Soaking my feet in blackberries, I sit staring at the painting on the kitchen wall. All my life, I’ve been mesmerized by it: a woman walking through a park on a rainy night. My family mocked me ceaselessly for gazing at it through every meal…until last week, when I became the most controversial artist in the world.

My first piece people called, “Juicy Ass Jesus.” It was made with peach nectar on white linoleum.

When the human came to make breakfast in the morning, he dropped his mug at the sight.

“Who did this?” he said and to my surprise, my entire family buzzed into the shape of an arrow pointed at me. Slowly, he knelt down, his nose was level with the table, “You?” he said, looking at me in disbelief. Hesitatingly, I nodded.

“I’m gonna be rich!” he yelped jumping up so fast, I tumbled backwards. His phone was out immediately, filming me, then the art, then my brother who he mistook for me, and the art again.

The video was an overnight sensation, sparking debates from philosophical implications, to religious discussions to people just screaming “HOAX!” Apparently, there are a very many people who don’t believe fruit flies can be artists.

So, the human begged me to paint another, live this time, to erase all doubts. In return? Unlimited fruit for my family. I accepted, of course. What else could I do?

So… here I am, staring at the art on the kitchen wall, feet soaking in juice, crying

…because the truth is, I didn’t make the first painting…

…Not on purpose anyway.

The truth is, that night, when my family teased me for the millionth time for zoning out at the kitchen art, I lost my temper. I flew off in rage. Only, I didn’t get far, because the peach we were eating was particularly overripe and some of the stringy bits had attached to me.

I plummeted onto the table. Thrashing maniacally, panicking- my wings had never failed me before. Trying to fly, peach bits went every which way and creating, by complete happenstance, art.

But my family hasn’t mocked me since. My parents even said that they’re proud of me. I told them I needed space before “working”- so, now, I’m alone, terrified, knowing I’ll never be as good as the person who painted the girl walking through the park.