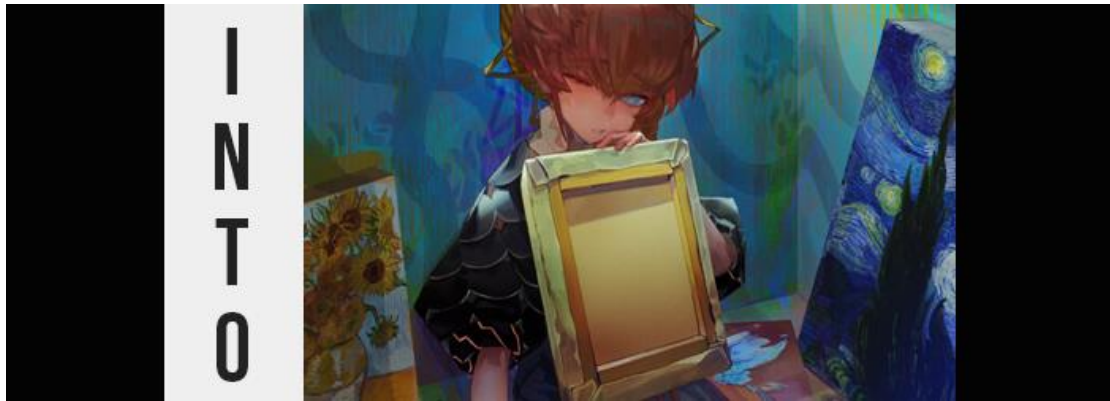


VAN GOGH FOR IT

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



I wasn't the kind of person that usually made a point to go out like that, but that day in particular had been an exception.

As a young woman in my twenties, I was beholden to career that had me working from home five days a week. I didn't have much reason to go out most of the time. Most of my relationships were communicated through my own computer, and my friends in real life were usually too busy to spend much time together. We lived in an era where most of what you had to be done could be done online anyways, at least if you were willing to shell out the money for that convenience. Doctors would visit come to visit you, groceries could be delivered to your door, banking could be done online. If you didn't *want* to, you definitely didn't *have* to leave your house if you had a steady income.

And as an introvert? That was more or less how I had been living for the past year or so – much to the dismay of my parents. It wasn't like I really *cared*. In terms of appearances, I was a pretty plain looking woman with a soft, but not exactly chubby build. I wasn't looking to court a man or a woman, and honestly romance had been the last thing on my to-do list.

“Maybe this was a bad idea. It feels like it's been *ages* since I went out...” I tucked a strand of blonde hair behind my ear, blue eyes skimming the people that passed by me as I wandered through a wide but crowded hallway. I hadn't *just* gone out for the first time in a long time; I'd done so in order to attend a public event, one that was naturally going to draw large crowds.

When it came to my passions? I was something of an art buff. The strokes of a brush had enamored me since I was a young girl, and I used to *love* painting when I had the time to do so when I was younger. There wasn't a painter that I wasn't familiar with, nor one of their works that I didn't know of. Even though I was too busy these days to be as consumed in this passion as I used to be?

I still wanted to *see* as many of these paintings with my own two eyes as I could while I was alive. It was different than seeing them online or in a photograph. Which was why I had made the effort to travel all the way to my local museum by bus that Sunday morning despite my otherwise shut-in behavior as of late.

As someone who had grown up in this city, it was only natural that I had visited this museum numerous times over the course of my life. I had seen the paintings they featured more times than I could count, so if it was just the same old exhibits then I definitely wouldn't have bothered making that trip. **"They said the exhibit was in this hall, right? Oh! There it is!"** But they were hosting a new exhibit, one that was borrowing the works of *Van Gogh* from other establishments across the globe.

I let out an audible sigh of relief, for I had spent what felt like thirty minutes wandering around the building after misreading the map in the pamphlet I'd been given. It was a little harrowing, namely because I had mild social anxiety that tended to flare up in crowded locations. The museum wasn't *usually* this busy, but with the Van Gogh exhibit only being around for two weeks, it had seemingly drawn in quite a large crowd even for a Sunday morning.

For the first time in my life, I'd been able to gaze upon many of Van Gogh's work in person, like *The Starry Night* and *Wheatfield with Crows*. The painter's chaotic art style was on full display for my eyes to take in as I pleased. But after getting a few paintings in? I had a *problem*. The room had been filling up and my anxiety got the better of me. I became desperate for a quiet place to calm down and ended up sliding into a small room where the door was sitting open a crack.

