

Sometimes things looked a little too samey in the studio to its owner. For being an avid painter, creative, and color fanatic, Ditzzy was feeling that their shop was too bland once again. His mouth wrinkled into a pursed and dissatisfied frown, despite all the drapery, stickers, patches, potted plants, knicknacks, and doodads, it still left an off feeling in his heart. It wasn't a huge feeling, but it left like a bump on the tip of his tongue he couldn't quite ignore.

There were plenty of things they could do to fix this feeling, even if temporary. He could maybe rearrange the furniture, maybe try a different shade of colors on the walls, or maybe even take all those paint-stained curtains down and make a mural on that bare wall he hid for ages now. But it all felt too tedious. Sure, it was his day off, the shop was quiet and so was the street outside. But even on such a slow day the disgruntled CCCat couldn't find the energy to do anything but scowl at his previous studio setup, almost hoping for it to do something magical and look like the exact image in his head.

Hours passed quickly. Just standing there on the large circular rug in the center of his own perceived mess. To an outsider the shop really was a nice place to be, it was cozy, the lighting was good, it felt like it was almost a physical space made to be just like the designer's own whimsy and jovial spark. This feeling was starting to get annoying. Feeling as if you want to do something so bad but can't find the energy or motivation to do so really does aggravate the now subtly quaking figure. Their hands now fisted in their fur, their lips ever so slightly pulled up into a small snarl, and the quaking has only gotten worse.

The sun is now setting and the fluffy figure seems to sporadically burst forward, bouncing off the walls and furniture like a whirlwind of snapping and shrieking fuzz. The same knicknacks and doodads he was looking to place elsewhere have now been forcefully flung onto the floor by his impact into the countless shelves that lined the walls.

At the end of his rage, Ditzzy now sits on the ruffled and crumpled circular carpet. With their body hunched over a freshly opened can of teal paint, their mouth and hands are dripping with the same color.

Sometimes there's only one thing that can calm a spiraling mind. And for Ditzzy, it's eating paint.