dutch, while I'm kneeling on the sidewalk in front of “starving artists” poised at their easels. My head is reeling, the scrapes on my knees bleeding out onto the cement. Bruises splotch my skin with blue and purple while I'm throwing up sunflowers and yellow paint mixed with my own bright crimson blood and black bile, a sickening palette of colours. The sunflowers take root in the sidewalk, surrounding me and beginning to grow tall, fertilized by my vomit. Strangers in business suits, carrying briefcases, look on and shake their heads as they pass by. The artists across the street mutter to themselves and begin painting my sorrowful expression on their canvases, my tears and blood serving as their inspiration.