"Phew... It's quieter in here." After closing the door behind me, I let out another sigh of relief. Though I was immediately enamored by the space I was standing in. It was a small room with white walls, but on the farthest wall? There was a painting of swirling colors. The chaotic nature of its strokes was familiar. A little *too* familiar. **"Is this a Van Gogh? But I've never seen it before in my life."**

Uncertain of its authenticity, I drew closer to the painting. It was *just* a painting after all, so it wasn't like I needed to pay it any heed. I

definitely knew better than to touch a museum piece, at least. Yet things took a rather unexpected and *bizarre* turn as the painting began to glow. “**What the—!?**”

SPLASH!

The world of color that I had been staring at... it was like I had *fallen in*. I found myself submerged in the colors, flailing about and gasping for air for a few seconds. Panic set in. Was I going to die? But just as I wondered if this was the end of me, I found myself standing in the same place I'd been in before being submerged. But there was proof that my experience hadn't been imagined. After all, that paint I had been swimming in had dried over my body.

“**MMF!?**” I had managed to open my eyes, but I was still struggling to free my mouth from the paint's seal. It was a common problem that I was suffering from, seeing as my entire body was essentially *encased* in colors, limiting my movements and keeping what I *could* do stiff. I still didn't understand *what* had just happened or *why*. It was something completely unexplainable, right!?

But with my eyes visible, still looking around the room and at myself *frantically*, you could see that there was something a little *odd* about them. They weren't shaped the same way that they had been when I had first stepped into the room. They appeared to be rounder and pointedly much more *youthful*. But more than that? Their colors had changed, now *literally* glowing with an icy blue. It was all a sign of things to come. “**Mmf?**”

I had enough movement in my neck to look down. My fingers didn't feel as still as the rest of my body, and looking down I was given some context as to why. The casing of paint around my hands was *cracking* and chipping away. By moving my fingers, I could push these loose paint chips off, but I became acutely aware that something was *wrong* as more and more of those hands were revealed. Not only the fingers, but the backs of my hands and even my palms were unrecognizable. They were too *small*, like the paint had been hovering off of them. Rather than a fully grown woman, those hands reminded me of when I was a girl in my early teens.

The paint around my arms began to crack next, but as *it* peeled away? My smaller hands were gradually pulled closer and closer to my shoulders. The arms that were revealed beneath the paint were similar. Small and soft, contrasting the years they *should* have reflected. But there was also something else that I noticed besides how short and

youthful they were. They were *bare*. Even though the paint had caked around my clothing, there wasn't any clothing underneath.

"MMF!? MMF!?" I was panicked. How could I *not* have been!? I had fallen into a weird paint void and now I had tiny arms on my otherwise normal sized body! Or at least that *had* been the case, but I suddenly *dropped* with another muffled cry of surprise. **"MMF!?"** It was like I had just been dropped off of several stairs at once, but I didn't have the range of vision to see past my breasts at that moment. My bare feet had touched the ground? Had the ground fallen out beneath me?

The opposite occurrence had *actually* taken place. The paint around my feet and legs had chipped away, revealing tiny feet and shorted legs. I could bend my knees again, but it didn't occur to me that roughly five inches of length had been lost off of them overall. *Now* I resembled a girl wearing an oversized paint dress whose proportions *probably* didn't exactly line up with what a human normally *should* have looked like. My torso looked way too broad still covered in paint. But that would be fixed before long.

But it wasn't addressed yet. **"MMF *IS*—!?"** I had been struggling to try and say something this whole time, and I *finally* managed to do so once the paint cracked around my lips, freeing them. Considering what had happened with my arms and legs, however? I was quick to not only probe them with my tongue, but also reach up and touch them with my hands. They were *small*. Too small. Again, much like a girl's rather than an adult woman's.

As the cracking sensation spread *across* my face, I used my fingers to help free more and more of my own appearance now that I had some flexibility in my bare limbs. Part of me wanted to run out and ask for help, but something else held me back from doing so. Whether I stayed or left, the smaller face that peeled away paint revealed was *not* my own. My features were now much too small, and much too *cute*. Scarring from acne in my teens had been erased, my cheeks were compact, my nose was button shaped, and my brows were both thin *and* the wrong color. They were a chestnut brown instead of blonde.

