

Don't be afraid, child, let the art lullaby you to sleep. Sweet dreams "



The Painter

She used to be a lady, an artist making paintings for people to enjoy but her hands started to shake, she started messing up her paintings, her tremors became so bad she could barely do anything. Her husband brought her to a doctor and it turned out to be epileptic. She lived her life struggling until she died of a seizure. She became the Painter, while her husband became the Watcher, a black entity watching from a dark corner, because all he could do was watch. But she started to draw the things you see when you rub your eyes or the static/snow people see with the visual-snow syndrome. She's benevolent and wants no harm to anyone, for children she loves to draw things more beautifully while sometimes the older you get the less you can see it, fading away just like the control over her body ...

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