"I still don't understand how any of this is happening..." My icy blue eyes blinked several times with subdued surprise. I could even hear it in my voice now. I sounded *young*, like a girl in her early teens at latest. Which was what everything else seemed to be suggesting anyways. Maybe it was odd to say, but I didn't even feel like it was all that *wrong* any longer anyways. I willingly shook my head as the paint around my hair crumbled, revealing a short bob of chestnut brown instead of the long, blonde strands that I'd possessed before.

The fact that I was becoming a character from a piece of media didn't once occur to me, and even if it did? I wasn't familiar with her source material. Still, an identity that wasn't my own was rooting itself within me as I rubbed the paint off of my smaller neck and began to peel what I could off of my torso. It didn't take long at all for me to reveal that my shoulders were significantly leaner, nor that my breasts didn't at *all* fill out the cups I'd previously possessed. I embarrassedly used one arm to cover up what were essentially *A-cups* at best. **"...I need new clothes."**

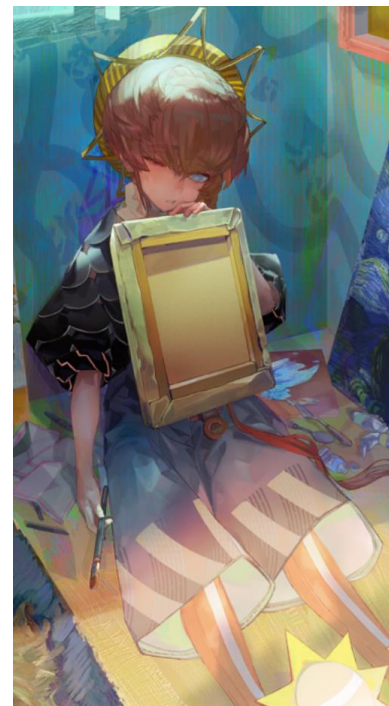
Most of the rest of the paint ended up crumbling on its own, regressing my height even further as narrow hips and a tiny butt were exposed. I had to have been around 4'7" at tallest, and this height suited my body, which at best seemed to belong to a girl that was around the age of twelve or thirteen. I even had to use my *other* hand to cover my loins, for I was fearful of someone coming in and seeing a naked girl in the pile of paint chips and shavings that surrounded me.

But I recognized something subconsciously. A *power*? **"What if I...?"** I concentrated and appeared to summon some kind of *magic*. Orbs of golden light manifested around my body and eventually converged *against* it when there was enough of them. I was clad in blue overalls with a diamond cutout around my bellybutton. They just barely covered my tiny breasts, while an open, navy blue top sat on my shoulders with short sleeves. Beneath the overall pants? I was wearing orange tights with vertical, white stripes, and I was lifted well off the ground by a pair of platform sandals with sunflowers on the front that had to be at least eight inches high. A straw hat that was also shaped like a sun sat in the back of my hair, rounding out this ensemble.

And with that, the transformation was complete.

As the last of the paint chips peeled off my body, there was no other way to describe how I felt than *reborn*. I was a much, much younger person now. Physically I had to be in the thirteen to fifteen range, but I didn't seem to know for sure. I was definitely *cuter*, but there was something *off* about my forlorn gaze. **"My name... who... was I again?"** One's identity was the most integral part of their existence. If you didn't know who you were, then you might as well have been nothing at all!

Had I forgotten it? No, it felt more like I had



forgotten a *lot* of things.

But they slowly came back to me. “**Wait. I think I remember. It’s Vincent van Gogh?**” How could *that* be right? That painter had been a *man*, hadn’t he? But I was clearly a young girl. “**Or was it Clytie?**” The more I thought about it, the more it felt like both was true. *Van Gogh* was housed within me, but my body was that of *Clytie*? It was something that didn’t sound like it made any sense, and yet in the back of my mind it made perfect sense to *me*.

As did the term ‘Servant’. I was one of those. Usually summoned to fight in something called a Holy Grail War, I was at a loss for how I had been summoned in *this* instance. I hadn’t really *been* summoned, had I? It was more like I had been *created* instead, through the power of the *counterfeit* painting in front of me. “**This is definitely a fake. There’s no memories of me painting it.. So why?**” How had it created me?

I had other questions too, like what I was supposed to do now. I couldn’t recall who I’d been, just that I’d definitely *been* someone else. “**I guess to get to the bottom of this, I’ll need to take this painting. Mm... But who’s gonna stop a Servant. Heheh!**” I *did* have a point! Not even a bullet could harm a Servant!

...But I was *definitely* going to end up on the evening news for this!